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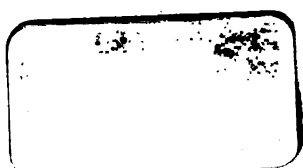
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THE
FAMILY TREASURY.

Edited by

THE REV. WILLIAM ARNOT,

AUTHOR OF "LAWS FROM HEAVEN FOR LIFE ON EARTH," "LIFE OF DR. JAMES HAMILTON," ETC.



LONDON:
THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;
EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

1871.

Per. 1419-d 38

PRACTICAL AND DEVOTIONAL PAPERS.

The War and its Lessons. By the Editor	2
The Recovery of Jerusalem. By Professor Porter.....	23
THE CHURCH IN THE HOUSE. A Series of Readings for Sunday Evenings. By the Editor—	
1. The Ascension	50
2. Worship and Work	52
3. The Prayer-Meeting	53
4. The Gift of the Spirit at Pentecost	54
5. The Tongues of Fire.....	55
6. The Seed of the Word is Spread..	114
7. Missions.....	115
8. An Apostle Preaches.....	117
9. Rightly dividing the Word of Truth.....	118
10. The Rise of Miracles	180
11. Wounding to Heal	181
12. The First Persecutions	182
13. Add to your Faith, Courage.....	183
14. Every Creature after its Kind....	245
15. The Prayer of the Primitive Church	246
16. The Truth in Love	247
17. Power to be Witnesses	249
18. A Son of Consolation.....	250
19. The Beacon: Ananias	313
20. After Judgment, Revival.....	314
21. How the Seed Grew.....	316
22. Again at the Bar.....	318
23. Exalted to Give	375
24. Gamaliel.....	376
25. The Deacons.....	378
26. Troubles bearing Blessed Fruits	379
27. Stephen's Testimony	439
28. Stephen's Death.....	440
29. The Persecutions of the Christians the Increase of the Church	441
30. Philip Preaching in a Samaritan City	443
31. Fruit—Joy.....	444
32. Sent to the Desert.....	501
33. A Man of Ethiopia.....	503
34. The Meeting.....	504
35. The Seed Sown and the Harvest Reaped.....	506
36. Saul.....	550
37. The Lord's Word—Consolation..	560
38. The Lord's Word—Reproof.....	562
39. The Enemy Surrenders.....	563
40. The Vessel Chosen and Charged..	624
41. The Vessel Employed.....	625
42. The Lord Reigneth.....	626
43. Saul's First Experiences as a Christian	628
44. Peter's Ministry Renewed.....	629

45. Dorcas	697
46. A Light to Lighten the Gentiles..	698
47. Saved by the Word	700
48. Thou and all thy House.....	701
49. Primitive Christianity.....	756
50. The Grace that Barnabas saw....	757
51. The Gladness that Barnabas experienced	758
52. The Exhortation that Barnabas gave	760
The Use and Abuse of this World	83
"Cleanliness next to Godliness." By the Author of "The Silences of Scripture".....	110
The Great Thief	309
On Extremes in Opinion and Action. Addressed to Young Men. By Samuel Raleigh, Esq.	321, 393
The Body Politic. By the Editor.....	325
Church Psalmody; or, the Requisites of a Comely Praise. By the Rev. Alexander B. Bruce.....	349
The Structure of the Decalogue: Considerations on the Completeness of the Whole, and the Logical Relations of the Parts. By the Editor.....	385
Embarking in Life,—with Some Thoughts on Particular Rules for Success. By the Author of "The Harvest of a Quiet Eye" ..	449
Present Aspects of the Papacy. By the Editor.....	493
Hope and its Reason. By the Editor..	513
Little Things.....	534
Master and Man; or, The Influence of True Religion on the Relations and Intercourse of Society. By the Editor	577
Like and Unlike. By George Troup, Esq.....	596

BIBLICAL AND THEOLOGICAL PAPERS.

The Acts and Sayings of Our Lord not found in the Gospels. By the Author of "The Silences of Scripture".....	40
PAPERS ON THE PARABLES. By the Rev. Dr. Calderwood, Professor of Moral Philosophy, University of Edinburgh—	
The Parable of the Two Sons.....	73
The Parable of the Good Samaritan..	151
The Parable of the Sower.....	279
The Parable of the Tares	408
The Parable of the Mustard Seed....	460
The Parable of the Leaven	530

The Parable of the Hid Treasure	600
The Parable of the Merchantman....	655
The Parable of the Net	724
Nebuchadnezzar's Dream of the Empires. By the Rev. William Binnie, D.D.....	155
Forbid Him Not. By the Rev. E. G. Balfour	100
"The Root out of a Dry Ground".....	169
The Spiritual Body according to Law..	172
Daniel's Vision of the Fourth Empire. By the Rev. William Binnie, D.D.....	207
Messiah's Grave.....	280
How the Prophet Daniel Prayed. By the Rev. William Binnie, D.D.	369
Nobleness. By the late Dr. James Hamilton	412
THOUGHTS ON ATHEISM. By the Rev. R. Hunter, A.M., late Missionary in India—	
1. Atheism viewed in the Light of Scripture.....	416
2. Atheism viewed in the Light of Philosophy	490
The Voice in the Wilderness. By the Rev. H. Ward Beecher.....	463
The Training of the Twelve.....	498
The Unclean Spirit's Return. By the Rev. R. G. Balfour.....	539
The Beatitudes. By the Rev. H. Ward Beecher.....	600
A Threefold Cord. By the Author of "The Spanish Brothers".....	610
THE OLD CATHOLIC MOVEMENT. By the Rev. William Binnie, D.D.—	
1. The Munich Programme	682
2. The Probable Issues.....	744
The Measure of Christian Progress. By the Author of "The Spanish Brothers"	721
The Lily of Testimony. By a Glasgow Merchant; Author of "Heavenly Love and Earthly Echoes"	741
A Parable, and its Application. By the Rev. John Gibb.....	753

NARRATIVES, ANECDOTES, &c.

The Galley-Slave and the Bird. A True Incident. By the Author of "The Spanish Brothers".....	8
PALESTINE. By the Rev. Andrew Thomson, D.D., F.R.S.E.—	
1. On Our Way	16
2. From the Pyramids to Joppa	87
3. Our Ascent to Jerusalem	216
4. "Within thy Gates, O Jerusalem"	341

5. Modern Jerusalem.....	472	NOTES TAKEN IN GERMANY IN THE		Pull at the Oar. By the Rev. Theodore	
6. More about Jerusalem.....	531	AUTUMN OF THE PRESENT		L. Cuyler.....	206
7. Round about Jerusalem.....	583	YEAR. By the Editor—		"Doing what others will not do." By	
8. The Explorations.....	600	1. Elberfeld-Barmen and Berlin....	647	the Rev. F. Noble.....	213
9. Our Walk to Bethany.....	711	2. Stuttgart, Strasburg. and Saar-		Church for the Young.....	241
A Waterspout. Described in a Family		brück.....	705	The Spices in God's Garden. By the	
Letter. (<i>With an Illustration.</i>)	21	The Gospel in Madagascar.....	669, 734	Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler.....	242
FRANCE AND ITS REFORMATION. By				"The Common People heard Him	
the Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D.—				gladly".....	244
1. Springs—River of the Water of				The Koran—African Mohammedanism.	
Life—France—Opening of a				By Professor Tayler Lewis,	
Great Drama—Lefevre and Far-				LL.D.....	319
rel—Francis and Margaret.....	28			Decay of Spiritual Faculty. By the	
2. The First Protestant Congrega-				Rev. T. Edwin Brown.....	348
tion in France.....	95			The Eight Wars of Emancipation.....	436
3. The First Martyrs in France.....	138			Climate of the Lake Region.....	533
4. Calvin: His Birth, Education, and				"Praying Cream." By W. C. Wilkin-	
Conversion.....	226			son.....	553
5. Calvin the Evangelist, and Ber-				Sermonising <i>versus</i> Preaching. By Elder	
quin the Martyr.....	232			Slocum.....	554
6. France's Year of Visitation—1533				Fundamental Truths.....	556
362				Diseases of the Body Politic. Condition	
7. The Flight of Calvin from Paris..	401			of France from an American	
8. Calvin goes out, and Catherine de				Point of View.....	622
Medici comes in.....	486			A Religious Tract.....	681
9. Opening of the Era of Persecutions				Theories of Development.—Darwin.....	717
10. The Night of the Placards.....	616			Christ is born to die for us.....	739
11. Calvin publishes the "Institutes"					
12. First National Synod of the					
French Protestant Church.....	728				
Ether's Punishment.....	34				
SKETCHES IN THE UNITED STATES. By					
the Editor—					
1. The Civil War: its Causes and					
Results.....	66				
2. Educational Institutions.....	129				
3. The Churches, and their Work..	193				
4. Miscellaneous.....	257				
Work at the Seat of War. By Miss					
Whately.....	101				
SKETCHES OF EAST-IND INTERIORS. By					
M. A. Palmer—					
1. Tim.....	108				
2. Huidu.....	305				
The Vicer of Ecoo. A Narrative of					
Facts. By the Author of "The					
Spanish Brothers".....	136				
The Brothers before Strasburg. A Tale					
of the Franco-Prussian War 144,	199				
A GREAT SINGER AND ITS LESSONS. By					
the Rev. John Gibb—					
1. The Sack of Rome.....	232				
2. Lessons drawn by Contemporaries					
—Jerome and Augustine.....	236				
"Poor John Fry." By Mary E. Willard					
The Tragedy—Acted every Night. By					
the Rev. John Hall, D.D.....	270				
Sketches of Bohemian Religious His-					
tory. By Miss E. J. Whately,					
202, 254, 423, 479					
The Broken Plate. By Mary E. Willard					
Missions in the Middle Ages. By the					
Rev. John Gibb.....	518, 591				
"Jack-of-all- Trades." By the Rev.					
Adam Robertson.....	540				
The Lord is my Shield; or, Incidents					
in the Life of an Exile. Trans-					
lated from the German of W. O.					
Von Horn.....	565, 631, 681				
Parable Stories.—The Sepulchre					
and the Shrine. By the Author of					
"Chronicles of the Schönberg-					
Cotta Family".....	641				

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of the Missionary Zula. By	
Miss Whately.....	10
A Christian Legislator. By D. Mac-	
lagan, Esq.....	77
David Brainerd. By the Rev. Duncan	
Macgregor, M.A.....	104
Francis Xavier.....	163, 222, 303
Christian Fürchtegott Gellert. By W.	
O. Von Horn. Translated from	
the German.....	272, 330, 396
Duncan Matheson, the Scottish Evan-	
gelist. By the Rev. Duncan Mac-	
gregor, M.A.....	298
Principal Cunningham. By the Rev.	
Duncan Macgregor, M.A.....	419
Our Una.....	613
Krummacher.....	659

POETRY.

New Year's Eve. From the German...	2
Sweet is the Light. By the Author of	
"Chronicles of the Schönberg-	
Cotta Family".....	65
Hopefully Waiting. By Anson D. F.	
Randolph.....	135
The Cry of the Christian. From the	
French of Racine.....	168
Only!.....	198
A Christmas Hymn. By Christian F	
Gellert.....	278
Evening.....	320
Incident in a Walk.....	384
"I will lead the Blind by a Way that	
they know not".....	392
"Whence came they?" Verses for a	
Child. By a Mother. (<i>With</i>	
<i>Music.</i>).....	446
Summer Flowers.....	448
"She hath Washed my Feet with Tears."	
By the Author of "Chronicles of	
the Schönberg-Cotta Family" ..	459
"Grant me, Lord, thy Dearest Bless-	
ing." From the German.....	541
Nothing to Do!.....	623
Watch and Pray.....	645
The Two Seas.....	690
Rest.....	711
Light in the Dark.....	764

MISCELLANIES.

"A Little Child shall lead them".....	45
Familiar Talks on Themes of General	
Christian Experience.....	46
Moses, the Man of God. By the late	
James Hamilton, D.D.....	48
"Cheer Him".....	171
Plants cannot live without some Sun-	
beams.....	177
Where is your Place? By the Rev.	
Theodore L. Cuyler.....	178

CHILDREN'S TREASURY.

LITTLE SNOWDROP AND HER GOLDEN	
CASKET—	
1. The Mountain Spring.....	56
2. Bars of Iron.....	59
3. Book Willie.....	110
4. A Highland School-House.....	121
5. Sunset among the Mountains.....	123
6. The Wild-Rasp Gathering.....	125
7. Little Elsie.....	185
8. The Illuminated Card.....	186
9. The Black Horse.....	187
10. The Young Factor.....	188
11. Snowdrop's New Home.....	190
12. New Year's Day in the Bush.....	192
Bible Botany.—Weeds—Thorns and	
Thistles. By H. L. L.....	62
The Foolish Frog. A True Story. By	
the Rev. T. K. Beecher.....	127
God Loves Bad Children.....	128
Little May's Trouble.....	251
Look on this Picture, and on that. A	
Story for Boys.....	256
When my Ship comes in. By F. S. A.....	381
Proud of his Mother.....	384
Incident in a Walk. (Poetry.).....	384
"Whence came they?" Verses for a	
Child. By a Mother. (<i>With</i>	
<i>Music.</i>).....	446
A very Singular Plant.....	447
Summer Flowers. (Poetry.).....	448
At the Twelfth Hour. From the German	
The Little Clown. From the French of	
Madame de Bawr.....	573
The Rose-Bushes.....	576
One Day's Sailing. By Kate W. Hamil-	
ton.....	683
How I came to be a Printer. A Story	
founded on Fact.....	703
The Caterpillar and the Cart. By the	
Editor.....	702
Rattlesnakes.....	703





THE
FAMILY TREASURY.

To Our Readers.



MR. CAMERON, the Originator and Conductor of the Magazine, has seen meet to transfer his services to the Anglo-Saxon Empire rapidly rising in Australia, it has become necessary that another should take his place; but the change of Manager implies no change of management, and our readers will find Mr. Cameron's plans carried out, as far as Conductor and Contributors are able to follow them.

The loss of an Editor, who has also been the creator of a journal, cannot be altogether made up; but with the advantage of his example, and with a hearty love of the work, those on whom the charge has devolved begin the task with anxiety indeed, but also with hope and cheerfulness. For those engaged in the Christian ministry, this service presents peculiar attractions. It is a department specifically different, indeed, but generically the same. The ministry of the press and the ministry of the pulpit have the same end in view; but they employ distinct means. If these pages can be charged with vital seeds of truth and righteousness, the press will bear them into regions which a preacher's voice cannot reach, and spread them there. Some sowers (as witness the effigy on the cover of *Cornhill*) sow alternately with both hands from one seed-bag. Thus the ministry of the Word and Christianized Literature go hand in hand into the field, and work together for the Lord.

The times are searching and trying; but all the more interest attaches to every good work to which any disciple has an opportunity of putting his hand. The engine that is kept going has a sweeter life and a longer than the engine that is left idle to rust. No one who has been entrusted with even a single talent needs to hide it in a napkin for lack of a ready investment in our day.

The specific character of this Magazine hitherto has been, and henceforth will be, with an aim distinctly Christian and Evangelical, to expatiate over a great variety of subjects, and admit of great diversity in the method of treating them. In our field there is ample room for the apostolic method, of being all things to all men, that we may gain some. Our pages will contain something for the old and something for the young. Grave arguments will alternate with easy narratives. Some papers will be employed in tracking the footsteps of Nature, and some in displaying the wonders of grace; some will exhibit sections of general history, and some will narrate the experience of a particular life. But whatever section of the landscape any Contributor is for the time charged to delineate, it will be his aim to see it as it lies under the light of revealed truth. We shall endeavour to present to our readers a miscellany of literature that is morally pure and esthetically correct.

We shall endeavour to make it, on the one hand, not too heavy for youthful minds, and on the other hand, not too light for intelligent and earnest readers, who desire in the highest sense to make the best of both worlds.

In particular, it is our desire and hope to bring the influence of the Magazine to bear directly against those forms of evil which most prevail in our own country and our own day. Our instrument, being more pliable, and not so much burdened with the conservation of its own dignity, may, if rightly wielded, help a higher service, by entering into openings which the pulpit cannot easily reach. It will, in short, be our aim, in conjunction and fellowship with other journals of similar character and contents, to do good as we have opportunity, alike in the great things of the Redeemer's kingdom, and in the ordinary affairs of life.

W. A.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

FROM THE GERMAN.



AND dost thou long the veil to raise
That hangs before the opening
year,
And look upon thy future days,
In transient vision near?

The present, thus, thou wouldst employ
In brooding o'er the far-off pain;
Nor could an *unexpected* joy
Be granted thee again.

An idle dream! Yet go thou forth,
And bravely greet the new-born year!
Look up! though darkness shroud the earth,
The stars are shining clear.

And though o'er lake and valley rest
A mist unpierced by mortal eye,

Upon the distant mountain's crest
The golden sunbeams lie.

Look upward! on those heights above,
The Holy City shalt thou see,
Wherein thy Lord, in wondrous love,
Has won a home for *thee*.

Then gaze not trembling on the gloom
Which veils the threshold of the year;
Look on to thine immortal home,—
There, all is bright and clear.

Still, wouldst thou on the future gaze?
Lo! God's own hand the veil has riven,
And on earth's dark and dreary days
Has shed the light of heaven.

S. M. T.

THE WAR AND ITS LESSONS.

BY THE EDITOR.



FROM the border of the New Year, as we cannot see forward, we naturally look backward on the year that has passed. On that field the object that arrests and absorbs the observer is, of course, the war between Germany and France. This great Continental duel has so occupied the latter half of 1870, that other events have for the time been almost excluded from the field of vision. As the moon among the lesser fires of the nocturnal sky, the war stands out in the expanse of the immedi-

ate past among the multitude of minor facts that constitute the staple of ordinary history. Accordingly, in our review for the present month, we shall not attempt more than to present, from a view-point that is at once Christian and patriotic, some aspects of the great conflict, and some of the lessons with which it teems.

Ostensibly the Emperor, with France at his back, plunged into an aggressive war against Prussia in July last, on a most contemptible ground—some punctilio in the intercourse between

the King of Prussia and the French ambassador, after the bone of contention had been substantially removed. This, however, as was surmised at the time, and has been conclusively proved since, was not the real cause of the war; or, if it really did enter as an ingredient, it was only as the last straw that breaks the camel's back. Napoleon, self-confident and greedy, but not a match for Prussian diplomats, had been hanging for several years on the edges of events in Europe, always demanding additional territory for France, but always demanding it at the wrong time, and always baffled and humiliated. In connection with Luxemburg, his humiliation was carried to such a point that he felt it was as much as his crown was worth if he should submit to another blow.

The matter of the Spanish throne happened to come up next as a question in which the French and Prussian governments were both interested. It was a foregone conclusion with poor Napoleon—he must quarrel with the King of Prussia on this occasion, whether his cause be good or bad; and he must fight the German armies, whether his own be well or ill equipped. Into such a plight had he brought himself and his country by a course of greedy, presumptuous, and ill-advised meddling.

It is not easy to determine how far the country really supported its ruler in the policy of declaring war. The answers from the prefects were for the most part favourable; but these were the creatures of the government, and they were sharp enough to know what sort of answer would please their patrons. The party now in power strive hard to throw the whole blame on the Emperor and his immediate surrounding. In this, however, they have only partially succeeded. The legislative bodies gave out the war-cry which the populace caught up. Whoever may have been guilty of throwing the first spark, it is certain the nation soon burst into a flame. "To Berlin," was the cry—the French meant to conquer, and to keep their conquests, at least on the western bank of the Rhine. This was the unconcealed purpose of the war, and I have never observed that it has since been by any party denied.

Some think that the German nation and governments were equally to blame with the

French for the origin of the quarrel. There is not proof of this, however, on the surface, and the public have not access to state secrets. What lies on the face of recent history is that Germany refused to surrender any portion of her territory at the demand of France, and was determined to unite her scattered fragments into one compact empire. France thought that Germany united would be too powerful, and made war upon her in order to perpetuate her divisions, and so prevent her from becoming strong. The German statesmen, foreseeing events, were ready; for Napoleon had not skill to conceal his hand. The war began; and the results, for rapidity and magnitude, have no parallel in history. While Napoleon was gascouading at Saarbruck, with a mimic war got up as on a stage, to show off his own child, the Prussian generals, a few miles off, were preparing a real one. They burst over the borders like an avalanche, and hitherto have carried all before them. Two great armies have surrendered, and more than three hundred thousand French soldiers are confined in German prisons.

When the imperial bladder, punctured by German bayonets, ingloriously collapsed, a good many disagreeable secrets were exposed to the public view. It was discovered that in promoting to the highest places the flatterers of his person and reign, Napoleon had left France naked, an easy prey to her foe. Patriotic and honourable Frenchmen had been kept, or had kept themselves, at a distance from the imperial councils, and they were missed in the day of battle. When the strain came on, it was found that those who supported a throne founded on the blood of the citizens, had not strength to defend either themselves or their master.

The world stands aghast at the hollowness pervading French society, high and low, which the events of the war have unveiled. The low moral condition of the country was known to thoughtful observers before; but the shock of battle has rent off the tawdry curtains that covered the corruption, and admitted the public gaze. Frenchmen who are both Christians and patriots, knew and lamented their country's weakness before the storm arose. It is within our knowledge that an eminent living Frenchman gave it as his opinion, a year ago, that the foundations of society

were so undermined by various vice, that he saw no hope for his country except in some catastrophe that should first destroy, in order that a regenerated national life might spring from the ashes of the dead. Some years ago, M. Jules Simon, a member of the present republican government, examined thoroughly the moral and material condition of the population in the manufacturing centres of France, and published the results. His disclosures were frightful. After reading his account, you feel, when treading the soil of France, as if you were walking over a volcano palpitating with the throes of pent-up internal fires.

The nation is nearly destitute of religion. Like a vessel under the operation of an air-pump, although not absolutely a vacuum, it is such to all practical purposes. By a long course of cruel persecution, and abject superstition, and tacit unbelief, religion has at length been well-nigh exhausted from the land. A vivacious and cultivated people have been altogether deprived of spiritual thought and aim—left to sink in the mire of materialism. When the war was declared, and the hosts began to muster, it occurred to the authorities that it would be seemly, and according to precedent, to call in religion either as a consolation in sorrow or a stimulant to courage. The Archbishop of Paris, accordingly, as local head of the Church, composed or sanctioned a sort of national prayer, which consisted in reiterated vows to place France, in her extremity, under the special protection of the Virgin Mary. This, and no more. No effort to express any kind of religious desire as an exercise for intelligent human minds, but only a mechanical act of their traditional idolatry. Poor unhappy France, that murdered or banished her Christians under Louis XIV., and murdered or banished her patriots under Napoleon III.; now that her day of trial has come, she has neither Christians nor patriots to guide her council or command her hosts. She had her Emperor and his satellites, who led her soldiers to the shambles; she had her priests and her devotees, who would worship an infallible Pope, but could not turn the tide of battle.

Judging from public documents, throughout the whole course of the conflict, one might be ready to conclude that French rulers and journal-

ists think falsehood more powerful than truth. If great swelling words could have saved the country, she would have been safe long ago. But humility, modesty, truthfulness, are nowhere visible. Even now, at this late stage of the drama, they seem to have learned nothing. They refuse to realize their position. As wine in certain circumstances becomes vinegar, the generous force of a radically noble and chivalrous people, although stirred into a tumultuous effervescence, seems, through some fatal infection, to have run into the reckless daring of impassioned despair. They seem to have lost the power of either yielding or resisting. Bidding defiance to the conqueror everywhere, they nowhere are able to repel his assault. Thus even the valour of Frenchmen only secures the devastation of France.

To students of Scripture and of history, perhaps the most interesting aspect of the war is its bearing on the Papacy. The conflict has already told with decisive effect on the condition of that ancient and mysterious power. The year 1848 found Italy partitioned among a number of petty rulers, who leant on foreign governments for the power to oppress, with more or less aggravated measures of tyranny, the several sections of that beautiful but unhappy land. That year of political earthquakes did not spare those dependent and rickety thrones. Some were shaken, and some were overthrown. The Papacy as a temporal kingdom fell; not by the blow of an external enemy, but by the spontaneous uprising of the population. The nation arose and rid itself of the worst government that has ever been known within the circle of Christian civilization. Nor were the long-oppressed people cruel when at last they obtained power. They did no harm to the cast-off tyrants; they simply cast them off. The worst that happened to the Pope was a rapid journey in an undignified costume. The Romans, when they regained possession of themselves, were remarkably peaceable and orderly. They established a republican government, and prepared to begin their national life. The French had also cast off their king, although his government was unspeakably less faulty than that of the Pope, and had also established a republic. One of the earliest acts of the French nation under their own chosen

form of government, was to send an army to re-impose the Pope upon the Romans. The army of republican France, after a bloody siege, oppressed the republic of Rome, and reinstated the priests in their spiritual and temporal authority. No baser act stands on the laden page of human history. From that time till late last year—a period of about eighteen years—a French army at Rome has held down the patriots, and supported the reign of the Pope and his Jesuits. During that time the noblest of Italian patriots had been exiled or imprisoned by a junto of priests under the shield of France. The Emperor, whom the French people now are so eager to expose as the scape-goat to bear their guilt, had no hand at first in that dark deed; in that matter he only followed in the steps of the republic.

Now for the Nemesis. On the day that the German hosts encircled Paris, the Italian national army appeared at the gates of Rome. The oppressor of the Roman people was struck to the ground, and the Roman people went out free. Who that believes in a righteous Providence will hesitate to say, The oppressor was struck down, in order that the oppressed might go free. The Lord reigneth—reigneth always and over all; but seldom are the footprints of his path so clearly seen. Paris revelled while her legions invested Rome and slaughtered its patriotic defenders; Paris has since been compelled to endure the hardships of a siege. She has tasted of the bitter cup that she thoughtlessly forced her sister to drink. Would that her light-hearted multitude could learn in their adversity—learn the double lesson—to fear God, and regard man!

The time had come, the set time, when the temporal power, usurped and long held by the bishops of Rome, must cease. Italy was not strong enough to wrench her own capital from the French army that mounted guard over the Pope and his cardinals. In such a case a miracle of deliverance is not needed; the designs of Providence are accomplished by natural causes. France was first demented, and then destroyed. Madly she launched her legions in a crusade against Germany. Germany arose to repel the assault, and France was struck down. A certain species of dog, when once its teeth have sunk into its

victim's flesh, cannot by any means be induced to let go again; it becomes necessary to strangle the creature ere his grasp can be relaxed. Such a cruel instinct seems to have animated the French nation, alike under the republic and under the empire, in their treatment of the Romans. Rome was weak, and France had bitten deep into her flesh; the assailant could not be persuaded to let her victim go. For eighteen years she held fast, defying alike the claims of justice and the appeal to pity. The strong unjustly and cruelly held his prostrate prey, until a stronger grasped him by the throat, and compelled him to let go. The vastness and precision of the apparatus set in motion for the liberation of the Roman people, reminds one of Ezekiel's wheels, which, as to bulk, were "so high that they were dreadful;" and, as to exact direction, were "full of eyes round about." Not till Germany had invested Paris, did France let go her robber-grasp of Rome.

One feature, suddenly and in vast proportions developed in the American Civil War, has been conspicuous also in the European struggle,—the unwearied and effective Christian love that has followed the sufferers, whether friends or foes. Instead of the ancient heathen idea of a Minerva, fierce warrior virgin, flying before the embattled hosts and encouraging the carnage, it is now a real angel, messenger of mercy, following in the wake of armies, and lingering over the fields of blood,—stooping down to heal the wounded, and feed the hungry, and clothe the naked, and whisper into the ear of the dying the hope of immortality. It is a strange and striking phenomenon of our own day, that nowhere have the beautiful and beneficent graces of the gospel grown so strong and become so fruitful as amid the carnage of a battle-field. This fact, if well observed and wisely followed up, may yet become the germ of a richer harvest than any that the fields of time have born hitherto. What if the excesses of war should generate and develop a power that shall turn round and extinguish the war from which it sprang! Out of the eater may come forth meat—out of the war may come a Christian love that shall yet make war impossible.

In traversing lately one of the great battle-fields of America (Gettysburg), we were arrested by a long line of little mounds on the skirts of a clover-field, in shape and size precisely like the mounds that are usually raised over graves in a rural cemetery. The mounds in this case, however, were not of earth. The soil on the spot was perfectly level. The elevations were formed by a ranker growth of clover there than on other portions of the field. Narrow avenues of shorter grass divided mound from mound, and imparted to the scene the appearance of a sequestered graveyard. On inquiring into the cause, we discovered that after the battle, a row of Federal soldiers had been buried there, each reverently laid in a separate grave by the pious care of survivors. Over the dead the grass grew richer and ranker than on other parts of the field. No object and no narrative ever brought more vividly before us the horrors of war. These clover mounds cut into the heart like knives, suddenly and sharply. Here is a beautiful *bas-relief* of Nature's own making—a new and large type edition of the old, old precept, “Thou shalt not kill.”

But in these silent mounds I see the shadow of a great coming event. The Christian graces, as well as the clover plants, grow stronger over the buried bodies of the dead in war. The self-sacrificing love that labours and bears for the good of others—the likeness of Christ in his members—springs up in far greater luxuriance on fields that are fattened by slaughter than on the common ground. In the wake of battle, both in America and in France, the charity which our Master exemplified and enforced has evinced a greater strength, and exhibited a more attractive beauty, than at any former era or in any other sphere. The sufferings which war inflicts have been overruled so as to cherish into far greater activity the long dormant principles of the gospel in the hearts of them that believe.

The question, accordingly, springs up here,—How comes it that the Christ-like brother-love which has shone so brightly in efforts to heal the wounds that war has made, cannot prevail to prevent war? The question is natural, and close to the point. Perhaps the answer ought to be a hopeful one. It may be that this monster, like others, shall be destroyed by his own excesses.

If the immeasurable waste of modern war, as exemplified in the depletion of Germany and the devastation of France, shall call forth the forces of Christian love that slumbered in the breasts of Christians, and call them forth in hitherto unexampled vigour, those forces may turn back on war, from which they sprung, and destroy it. A little more, one might be encouraged to hope,—a little more of the compassionate indignation which the horrors of recent wars have stirred in the common heart of Christendom, and this new power will suffice to strangle the war-passion, as it springs in princes and peoples, before it come to the birth of bloody deeds.

Of this scourge, as of others, one is ready, in a mixture of hope and fear, to lift his eyes above the hills and sigh, “How long, O Lord, how long!” Patience, weary spirit. “He that believeth shall not make haste.” The Lord is not slack concerning his promise. He will come, and will not tarry. Already a quick ear may hear the footsteps of the approaching Bridegroom.

The example of slavery is fitted to give us encouragement here. It was long ere the spirit of Christ in the hearts of Christians became strong enough to overflow and sweep away slavery. But at length the work was accomplished. Slavery is now as good as extinct within the circle of Christian civilization. It is worthy of notice that by far the larger part of that work was done within the last fifty years. The fall of that spiritual wickedness from its high places seems to have obeyed the law that regulates the fall of material bodies through space—its motion was accelerated in a prodigious ratio towards the close of its course. The anti-slavery cause made greater progress in the last decade than in centuries at an earlier date. In like manner, although war is great at present, there is hope that some of this generation may see its fall.

But the peoples of Europe and America have a great work before them, and they must not be indolent. Who would be free, himself must strike the blow. War must be more heartily opposed and denounced by the pulpit and the press. The savage bull-dog propensity to fight must be frowned upon in every sphere, and by every section of the community. In particular, standing armies must be abolished. These are not only

accumulations of inflammable substance, greatly increasing the risk of a conflagration ; but even though no conflagration should ensue, they constitute gigantic wens on the body politic, at once draining the strength of a nation's life, and polluting by a secret poison the life-blood of the nation. They are a many-sided curse. They are "only evil, and that continually."

They are contrary to nature. They clog the wheels of Providence, and thwart the beneficent designs of our common Father. They drain a land of its wealth and of its men. The sections of the country from which the soldiers are drawn languish for want of them, and the neighbourhood of camps is corrupted by their presence. A few years ago I spent a day in the city of Verona. It was then under Austrian rule ; and every second man was a foreign soldier. I shuddered to think of the moral condition of such a community. At another time I passed a day in Strasburg. Sitting down to rest on a seat under a tree on the rampart-promenade, I remarked to a poor little shrivelled old woman who sat near me knitting a stocking, that there seemed to be a great number of soldiers in the town. "Twelve thousand men," she said in a hard, mechanical, metallic sort of voice, and continued to drive the wires very rapidly with her small skinny hands, without speaking another word or taking further notice of the interrogator. Neither had I anything further to say. This one piece of information was enough. I was soon absorbed in my own reflections. A garrison of twelve thousand men for one city in a time of peace, and for other cities in proportion ! Poor France, she pays dearly for her empire, "*which is peace.*" How many families are ground down by the weight of this one garrison from year to year ! How many low lands lie undrained, and how many high lands untrenched, for want of these able-bodied husbandmen ! It is all a gigantic folly and crime. The people deserve to be crushed by the weight, if they have not the wisdom and vigour to toss it from their shoulders. I wonder sometimes what has become of the little woman whom I met on the ramparts of Strasburg. Was she starved, or struck by a shell ? or, being as poor as she could be before, has she suffered less than the comfortable citizens who lost all they possessed in the siege ?

The crushing of France has permitted the settlement of Italy and Spain. As long as France had power, its power was wielded by the priesthood to prevent the establishment of liberal governments in the two southern peninsulas of Europe. It is a bitter comment on the character of the defunct French government, that a *regime* of liberty was impossible for neighbouring nations until it was destroyed. There is hope for these liberated kingdoms now ; but they are encompassed by dangers still. The dangers spring from the Papacy,—both from its past policy in preventing the education of the people, and its present power by spiritual terrors to rule the conscience of the multitude. It is the spiritual power which the Romish system still wields on the superstitious inhabitants of Italy and Spain that constitutes the real danger to the new-born liberty of these kingdoms. The only hope lies in the free circulation of the Scriptures. If the Son make the people free, they will be free indeed. But the Jesuits will leave no stone unturned in their effort to bring the emancipated nations again under the yoke of bondage.

In this aspect of affairs, the letter lately addressed by our own Premier to a Member of Parliament, on the subject of the Pope's spiritual independence, has an ominous sound—an ominous *sound* ; perhaps nothing more. Mr. Gladstone rightly declines to interfere, directly or indirectly, with the civil government of Rome or the surrounding territory, but intimates that the government "consider all that relates to the adequate support of the dignity of the Pope, and to his personal freedom and independence in the discharge of his spiritual functions, to be legitimate matter for their *notice.*" If "*notice*" here has no more than its ordinary meaning, we have no objection to urge. Her Majesty's government are as free as other people to "*notice,*" everything that happens in Italy or France, to the Pope or Napoleon, in these days of rapid change ; but they are not free to use the power and influence of this country exceptionally in favour of the Pope. Let them grant an asylum to him, as they grant it to other potentates in distress, if he should in fleeing from danger reach our shores : this, but nothing more. The government has no right to know the Pope as a spiritual ruler. He

is, and must be to them, simply a foreign sovereign in trouble. We must leave him, as we leave others, in the hands of the people over whom he has long reigned. If Her Majesty's government propose only to "notice" the arrangements that may be made in Italy to secure the spiritual independence of the Bishop of Rome, they are welcome; but to exert the power of this nation to prop up the spiritual authority of that foreign priest, would be unconstitutional and mischievous.

The people of this country are grateful, we think, to the government for the wisdom and vigour of their general administration at home and abroad; but it becomes the people at present to "notice" with some measure of jealousy all tendencies to diplomatic interference for or against the Pope's claims. Let the Italian people and the Pope settle their own affairs. We must mind our own business, and let them alone.

THE GALLEY-SLAVE AND THE BIRD.

A TRUE INCIDENT

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE DARK YEAR OF DUNDEE."



ONE summer afternoon, a little less than two hundred years ago, the usual noisy traffic was going on in the narrow crowded streets of Marseilles. Silent amidst eager talkers, motionless amidst rapid passers-by, stood one poor, worn, weather-beaten man. His dress was such as, here and amongst us, would have attracted many a curious glance; then and there, it excited no surprise: it was an every-day sight. He wore a frayed, torn frock of the coarsest serge, which showed, beneath its numerous rents, a red jerkin without sleeves. A serge cap covered his closely-shaven head. But what most plainly marked his condition was a single iron anklet, which secured that the galley-slave, permitted to leave his post by the grace of a brief hour's indulgence, should not attempt flight.

He had just set down by his side a heavy bag, or sack, which he had been filling with small purchases for his own use, and that of his less fortunate companions, the great majority of whom were *never* unchained from the wretched bench, eighteen inches broad, where they lived, and worked, and slept, and usually *died*.

Izouf the Turk had now fulfilled his commissions; and yet there remained to him half an hour's leisure, and, more precious still, a silver coin really and honestly his own. Any possession that he can call his own, however trifling it may be, is sweet to the slave. Izouf looked long and thoughtfully, even fondly, at his piece of silver.

Yet he was not mercenary or selfish. Far otherwise. Ask his comrade at the oar, the Huguenot, who employs him in the perilous service of procuring, and bringing on board the galley, those charitable supplies from distant friends which lighten his bitter captivity. If detected, torture worse than death would be Izouf's portion. Yet, when the task was proposed to him, the Turk flung off his cap, and thanked Allah for giving him the opportunity of doing a deed of charity, and helping a fellow-creature in his need. And only with great difficulty could he be prevailed upon to accept the smallest recompense for his faithful services.

Now, however, he was looking from his treasured coin to the well-filled provision shop near the spot where he was standing. Very inviting to the half-starved galérien, whose miserable fare barely sufficed to keep soul and body together, were the savoury viands that met his gaze. Still he moved on slowly, not shouldering his sack, but carrying it beside him. Another shop was near, rich with the best produce of sun and earth in that bright southern land. There were large luscious grapes, purple and amber, great golden melons, pears and apricots, figs and dates. On these last the Turk's eye rested longest; long enough, indeed, for a dream of his old home in the sun's own land, where the Golden Horn, made golden by his beams, lies for ever basking in his smile. But Izouf only looked; he did not go within to purchase.

In another moment, with head erect, and eye, which had grown dim as he dreamed of home, bright again with the light of a settled purpose, he shouldered his sack, and, briskly enough for feet that had been so long fettered, traversed two or three streets without a pause. At length he halted in a back street, before one of the last shops he might have been expected to enter. It was that of a bird-fancier. Cages filled with little captives, of various-coloured plumage, hung outside the door. Izouf looked—with thoughtful eye—from cage to cage. Presently his choice was made: a very pretty bird, with bright plumage, scarlet and green and black. Entering, he inquired—in soft, foreign, rather imperfect speech—the price.

The little dapper Frenchman made voluble reply. "It is worth a demi-ecu." He could not accept one sou less. He had paid that for it, he could swear. Only that times were hard, and these creatures, little as they were, cost money to keep, he would ask more. But, *ma foi!* what could a *forçat** wish to do with a bird? Was he mad? Where could he keep it? Did he not know the *comité*† would first wring its neck, and then give him the *bastinado* for his pains?

The passive Eastern listened with a faint half smile; and for all reply, held out his hand with a demi-ecu, and pointed to the cage.

"Well, well! let every one please himself. A customer is a customer, be he *galérien* or be he prince." And the Frenchman cut the string that tied the cage, and made over the little feathered prisoner to the galley-slave.

He was going away contented, when the shopman called him back. "Though you have the value of your money," he said, "you have made a bad bargain for yourself. And it is good for a man's soul to show charity to a poor *forçat* like thee. Take these sous, and buy something with them more useful to thee than little birds."

Izouf took the pence, though less eagerly than he had taken the bird; and with a grave and courteous "May Allah reward thee!" went his way.

This led him outside the city walls, to a kind of meadow or common, where a few great green

trees extended their welcome shade. Not many loiterers or pleasure-seekers were there at the time; for, though the afternoon was far advanced, the heat was still too great. All the better for Izouf's purpose. The poor galley-slave was now to taste his chosen pleasure, the sweet luxury for which he had willingly bartered his only coin. Thank God, no life, however forlorn, is without its stray and fitful gleams of joy.

He set down his heavy sack, not because he felt its weight, but because he would fain be at his ease, and enjoy himself thoroughly. Then he placed the cage on the ground. Next, he knelt beside it on the sward, which, brown and burned as it was, to his eyes looked beautifully green. Then, with trembling hands, he undid the fastening of the tiny door. He stood up, and moved a step or two away, keeping eager eyes of expectation on the little prisoner.

For a minute or two it chirped contentedly on its perch, unconscious of its offered liberty. Izouf watched it with intense anxiety. Now it was at the little seed-trough; now it was in the doorway, still chirping gaily. Now, at last, it had found its freedom, for, suddenly spreading out its tiny wings, it flew into the air rejoicing.

Izouf clapped his hands in ecstasy, and stood gazing after it. The next moment the freed captive alighted on a branch of the nearest tree, and poured forth a clear, thrilling, full-voiced melody, that seemed a song of thankfulness. Then, once more the little wings gleamed through the air, and flashed over him, up into the blue. And then away, away it soared, into the free and boundless firmament, far beyond his ken.

Again Izouf clapped his hands. He too could have sung for joy. And why not? Poor, forlorn, shattered slave as he was, earth's best and purest joy was his that hour—the joy of *giving*. And what so good to give as that great and precious boon of liberty, for which his own heart pined and sickened, all through the slow days, and months, and years of his unending captivity?

Speedily he shouldered his sack, and turned his steps towards the harbour; for already the sun touched the horizon, and by sundown he was bound to be on board, under penalties he did not care to face, nor we to tell.

As he walked, his eyes, which had the Eastern

* Galley-slave.

† Overseer of the galley-slaves.

languor in their dark and dreamy depths, grew full of tears. In what mystic fount of feeling had those tears their source? In longing that, like the freed bird, he too could fly away and be at rest; or in bitter grief for his hopeless, life-long suffering, and thoughts of the far-away home from which he had been torn for ever?

And yet, it may be that the galley-slave did not go un comforted, and that the tears that rose to his eyes had more of healing than bitterness in them. He himself could not have expressed his feelings, still less have given words to his dim, half-formed thoughts. Like waters flowing unseen beneath the ground, they murmured on in darkness beneath or beyond his consciousness.

But this much he felt,—that it was good to give, to bless, to make happy. And this much he knew,—that above the blue sky whither his little rescued captive soared so gladly, lives One, without whom not even a sparrow falls to the ground. If He take thought for sparrows, shall He not take thought also for weary, aching, tortured human hearts? Doth He not also find it good to give, to bless, to make happy?

Izouf's Huguenot comrade had often talked with him of His goodness and mercy. And some-

times, as they sat together on the bench, taking brief rest after their exhausting toil, or eating their wretched meal of bread and beans, he had told him of the Son of God, who took upon Him the form of a slave, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, because He loved, and because He would bless and make happy, poor miserable men, such as Izouf and his brethren at the oar.

And He has promised not to forget even so much as a cup of cold water given to those who belong to Him, and witness for Him.

No earthly deliverance came to Izouf, nor did his eyes ever rest again on the smiling shores of the Bosphorus. One morning, after a night of conflict with the enemies of France, he was found amongst the dead that strewed the benches of the galley. Surely we may hope that in the darkness One drew near, and, with a hand—that once was pierced—opened the door of the cage, and bade the captive soar away to light and life and liberty.

When Izouf died, three of his comrades, Turks, actually *fought* for the perilous post he had filled—that of serving and ministering to their Huguenot fellow-prisoner.

D. A.

MEMOIR OF THE MISSIONARY ZULA.

BY MISS WHATELY.



AMONG the histories of instruments raised up by God to carry on or to revive his work in various countries, one of the most curious and least generally known, in comparatively recent times, is that of a young Zuliote chief who in the providence of God was to be the means of reviving a nearly expiring work among the Moravian missions in Ireland.

The early life of Basil Patras Zula would have appeared the most unpromising preparation for such a work. Born in 1806, of an ancient and distinguished Roumelian family (the celebrated Marco Bozzaris was his cousin), he was left fatherless while still a child; his father, one of the foremost of the patriot chiefs of Greece who were at that time carrying on a guerilla warfare against the Turks, having died of a fever brought on by fatigue and hardship.

The dying chief, anxious to preserve his child from the misery and danger of a guerilla warrior's life, advised his wife to bring up the little Basil for the Church. He was accordingly consigned to the care of a learned

Greek priest named Corae. But at the age of eleven his course of life was changed. The chiefs of his father's tribe required that the son of their late leader should either be at once placed at their head, or renounce his claims in favour of another. The widow, thus urged, felt she could not withdraw her son from following in his father's steps: the boy was arrayed in the splendid costume of a Zuliote chief, and given up to the charge of these fierce warriors. The school was exchanged for the battle-field; and the young Basil, trained in Spartan discipline, was soon master of all those bloody arts of war by which his people had long been enabled to maintain a precarious independence.

But the life of a Greek patriot chief was one of much danger as well as hardship. Ali Pacha set a price on the youth's head, and spared no endeavours to seize his person. On one occasion he nearly succeeded.

The mother of Basil had come from Parga to see her son. They were tranquilly conversing together, when a cry was suddenly heard,—“The Turks! the Turks!” It was too late to make preparations for defence:

nothing but immediate flight could save them. The young chief and his mother succeeded in escaping to the mountains. There they remained concealed for a fortnight, with no food but what few wild berries, or herbs growing in the clefts of the rocks, they could gather. The mountains of Greece are scantily watered; and often the poor fugitives had nothing to quench their thirst but the night dew, collected in a handkerchief, with which they moistened their parched lips.

After long sufferings, they at last succeeded in reaching Parga in safety. All hope of returning to Rounelia being now cut off, Zula resolved to go to Italy, where he spent two years in carrying on the studies which had been so abruptly broken off in earlier life. Probably this mental training was eventually of important use to him. But he had not given up the career of a Greek patriot chief. In 1822 he returned to his country, and visited his friends in different parts to prepare them for the approaching struggle.

Afterwards this untiring youth, of little more than sixteen, set out on a tour through Europe and Asia. He visited Russia, Poland, Turkey, Syria, Palestine, Arabia, Persia, and Egypt as far as the frontier of Abyssinia, with the object of collecting together the dispersed Greeks, and inducing them to support the cause of their country. The war in Greece began soon after. Our hero was the foremost in all the combats: the long-oppressed people, urged by zeal for their religion and love of their country, fought with the energy of desperation. Zula was ever among the most determined champions of the cause; but, unlike too many of his associates, he was merciful to his vanquished foes, and uniformly kind and tender to those who shared his dangers and sufferings. He would give his last penny, and sell the last ornament from his uniform, to buy food for his distressed comrades; and he thus won all hearts in his own beloved Greece, as he did afterwards in his adopted country, Ireland.

In 1825-26 he was at the siege of Missolonghi—one of the incidents of modern times which most seems to recall the ancient heroic days of Athens and Sparta. The inhabitants resolved to hold out to the last extremity, undeterred by the sight of the Turkish armies surrounding their city on the side of the land, and the fleets which blockaded its port. Young and old, men and women, unitedly vowed to be buried under the ruins rather than yield a single moment. The bombs which were showered upon them with fearful explosions, spreading destruction all around, seemed rather to steel them against fear. Any death was preferable to the mercies of such an enemy. For fifteen months the city held its ground, till it resembled a ruin more than a habitation of the living. The famished inhabitants devoured everything that it was possible to swallow: hunger became daily more pressing; and at last, wasted to skeletons, the Greeks saw that further resistance was useless.

It was decided that all whose strength and courage

made such an expedition possible, should make a sortie, surprise the enemy, and force themselves a passage through the Turkish army, or die for liberty and Greece. On the other hand, those who were too feeble, aged, or young for such a desperate attempt, knowing what they must expect from such an enemy, resolved to perish rather than fall alive into the hands of the besiegers.

The morning after this resolution had been taken, five thousand men and twelve women succeeded in forcing a way through the midst of the besieging army, who were so completely taken by surprise that many were cut to pieces before the others could recover from their consternation. The cry to arms resounded from tent to tent; but the Greeks advanced with incredible intrepidity, and soon after sunrise half the numbers had safely passed the enemy's lines.

The heroic little band watched their city from a distance, and some hours later, the columns of flame and smoke rising above it proclaimed too plainly the fate of those who had remained. All perished in the explosion, which also proved fatal to several thousand Turks who had entered the place. The survivors turned away with sorrowing hearts to seek a refuge and field of action elsewhere.

Zula, though dangerously wounded, escaped this scene of carnage; but the painful impression it had made upon him was never effaced. Several of his relatives and friends were among the victims of that sad day, and its recollection was always a bitter one to him.

The longer this war lasted, the more were all angry and revengeful passions stimulated and intensified in the minds of the partisans on both sides. Sacred engagements were violated, prisoners who had been spared in the heat of battle were tortured to death in cold blood. Zula's noble nature could not endure the sight of these atrocities, carried on in the name of liberty and patriotism. At last, when on one occasion a troop of Turkish prisoners were led away to be massacred, in despite of a pledge given to the contrary, the young chief, after vainly remonstrating, retired in disgust from the barbarous warfare.

What led him to revisit Smyrna we are not informed; but in this same year (1826), he met there with an English gentleman, who engaged him as his travelling companion. They visited Egypt in the following year, and went up the Nile as far as Thebes. It was during this voyage that Zula for the first time was led to take a lively interest in religious subjects. What instruction he had previously received we know not; it was probably very imperfect: the religion of his church was one which laid more stress on ceremonies and outward ordinances than on scriptural instruction. He was now earnest in his inquiries into the contents of the Old and New Testaments, and into the difference between the faith of the Protestants and that of the Greek and Roman Churches. His questions were kindly answered,

but he does not appear to have met with any one who could enlighten his mind in a satisfactory manner.

In 1828, our travellers proceeded to Malta, and thence to England, and after a short stay went on to Ireland, and on their arrival in Dublin took up their residence in one of the principal hotels.

It was with a heavy heart that the young exile had followed his companion to the end of his journey. The war with Turkey was over; but Greece had been degraded by submitting to the rule of a foreign king, placed over her by the great powers of Europe. He felt keenly this humiliation to his beloved country. His friends and relatives were dead or scattered; he had no desire to return, and solitary, friendless, and without a country, he had passively submitted to remain where he had been drifted by what seemed like mere accident. Little did he suspect that in this strange land he was about to find a home, brethren, and, above all—a Saviour!

The proprietor of the hotel where he had taken up his abode was one who had determined that “he and his house should serve the Lord.” He regularly carried on family worship daily in his own apartments, and invited all under his roof, whether residents or passing travellers, to be present.

On this occasion he happened to be absent, and an Irish lady who was on a visit to his family was requested to conduct the worship. The English gentleman and his Greek friend were present. It was a turning-point in Zula’s life. He had often devoutly implored the help of the Virgin in time of danger, and had frequented the solemnities of the Greek and Roman Churches; but *real prayer*—prayer like what he heard that day—he had never heard before.

Who could the speaker be whose words had so much moved him? He inquired. She was a Moravian sister, belonging to a little congregation of “United Brethren” in the city. The name was quite unknown to him. Who could these people be? They must be true Christians, if they were like this lady.

While he was agitating these questions in his mind, he found on his table an abridgement of the history of the Moravian Church, probably left there by the lady in question. He opened it eagerly, and read at the beginning these words:—

“The Church of the United Brethren originally descends from the Slavonic branch of the Greek Church, which, as far as we can conjecture, must have received the gospel direct from the apostles and their contemporaries (Rom. xv. 19; 2 Tim. iv. 10).”

His attention was caught by this preface, appealing to his own national sympathies. He hastened to take part in the meetings held by the little Moravian congregation at Dublin: The order and simple solemnity of their worship made a deep impression on his soul, and gradually his mind was opened to receive the truth as it is in Jesus. Christ crucified, the salvation of sinners—the central doctrine of this faithful little band

of Christians—was brought before him in all its clearness and fulness. Having received the truth in his soul, he took the resolution of uniting himself to those who had been the instruments of enlightening him, and in whom he found not only apostolic truth, but something of the apostolic spirit, and of adopting Great Britain for his country. A visit to London, where he met the Moravian preacher Okely (himself formerly an opponent to the faith he was now teaching), contributed to confirm him in this resolution. He was advised, after a short stay in Dublin, to pass some time in one of the Moravian settlements, in order to acquire a further acquaintance with the Church and its institutions; and with this view he went, in the autumn of 1828, to Gracehill, in the north of Ireland. Here he established himself in a simple and scantily-furnished room, where he applied himself steadily to the study of English, in which he made rapid progress. Reading the English Bible, with the assistance of a Greek version which served him as a dictionary, he drank in eagerly the precious truths of God’s Word. From morning to night, standing before a desk on which Scott’s Bible was placed, he was employed in reading and meditating on the Word of God, with prayer for light from above to help him to understand.

He had hitherto been a thorough soldier—a Greek patriot and partisan, gentle and kind to his friends, but hating, like David of old, the enemies of his country. He had often maintained that even the Lord Jesus and his apostles *could not* have shown mercy to the Turks,—the cruel tyrants, the robbers of his country.

One day, the young minister under whose instruction he had placed himself, was astonished by his soldier-pupil entering his room in great agitation. “Come, come!” he exclaimed. “I see it now; there can be no doubt!” and drawing his instructor into his room, he pointed to the passage in Matt. v. 44, “Love your enemies.” “Love your enemies!” he repeated. “I see it now—even the Turks! He commands us to love our enemies, even the Turks—even the Turks!”

The change which has converted so many a fierce and haughty spirit into a little child, had taken place in the heart of Zula; but his eager, impetuous temper, though sanctified by grace, remained, and sometimes was manifested in a manner which startled his new associates not a little. It was long remembered at Gracehill, that one Sunday he astonished the congregation by a trait of this kind, sufficiently characteristic. A number of lads and young men, who occupied the highest seats in the gallery, were in the habit of remaining comfortably seated while the rest of the assembly joined standing in the morning service of praise. Zula’s eye followed them, much as it might have done a hostile detachment in his warlike days; at last, unable to bear it longer, he sprang upon the gallery, exclaiming, “Stand up and worship God!” All started from their seats as if electrified, and Zula had no occasion to repeat the lesson.

The noble stranger, whose manners and deportment were those of a finished gentleman, soon became the object of attention from persons of the highest rank. He was invited to the most distinguished houses, and frequented the highest circles. His friends were at first uneasy, lest the attractions of such a life should be too powerful for his Christian principles and the simplicity of his faith. But Zula was firm both by nature and grace. He was as frank and simple with the world as he was with his Christian friends. While he warmed the hearts of his brethren with the ardour of his faith and love, he never shrank from speaking the severest truths plainly to the vain, pleasure-loving ladies, or the worldly nobles who took the name of God in vain in his presence.

In 1829 he stayed some time in Dublin, to prepare himself for entrance on the ministry. During this stay he was united in marriage with the sister whom he had met in his first visit to Dublin, and whose prayer had so impressed him. "She was the instrument whom the Lord employed to draw me to himself," he said; "I owed her a deep debt of gratitude, and having nothing else to offer her, I offered myself, and was accepted."

He had never cause to regret his choice. He found in his wife not only a faithful and affectionate companion, but a devoted and active helper in the ministry he was about to undertake.

In 1832 he visited the headquarters of the Moravian community at Herrnhut, and obtained their sanction to his entrance on the work of a minister. The young Greek warrior had exchanged earthly arms for the sword of the Spirit; but he had yet to find—or, as he rather desired, to *form*—a flock. His attention had been drawn to the little town of Kilwarlin, which had formerly contained a flourishing congregation of Moravians; but these were now dead or dispersed, and the chapel in ruins. Only six members remained of the once flourishing and devoted band of Christians, and earnest religion seemed altogether to have died out. There seemed little hope of reviving the work in such a place, and Zula's friends all advised him against the enterprise; but he was impressed with the belief that Kilwarlin was the place his Master designed for his field of labour, and he lost no time in repairing to it.

On his first arrival he found the few faithful Christians of the place had met to unite in prayer. One of the sisters, on seeing Zula enter the room, started up and exclaimed, "This is the man the Saviour has sent us! I saw him the other night in a dream!"

But, before further steps could be taken, the permission of the Marquis of Downshire, the proprietor of Kilwarlin, must be obtained for the re-establishment of the church on his territory. Zula, accompanied by the pastor of a neighbouring church, went to the castle of the marquis. He was out, and his steward received the deputation in a very unfriendly manner. "It is useless," he said, "to address yourselves to the marquis. His lordship has been long resolved to take the place from

the Moravians, and give it to others who will probably not fill it at all less worthily."

Zula was not one to be repulsed by such words from a subaltern. Recurring to his old military reminiscences, he gave his opponent to understand that he was not accustomed to take a reply from a sentinel when he could procure it from headquarters. The two pastors soon afterwards met the marquis's carriage. Zula presented his request at once; but obtained only an evasive answer, and an invitation to return next day. Zula's companion was discouraged, and advised giving up the plan; but our hero was not one to draw back when once convinced that his course was a right one. "Come what may," he said, "I will carry on the matter to the end." The next day he again appeared at the castle. His lordship was surrounded by a committee of his country neighbours, farmers, &c., who had been agreeing together on the answer to be given—namely, "That they saw no reason for leaving the place in the hands of a society which seemed to be dying out."

The answer was looked on as decisive. What, then, was the astonishment of the committee when their petitioner addressed the marquis in these words:—

"My lord, I thought I was speaking to a nobleman of an independent spirit, and I see with sorrow and surprise that I was mistaken. You have allowed these gentlemen to govern you. This answer is dictated by them."

All were silent for a moment. At last the marquis rose, and holding out his hand to his courageous applicant—"The place is yours," he said; "do what you will with it."

A few days afterwards Zula and his wife entered Kilwarlin—on the 12th of September 1834.

We need, perhaps, hardly remind our readers of the custom observed by the Moravian Church from a very early period, of drawing lots for a text for every day of the year, and repeating this every year afresh. The text for this day was Isaiah xxxv. 8: "And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass through it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein." Zula wrote on this occasion: "Yes, my Lord and Master, may all within me be resigned to thy infallible direction. The arms with which I now fight are not carnal, but I feel they are spiritual, and powerful to overthrow the strongholds of Satan. Who am I, O Lord, and who is my father's house, that thou shouldst honour me with the privilege of rebuilding the walls of Sion! I come from a distant country, an exile and a wanderer, and here thou hast made me find rest. I consecrate anew body, soul, and property to thy service. Enable me, O Lord, to sympathize with the cares, troubles, and joys of those over whom thou hast put me in charge; to be full of brotherly love for them, and to devote myself to the spiritual good of all."

A more wretched place could hardly be imagined

than the Moravian chapel of Kilwarlin when Zula preached his first sermon there. A muddy passage between two poor huts led to the entrance, composed of some half-rotten boards. The roof of the chapel was almost in ruins, and its furniture was composed of some decayed and worm-eaten benches placed on the damp soil, and a pulpit held together by cords and stakes, to keep it from falling to pieces.

But on that September day neither preacher nor audience thought of the ruined place of worship; the thankfulness to God, the zeal and love which overflowed the soul of the new pastor, were poured forth in his sermon on the text from 1 Tim. i. 15: "This is a true saying, and worthy of all men to be received, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."

He had few adventitious aids to make his ministry attractive. He still spoke English very imperfectly; his sermons had neither elegance of style nor unity of conception to recommend them, but they came from his heart. He could truly say, "I believe, and therefore have I spoken." He was eminently a man of prayer; and the warmth, energy, and deep feeling which animated his words touched the heart and awakened the conscience. The very tone in which he pronounced the usual form of address, "My dear brethren," had a *reality* in it which made all feel that it was no mere form, but the expression of his heart; that they were truly *dear* to him; and they could see the proof of this in the zeal which seemed to consume him when he perceived that any sin threatened to disturb the peace and holiness of the Church.

The week after his arrival the new pastor opened a Sunday school, and a fortnight later he celebrated the Lord's Supper for the first time with his little flock of six souls. "We felt happy," he said, "to feel that, through God's faithfulness and mercy, the candlestick had not been entirely removed." Zula's activity and ardour were incredible, and his exertions the first few months of his arrival were great. A school-house was to be built. The pastor himself made long excursions to obtain materials. The chapel must be restored, and he mingled with the workmen, trowel and hammer in hand, encouraging them by example as well as words, and only leaving his work to console a dying person, or address the survivors assembled round a new-made grave.

This energy might have appeared to some to spring from too great a confidence in his own powers; but some lines written in his Journal at this time show how entirely Zula, notwithstanding the iron strength of his will, felt and understood his own helplessness and entire dependence on God. "Lord," he writes, "without thee we can do nothing; but with thee, weak as we are, we are heroes and conquerors. O my Master, strengthen thy servant, that, having put his hand to the plough, he may not look back. I plant and water, but thou alone givest the increase."

With this conviction he did experience intimately

the powerful aid of his heavenly Master. Drunkenness was very rife at Kilwarlin; and Zula discovered that whisky was sold at some cottages close to his new school. He resolved to get possession of the land, that he might destroy these public-houses. The difficulty was how to effect this.

But Zula trusted in the Lord, and help appeared. Lord Downshire visited Kilwarlin, and was so much pleased with the progress and good order of the place that he became strongly attached to the promoter of so much good among his tenants, and Zula had only to lay the case before him to obtain the grant of land desired, and a sufficient sum to indemnify the dispossessed masters of the cottages.

Lord Downshire wished to do more for the faithful pastor. Seeing the mean habitation in which he lived, he offered him a handsome house in the neighbouring town of Hillsborough. But Zula gratefully declined, fearing this might interfere with his usefulness. "I might," he said, "be too much at my ease to devote myself to my poor parishioners. And why should I be unwilling to live in a poor cottage when my Master was willing to be born in a stable?"

The courage and devotion of the pastor were put to severe trials. The drunkenness and slothfulness of the workmen he employed, and the torpor of his own little flock, would have discouraged him had his faith been less lively. He was often indeed wearied in body and soul, and cried to the Lord "out of the depths," but encouragements were vouchsafed him. A sick woman whom he visited almost daily through this first winter became a source of great joy and refreshment to his soul. He had found her utterly ignorant of the way of salvation. "I understand nothing of all this," she said, when the pastor first spoke to her of the gospel message; but soon her heart opened to the glad tidings of pardon through the blood of Christ. Zula had the pleasure of watching the development of a new life in her soul—renewed day by day as the earthly tabernacle was decaying; and the last words from her dying lips were addressed to him: "May the Almighty bless you abundantly!" she said. "You have taught me to know the Saviour. I know him now. He is mine; he has pardoned me, a poor sinner."

On the 21st of March 1835 the chapel, restored and completed, was solemnly consecrated by the president of the Conference of Gracehill, and twenty-six new members were received into the Kilwarlin congregation. Zula was so overcome with the sense of his own unworthiness, and his Master's mercy in so blessing his labours, that he could scarcely repress his emotion during the sermon. But the question will naturally be asked, where he procured the necessary funds for this work. He had a small property of his own, on which he could live independently; he therefore would take no salary, and consecrated all the rest of his means to the completion of these buildings. A sum of £150 was still wanting to defray the expenses. Zula laid his

need before the Lord in prayer, and he inclined the members of the Moravian Communities in England and Ireland to give so liberally as to cover the whole of the debt.

In 1836 Kilwarlin was put upon the lists by the Central Synod as a regular church, and Zula, who had been serving hitherto as a kind of lay minister or evangelist, was ordained at Dublin by Bishop Halleck. The newly-formed church had the privilege of sending its first missionary to the heathen at this time.

For several years after this Zula continued his labours of love in the same spirit of humble, patient diligence.

After his death a paper was found on which he had written the rules by which he desired to regulate his life. They were as follows :—

- "1. To seek holiness of life.
 - "2. To be indefatigable in the pursuit of my high calling.
 - "3. To be meek and gentle to all.
 - "4. To base all my reasonings on the Scripture.
 - "5. To be zealous but circumspect in preaching.
 - "6. To devote myself to the service of others.
 - "7. To persevere and watch in prayer.
 - "8. To seize every opportunity of doing good which the Lord may offer me.
 - "9. To be patient when encountering opposition.
 - "10. To leave unnoticed every offence or insult directed against myself.
- "Lord, give me grace to live according to these rules."

All who have seen him at his work will bear witness that he did carry out these rules into practice. He loved to converse frequently with the members of his flock. He often visited them in their homes, or collected them in little gatherings at his own house, where poor and rich united together as brothers in Christ; and often when the country people were going forth to their labours in the early morning, their pastor was on the watch to meet them, and encourage or exhort them in a few earnest words.

"My brethren," he would say, "you will not go into the public-houses, will you? You will not drink whisky?" or, "Be ready to help each other; show that you are brethren!" With the poor and sick he was in his element; he seemed full of eagerness to find some way of doing them good or giving them pleasure.

At the same time his vigilance and quick penetration in reproving sin were so great, that many who were admonished by him for faults committed in secret were persuaded that Zula had a power of divination. "Yes, Brother Zula," they would say, "you have found me out. You spoke the truth in your sermon to-day. I did such and such a thing, but I will not do it again."

An ignorant and unconverted farmer remarked after his death: "After all, he was not a powerful preacher; all he said came to one thing, that God is love."

This central truth—God's love in Christ—was the

power in which he went forth to preach, teach, and exhort. "None of his words fell to the ground," said one who witnessed his labours. "The Lord was with him, and made him prosper in all his efforts."

But his career was to be a short one. In September 1847—just ten years from the time when he first entered on his ministerial work—he left Kilwarlin for a short visit to Dublin. A sudden and violent illness laid him low. "It is the Lord," he said; "his will be done."

During his illness he manifested his natural firmness of character, sanctified by the meekness and humility of a Christian. Every mark of affection given him by his friends, every little service from an attendant, was gratefully noticed.

The nurse declared she had never attended a patient like him—so calm in danger, so gentle under pain, so holy even in delirium: for even in the wanderings of fever it could be seen that the peace of God filled his heart. He was constantly either holding communion with his Saviour, or speaking of his beloved flock: he was especially earnest in prayer for them.

"O Lord," he exclaimed, "they are thine, and I too am thine! Do what thou seest right with me!"

His friends were slow in giving up hope; he himself would not allow his wife to be apprised of his illness till it became alarming. She then hastened to his side, and never left him till, on the night of October 5th, he expired without a struggle.

The sorrowing widow returned to her desolate home: the congregation had not learned the news; but it spread rapidly from house to house, and the weeping was universal. The working-men were seen to throw down their spades and wring their hands with grief. When the car arrived bringing the remains of their friend, the whole congregation went forth to meet it. They took the coffin on their shoulders and carried it into the chapel in the midst of the tears and sobs of all around; and day and night, till the burial day, the brethren and sisters kept watch round it with singing and prayer. On the 8th of October a crowd of persons of every station, from the Marquis of Downshire to the poor day-labourer, accompanied the remains of their pastor to its last resting-place.

Three years afterwards, a Provincial Synod of the Moravian Church assembled at Fairfield to examine into the state of the English and Irish congregations. They found that the Church of Kilwarlin, which in 1835 only counted 6 members, now comprised 251 persons. The report acknowledged that this work was instrumentally due, under God, to the efforts of Brother Zula. The hand of the Lord had brought him from Greece to Ireland; he was there set apart for his service. His career was a short but eventful one, and the Lord removed him suddenly when he had completed the work which had been given him.

How many of us are, in our several callings, seeking, like him, "wholly to follow the Lord our God?"

Palestine.

BY THE REV. ANDREW THOMSON, D.D., EDINBURGH.

I.—ON OUR WAY.

WE have obtained some months of generous release from a laborious but pleasant city pastorate, and are on our way to the Holy Land. We have resolved to take a glance at Egypt on our route, the partial opening of the Suez Canal having made this practicable without any serious divergence from our course. On the afternoon of Saturday, March 13, 1869, we steam into the harbour of Alexandria, and wait for a landing. The long line of waving and picturesque palm-trees in front of the Khedive's palace tells us that we are out of Europe, and Pompey's Pillar and Cleopatra's Needle, seen at some distance in the clear atmosphere, and familiar to us from our boyhood by many an engraving and picture, assure us that we are looking on the great sea-port and emporium of Egypt.

One principal difficulty in landing consists in getting our luggage all stowed into one boat, while probably ten half-naked and deafening Arabs are contending for each package; and they are a light-fingered race, needing to be watched. But in a few minutes we are in the Custom-house, with all safe. A very innocent box, carefully nailed and roped, carrying a saddle and bridle for use in Palestine, is the only part of our luggage that awakens the suspicion of its containing something contraband; but while we are doing our best to open it in an orthodox way from the top with a screw-driver, one rude tawny fellow lays it open with two violent strokes of an adze from the bottom, and all its contents tumble confusedly out. It is our first lesson in patience, of which we are to receive a good many more in our journeyings over the East; but while we are annoyed, the man is evidently disappointed, for there is nothing that can be either seized or taxed, and we have shown ourselves impervious to the wish for a little "bribery and corruption."

And now we are on our way to our hotel in one of the queerest and most nondescript of omnibuses, piloted by one of the noisiest of drivers, through some of the most Oriental parts of Alex-

andria. The contrast in our experience which a single hour has made is very striking. We had left behind us in the good ship *Poonah* a polished English society, with every form of English comfort; and now we were passing through streets that were narrow, dirty, yet strangely picturesque withal,—looking down into shops open to their full extent in front, with all their varied merchandise exposed, their proprietors sitting cross-legged, and smoking gravely or dreamily in a corner,—meeting long lines of men and boys, and of women seated after the manner of men, riding upon nimble donkeys—streams of laden camels, with their outstretched necks and ungainly pace, filling up the picture at some distance at the end of the street; while street-cries in many tongues, most lustily sounded, rent the air. In one of these street-calls we found a Biblical illustration that interested us. It was a shrill Arab cry, "Water, water, O ye thirsty!"—reminding us of those grand words of gospel invitation in Isaiah, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." But the resemblance stopped here, for even a cup of cold water cannot be obtained in a city of Egypt without paying for it, while the richest blessings of the Christian salvation are proclaimed to all the world "without money and without price."

We eschew in these notes, once and for all, the fashion of complaining about the discomfort of hotels. Judging from personal experience, we should say that there has often been a good deal of exaggeration in this kind of complaints, partly arising from the wish to say a smart thing, and often appearing to have been written immediately after paying a rather highly-charged bill. After travelling through many lands, we do not remember to have suffered even once either from vermin or from filth.

We sallied forth early in the evening, wishing to have glimpses into the social habits of the people; and we visited several of the native cafés. Sherbet and coffee were the common beverage; and what a blessing it is for a country when its

popular drinks are not intoxicating! Surely this was one plague of Egypt less. There was usually in each café a band of native musicians, seated on a fixed platform a little above the heads of the people. Their instruments were of a very primitive description, such as we may conceive to have been used in the times of the Pharaohs, and as we have seen represented in old woodcuts of sackbuts and psalteries in the days of the "sweet singer of Israel;" and we thought we could trace in some of them the rude original of some of our own instruments, especially the violin and the guitar. One man sang, all joined in the refrain, and altogether the execution was far from contemptible. I enjoyed the enthusiasm with which, swaying and bending their bodies and closing their eyes, the performers threw themselves into the more emotional parts of the music.

But we were most interested by what we saw in one of these houses of entertainment—a man reading aloud from the "Arabian Nights" to a fascinated audience. He sat in an elevated place on a sort of dais, was turbaned and clothed in white muslin, and read uncommonly well, suiting the changes in his voice to changes in the story: at times swinging his body to and fro; now raising one hand and now another,—occasionally even using his feet to aid the effect; and at the close of some passage in which he had warmed, looking round for an applause which was never withheld, but which came up with a loud "Ha, ha, ha!" from the multitude. We noticed two Egyptian soldiers come in and sip their coffee and enjoy the reading. May not a time come when Bunyan's "Pilgrim" shall be read in this manner in Eastern cafés?

The greater part of the following day, which was the Sabbath, was spent by us with Mr. Yule, the excellent minister of the Scotch Church in Alexandria, to whose house we found our way early in the morning. And here let us bear our passing testimony to the importance of placing men of his stamp—educated, prudent, and earnestly pious—at all the great sea-ports of the world at which English ships in any great numbers touch and trade. There is always a certain number of resident English families whom commerce has settled in such places, that need, and many of whom will gladly appreciate, the pulpit ministrations and pastoral care of a good Christian

minister. The consequences have been widely mischievous when these little colonies have been permanently left "as sheep without a shepherd." Not only his labours as a minister, but the indirect influence of his character, is above all price; while it would be difficult to estimate the amount of benefit derived by British and American sailors that enter the port, especially in circumstances of temptation and in seasons of sickness. To travellers like ourselves, who were as birds on the wing, the refreshment of public worship, when it could be enjoyed, was greatly welcome. How many have found it retracing in their hearts the fading lines of duty; amid the distraction of mind occasioned by crowding incidents and exciting novelties, restoring the sense of the unseen and eternal; and, in Leighton's beautiful words, "winding up the soul, which the body had poised down, to a higher degree of heavenliness."

On our way to morning worship in the Scotch Church, we looked in on what we may term the cathedral-churches of two very different communions. One of these was the Greek Church, in which we were disappointed to find the worshippers had not yet assembled. It blazed with a non-ecclesiastical splendour, on which, it was evident, vast expense had been lavished, but which seemed to us out of taste, because out of all harmony with the solemnity of Christian worship. There were massive silver lamps, a marble pulpit with most elaborate carvings, two gorgeous thrones—one for the Greek patriarch and the other for the Russian consul,—while the walls were adorned with highly-coloured paintings of scriptural and apocryphal subjects. The whole looked as if it were designed to represent architecturally not only one of the dominant faiths, but one of the dominant powers of the East.

The Coptic Cathedral was in many respects the opposite of all this—dark and dirty, with an old world look about everything in it. When we entered it, it was crowded almost to suffocation, the smell of burning candles and of incense adding every moment to the poison of the already exhausted air. The building had its inner shrine, its holy place, and its outer court, somewhat like an old Jewish temple in miniature; into the first part of which the

officiating priest alone entered, and from which the sound of liturgical reading issued. As the language in which the liturgy was written is now obsolete, it is unintelligible to the modern Copts; there was therefore some excuse for the manifest inattention of the poor people. The Copts do not admit of images in their places of worship, but their temple was hung round with pictures which age as well as smoke and incense had made very dim; and to these, in common with their brethren of the more gorgeous Greek communion, they give a superstitious amount of veneration. They claim to be the aboriginal Egyptians,—the descendants, therefore, through hundreds of generations, of those embalmed ancestors who have been transferred to so many of the museums of Europe, or who still slumber in their mummy-coffins up the Nile. There is no doubt that they are the degenerate descendants, ecclesiastically, of the early Christian Church of Egypt. In common with the Abyssinian Church, though not in the same degree, their forms of worship and their religious customs show an incongruous mixture of Christian with Papal, and even Jewish and Mohammedan elements. The evangelist Mark is asserted to have been their first patriarch, and is honoured as their tutelary saint. They believe that his body rests beneath the altar in their church at Alexandria; though, if contemporary historians are to be credited, it was removed, centuries ago, to the famous Church of St. Mark's at Venice. It is a curious fact that there are certain posts in Egypt, such as that of "scribes," which for many generations have been held almost exclusively by Copts, for they are a quiet, ingenious, plodding race. We have seen them compared as a Church to one of their own shrivelled mummies, wrapped in old linen and adorned with faded jewels. But they have not resisted light as their sister-communion in the West has done, and there is a deference to the authority of the Bible, and a spirit of inquiry showing itself in many of their people, and even in some of their priests, which dispose us to say of the Coptic Church, "There is hope concerning this tree that it shall yet bud and flourish." It is mainly to the revival and reformation of this degenerate branch of the Eastern Churches that the American mission in Egypt has nobly consecrated its energies.

We spent several hours of the same day at the church and station of the American missionaries. The natives present did not exceed forty; but their numbers had been greater in the morning. The two sexes were carefully curtained off from each other. The whole service was conducted in Arabic. The stations and sub-stations connected with this mission are numerous, and extend up the Nile 500 miles above Alexandria, within a short distance from the ruins of ancient Thebes. Their largest amount of visible success has been at Osiot, 250 miles above Cairo, where they have a theological academy for the training of native students for the ministry. They add to preaching, schools and scripture-reading, the vigorous instrumentality of the printing-press and the colporteur. We found a very large edition of the "Book of Proverbs" in Arabic, ready for circulation among a people who love proverbs as they love the delicious fruit of their own date-palms.

The design of these Notes is not archæological, but it seems scarcely possible even to name Alexandria without referring to Cleopatra's Needle, forming, with its twin obelisk, a rejected gift to England now buried four feet underground, the majestic entrance to what was once Cæsar's Temple,—that beautiful misnamed monolith, Pompey's Pillar, the silent record of Diocletian's capture of this great city,—the far-extending Catacombs of Old Alexandria, originally formed for sepulture, but used, perhaps, in times of hot persecution, as a refuge for the early Christians,—and Cæsar's Camp, with its old fountains and skilfully-constructed water-pipes, the scene of one of the victories of Augustus Cæsar over the partizans of Mark Antony, and of a more recent passage of arms between the forces of France and Britain, when our country lost her Abercrombie and liberated Egypt. We remember, that as we walked among its shapeless stones and scrubby grass, we came upon an enormous yellow snake, which fled from us with a precipitation which we did not regret. It seemed to us, as we wandered over this former scene of disciplined armies and bloody conflicts, and looked on the few black Bedouin tents that were here and there scattered around, that we beheld a vivid emblem of the Egypt that is, as compared with the Egypt that once had been.

But, in reality, the greatest of all the antiquities that we saw was Alexandria itself; for it is one of the old cities of the world. What a long and strangely-chequered history passed before us, as, looking down from the base of Pompey's Pillar, we first thought of the great Macedonian himself, its founder, whose genius foresaw in it, as he laid its first stone and engraved his name on it, the link between Europe, Asia, and Africa, and the key to the golden East; and then as we traced its course down through the periods of the Ptolemies, the Romans, the Turks, the Mamalukes, the Bonapartes, to the subtle-minded, strong-willed, strong-armed Mahomet Ali of these modern days. To a Christian visitor, not the least interesting recollection was, that this was the place where, 300 years before Christ, consecrated learning had produced the Old Testament Greek version of the Seventy; and that it was the birth-place and centre of that Neoplatonic school of theologians with which the names of Aristobulus and Philo are identified, which gave system and popularity to the allegorizing or mystical method of Biblical interpretation, and in vainly trying to harmonize Christianity with Platonism, corrupted its divine simplicity, and in the same degree bereft it of its divine power. The mischief of that Alexandrian school is working yet.

Two things especially struck us when looking on the Alexandria of our own times. One of these was the marked influence of France upon this city, as, indeed, upon the whole of Egypt. There was a French quarter in Alexandria; the French language was familiar to a much larger portion of the population than any other foreign tongue; French customs were on the increase; French amusements were popular, not always to the advantage of Egyptian economy or morality. Even the chief of police was a Frenchman; and statuettes of Louis Napoleon were everywhere—in the hotels and in other public places. But this influence is likely to weaken and wither now over Egypt and all the East, when the right arm of France is broken and her honour laid in the dust. Nations never long worship setting suns. Shall England next be in the ascendant in Egypt, and thus keep her pathway to India broad and clear, and her hold of India firmer?

And the other fact was, what is true, indeed,

of all great sea-ports, but pre-eminently true of Alexandria,—the exceedingly mixed nature of its population, as indicated not only by the varied contour and colour of the countenances, but by the differences in the dress. Walk along one of its crowded thoroughfares, or stand in one of its old bazaars, and how many nationalities will you witness in a quarter of an hour! Not only the blue-turbaned Copt, and the poor Arab, with his almost colourless tunic of serge, but the white-muslined Hindoo, the kilted Albanian, the gorgeous Greek, the Turk with his hybrid raiment between that of the Frank and the Asiatic, and the plain, unpicturesque American or Englishman. One dress that especially caught our notice was that of the running courier, who runs before a chariot at its full speed, warning passers-by to keep out of the way, as well as adding state and style to the whole equipage. His dress is entirely white, folded gracefully around his person, but so as to leave his lithe limbs entirely free; he carries a long wand or rod in his hand; and, apparently without strain or effort, keeps ahead of the chariot when it is at its full speed. It gave us another Bible illustration which carried our thoughts back through thousands of years; for it brought up the picture of Elijah, with all the vigour of a strong-limbed mountaineer from his native hills of Gilead across the Jordan, running before the chariot of Ahab all the way from the sublime scene of the sacrifice on Carmel to the entrance into Jezreel.

There is one subject on which, before leaving Alexandria, we wish to touch once for all, though it needs to be handled with delicacy. Before departing from home, we had met with more than one English book in which a comparison was made between polygamy, as it is found in Egypt and other Mohammedan countries, and single married life, as it exists in such countries as our own; and in which it was attempted to be shown that the Mohammedan system was, on the whole, more favourable to continence and to conjugal fidelity. One writer in a well-known popular Review, and with evidently strong infidel leanings, emboldened by the assertions of these authors, actually went so far as to suggest that the whole question ought still to be considered an open one, as between polygamy and monogamy; that the balance trembled

between the two systems; and that, with the light of modern statistics shining on it, the entire subject ought speedily to be reconsidered. We felt confident at the time that these assertions were grievously one-sided, as the conclusions drawn from them were groundless; and that the information of missionaries, physicians, and merchants who had long been resident in the East, would lead to a far different issue. And so we found it, beginning our inquiries at Alexandria, and ending them three months afterwards at Constantinople. Polygamy does not produce continence or foster conjugal fidelity; but tends to brutify those who live in it. Is there marriage indeed in the high and divine sense in any case in which there are more wives than one? Let any one visit the precincts of a divorce court in any great Eastern city where the religion of the Crescent dominates, and see what multitudes are every day clamouring for a separation; how brittle is the bond with which polygamy binds the husband to his wife; on what frivolous pretext wives are cast aside and cast out; and how ready witnesses are to swear anything for a bribe against a woman when she has ceased to please. The truth is, however, that these writers utterly miss the point of the entire case. The charge we have to bring against the Mohammedan system is not simply that it fails to foster conjugal virtue, but that it wrongs and degrades the whole female sex. This is the foul spot of its dishonour that will never wash out. Where, indeed, except within the sphere of Christian influence, shall we find woman as Heaven destined her to be,—cultured into an equality with her protector, moving round a humbler but not a lower circle of duties, refining and softening the ruggedness of the other sex, and, with the hallowed light of undissembled affection, or with the stillness of consecrated friendship, giving out many of the sweetest elements which we associate with home?

On our journey by railway to Cairo, for which we set off early on the morning of Tuesday, we crossed several branches of the Nile, whose presence accounted for the surrounding fertility of many places; for, as an old historian has said, "the river of Nile is the happy genius of the Egyptian

soil." We passed a great number of mud-villages, on the flat roofs of whose houses there was uniformly a pigeon-house built of the same material and perforated with many openings—the flight of the pigeons to them and from them appearing incessant. "Who are these that are as clouds, and that fly like doves unto their windows?" With those mud-houses before us, we could understand how natural was the Eastern style of robbery more than once alluded to in Scripture, of "digging through to steal." Nor was this the only instance which caught our observation as illustrating Scripture, on our drive up to Cairo. Large fields of onions and garlic, literally scenting the morning air, were under cultivation, reminding us of the tastes of the oppressed Hebrews when in their bitter bondage, and of their subsequent rebellious longings in the wilderness. Oxen, buffaloes, camels, and mules were all seen by us engaged in ploughing. In some cases a mule and a camel were ill-assorted under the same yoke, and dragging at the same plough—the connecting pole grazing painfully on the neck of the taller animal. Is it possible to doubt that such a spectacle as this, seen by Paul on the plains of Ephesus or on the fields around his native Tarsus, must have given shape to his admonition of—"Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers"? Egypt, however, affords us an illustration in respect to marriage of a different kind in one of her hieroglyphics, in which a single mill-stone is represented as in useless motion, which some ingenious interpreters of their pictorial language insist in regarding as an emblem of the comparative unprofitableness of a celibate life!

Late in the afternoon we reached Cairo, passing into it through a long avenue of waving palms—a city not so ancient or so rich in historical recollections as the Alexandria we had left behind us, but greatly more populous, the seat and centre of Egyptian government, and "of the East, Eastern." It seemed to us like a violent anachronism that the hissing of a railway steam-engine should be heard on the scene of Addison's Vision of Mirza, and within sight of the Pyramids.



A WATER-SPOUT.

DESCRIBED IN A FAMILY LETTER.

STEAMER "NEMESIS" AT SEA, 400 MILES
NORTH-EAST OF NEW YORK;
Saturday, April 23, 1870.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—Hitherto our voyage has been so uneventful and prosaic, that, although my spirits had been more buoyant than they sometimes were, I could not have imparted much interest to my letters. "Story I had none to tell, sir." Stirring facts were altogether lacking, and imagination was dull; so there was neither warp nor woof. No wonder, therefore, that no web was forthcoming. Yesterday, however, we were at last favoured with a phenomenon, which comparatively few voyagers have the good fortune to see—a thunder-storm accompanied by a real, live water-spout, with all the conditions most favourable for full observation. We could hardly have been more favourably placed, although the show had been got up for our special benefit.

Late in the afternoon, with the sea smooth and the sky clear, a gentle breeze blowing from the west, as I was pacing the lower deck alone, my attention was arrested by a very dark cloud right ahead, and apparently about six or seven miles distant. Its shape was conical, like a volcanic mountain, but the breadth of its base much greater than the height of its sides. The cloud above and the sea below were of the same hue, and equally dark, but between them a space, of the apparent height of one of the ship's decks, was comparatively clear. The bottom of the cloud and the surface of the sea were perfectly parallel straight horizontal lines, and the sky clear between them.

I leaned on the bulwarks and fixed my eyes very steadily on that remarkable cloud. After a little, I observed crooked streaks of lightning running through it from top to bottom. It seemed as if some mighty angel had been commanded to take the dimensions of the vapoury mountain, and that he had flung a measuring-tape of fire from its summit to its base, shaking it out repeatedly in order to make it straight.

At this stage a benevolent emotion took possession of me. Like the lepers who found plenty in the deserted Assyrian camp, I could not enjoy my treasures alone. I perceived that we were approaching something that would be worth looking at, and ran astern to alarm my fellow-passengers. Glancing upward as I passed, I saw Jeannie walking on the upper deck with the Dutch lady who can speak nothing but Dutch. Having in a moment announced my discovery in English, I was seized with a violent desire to communicate it also to the solitary foreigner. Pointing forward in the direction of the cloud, I sung out, "Donner und blitzen;" assured that if this were not exactly Dutch for thunder and lightning, it must be very near it. Without waiting to

observe whether my intimation was comprehended or not, I hastened to the door of the saloon, and in a somewhat excited manner summoned the passengers forward. They rose and followed, some probably thinking it was the sea serpent, and some that the ship was on fire.

When I regained my position, I found that the cloud had still more definitely assumed the shape of a conical mountain. Our course led exactly towards its centre, and we could see clear sky right and left over either shoulder. Now I observed a little to the left of our course, half-way between the centre and the extreme edge of the mountain, a knot, somewhat like the hump on a camel's back, protruding downward from the straight horizontal line which constituted the under side of the cloud (1). It gradually elongated itself, and took more exact shape, until it became precisely in colour and shape like the blunt conical protuberance inside the bottom of a common black bottle.

The next change was the appearance of a hump of precisely similar proportions, rising upwards from the surface of the sea, and exactly under its aerial counterpart (2). Gradually lengthening themselves, the one upward and the other downward, they seemed preparing to unite, and constitute a solid pillar between the water of the sea and the vapour that floated over it. But before the two cones came into contact, while about a quarter of the perpendicular space remained still unoccupied, a small pillar, of the apparent thickness of a young tree, suddenly joined point to point (3).

But you must not suppose that these pillars stood before us all in a row, like a company of volunteers at drill: one at a time, if you please. Begin at your left and trace them onward to the right; thus the phenomena will defile before you as they appeared in succession to us. It was one pillar, apparently at one spot, that assumed in succession these several forms.

Soon after the two thick blunt protuberances were joined, apex to apex, by one small perpendicular rod, they grew into one, assuming precisely the form of a sand-glass (4). The next form (5) was probably caused by a gust of wind affecting only the under half of the pillar. The sand-glass was twisted out of the perpendicular, and the lower portion appeared less dense than the upper. Its last appearance (6) was that of a pillar from sea to cloud, having its sides almost perpendicular, but slightly bent inward at the middle, and a still more marked difference in density between the lower and the upper half. Whether it continued longer, or afterwards assumed other forms, I cannot tell; for at this stage we entered the fringes of the cloud, considerably to our right of the water-spout, and saw it no more.

The period, I should think, was about fifteen minutes, but none of us had presence of mind to mark the

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time. The colour of my ink, as it appears now in the sketch, is as nearly as possible the colour of the cloud and the sea; but it will probably have lost much of its purplish tinge, and have become simple black, by the time it has recrossed the Atlantic and been delivered to you at Merchiston.

I have given you the facts: the philosophy you must find out for yourselves. I suppose we may assume that water is in some form carried up from the sea by the agency of a whirlwind; probably the water rises only in the form of spray. But even on that supposition the clouds so formed, and consequently the rain that subsequently falls, are not like ordinary clouds and ordinary rain; they are not distilled, and consequently they must contain salt water. If the water raised to the sky were all of this kind, the rain would not refresh the earth: it would be salt and scorching. The system of the world is well ordered. The water which in these exceptional disturbances is raised into the sky without distillation is as nothing as to quantity when compared with that which is legitimately drawn up by the ordinary process of evaporation, leaving all the salt behind. Behold the wise and beneficent law of Nature!—sweet water is drawn up from a salt sea, that the rain, when it descends, may refresh and not scald the vegetation of the earth; that the springs may quench, and not increase, the thirst of man and beast.

As we penetrated the broadside of the cloud-mountain, it seemed to lower itself and to rest upon the sea. When we were fairly in, three seamen, hurriedly sent, one to each mast, disentangled the lightning-rod wires, and threw their extremities into the sea. We felt more comfortable after this operation was completed. Along these tiny pathways, the fire that would have destroyed

us will be safely conducted to the sea and quenched. It was now very dark; thunder and lightning and rain roared and glanced and poured with conjunct rapidity and fury all the way through. But there was no wind. It seemed as if the heavens held back their breath in order that these excited elements might fight out their battle. The scene was like what I imagine a battle to be. There was no cessation of the thunder and lightning; gleam and crash, crash and gleam followed and overlapped each other, and constituted one unbroken roar, and one continuous quiver of light. The rain, too, was something wonderful. "Bucketfuls" ceased to be a bold figure of speech, and became a plain fact. Our ship meantime held on her course without wavering, as if there had been no commotion of the elements. As the rain-water poured in white streams from her deck, she seemed like a great Newfoundland dog, making her way through the tumult with evident delight, and shaking the water off her sides, from time to time, by way of lightening her burden.

The period of transit, not marked by any one, we guessed to be from ten to fifteen minutes. On reaching the further side we emerged from darkness into light, as sharply as if we had been conducted through a door in the wall from a dungeon into day.

Here ends the first act of our marine drama: the second, though in some respects grander, cannot so readily be either figured or described. When we got to the westward of the cloud, we found ourselves between two of the grandest and most intensely exhibited contrasts that I have ever observed in nature. In the west, the sun, within an hour of his setting, was shining in great glory. The main field of the canvas was the blue sky; but separate tufts of clouds were scattered

over it, in all imaginable shapes and hues. According to their height above the horizon and the density of their masses, they were tinted and shaded with various colours, from the pure snowy white, through the gleaming gold, to the more sombre purple. But all the scene, alike the ocean floor and the sky canopy, was still and bright and beautiful. Behind us, and still near us in the east, lay the great thunder-cloud; an inky mountain lying heavy on an inky sea—the two in one, without distinguishable boundary, constituting “a horror of great darkness,” fitted to impress any human heart with awe.

I took my place on the upper deck, where there was nothing to obstruct the view, and looked alternately to my right hand and my left. As Jeremiah could better learn the doctrine of divine sovereignty (Jer. xviii. 2) in the potter's house than in his own, so I could better understand some of the sublime words of the Lord Jesus, as I stood on that ship between the darkness and the light. To the right hand a glorious and inviting heaven; to the left a “blackness of darkness”

which might fitly figure the doom of the lost. It is quite true that the mere study of Nature, whether in her softer or sterner aspects, will not suffice to enlighten the mind and renew the heart; yet I felt then, and have felt at other times, that if you have known from Scripture the kindness and the severity of God, the lessons of the gospel may be more fully comprehended, and more vividly enjoyed, and more articulately impressed on the memory, when you see them reflected in such divinely constructed mirrors as these.

As the earth helped the woman (Rev. xii. 16), nature then and there helped in me the hope of grace. That cloud is very dreadful, it is like the mountain whence the law issued to Israel—it burns with fire, and is all over “blackness, and darkness, and tempest” (Heb. xii. 18); but we have passed through it unhurt. That terror lies behind us now; we “went through fire and through water; but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.” Under us a placid sea; over us a bright heaven; and before us—near us—the haven of rest.

W. A.

THE RECOVERY OF JERUSALEM.

BY PROFESSOR PORTER.

THE Palestine Exploration Fund has done a noble work for science and the Bible. During a period of six years it has been engaged in surveying and exploring the Holy Land. A competent staff of Royal Engineers, under the able command, first of Captain Wilson, and latterly of Captain Warren, have conducted the operations; and the leading results are now placed before the public in a condensed and popular form, under the quaint title of “*The Recovery of Jerusalem.*”

The book is of great value to the students of God's Word; and it can scarcely fail to interest the entire Christian public. It is, in fact, one of the most important contributions of recent times to Biblical topography and archæology. I purpose here to give a brief resumé of the additions it makes to our knowledge, in the hope that they may prove acceptable to the readers of the *Family Treasury*.

Jerusalem was the centre of operation, as it must ever be the centre of attraction to the civilized world. The first work of Captain Wilson was to make a detailed survey of the city and environs, so as to construct an accurate plan. This was carried out with perfect success.

The plan has been published, with contour lines and elevations, and every one who studies it can now form a correct idea of the site and present state of the Holy City. Detailed plans have also been drawn of the Haram area, the Great Mosque, the Church of the Sepulchre, and the Citadel or Tower of David. These are invaluable to the antiquarian, and, had nothing else been accomplished, would have amply repaid all the labour and expense entailed. It is only justice to state that the expense of the survey was borne by one lady, Miss Burdett Coutts, who contributed for that object the munificent sum of £500.

THE TEMPLE.

One of the most interesting points connected with the topography of Jerusalem is the site of the Temple; and this point is now, as it seems to me, definitely settled. That the Temple and its courts occupied some portion of the colossal platform which crowns Mount Moriah, there could be no reasonable doubt. But the platform, or *Haram*, as it is called, measures 1500 feet from north to south, by about 900 from east to west; while the Temple area, according to Jewish authorities, was square. The question,

therefore, was, What part of the Haram did the Temple occupy? No less than five answers were given:—1. Some said the Temple occupied the whole Haram; and that the Tower of Antonia, described by Josephus, stood at the north-western angle, projecting into the court. 2. Mr. Williams, the accomplished author of "The Holy City," contended that the northern section of the Haram, forming a square of about 900 feet, constituted the Temple area; and that the whole of the southern section was built up by the Emperor Justinian, as a foundation for his celebrated Basilica. 3. Others supposed that the Temple only covered a square of about 600 feet in the centre of the Haram, nearly coincident with the present platform of the Great Mosque. 4. Mr. Fergusson's view was that Herod's Temple stood at the south-western angle of the Haram, occupying a square of 600 feet; and that the massive substructions at the south-eastern angle were built by Justinian. 5. The last view, and that which, after a careful survey of the site, I was led to adopt so long ago as 1854, was that the Temple and its courts were coterminous with the southern section of the Haram. I have elsewhere stated my view as follows:—"Josephus and the Talmud describe the Temple area as a square, of which each side measured,—according to the former, a stadium, according to the latter, 500 cubits. The Greek stadium is about 204 yards; but the length of the Jewish cubit is uncertain, though it is generally thought to have been 21 inches. Josephus, therefore, makes each side of the area 612 feet; and the writers in the Talmud 873 feet. Is it not probable that both were mere approximates from memory? However this may be, there can be little doubt that the area, to the eye, presented the appearance of a square. Now the breadth of the Haram is 922 feet, and its length to the south side of the Golden Gate, where there is a break in the eastern wall, is 1000 feet. If we draw a line from the latter point straight across the Haram, we have a section on the south which, in all probability, corresponds to the Temple area."

I stated, besides, before the excavations were commenced, that the side and end walls of the Haram, so far as indicated above, would be found to rest on continuous ancient foundations;

and that the foundations of the wall of Ophel would probably be discovered joining the south-eastern angle, as described by Josephus. We now learn from Captain Warren's reports that my expectations have been fully realized.

Captain Warren admits that on his arrival in Jerusalem he "considered the Temple of Herod to have been in a square of 600 feet at the south-west angle of the Haram." It was natural he should follow the high authority of Mr. Fergusson. He then goes on to say:—"With regard to the Temple of Herod, I agree more with Robinson and Porter, except that I do not think the Sacred Rock of the Moslems to have been either the site of the Altar or of the Sanctum Sanctorum, but rather of the gate Nitsots of the inner court opening into the northern gate *Tadi*."

"The change in my views, from supposing Herod's Temple to have been a square of 600 feet to that of 900, and thus occupying the whole southern portion of the present Sanctuary, arose entirely from the result of our excavations; for it appears to me that, if it were only 600 feet square, it would have had to be in three or four places at once. For example, its western wall must have been coincident with the present west wall; because of Robinson's arch leading over to the upper city, which appears undoubtedly to be the bridge over which Titus parleyed with the Jews after he had taken the Temple. Its northern wall must have been near the northern edge of the dome of the rock-platform, for here only is there a great valley, as described in the attack on the older Temple by Pompey. Its eastern wall must have coincided with the present east wall of the Sanctuary, so as to have overlooked the Kidron ravine, and because on that wall we find marks ascribed to times earlier than Herod, and if this enormous wall had only been the outer wall of the city, the Temple cloisters could not have overlooked the Kidron. Again, the southern side of the Temple must have coincided with the present wall of the Sanctuary, because we find the wall of Ophel coming in at the south-east angle, and we find the south wall to have been of one construction from the south-east angle to the Double Gate."

The reasoning is clear and conclusive; and it is with no little satisfaction I find it fully bearing

out my own views, published twelve years ago.

The immense height and colossal proportions of the Temple wall, as described by Josephus, and indirectly referred to in Scripture (1 Kings v. 17, 18; vii. 10-12), have been remarkably confirmed. At the south-west angle, where the ravine of the Tyropœon was spanned by the bridge which connected the Temple on Moriah with the palace on Zion, the foundation of the ancient wall was discovered at the enormous depth of 80 feet below the present surface, while the wall rises 50 feet above it, so that the angle must have been originally more than 130 feet in height. This was the magnificent work, apparently, which so much astonished the Queen of Sheba. At the south-east angle, which overhangs the Kidron valley, and which was called the "Pinnacle of the Temple" (Matt. iv. 5), the altitude was still greater, being not less than 150 feet; and the old bed of the Kidron, to which the rocky side of Moriah slopes steeply down, was discovered 100 feet below.

Another important discovery was made by Captain Warren. Shafts were sunk in several places to the foundations of the walls, where the colossal masonry was found to be of the ancient Jewish type; and on many of the stones were Phœnician characters—some cut, others painted in vermilion, evidently the quarry marks made by the stone-cutters, to indicate the position each block was intended to occupy in the building. This proves the high antiquity of the wall; and it affords a remarkable illustration of Scripture history. We read of the building of the first Temple:—"And the king commanded, and they brought great stones, costly stones, hewed stones, to lay the foundation of the house. And Solomon's builders and Hiram's builders did hew them, and the stone-squarers [Hebrew, *Giblites*, inhabitants of Gebal in Phœnicia]: so they prepared timber and stones to build the house" (1 Kings v. 17, 18). We are also told by Ezra that the skilled workmen of Tyre and Sidon assisted at the building of the second Temple (Ezra iii. 7).

Many years ago Dr. Robinson discovered the spring-stones of an arch in the massive western wall of the Haram, near the southern angle. He conjectured that this was a fragment of the bridge which connected the Temple court with the royal

palace on Zion. Some have questioned the truth of this opinion; but the excavations of Captain Warren have set the matter at rest for ever. The piers and fallen arches of the bridge have been discovered deep down beneath the accumulated rubbish in the bottom of the Tyropœon valley. Excavations in the same valley, further north, laid bare the two ancient gates which, according to Josephus, opened from the Temple court upon the suburb of the city.

THE ANCIENT WALLS.

Towards the settlement of another vexed question of Jerusalem topography very little progress has been made, and to it, in my opinion, sufficient attention has not been given by the explorers. I refer to the course of the ancient walls. These were three in number. The first enclosed Zion; the second defended Akra; and the third surrounded the large new suburb of Bezetha. Excavations could be made without much trouble at almost any point along their supposed or probable courses; and as the authenticity of the site of the Holy Sepulchre depends on the position of the second wall, efforts to discover it would arrest the attention of Christendom. For so far the researches which have been made tend to show that the site of the Church of the Sepulchre was within the line of the second wall, and therefore that the Sepulchre itself cannot be authentic.

ARCHITECTURE.

The book contains a valuable paper by Mr. Spiers on the Architectural Remains of Syria and Palestine. He divides them generally into three classes,—Phœnician, Roman, and Byzantine. Specimens of the first are found in the Temple at Jerusalem, the Tomb of Abraham at Hebron, and the foundations of Sidon and Gebal. Their exact dates cannot, he says, be determined; but their style, and the characters found upon them, show that they owe their origin to one race,—the Phœnicians. The second class appears in the oldest portions of the Great Mosque at Damascus, to which he assigns the date B.C. 176; the Temples of Baalbek and Coele-Syria, &c. The third class includes the Jewish Synagogues of Galilee, and some of the tombs around Jerusalem. The photographs published by the Exploration Fund

are exceedingly valuable, not merely as giving us exact representations of the existing monuments of Palestine, but chiefly as affording data by which to ascertain their age and architecta.

THE HAURAN.

The paper by the Count de Vogüé on the Hauran, bears marks of haste, which are, no doubt, accounted for by the present unfortunate state of France, in whose defence he is actively engaged. The paper adds little to our geographical knowledge of that remarkable country; it is interesting, however, from its notice of a series of inscriptions, containing monumental evidence of the reigns of Nabathean and Idumæan kings. "King Herod is mentioned in one. The two Agrippas, his successors after Philip, are found cited in at least ten inscriptions." It is now proved from medals and monuments that the Nabathean princea "reigned at Bozra from 100 B.C. to the Roman Conquest in 109 A.D., and often pushed their arms as far as Damascus. The coins and medals which I have collected," says Count de Vogüé, "establish, during these two hundred years, the succession of six kings..... Four of these are mentioned in the inscriptions found at and around Bozra and Salchah..... Harethath, Philodemus and Malkou are on the gate of an edifice constructed in the seventeenth year of the reign of the latter. Harethath is a Biblical personage; he it was who held Damascus, and governed it by an ethnarch at the time of St. Paul's escape (A.D. 39)."

THE ORDNANCE SURVEY.

Lieutenant Anderson, R.E., has contributed an important paper on the Ordnance Survey of Palestine. The survey was begun at Cæsarea-Philippi, on the northern border of the land, situated in a picturesque nook at the southern base of Mount Hermon. It was carried past the site of Dan, the ancient Laish; then along the ridge of Naphtali by the ruins of Kadesh, famed in connection with the exploits of Deborah, Barak and Jael, to the town of Safed. Nazareth, Jezreel, Mount Gilboa and Megiddo, where the good Josiah fell, were passed in succession, and their exact geographical positions noted. Then came Dothan, immortalized by the romantic story of

Joseph. Lieutenant Anderson's note on it is of singular interest. "In the continuation of this plain is a hill called Dotan, which has been recognized as the site of Dothan, where Joseph's brethren were feeding their flocks when he came from his father's settlement at Hebron to visit them. The numerous rock-hewn cisterns that are found everywhere would furnish a suitable pit, in which they might have thrust him; and as these cisterns are shaped like a bottle with a narrow mouth, it would be impossible for any one imprisoned within to extricate himself without assistance. These cisterns are all cracked now, and useless. They are, however, the most undoubted evidences that exist of the handiwork of the inhabitants in ancient times."

Shechem, the central city of refuge, was passed, its site "unrivalled in Palestine for beauty and luxuriance." An excursion was made to the top of Ebal. "Just below the summit there is a break in the regular slope of the hill, and a small but steep valley comes up from the vale below, almost to the summit, forming a vast natural amphitheatre. Immediately opposite to this, the steep slope of Mount Gerizim is similarly broken by a valley forming a second natural amphitheatre of equal beauty and grandeur. In these two lateral valleys were assembled the twelve tribes of Israel under Joshua, six on Gerizim and six on Ebal. The Levites and the Ark were in the strip of the vale; and the blessings and cursings were read before the whole congregation (Josh. viii. 32-35; Deut. xxvii. 11)."

Shiloh and Bethel followed, and the survey terminated at Jerusalem. The concluding sentences of Lieutenant Anderson's paper will, it is hoped, incite to further efforts: "Our reconnaissance survey has embraced the western highlands down to this point; and the amount of work accomplished, compared with what remains to be done, is as the seam of a coat to the whole garment. The vast system of valleys east and west of the line we have followed has still to be examined. There is not a hill-top on the ridges between them that does not contain the ruins of some ancient city; and the work that has been commenced should not cease till the topography of the whole of Palestine has been carefully worked out. The length of the Holy Land, from

Dan to Beersheba, is only 140 miles, and its breadth 60 miles; and yet this small area, the theatre of the most engrossing portion of the world's history from the earliest times, still remains only partially explored. A knowledge of its topography is indispensable for an accurate comprehension of the varied scenes which are described, and without which the significance of the records most remain more or less obscure."

THE MOABITE STONE.

"Hardly any discovery has ever been made which has excited so widely-extended an interest as the Moabite Stone." It was first seen in August 1868, by the Rev. F. A. Klein, beside the ruins of Dibon, on the plateau of Moab. It was of black basalt, about three feet six inches high, two feet four broad, and one foot three thick. One side was covered with an inscription in Hebrew characters of the most ancient type. Mr. Klein afterwards endeavoured to obtain possession of the stone, but was unsuccessful. The French Consul at Jerusalem also tried to secure it, but in vain. The fanatical Arabs of the district, seeing the disputes of foreign powers about the little stone, and the efforts made by their agents to carry it off, thought it must possess some extraordinary virtue, and that if removed their country would be seized or destroyed. They therefore kindled a fire round it, and when heated poured water upon it, and thus shattered it in fragments. The fragments, however, were secured. Some are in Paris; a few very small ones have been brought to London by Captain Warren. From these the inscription has been partially restored, and its general tenor ascertained. It begins: "I am Mesa, son of Chamos-gad, king of Moab, the Dibonite. My father reigned over Moab thirty years, and I have reigned after my father. And I have built this sanctuary for Chamos," &c. It then commemorates his victories, and tells how he rebuilt old cities, the names of which occur in the Bible. It says that "Omri, king of Israel, oppressed Moab conquered Medeba, and dwelt there, he and his son, forty years."

The inscription is not yet fully deciphered, nor

can it be until a more perfect copy is obtained by uniting the scattered fragments. Still, enough is known to show its vast importance. Omri reigned B.C. 929-918; he was succeeded by his son Ahab, who reigned twenty-two years. The date of the monument, therefore, cannot be earlier than B.C. 896: just at that period a king called Mesha reigned in Moab, and warred against Israel. The tragic story of his overthrow and its results is told in 2 Kings iii. It seems highly probable that it was the same Mesha who set up this monument.

The stone is interesting to the philologist as well as to the historian. It is the earliest Semitic inscription extant, and it is the only one which certainly dates from the period of the Hebrew monarchy. The letters resemble the Phœnician, and the inscription exhibits nearly the whole Greek alphabet in its primeval form. Biblical scholars everywhere will await with intense anxiety any further investigations of this singular and unique monument.

PENINSULA OF SINAI.

The concluding paper is by the Rev. F. W. Holland, and contains a succinct narrative of recent explorations in Sinai, with a special view to ascertain the exact route of the Israelites. The survey of the peninsula has been far more thorough than any hitherto attempted. The conclusions arrived at with regard to the site of Rephidim and a few other spots on the line of march, Biblical scholars will not all agree to; but the minute examination and description of the valleys, slopes, and peaks immediately around Jebel Musa, must tend definitely to settle all controversy in regard to the position of Horeb, and of the Israelitish camp.

I conclude in the words of Dean Stanley:—"I commend this volume to the serious attention of all who care for the additional light which sincere desire for truth and patient investigation can throw on the most sacred of all books—on the most interesting of all geographies."

COLLEGE PARK, BELFAST,
December 1870.



FRANCE AND ITS REFORMATION.

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D.

Springs—River of the Water of Life—France—Opening of a Great Drama—Lefevre and Farel—Francis and Margaret.

WE propose to traverse, with rapid steps, the track of the Reformation in France. It is like walking through a gallery of glorious art. Lofty figures—heroes and patriots, sages and martyrs—look down upon us as we pass along, and scenes of tragic glory open before us at every step. How sweet and quiet the beginning of our path; but we have not gone far till the clouds are seen to gather, and the storm is heard to burst, and instead of the brilliant day we had looked for, there comes darkest night to that poor country: but let us hope that it will yet be with France according to the motto of a very famous city—"After darkness the light." We proceed.

When we stand on the banks of some majestic river, and see its floods as they roll on in their course, gladdening cities, watering countries, and bearing on their bosom the commerce of nations, we are apt to forget how small were the beginnings of the mighty stream that is flowing at our feet. Far away among the silent hills we can see in fancy a few rivulets bursting through the soil and trickling down the rocks. We see them uniting their streams, gathering other waters into their channel, growing as their course lengthens; and now they roll along, a magnificent river. Empires flourish and fade on the banks of that river; but there still it flows, dispensing its blessings to each successive generation as it rises.

We stand to-day on the banks of the great river of the Reformation. It has been flowing these three centuries in Europe, and has already visited and refreshed nations not a few. Let us go back to its sources in the sixteenth century. Let us survey its infant springs, as they burst through the soil and unite their waters and flow at our feet a little brook. Let us mark how that brook grows into a torrent; and that torrent into a river—the "river of the water of life"—which is destined to deepen and widen its floods with every successive age, till at last it has become a

sea—not a dead sea, like that of Rome, in which letters, arts, religion, and nations all die; but an ocean of truth and righteousness, like that seen by the prophet in vision, whose waters made everything to live whithersoever they came.

We place ourselves at the opening of the sixteenth century. A breath from heaven is blowing over the world. The ice of a dark winter is beginning to melt; and the springs of the earth, long sealed up, are gushing forth. Ah! what a blessed spring-time. The skies are beginning to drop; and the earth, become mollient, is putting on its robe of green.

One of these springs of living water breaks out in the heart of the capital of France—that great moral wilderness. Strange that within the precincts of the Sorbonne—that well of Roman orthodoxy undefiled—LEFEVRE should now begin to teach the doctrine of Justification by Grace; the old truth which Paul had preached in Rome fifteen centuries before. Hidden by the superincumbent mass of mediæval superstitions, that old doctrine had been flowing in underground channels; now, in this second morning of the world, it bursts into the light, welling up in the very heart of Paris, and within the hallowed precincts of the Sorbonne.

Another of these rills is seen to gush out at the foot of the Alps. Sweeter it is to the soul than to thirsty traveller are those crystal waters which flow amid those great hills under whose eternal snows this living fountain is seen to open. It is FAREL that now makes his appearance after Lefevre.

Another of those springs, which are transforming the rugged and barren earth into a garden, suddenly breaks out among the far-away mountains of the Tockenbergr. It is seen flowing amid the lonely hamlets inhabited by those shepherds who watch their flocks on the great hills which overhang the lovely shores of Zurich. Here was the scene of the birth and ministry of ZUINGLE.

Yet another living fountain is seen to open in a German monastery. We should never have looked for such a thing in the cold and darkness of the conventual cell; yet here it is that the water of life is seen to gush forth, clear and fresh, amid the cowls and cords, amid the crucifixes and beads of monkery: for the Spirit bloweth where he listeth. It is LUTHER who presents himself to the world. He has fought a great fight for life eternal in his own cell, and now he comes marching forth at the gates of his monastery, holding aloft the Book of Life to the nations.

We name only another of these living springs. It bursts out on the northern coast of France, not far from that sea which divides England from the Continent. It comes later than the others; and when first seen, it is the least considerable of them all. And yet from what fountain have come so copious floods to form the river of the water of life as from that which burst out in the home of CALVIN!

We now turn to France. France, at the opening of the sixteenth century, was the most important country in Europe. It might not unworthily aspire to lead in a great movement of the nations. Placed in the midst of the civilized world, and touching its countries at a great variety of points, whatever movement should here have birth would, one would have thought, be rapidly propagated, as from a centre, all over Christendom. Let a beacon be kindled in France, and far and wide its light will be flashed over England and Germany on the one side; over Switzerland, Italy, and Spain on the other.

The genius of the people of France helped, too, to give a paramount influence to their country. That genius has a singular beauty, and a marvellous adaptability. There is no branch of literature in which it does not qualify them to excel. They have shone with equal brilliancy in the lighter walks of history, of poetry, of the drama, and in the abstruser departments of mathematics and metaphysics. For a brief period, their literary heavens were ablaze with stars. Their roll of illustrious scholars is a long one; alas! that it should have been so suddenly and tragically closed. The genius of France was stifled; but, as shown before disaster overtook it, how lively, penetrating, beautiful! What a ver-

satility belongs to the French intellect—now penetrating downwards in some subtle analysis, now mounting upwards in some playful sally of wit. What a fine combination of strength and grace; the latter quality always imparting a gaiety to the more laborious efforts of the former; reminding one of a garland of flowers wound round the gnarled trunk of some great tree.

Such was the country into which the Reformation now entered. Whatever cause the French people embrace, they embrace with enthusiasm; and whatever cause they oppose, they oppose with an equal enthusiasm. We should thus expect that the Reformation would find in France devoted friends, and as devoted enemies. And so, in truth, it did. And this it is which has given a tragic grandeur to its history in France. The splendour of heroic suffering here alternates and contrasts with the darkness of gigantic crime.

In all the countries of Europe the Reformation had to encounter a furious bigotry. After so long a dominancy, Superstition could ill brook to abdicate at the summons of the new times. But in France, in addition to a furious bigotry, the Reformation was opposed by two opponents scarcely less formidable,—Infidelity and Immorality. The revival of letters which preceded the Reformation, instead of being what they were in many countries, an aid to the gospel, were in France an obstacle to it. Along with pagan letters came pagan pleasures, which, flowing from the throne—noted even in that age for its licentious gallantry—polluted the nation. Moreover, the marriage alliance between the royal house and the family of the Medicis came in a little while still further to lower the national morals, by innoculating the royal family of France with Italian lewdness, Italian craft, and with that thirst for blood which, ever since ancient times, has been a characteristic of the Italian race. In this country, then, the Reformation found itself face to face with three great enemies,—Superstition, Infidelity, and Immorality. The gospel offended the first by its truth, and the last two by its purity and holiness.

"These violent enemies," we find D'Aubigné saying, "which the Reformation encountered simultaneously in France, gave it a character altogether peculiar. Nowhere did it so often

dwelt in dungeons, or so much resemble primitive Christianity in faith, in charity, and in the number of its martyrs. If, in the countries of which we have hitherto spoken, the Reformation was more glorious by its triumphs, in France it was still more so by its defeats. If elsewhere it could point to thrones and sovereign councils, here it might point to scaffolds and 'hill-side' meetings. Whoever knows what constitutes the true glory of Christianity upon earth, and the features that assimilate it to its Head, will study with a livelier feeling of respect and love the often blood-stained history of the Reformation in France."

The curtain is rising. A great drama is about to begin. Let us introduce ourselves to a few of those who were destined to act a distinguished part in the scenes we now proceed to relate.

It is the year 1489. Luther was just six years old. Calvin was not yet born; and it was some fifteen years till our own Knox should see the light. In this year one of those bloody tempests, which were but too frequent in that age, was sweeping along the foot of the Alps. The Albigenses, the Reformers of their day, inhabited the provinces of Provence and Languedoc, and wherever they dwelt their husbandry made the fields smile like a garden, while the towns were enriched with the benefits of their commerce. Spreading beyond the plains, their colonies filled the valleys of the Alps, and almost touched those yet more famous settlements of the Waldenses, which, on the Italian side of the great mountains, had preserved for so many ages the deposit of divine truth. The many valuable qualities of the Albigenses could not atone for their heresy, and so a mingled tempest of papal anathemas and French soldiery was now sweeping over their dwellings, leaving as its memorials blackened ruins, and fields covered with the corpses of their slaughtered cultivators. Providence often prepares the good at the very moment that man is sending the evil. It was in this year that FAREL was born.

He was a child of the mountains. His cradle was rocked by this very tempest. But, saved from the fire as Moses from the Nile, he grew up to avenge upon Rome the perils which had encompassed his infancy. Let us visit his birth-

place. In the grand valley leading up from Grenoble to the ancient town of Gap stood the mansion-house of the Farels. Its site is still shown on a terrace on the hill-side about a stone's-throw from the high-road. Here the future Reformer was born. What grandeurs disclosed themselves to the eye of the child as he played beneath the trees that shaded his father's mansion! Immediately behind that mansion a sharp *auguille* shot up into the sky, and all round were seen the great mountains hanging their snows over dark gorges, where infant rivers have their birth. These sublimities, constantly before the eyes of the young Farel, tended doubtless to expand his soul, and fill it with images of grandeur.

Alas! what debasement is often found lurking in the midst of these physical glories. The soul may be inhabiting a prison while the body is moving about in the most glorious palaces of Nature's rearing. Within the mansion-house of the Farels all was darkness. "My parents," Farel himself tells us, "believed all that the priests told them." And William believed all that his parents told him in turn; and so he grew up, till he was about the age of twenty, with the yoke of the Pope upon his soul and the deep shadow of Popery around his intellect.

An episode occurred in the youth of Farel, which we must relate. It gives us a glimpse into the religion of those times. When eight years of age, he was taken on pilgrimage to a place of great reputed sanctity, four leagues higher in the Alps, termed the "Holy Cross." Having reached the spot, the pilgrims fell prostrate before the cross, fashioned, it was said, of the very wood on which Christ was crucified. Upon the cross was hung a small crucifix, to which the attention of the pilgrims was specially directed. "When," said the priest who kept the shrine, "the devils send us hail and thunder, this crucifix begins to jerk and start violently, as if it would run at the devils, and all the while emits sparks of fire. Were it not for this crucifix, the tempests that gather on these mountains would come down with such fury that nothing would remain on the plains; the dwellings, the vines, the corn-fields, all would be swept away." The agitation of the crucifix during the storm

was an ordinary electrical phenomenon, but in that age it passed of course as a prodigy; and a very competent witness was at hand to attest the miracle—a hideous-looking creature, with white scales covering the pupils of his eyes—"the priests' wizard," as the people called him—and who, on being appealed to, affirmed that it was as the priest said; and that but for this crucifix, which interposed its good offices between the demons of the mountains and the plains below, the world itself would perish.

While the pilgrims were yet wondering at the things which had been told them, a young woman came up carrying a child. There could be no doubt as to the motive which led this devotee to visit the "Holy Cross." But so was it everywhere. The more men abounded in external rites, the more were they estranged from holiness of heart. Dead ordinances were put in the room of a living faith, and a revolting union came to be formed between superstition and immorality.

The time was now come (1510) when the young Farel was to bid adieu to the quiet of his home—where never did morning dawn but the bead-roll had been duly gone over, and never came evening but Ave Maria had been sung—and set out for Paris. He might have chosen the profession of arms: it was his father's fond wish that he would; but he aspired to be a scholar. The debasing effects of superstition upon his mind had been counteracted by the natural sublimities amid which he lived, which kept his sympathies awake and his soul ardent. He thirsted to drink at that renowned well of knowledge, the Sorbonne; and accordingly at these gates he now presents himself, and is enrolled as a student in this university, the fame of which then filled Christendom.

All was new and strange around the young scholar from the Dauphinese Alps. Though secluded, he was not unobservant. Soon his attention was attracted by an aged man, small in stature, and simple in manners and appearance, but of ardent piety, whom Farel, when going his own round of the churches, never failed to see prostrate before the images, and devoutly "repeating his hours." Unknown as yet to Farel, this old man was to be his most intimate friend, and was destined to open his eyes to the

light of the gospel; and not Farel's eyes only, but the realm of France, in which country he was to be what Wycliffe had been to England—"the morning-star of the Reformation." The name of this man was Jacques Lefevre, born at Etaples, a village of Picardy, in the middle of the previous century. He had all his days been a devout Papist; and even to this hour, in his old age, the shadow of Popery was around him, and the eclipse of superstition had not wholly passed off from his soul. But the promise was to be fulfilled in the experience of Lefevre, "at evening time it shall be light." He had long had a presentiment that a new day was rising on the world, and that he should not depart till his eyes had seen its light.

We must dwell a little upon the man who was the first to emerge from the darkness that covered his native land. Lefevre was in all points a remarkable man. Nature, which had given him an insatiable thirst for knowledge, had endowed him largely with a capacity for acquiring it. There was scarce a field of study open to those ages which he had not entered, and in which he had not attained great proficiency. The ancient languages, the belles lettres, history, mathematics, philosophy, theology, all he had studied. His desire to learn tempted him to try what other lands besides France could teach him. He had visited Asia and Africa, and saw all that the end of the fifteenth century could show him. Returning to France, he was appointed to one of the chairs of the Sorbonne, in which, according to Erasmus, he shone the first in that galaxy of lights; he was withal so meek, so amiable, so candid and sincere, and so full of loving-kindness, that all who knew him loved him. But there were those among his fellow-professors who envied the man who was the object of all this admiration, and insinuated that one who had studied so many and so questionable themes could hardly be sound in the faith.

They watched him intently; but no one of them all was so exemplary and punctual in his devotions. He was never absent from mass, his place was never empty in a procession; and no one remained so long on his knees before the images of the saints. Nay, this, the most famous of all the professors of the Sorbonne, was often

seen with his own hands decking the statues of Mary with flowers. His orthodoxy was unimpeachable, and his enemies could find no flaw in his armour.

Lefevre had offered flowers to the saints : he now meditated crowning them with a fairer garland. He conceived the idea of re-writing their lives. He had already begun his task, and got so far in it, when the thought struck him that in the Scriptures he might find materials or hints which might assist him in his work. To the Bible—the original tongues of which he had studied—he accordingly turned. He had unwittingly opened to himself the doors of a new world. There he saw saints of another sort than those on whose lives he had been working. He there beheld men who had received a higher canonization than that of Rome, and whose images the pen of inspiration itself had drawn. The simplicity, purity, and grandeur of these men struck him : his admiration of the others quickly cooled. The pen dropped from his hand, and he could proceed no further in a task on which till that moment he had laboured with so genuine and loving a zeal.

Having opened the Bible, Lefevre was in no haste to shut it. The continued study of it showed him not only that the saints of the Bible were unlike the saints of the Roman legends, but that the Church of the Bible was unlike that Church to whose service he had consecrated himself. From the images of Paul and Peter, the Doctor of Etaples now turned to the Epistles of Paul and Peter ; from the voice of the Church to the voice of God. The plan of a free justification stood revealed to him. It was like the breaking of the day : it came suddenly, like a revelation from Heaven. But he had not received the light to put it under a bushel. He began to teach from his chair in the Sorbonne the new doctrine he had learned from the Scriptures. These were unwonted sounds beneath a roof so orthodox as that of the famous university of France ; strange tidings to be proclaimed in the midst of a capital crowded with images and shrines, and consecrated to pleasure and devotion.

This was in the year 1512. Not yet, nor till five years later, was the name of Luther heard of in France. His theses had not yet been nailed to

the church door of Wittenberg. From Germany, then, the Reformation of France did not come. The Reform is seen in Paris : its voice is heard speaking in the Sorbonne before the strokes of Luther's hammer on the cathedral gates of Wittenberg had rung the knell of the old times in Germany. The Reformation in France came out of the Bible as really as the light of day comes out of heaven. And so was it in all the countries of the Reform: The Word of God, like God himself, is light ; and it was from this holy and perennial fountain that the glory beamed forth which arose upon the nations in the sixteenth century—a glory all the more ravishing after the long night in which they had sat.

But Lefevre surely did not hide from his young scholar and friend the great discovery he had made in the fields of divine knowledge. We have already spoken of the intimate friendship which existed between the two. In many points they were not only unlike, but opposite. The one was old, the other young. The one was timid, the other active and bold. But these differences were on the surface only,—the souls of the two men were kindred ; they were of the same native nobility, of the same unselfish and ethereal temperament ; and this converted the points of contrast into points of contact, which but the more firmly cemented the friendship between them.

When the aged professor first began to drop crumbs of the new knowledge in his public teaching, the words seemed strange, and hard to be understood by the young student from Dauphiné. The ideas they conveyed jarred upon his soul. He felt instinctively that they were at war with all the beliefs he had been taught in his early home, and which had grown with his growth. The sanctities of that home, nay, the very grandeurs of the mountains which he had associated with the beliefs he had learned at their feet, seemed to rise up and frown upon him every time he thought of cherishing the new ideas and abandoning his old creed. His love for his aged teacher would probably have turned to bitter hatred, for he tells, he "gnashed his teeth like a furious wolf when he heard any one speaking against the Pope ;" but it had pleased God to awaken a great tempest in Farel's soul. Latterly he had been going from one image to another,

and from one severe austerity to another yet more severe, but peace he had not found. The fear of death, the terrors of hell still encompassed him. He was on the point of sinking into despair, when Lefevre told him the whole gospel in a single sentence : that God saves sinners freely ; that he pardons them without money and without price. Farel was just at that point which fitted him for receiving these good news. He felt that this was the only salvation for him. He had been forced to the conclusion that he never could save himself, and was beginning to despair of ever being saved at all. A salvation without works, freely conferred for the blood and merits of Jesus Christ, was, therefore, to him deliverance from hell. It was the opening of the gates of Paradise ; and bidding adieu to the night in which he had dwelt, he entered within these gates, and felt that he had been " translated from the power of darkness into the marvellous light of the kingdom of his dear Son."

These two, Lefevre and Farel, were like twin stars in the morning sky of France. They were the pioneers of a great army of disciples and confessors which were to follow. We do not mean to pursue the history of Farel further, for we must keep by the great stream of the Reformation of France. The last was destined to be first ; for Farel, attaining to fuller and clearer views of divine truth than the aged Lefevre ever possessed, became a courageous and successful champion of the gospel. Turning his steps toward those grand hills from which he had come, he spread the light around the shores of Neuchatel and the Lemane, and eventually carried the standard of the cross within the gates of Geneva, thus becoming the forerunner of the great apostle of the Reformation, Calvin.

At Paris, meantime, two personages claim attention, destined to play conspicuous parts in the religious movements then just beginning. They are at the foot of the throne which one of them is destined to mount. The reigning monarch was Louis XII., a prince so wise, so just, and withal so liberal, that some have supposed that if the Reformation had broken out earlier it would have found in him a friend and defender, and that its fortunes, and those of France, would have been different from what they have

been. Louis XII. dies, however, and Francis I. ascends the throne. Francis and his sister, Margaret of Angouleme, scions of the House of Valois, are the two personages we now bring upon the stage.

The brother and sister were alike in many qualities, but they were opposite in others. Both were handsome in person, graceful and polished in manners, lively and generous in disposition ; both possessed a fine intellect, and both were fond of letters, which they ardently cultivated. Margaret devotedly admired her brother, and Francis was passionately fond of his sister, whom he always called his darling. Francis aspired to be a great king, but lacked the moral strength to realize his idea. For some time the lives, as the tastes, of these two flowed on together, but a day was to come when they would be parted. In the midst of the frivolities of the court, in which she mingled without defiling herself with its vices, the light of the gospel shone upon Margaret, and she turned to her Saviour. Francis, after wavering for some time between the gospel and Rome, between the favour of the Pope and the favour of Christ, between the pleasures of the world and the eternal joys that are to come, at last made his choice. But he made it on the opposite side to that on which his lovely and accomplished sister had made hers. He cast in his lot with Rome, and became the enemy and persecutor of the Reformation.

Looking at France in the morning of the sixteenth century, and seeing its sky beginning to be illumined, first with the light of letters, and then with the yet holier light of the gospel, and marking how favourably that country is situated as respects the other countries of Christendom, one would have said, This is the stage which Providence has prepared for the Reformation. Let the New Movement plant itself among a people of so fine a genius, surrounded by the memorials of an ancient civilization and the trophies of an august empire, and what a stature will it speedily attain, and to what a glory will it elevate France ! But such was not the purpose of God ; and his purpose is wiser than man's. He did not see in France a fitting stage for the gospel. It was too grand a country. Had the Reformation planted itself here, in the midst of all these poli-

tical aids and material splendours, its success would have been attributed to them. It would have been said, How can it but succeed, grafted upon a brilliant civilization and a revived literature? How can it but triumph, seeing it had the throne to fight for it and the Sorbonne to plead its cause? God designed to show that its success was owing to far different causes; that its victories were won by celestial weapons, and that it triumphed because it was

divine. To have presented it to the world in the purple of kings, would have been to hide its true splendour. It was the glory of scaffolds, not of thrones, which it was destined to reflect in France. It is herein that the glory of the gospel lies. This is the glory which the Reformation brought with it from heaven: this glory the powers of the world can neither give it nor take from it, and this is the glory with which the Reformation will yet fill France, and the entire earth.

ESTHER'S PUNISHMENT.*

CHAPTER I.



T was a cloudless Sunday afternoon towards the end of August, and the congregation of Barfield Church had just begun to sing the well-known hymn,—

"Jesus, refuge of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

The sweet words floated softly through the aisles, bringing peaceful thoughts to many, and falling like a whisper from heaven on the aching heart of a woman, dressed in new but poor mourning, who stood leaning against a pillar in one of the free seats near the door, with two puny little girls beside her, their pinched sallow faces looking almost death-like under their black hats. Two funerals had taken place in the neighbouring churchyard during the week just past. The squire of the parish had laid to her rest the gentle wife, who, while still young, had met with a serious accident, and, after many months of patient suffering, had gone to the "far better" land, where Jesus is. The mother of the pale-faced children had followed to the grave her only son, a lad of fourteen years of age, who had been cut off by an awful and sudden death, and over whose body the solemn verdict had been pronounced, "Died by the visitation of God."

Mrs. Thornton, the lady of the Hall, had worshipped in that church from childhood; the message of the Cross had there spoken peace to her soul; she had knelt there for her first communion, and again to receive the marriage blessing; she had often there joined in singing the hymn already quoted, and while she lay helpless on her couch of pain, it had grown specially dear to her. The Saviour in whom she had found a refuge in her days of health, had become doubly precious in her days of weakness; and she had begged that her pastor would, on the Sunday after her death, preach about Jesus as the *refuge* of sinners; and had prayed, almost with her dying breath, that by this means

some weary heart might be brought into the way of peace.

Esther Watson, the haggard-looking mourner at the end of the church, was, apparently, a stranger there; she and her children lived in a remote district called Barfield End, and were in the habit of attending a school-room service established by the zealous rector of an adjoining parish, to provide for the spiritual wants of three hamlets, lying near to each other, but far from their respective churches; consequently, Mr. Edmonstone, the vicar of Barfield, had never seen her till she brought her boy for burial. Before the hymn ended she was sitting with her face hidden, while quiet tears were streaming fast; and throughout the sermon, though she did her best to attend, her thoughts recurred perpetually to some of the lines, and many times she whispered inwardly—

"Jesus, let me to thy bosom fly:"

and,—

"Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

The preacher, who spoke with the earnestness of one who dearly loved his Master and his Master's message, set before his people in simple language Jesus as the one refuge from the wrath of God, from the fear of punishment, from the power of sin, and from the temptations of Satan; the unfailing refuge in pain and weariness, in toil, in perplexity; the sure refuge in life and in death; ever open to us until we reach the "haven where we would be," and have no more need of shelter from the storms of earth.

When the service was over the congregation showed their sympathy and respect by remaining in their places till the large party of mourners from the squire's pew had left the church; but the lonely woman and her children passed out unnoticed amongst the throng, stood for a minute beside the new-made grave, laying on it a straggling bunch of honeysuckle carefully gathered by the way, and then turned to set off on their long walk homewards, exchanging greetings with none. And yet

* All the main facts of this story happened as they are narrated here, a good many years ago, in the north of England.

there were several people in the fast-dispersing groups who had once known Esther Ford well, as the light-hearted daughter of the Barfield shopkeeper, a man well-to-do, in a quiet way, and doatingly fond of this his youngest child, who, being left motherless at the age of six years, was brought up by their half-sister, who kept their father's house. Jane Ford loved the little girl well but treated her unwisely, taking care that she attended school regularly, but allowing her to devote the rest of her time solely to her own amusement; so that at sixteen she was totally ignorant of the womanly duties belonging to her station, and far too fond of dress and pleasure.

Another year passed, and then the infatuated girl consented to marry—secretly, and in opposition to her father's known wishes—a young man in every way worthless, Philip Watson by name, who imagined that, when the deed was done, past undoing, the old man, who was reputed rich, would soon forgive his favourite child, and for her sake do something towards setting him up in business. He was mistaken;—all that Esther received from her father was a bed, a chair, a box containing her clothes, and a few lines enclosing a £10 note, but informing her that as long as her good-for-nothing husband lived he would have nothing more to do with her. This note, written in the first heat of his anger, was bitterly repented afterwards, when wrath had given place to pity, and though for years he never uttered his daughter's name, he thought of her all the more.

His wretched son-in-law very soon showed himself in his true colours, lavishing the coarsest abuse on the "old miser," as he called him, and adding threats of personal violence, which he was far too great a coward to put into execution. He removed his wife to a distant town, where he could more easily carry on his disreputable practices, and for a year poor Esther lived in tolerable comfort, often meeting with neglect and harshness, but never knowing want. With the birth of her first child troubles began to thicken round her; the perpetual wailing of the sickly babe annoyed his selfish father, and at last he knocked him down on the stone floor one day, "to quiet him," as he said; injuring his head so severely that his life was despaired of for many days, and he only recovered to grow up partly idiotic. From this time Watson gave up all pretence at kindness, or even decency of behaviour, rejoicing openly in the deaths of two more little frail boys, neither of whom lived a week, and terrifying his wife by dark hints that he would "do for" Johnnie. Soon after the birth of the puny twins, Janie and Essie, he sold all the furniture that would fetch anything, on the pretext of paying up some long-standing arrears of rent, and absconded with the money. Two days later his deserted wife and children were found by the Bible-woman of the district, actually starving, and were with difficulty nursed back to life. But from this time their prospects began to brighten: regular work was promised for the

mother at Dingley, a small town not many miles from Barfield; a small sum of money was subscribed to enable her to remove thither; a very humble cottage was procured and furnished, and for the next few years the broken-hearted woman lived in quiet, if not in comfort. She dreaded nothing so much as that her brutal husband should discover her retreat, and again break up her home; or that she should sink beneath the incessant toil to which her enfeebled frame was so unequal, and leave her children orphans indeed. For their sakes she prayed to live—it was almost the only prayer she ever offered, except that her little ones might be kept from harm. Trouble had not yet brought her to Jesus: she fancied that till her father had forgiven her, it was vain to seek pardon from God; she regarded all her suffering as a just punishment for the deception and disobedience in which her marriage had begun, and never murmured at it, but sank under it, utterly and hopelessly. For years she had not been to church, but at Dingley she would sometimes creep into a room where a weekly service was held, amongst a congregation so poor, that miserable clothing like hers excited no remark, but was rather the universal livery.

As years went on Johnnie thrived in the country air, in spite of scanty food, and with improving health his intellect strengthened; but he never had his full senses, and showed a strange elfish love of mischief for its own sake, which kept his mother in constant anxiety. The little girls gave her no trouble; they were gentle, docile creatures, but unnaturally quiet and spiritless, as if they shared but one feeble life between them.

Dingley stands at the foot of a hill, the last of a long range of swelling downs, on whose sides thousands of sheep are fed, and when Johnnie was twelve years old he was hired as a shepherd boy: he had sufficient intellect for the very simple duties required of him, and as he would be always under the shepherd's eye, his mother had less fear than usual of his playing any of his strange tricks. He liked his work, and used to watch his sheep with a curious minuteness till he knew each one individually, though his weak brain was incapable of devising names for more than a few. A railway ran along the lower part of a down where his work often lay, and was at first a source of terror, then of wonder and interest to him. He would often stand at the fence watching the heavy wheels revolving slowly on the smooth iron, as the train slackened speed in approaching a small station, or rushed past with a roar and a flash. How did it go on? How was it stopped? Why did it snort and puff so over its work (for he thought of it as a living thing), and what did the swarthy-faced men do to it to make it sometimes scream so loud? Then the rails—what good were they? other roads had none; and for the matter of that, why should not the bellowing creature go along the turnpike? to be sure it might frighten the sheep as they went to market; perhaps that was the reason it

had a road all to itself. Thus his imperfectly developed mind pondered the mystery of the iron-horse, till it became a kind of monomania. He would talk to his mother about it in the evenings; and she, pleased to see any working of his intellect, encouraged him in his speculations, and would have explained his difficulties, but her own knowledge on the subject was scanty. She could only assure him that the thing was not alive, and that it had a fire and some hot water in its inside, which, somehow, made it go on.

One morning, as the shepherd and his boy crossed the line on their way to the fold, the former stooped and carefully removed a stone which lay across one of the rails, remarking that "it was a good thing he'd happened to see it, or maybe there'd have been an accident."

"Why should there be an accident?" asked Johnnie.

"Why, if there's anything lays on the rails, it sometimes makes the engine get off 'em, and then the driver he can't stop her all in a minute, and she just runs anywhere, dragging the whole lot of carriages to destruction."

"But such a little thing as a bit of stone could not do all that harm, surely?"

"It might, or it mightn't," answered the old man, little thinking what fearful mischief would result from the caution he was trying to impress on his half-witted assistant.

Johnnie had now a new subject for thought,—a railway accident. He only half believed what old Miles had said, and resolving that he would try if it were true, he bent all the powers of his feeble mind to plan how he could best lay something on the rails, unseen by the shepherd, and yet in time to watch the consequences. He brooded vainly over the idea for several days, till one evening Miles called at his mother's cottage to inquire for his crook and basket, which Johnnie was to have brought home (the shepherd having an errand in the town), but which, with his usual heedlessness, he had forgotten.

"Why, Johnnie lad!" exclaimed his mother, "how careless of you to forget Mr. Miles' things; run off and fetch them; there's plenty of light still, and you'll be there and back in ten minutes."

Johnnie yawned, stretched himself, and slowly left the cottage. The sight of the railway recalled his wish to prove whether a slight obstruction would indeed cause an accident—here was a first-rate opportunity! He hurried up the steps, looked about for a large stone which generally lay at hand to prop open the gate when needful, placed it on one of the rails; then making the best of his way to the fold, he seized the crook and basket and hastened home.

The next morning the shepherd bid him stay on the near side of the line and watch some lambs, while he went across to let out the sheep.

The railroad at this point wound round a part of the hill so steep that while it sloped down to the one line, the other rested on a high embankment. It made a

sharp curve, too, so that the driver of a train would not see anything before him till he was close upon it. Johnnie was so much engaged in keeping his charge from a patch of clover, that the rush of the mail-train startled him as it came on at full speed. The engine-wheel struck the stone, dashing against it with an impetus that might have sufficed to fling it out of the way, but that one of its sharp points rested on the ground, and the weight pressing against it did but imbed it more firmly. The huge locomotive made a frantic effort to overleap the obstruction, but only succeeded in getting off the rails, and in another moment was plunging down the steep bank, dragging carriages and vans after it with a fearful crash! The author of all this mischief stood gazing—frozen with terror. Was *this* a railway accident? Roused at length by the shrieks of the wounded and terrified passengers, he turned and fled, leaving lambs and clover to their fate, nor stopped till he flung himself down beside his mother, too breathless and frightened to speak.

Aid soon reached the scene of disaster: the wounded were conveyed to the nearest hospital; those who were unhurt continued their journey in a special train which was hastily brought up for them. But there remained eight for whom nothing more would ever be needed than a coffin and a grave. Five men, two women, and one little fair-haired babe lay in a barn not far off, converted for the time into a dead-house, awaiting identification and a coroner's inquest, before burial. Strange hands laid them out with decent care, and covered from sight the poor mutilated faces; and though many came to view the bodies, none entered without hushed voices, and reverent quietness of manner.

A very slight examination of the scene of death showed the large irregular-shaped mass of flint resting on the line; clearly it could not have fallen or rolled there by accident, and the question was—*Who* put it there? No one had been seen near the spot but Johnnie coming back with the crook and basket. When interrogated, he was quite incapable of giving any account of himself—the horror of that fearful morning seemed to have deprived him of what little sense he had. His mother and the shepherd bore witness to his having been sent to the fold the previous night; but added that he seemed half asleep when he started, and was not absent long enough to do more than go straight there and back. The boy could not be convicted, the evidence was insufficient; but the impression was universal that he, and he alone, was responsible for the terrible disaster; and he, and all belonging to him, were shunned by their neighbours, as though he had been in very deed and intention—a murderer.

His poor mother remembered his wild talk, his wonder why trains should have rails to travel on, and in her heart doubted not that he *had* placed the stone where it was found, to see if it would make any difference; never thinking, and indeed being incapable of realizing, what the consequences would be. And these conse-

quences were sadder than she at first deemed. With the morbid curiosity of her class, she went to see the bodies of the victims, just as they had been uncovered for the inspection of a man who came to seek a friend amongst that silent company. Third in the row lay a tall strong man, his face mutilated past recognition,—his clothing torn from one arm and shoulder, and on that uncovered arm was the name "Philip," tattooed in with gun-powder and surrounded by peculiar markings—and Esther Watson recognized her husband!

Sick with horror, she staggered out of the building, feeling that there was indeed a curse upon her, since her poor boy, partially deprived of reason by his father's cruelty, had now been the instrument of that father's death. She could not proclaim the miserable fact, so she saw the body carried with two others to a nameless grave, following it afar off amid the crowd, and weeping some bitter tears for the faithless husband she had once loved so dearly.

CHAPTER II.

THE neighbourhood of Dingley had become so painful to the now widowed mother, that she removed to Barfield Road, in fear and trembling lest her story should have preceded her there, and shrinking from observation to such an extent that it was months before she ventured to the schoolroom-service already mentioned. Her Johnnie, too, was a great anxiety to her. He would assist her in various ways in the house, but in a quiet, mechanical manner, as if hardly conscious what he did; and any attempt to induce him to cross the threshold threw him into an agony of terror. This lasted through the autumn and winter, but by degrees the effects of the shock he had sustained passed away; the pleasant sights and sounds of spring lured him out, first into the garden, afterwards to gather wild-flowers in the hedges and fields near his home. Every bunch of starry primroses and pale wood-anemones was a fresh delight to him; for he had always lived too near a town to be familiar with their simple beauties. He liked, too, to go to the village shop with his mother; for the good-natured shopkeeper had always a kind word for him; heartily pitying the pale boy and still paler woman, feeling sure, from the speech and manner of the latter, that she had known better days.

When spring was passing into summer this man one day asked Johnnie, in his mother's presence, if he would like to come and do weeding, &c., in his garden.

The boy was charmed with the idea of working amongst flowers, and accepted the offer so eagerly that his future master said, with a smile, "Why, you must be a born gardener; what was your father?" Poor Esther grew whiter than ever as she hastily answered, "Johnnie can't remember his father, but he wasn't a gardener;" and the other, seeing that there was more in this than the ordinary grief of widowhood, asked no further questions.

June and July passed away, and August set in with close, sultry weather; the reapers toiled on in the furnace-like heat till one or two of them were smitten by the fiery rays of the sun; trees and plants drooped, and the grass looked burnt-up by the long drought. Fervent were the longings for rain as the weeks went on, and at length it seemed that the desired boon was about to be granted. Heavy masses of lurid and threatening clouds lowered overhead, and all Nature was still, in that hush of dread and expectation which precedes a storm. Johnnie Watson set off as usual to his work, but came back ere he had gone many steps to ask his mother to kiss him again, saying he was *so tired*, and it was such a long way across the common. She cheered him up, telling him he should have some nice cool lettuce for tea, and reminding him that he would have a good long rest in the dinner-hour; then pushing back the curly black hair, so like his father's, she kissed him fondly, and sent him away in better heart for his day's toil. The hours dragged wearily on; even the most energetic were languid that day, and in the end of the afternoon the storm burst forth in all its fury—peal after peal of thunder crashing through the sky, while the heavily charged electric clouds gave forth their flashes almost without intermission. Then came the blessed rain, sinking deep into the earth, which had opened thousands of mouths to receive it, and drenching everything with a delicious coolness. Esther felt no uneasiness when her boy did not arrive at the usual hour; his master had, she supposed, kept him till the storm was over: but when the rain had well-nigh ceased, and the evening began to close in, and still he did not come, she became alarmed and set out to seek him. His master, finding him quite unfit for work, had sent him home early in the afternoon, telling him he might have a half holiday. Fairly exhausted by the heat, he sat down to rest under a hedge by the way, quickly fell asleep, and there his mother found him—but it was a sleep which would know no earthly waking. The lightning had struck him, melting the buttons of his waistcoat, flying to the knife in his pocket, tearing out the nails from his shoes, and leaving traces of its fiery passage behind it. The unhappy woman's scream of dismay attracted the attention of some men passing through a neighbouring field. They came to her assistance, and finding what was the matter, lifted a hurdle from the hedge, and laying the poor scorched body gently on it, carried it home.

The next day the inquest was held, and the verdict pronounced: "Died by the visitation of God." The words fell heavily on poor Esther's stunned heart; she did not know that they were a *form* provided by law to be used in cases like this—she understood them to signify that God had singled out her child for special judgment; and all the day she went about her work mechanically, with despair in her soul. The previous summer she had tried to console herself with the thought that her Johnnie had not sense enough to be

responsible for what he had done; that God was too merciful to be angry with him long; and, when the boy began to brighten up and enjoy the spring, she had looked upon it as a token that he was forgiven. Now she thought, "The Almighty was only waiting till we were getting happy again and the stroke would fall the heavier, and then he comes down upon us in this awful way;" and shudderingly she repeated to herself over and over again, "Died by the visitation of God."

The day after the inquest, she had to rouse herself from her misery and go down to the parish churchyard to choose a resting-place for her child. The last time she had gone through those gates was at her father's side, the Sunday before she voluntarily forsook her home; and with grief for her boy there mingled bitter longings that she could have seen that dear father once more. She supposed he must be dead, for a stranger had the Barfield shop; but she dared not make any inquiries for fear of betraying herself. Having finished her business with the sexton, she walked sadly home through the fields, wondering what dreadful judgment was in store for *her*; for if God could not forgive her idiot lad the unintentional wrong he had done, how could he forgive her wilful deceit and disobedience? Coming to a corner where three roads met she paused, for she heard through the hedge a voice which made her heart beat quickly, though she could not distinguish the words. Another answered, "Well, I'm real glad to have met you, and to have heard something of Mr. Ford. Besure you give my respects to the old gentleman; and I hope he'll be well and hearty for this many a year." The friends then separated. The first speaker crossed the stile, and Esther found herself face to face with her half-sister. But for her hungry longing for news of her father she might have let her pass unaccosted: as it was, she could only look up with beseeching eyes and murmur, "O Jane!" The well-to-do, comfortable woman started at such a familiarity from the faded, ghastly-looking creature before her; but something in the wistful look of the latter checked the angry reply that rose to her lips, and she answered, "My good woman, you're pretty free with my name; pray, who may you be?"

"Esther," gasped the trembling widow.

"Esther!" repeated the other, as she staggered back against the stile and burst into tears; but quickly recovering herself, she grasped both her sister's hands, exclaiming,—

"O you poor child! is this what you've come to?"

The pitying words went to Esther's heart, and bitter sobbs prevented her answering. Her sister let her cry unchecked for a while, then said soothingly,—

"Hush, dear, you've cried enough now; cheer up, and tell me a little about yourself."

"Father!" whispered Esther, as she made an effort to stop her tears.

"Oh, father's well and hearty. He couldn't bear the old house without you in it, I fancy; anyway he gave up the shop and took a little farm down Huxley way;

and my husband and me, we have a farm close to him."

"Will he ever forgive me, do you think?"

"Child, it's my belief he very soon forgave you. He never spoke of you, but he'd look across to your place and sigh; and he'd never let a thing be put on your little work-table; and once I caught him in your room, kneeling at mother's old chair, and I knew he was praying for you."

"O Jane," exclaimed the younger sister with a fresh burst of tears, "if only I was sure he'd forgiven me! I could bear things better then. I deserved to be punished; and oh, I *have* been punished. I've hardly had a happy day since the first month I was married. I've worked like a slave for fourteen years, and sometimes been half-starved. And two of my babies died, and my husband is dead, and now the lightning has killed my poor boy—they said he 'died by the visitation of God,'" she added with a shudder. The words did not convey the same idea of horror to Jane's mind as they did to her sister's, but the story she had heard was sad enough; and she replied,—

"Poor child, poor child, to think of all you've gone through! No wonder you look so wretched. How long is it since your boy died?"

"Only two days. I've just been to see about his grave."

"O Essie, I *am* sorry for you, but I *must* leave you now, dear, for I've appointed to meet Mrs. Hanson at five o'clock, and I *must* go home to-morrow, or father will think there's something the matter; but I'll try and get him to write to you. Where do you live?"

"Down at Barfield End; you must direct to the post-office."

"That wretched place! But now, dear, you must let me help you about the funeral," said Jane, putting money into her sister's hand, which the poor widow thankfully accepted; and with a most affectionate farewell she went on her way, and Esther returned to her desolated home with a gleam of comfort at her heart.

She laid her son to rest on the Saturday, and on the Sunday, as we have seen, she attended Barfield Church. The solemn beauty of the well-remembered house of prayer, the dear old hymns, the sweet notes of the organ, all combined to exercise a soothing influence; the thought of a refuge, a place to hide in, was so precious to one sinking beneath such a weight of grief. Unconsciously to herself, God's Holy Spirit was working in her heart and preparing her to "enter into the kingdom." That evening as Esther sat, hymn-book in hand, at the cottage door, enjoying the sunset light and the Sabbath stillness that rested on all things, she astonished her little girls by speaking to them of her own mother. "Our grandmother," said Janie, "why, mother, you never spoke of her before. Where does she live?"

"She died when I was very little; I only remember two things about her plainly: one was reading her this

very hymn that they sung before sermon this afternoon, and she stroking my hair all the while and telling me the long words, and how she kissed me when I'd done. She must have loved that hymn," added the mother, after a pause, "and I'd like you both to learn it a little bit at a time."

"I'll begin to-night," said Essie. "But what was the other thing you remember?"

"'Twas one day I got frightened of a dog, as I was coming home from the infant school. I rushed through the shop into the parlour, straight up to her chair, and she put her two arms tight round me, and then I felt so safe. The hymn always reminds me of that where it says,—

'Let me to thy bosom fly.'

Here, Essie, you may begin to learn it."

The first four lines were repeated, and then the little girls had their usual Sunday evening treat of reading a chapter, verse about, out of "mother's own Bible," after which they all went to bed.

The next day, as Esther stood hard at work at her tub, a knock at the half-open door surprised her, and her "Come in, please," was followed by the entrance of Mr. Edmonstone.

"I thought it had been one of the neighbours, sir," said she apologetically, as she quickly wiped the suds from her arms and drew forward a chair for his accommodation.

"I am afraid I interrupt your work," said the clergyman.

"Oh no, sir; it can wait; and I'm sure it's kind of you to come so far to see me;" and taking off her wet apron she seated herself near her visitor. A few questions followed about her children, then Mr. Edmonstone referred very gently to her recent loss, asking the particulars of her boy's death, of which he had heard various accounts. She told him about it, and a little about poor Johnnie's weakness of mind; and at last, encouraged by the evident sympathy with which he listened, she confided to him the history of the railway accident, and the dreadful verdict that lay so heavy at her heart, adding,—

"It seems so hard for the jury to say the Almighty had put a special judgment on my poor boy. I hoped no one here knew what he had done, but he could not tell what he was doing."

"I am very sorry that verdict has distressed you so much," answered the clergyman, "for it has nothing to do with what the jury thought about your son; it would have been just the same for a perfect stranger dying in the same way: it only means that he did not die by accident, or by disease, or by his own hand; in fact, that it was a death in which *man* had no share."

Esther gave a sigh of relief, but did not speak, and he went on to ask,—

"Was your son born without his full senses?"

Then the bitter tears broke forth, and prevented any

other reply. The clergyman waited a few minutes till the poor woman had a little recovered herself, then begged her to tell him her trouble; and feeling sure she might trust one who was so evidently sorry for her, she told him all the story of her disobedient marriage, her father's anger, her husband's cruelty and subsequent desertion, her boy's misfortune, the death of her husband (unknown to any but herself), the undisguised aversion of the neighbours after the accident, her removal to Barfield End, and how she had begun to be comfortable there, when her poor boy's death renewed her misery, making her feel as if she and all belonging to her were under a curse. She told him, too, of the meeting with her sister, and the hope then given her of her father's forgiveness; and of the hymn and sermon which had so gone to her heart on the preceding day; and ended by asking, Did he think that perhaps God had punished her enough, and might forgive her now? Her question was answered by another which rather surprised her:—

"Mrs. Watson, do you ever punish your little girls?"

"Well, I have, sir, sometimes; but they are such meek little things, they hardly ever need more than a word."

"Is it any pleasure to you to punish them?"

"Why, no, sir; I should think not; but I *must* teach them to do right."

"Then, in fact, you punish them because you love them?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose so; though I've sometimes spoke sharp to them, because I was angry."

Mr. Edmonstone smiled at her candid admission, but answered in a very grave and earnest tone,—

"Mrs. Watson, God loves you far more than you love your little gentle children; and he has been punishing you only to bring you into the right way, *not* because he was angry, and liked to make you unhappy;—you understand the difference?"

"Yes, sir."

"You sinned against him as well as against your father, when you left your home; and you have gone on sinning, in thinking that he would not forgive you. He has sent you one sorrow after another, till you were broken-hearted and longing for a refuge; then he so ordered it that Christ the *refuge* of sinners should be the subject of the hymns and sermon on Sunday; and now he has sent me to you to tell you that he loves you, that he is waiting to forgive you and comfort you, if you ask him for Jesus' sake."

He paused, as if expecting an answer, but Esther could not speak. A sense of *rest*, hitherto unknown, was stealing over her weary spirit. The pastor saw that the blessed thought that *God loved her* had filled her heart too full to leave room for any other, and with a few words of earnest prayer he left her, promising to return soon.

Two days only had elapsed when he paid her a second visit, and had another long conversation with her

Having once grasped the precious truth that God loved her in spite of her sins, the way of salvation presented no difficulties to her mind. "It was like his love," she said earnestly, when the clergyman explained to her how the blessed Lord Jesus had taken our punishment on himself, and laid down his life to win eternal life for us. The sense of God's love had opened her heart, and she thankfully brought all her burden to Jesus, and rested on him in simple faith.

When her kind friend rose to leave her, she detained him with the anxious question, "Do you think, sir, that my poor Johnnie is in heaven?"

"We have no certainty how it is with those afflicted as your son was," answered Mr. Edmonstone; "but we know God is very merciful, and he will deal with him in mercy as well as in justice. 'Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' Your child is in his loving hands. Try and be content to leave him there," added he gently, seeing how the poor heart craved more *certainty*.

"Yes, sir," said Esther, after a moment's pause, "I can leave him to God;" and with hearty thanks for all his kindness, she bade her newly-found friend farewell; and he walked home musing thankfully on the dying lady's prayer, and the way it had already been answered.

The last day of the week had come, and Esther, tired out with finishing up and taking home an unusually large wash, and with her subsequent house-cleaning, sat down to rest while the kettle was boiling for tea, and fell asleep. A knock at the door aroused her imperfectly, but her little Janie laid her hand on hers, saying softly, "Mother;" and she opened her eyes to see her father and sister standing beside her.

"O father, forgive me!" said she, throwing herself into the kind arms so ready to receive her.

"Child, I forgive thee from my very heart," said the old man solemnly. "But can this be my Essie, my pet that used to be so rosy and bonny! Trouble *has* altered thee sorely."

"And she's had trouble enough, I'm sure," added her sister sympathizingly.

"Oh, but I deserved it all," answered Esther; "but now God has forgiven me, and father has forgiven me, and I feel as if I'd nothing more to wish for."

The evening passed in recounting the history of the years of separation, and the next morning the united family set off for Barfield Church. Esther devoted herself to her father, while her sister interested the little pale-faced girls with stories of their mother's childhood.

The old man had a plan to propose which lay very near his heart: his housekeeper was going to be married, and he wanted his favourite daughter to bring her children, and once more share his home. She, poor thing, could hardly believe that such happiness was in store for her; but her father was satisfied with her few broken words of gladness. As they neared the church, she pressed closer to him and whispered,—

"Father, I should like to give thanks."

"Ay, and so should I," answered he heartily, "for having found my darling again."

Mr. Edmonstone was on the point of leaving the vestry when the sexton put into his hand a paper on which he had hastily written that "a family desired to return thanks to God for great mercy lately received;" but when he glanced down the church, and saw Esther with a face of tearful joy sitting beside a gray-haired stranger, he had no difficulty in divining the family who wished to give thanks, nor the mercy for which they thus offered their public acknowledgments, and fervently he joined in the thanksgiving.

After the service, the widow, lately so sorrowful, waited to speak to him, to tell him of her happiness, and of the coming change in her circumstances. His sympathy was as ready in her joy as it had been in her sorrow; he asked to see her father, and after a short conversation, left them both with words of blessing.

And here we may leave Esther Watson, happy in being restored to the love of her father—happier still in having tasted the love that "passeth knowledge." Truly our God does not afflict willingly: when he lays his hand upon us, it is "for our profit, that we may be partakers of his holiness."

CECIL CHEYNE.

THE ACTS AND SAYINGS OF OUR LORD NOT FOUND IN THE GOSPELS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SILENCES OF SCRIPTURE."



OWARDS the close of his Gospel, John says: "Many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book" (John xx. 30). These seem *last* words, and, with good reason, have been supposed to be the words that originally closed the Gospel of John. The addition of the twenty-first chapter has all the appearance of an after-thought of the writer; an addition out of the many more things

yet untold—an addition which no one can read and wish it had not been made. Yet, after adding these other last words, a second time the evangelist repeats, more emphatically—"There are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written" (John xxi. 25).

Making every allowance for the figurative language of this declaration, and the very different

ideas of John's time and ours as to filling the world with books, we cannot but read, in this double close to John's Gospel, in his addition of one more narrative of Christ and his disciples, and in his renewed and emphatic declaration of the many other things still untold—that the *written* bears to the *unwritten* life of our Lord no larger proportion than did the twelve baskets of fragments to the entire feast provided for the five thousand that followed him into the desert place. In the four Gospels we have all that is essential to salvation, the best and choicest of the acts and sayings of our Lord. In our comparison, we refer not to the quality, but to the quantity. What large scope must that life, private and public, of thirty-three years, have afforded to those gleaners in the field of oral tradition who follow in the train of the great and the good! How many in the first and second centuries must have been eager to glean after the evangelists in so rich a field! To hear and tell all that could be recalled of that life and its teachings must have been an equal delight. Though books were not so easily multiplied or so accessible to all as in our day, yet so long as "the many other things" were still untold, how many must have been ready to gather into their basket some of the remaining fragments!

The four Gospels are the smallest books ever written on a great subject. Their brevity has not hindered but has helped their usefulness and general acceptance, and in itself is one of the many evidences of the divine wisdom and foresight that presided over their formation. Amidst all his hostile criticism, Renan owns that they are the most beautiful biographies of a beautiful life in the world. Their rare simplicity, along with their brevity, place them within the reach and intelligence of all, and crown them as the universal teachers. The marvel is that these very qualities did not fill the Christian world with imitations, true and false, gathered out of current traditions, turning more and more of the unwritten into the written, until there remained no more to tell. In his work on "The Canon of the New Testament," Jones tells us that the desire for more of our Lord's sayings and acts gave rise to forty forged Gospels, which must have had readers in their day. Some of these

survive in "The Gospel of the Infancy" and "The Gospel of Mary," where forgery and fiction are stamped on every page; and they survive only to justify their rejection, and the rejection of the entire class of fictions and forgeries to which they belong. They require only to be set side by side with Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, to enable the simplest reader to confirm, in his private judgment, that of all the Churches of Christ.

The question still remains, Why was so natural a desire for the more and more not gratified by narratives honest and truth-telling—though not carrying the authority of the four evangelists, yet vindicating for themselves a place next to the evangelists such as we give to trustworthy historians and biographers? Such is the avidity in the Christian world for biographies of saints and martyrs, that the "Acta Sanctorum," under the labours of its Jesuit Belgian editors, has attained to twenty folios, and three months of the Calendar have still to be overtaken. Extracts and translations from this work have been made into all the languages of Europe, and at this day furnish the chief reading of the convents and monasteries of the Roman Catholic Church. This production of the Roman press, whilst it presents a singular contrast to the brevity and simple truthfulness of the canonical writers, tells of the natural demand for Christian biographies. The first Christians, like those of our own age, must have eagerly gleaned in a field which John declares to be inexhaustible. What hindered, then, many trustworthy additions being made to our knowledge of Christ and his teaching? We have the four Gospels; and beyond these we know nothing. We have also "The Acts of the Apostles" by Luke; and beyond what he has told us, and what is implied or indirectly given in the Epistles to the Churches, we know nothing of the acts and sayings of the first followers of Christ. The eighteen centuries have not added one reliable narrative or addition equal to that which John gives in the twenty-first chapter of his Gospel. At the close of his "Acts of the Apostles" Luke might also have spoken of "the many other things" which the apostles and first disciples did and said. What, then, prevented other gleaners? Nothing but that Providence that guided and governed and overruled

all. Christians must have often proposed such additions ; but God so disposed, that they came to nothing. He who has all hearts at his command, and turns them from their course as the rivers of water, not only turned aside the evangelists from adding more and more last words, but their immediate successors ; concentrating the interest and confidence of the Churches upon those few brief narratives which contain at once the great facts, the great truths and hopes, and the highest evidences of our faith.

This is so unexpected a reversal of the natural course of things, that we hesitate to believe it. But the full proof is within easy reach. If we search first through the other canonical books of the New Testament, from the Acts of the Apostles to the Apocalypse, though all are written to confirm and establish us in the faith of Christ, not one fact respecting our Lord is added to those in the four Gospels. Those that loved him most and knew him best add nothing in their Epistles to the Churches. To the sayings of Christ, *one* is added, which we owe to Paul, who calls it to mind in his farewell to the elders of the Church at Ephesus, and which Luke records in the Acts of the Apostles. The saying, so memorable in itself, is still more so as the solitary addition made to the teaching of our Lord outside of the four evangelists—“*It is more blessed to give than to receive*” (Acts xx. 35) ; a saying so Christ-like, so radiant with the whole spirit of his example and teaching, that it hardly needed the seal both of an apostle and evangelist to commend it to every Christian heart.* Not a little remarkable is the occasion on which the apostle recalls this saying of his divine Master. He is on his way to Jerusalem, the bearer of the gifts of the Gentile Churches which he had planted and watered, to the poor saints there suffering under a famine. The apostle himself is not a receiver, but a giver and gatherer for others. He is conscious that he has made Jew and Gentile his debtors both in spiritual and temporal things. To the Ephesian Church

he had preached the gospel freely and without charge, and, conscious of the superior blessedness of a giver, could say,—“ I have coveted no man’s silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to those that were with me” (Acts xx. 33, 34).

But have not the Fathers contributed largely to our knowledge of the life and teaching of Christ ? We do not pretend to have searched the Greek and Latin Fathers, from Clement to St. Bernard, who is regarded as the last of the Fathers ; neither is it necessary to search their three hundred folios in order to establish the fact that they have added literally nothing to our knowledge of the actions or miracles of Christ. Had any such been recorded, they had been well known and retailed in every ecclesiastical history, ancient and modern. All that the Fathers have done in this way is to add a few sayings, which read like new versions of old sayings ; or have so little of Christ in matter or manner, that we reject them more readily than would a good judge of paintings a false Raphael or Michael Angelo. The following are the only additions of the slightest value which we can discover that the Fathers of fourteen centuries have made to the sayings of our Lord :—

1. “ Though ye should be joined to me, even to my bosom, and do all my commandments, I will reject you, and say to you, ‘ Depart from me, I know not whence ye are, ye workers of iniquity.’ ”

This is quoted as our Lord’s saying by Clement, of whom Paul writes as one “ whose name is in the book of life ” (Phil. iv. 3). He is supposed to have become the pastor of the Church at Rome, and has left two Epistles to the Corinthian Church, and in one of his Epistles is cited as our Lord’s saying. It wants the felicity of our Lord’s sayings, their point and transparency of meaning ; yet may be interpreted as another version of his sayings, when exposing the religion of the Pharisees as that only of the outside of the cup and platter.

2. “ Keep your flesh chaste, and your seal (baptism) undefiled, that so you may obtain everlasting life.”

This is quoted by the same Father in the same Epistle. It seems still less after the manner of our Lord, and to be more in the phraseology

* We have heard of the saying of Wesley, which to his honour he so often inculcated upon the members of his society, both from pulpit and press, that to this day many Methodists regard the saying, “ Cleanliness is next to godliness,” as one of our Lord’s. We are not yet in danger in Scotland, from the too frequent inculcation of this important practical virtue, of sliding into a like mistake.

of an after ecclesiastical teaching, that turned the simple ordinance of baptism into a superstition; very different from the teaching of St. Paul, who tells us that he had not baptized any save the household of Stephanus, leaving baptism to others, and giving himself to the greater work of preaching repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

3. "Seek those things that are great, and those things which are small shall be added to you."

This is quoted by Clement Alexandrinus, a much later Father than the Clement of Paul. It seems more like a saying of Christ than any of the above; yet is little more than another version of that in Matthew, "Seek first the kingdom of heaven and its righteousness, and all other things will be added thereto." Our Lord sometimes repeats himself, and this may be one of the sayings in which he taught the transcendent importance of things unseen and eternal.

4. "Be ye skilful money-changers."

Many of the Fathers cite this as a saying of Christ. It may not sound Christ-like in some ears; but such would have been offended with his saying, "Make friends of the mammon of unrighteousness." Our Lord loved a good figure, which embodied or pictured in a word an important warning. Here is a money-changer, such as might at any time be seen in the Temple, ready to give Jewish money for the money of the foreign Jews who came up from all nations to the festivals. As a money-changer must be skilful in distinguishing true from false coin, not only numbering and weighing, but testing their purity; so should his disciples "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good" (1 Thess. v. 21). Nor is it enough that we carry the coin offered to the law and to the testimony, unless we also keep to the analogy of Scripture and bring a sound understanding to the exchange. Otherwise—

"The fly-blown text conceives an alien brood,
And turns to maggots what was meant for food!"

These are said to be all the sayings of the slightest value ascribed to our Lord by the Fathers, from Clement downwards. In the forged gospels of "The Infancy" and of "Mary," we have incidents and sayings of Christ; but their utter frivolity betrays their origin in a period when the

Church of Christ had returned to a second childhood of credulity and superstition. The only legend that has any trait of the character of Christ which we have met with, is a Persian one:—*

"Our Lord, arriving at the gate of a city, sat down, and sent forward his disciples to prepare his way. Following them, he met a crowd surrounding a dead dog, with a rope about its neck. Every one had some ill to say of the dog until Christ came up, and looking on it remarked how beautiful his teeth were, like pearls in purity and whiteness."

There is something of our Lord in this legend. The disposition to find out and dwell on whatever is good or beautiful in everything and in every creature is God-like. When the rich young man made the great refusal to follow Christ, we are told "he went away sorrowful," and our Lord looked on him and loved him. Our Lord has ever a word for the fallen and rejected of men.

And is this all—all that we have been able to find or learn of from the search of others? This is all the much boasted oral tradition has added to our knowledge of the Christ of the evangelists. Not one act or miracle, not one parable, nothing save a few sayings almost identical in meaning, if not in phraseology, with those we had in the Gospels. The good work of the Fathers has not been to add to, but to confirm and establish our confidence in these four Evangelists. By this absence of all additions, and by their testimony to the four Gospels, they assure us that in them we have all we shall ever know or need to know of Christ until he come the second time.

The traditions that have come down, few as they are, are yet sufficient to show how little those that transmitted them were themselves able to appreciate the spiritual beauty and greatness of the Christ of the Gospels. It has been observed that the first Christian Fathers—called, from their nearness to the time of Christ, the Apostolic Fathers—exhibit in their writings the smallest degree of native talent or genius, and were wholly incapable of inventing any works so

* We quote from the "Commonplace Book" of Mrs. Jamieson, who shows so much discernment and nice appreciation of what is truly Christ-like and Christian in the legends of the Middle Ages.

great in their simplicity and beauty as the four Gospels. The later Fathers, again, are writers of more intellectual and literary talent, but without that simplicity, brevity, and spirituality that distinguishes the Evangelists. The philosophy and literature of the times had then entered more or less into the Churches of Christ, and marred the purity and truthfulness of the Christian writings and teachings.

Here is the marvel! That on a subject of such universal interest to Christians as the acts and sayings of our Lord, the Churches of Christ should have only these four brief Memoirs; yet the last of the Evangelists tells us, once and again, of the many more things untold, adding himself one more; that after John we search in vain the other canonical writers of the New Testament, and in vain the three hundred volumes of the Greek and Latin Fathers. One memorable saying excepted, neither act, miracle, parable, nor saying of our Lord is added that has any claims to an original character and value.

It was not for nought that Christ was so soon removed, after his resurrection, from the admiring eyes of his first followers; nay, "it was expedient that he should go away." Neither was it for nought that the many fragments of the great feast provided in the life and teaching of Christ should be withdrawn into silence. In doing good to men, half is found, at times, to be more than the whole; and the deposite of the four Gospels is a more valuable gift than would forty Gospels have been in which truth and error, facts and fiction, were blended and undistinguishable. When our Lord was present in person amongst his disciples, though his hand was full of truth, he opened only his little finger, giving not according to his fulness, but according to their wants, and as they could bear it. The manna that fell around the camp of Israel was only to be gathered in measure—an *omer* for each man—and if more was gathered, out of the abundance that remained, "it bred worms and stank;" yea, "the angels' food" became, like our own, liable to corruption. The highest spiritual food of the Church of Christ was subject to the same law. Four baskets full were allowed to be gathered, and though many more remained, yea, enough, says St. John, to have

filled the world with books, the multiplying of books on so sacred a theme would have led to many evils, mingled irrecoverably truth and error, things human and divine, sowed more discords and divisions in the Christian Church, and opened a wider door to the flood of error and delusion. The same divine wisdom that presided over the formation of the four Gospels set bounds to the work of gathering up the fragments of the Great Life. If Christians, in the first age, ceased not to hear and tell of all they had seen and heard, they were yet marvellously withheld from writing it down, until, like all other mere oral traditions, it passed into oblivion. We know nothing more remarkable than the bounds and limits thus set to the first written records of the greatest life the world ever saw. Not more certainly did the Creator set bounds to the sea, that it come not over the dry land, than the God of revelation has set bounds to his written Word. The four Evangelists have been set apart from all other biographies, with no rivals near their throne, crowned by universal consent as the Great Biographies. Had another and inferior class of Gospels come down, of dubious origin and uncertain claims to our confidence, what a field of controversy would the many other things they told of Christ have been to all ages! But "Thus far!" was the divine decree. Silence was more precious than gold. In the judgment of human foresight more had been gold; but experience has shown us that more might only have been confusion. Had it been otherwise ordered, we should have had to search for our Christianity not only in the canonical books of the New Testament, but in all those traditions, written and unwritten, contained in all the Fathers and Councils of the Churches; ever varying with the age, and differing father from father, and council from council. While grateful for the four precious baskets of the fragments of that life, let us not forget to thank God also for all that he has removed into the eternal silences. To these four little books let us resort as to a fountain of life, coming again many times, as do all the wild beasts to the fountains of the Sahara; not, like them, to muddle the waters, but to drink and be satisfied, and preserve them unmingled and unmuddled for all that shall come after.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

IT was not a lost Sunday, though there was no going to church; and a sermon was preached in the sick-room, though to a congregation of only two people; but they understood at least part of what was taught, and took some of the lessons home to their hearts, where they made strange sweet music.

Alick and I were watching over our only child in his first illness. It was just an every-day story. There lay the sick babe with his little hot aching head, the light gone from his eyes, and the bright smile from his face; and the two watchers were bending over him, feeling they would give all they possessed to see him look up and recognize them; applying the needed remedies so firmly, though with tearful eyes—it is so bitter to *seem* to increase pain, even in the hope of future good; and offering the tempting food only again to have it refused. And, when Alick could think of nothing more (he was not only father but physician, so the boy was patient as well as child to him, and all his skill as well as love were engaged), and when all that love could do was just to sit and watch and wait until—until he should look up and thrill us through with untold joy with the conscious smile which would tell us that danger was over, the possible alternative we dared not admit. It was just in the waiting-time that the sermon came.

We said we would read together the lessons for the day; for in times of trouble one turns instinctively to the Bible—there is comfort in the very sound of the familiar words. It was the 18th of July, so the first chapter was Jeremiah iii. Neither spoke when we had finished, for we were listening to the echo of the words, "Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me, My Father?" The little one lying there in all his weakness seemed to take them up and press them home upon our hearts. It was as if he said, "How tenderly you are watching me, how patiently; how you long for me to look up and recognize you! Ever since I have been ill you have been watching, and you are watching still, and you will not leave off till the end, be it what it may, either the joyful waking or the deeper sleep. And you do not only *wait*, but constantly try some new way to bring me back to consciousness. Is it not all a parable? There is One whom *you* know not, your Father; and for years he has been watching over you, using every means that tenderest love and infinite wisdom can devise to win from you one answering look of love and recognition. But you are still heedless and unconscious: he too will watch till the end. Will you never wake to meet his loving gaze? will you sleep on till death hides from you the Father's face, and seals up the ear for ever to his gracious words? or will at last some of his remedies succeed?—this illness of mine, will it

succeed? 'Wilt thou not from this time cry, My Father?'"

Our hearts were very full; there was no need to tell each other what we felt, but we knelt down and repeated together the "Our Father," and in the midst of the sorrow and anxiety a strange peace came down upon us, for we had looked up and met our Father's smile! And when we rose, Alick said, "What it is to think that all our lives He has been watching over us, yearning over us, with just such an intensity of love as we feel for our boy! Yes, like ours, but so infinitely greater that he himself can give us no conception of it, and so he only tells us that 'it passeth knowledge.'"

It made us feel very safe and trustful to remember that we did not grieve more at being obliged to use painful measures for our child's good, than he did at that moment in the sorrow he was sending us. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." And just as we applied the remedy to the tender suffering part, so he knew that to do us good he must lay his hand upon us just where we should most feel it. We were sure he would not prolong our sufferings needlessly.

The hours passed slowly on, and still there was no change. We said softly to each other that the child had been sent to us a little messenger from heaven, and that now he had given his message and was going back again to his own place. The breathing grew more difficult, and his father took him from the cot and held him in his arms, and spoke low soothing words, till the child seemed to rest painlessly and peacefully.

I think that after that morning we shall neither of us ever fear death again. The remembrance of how precious our boy was to us because we thought him dying; how impossible it was to express by the tenderest touch and tone one thousandth part of our love for him, served to show us something, albeit only a faint glimpse, of the way in which our Father comforts those who walk through the valley. Then it is he teaches his people the full meaning of the promise, "He will carry the lambs in his bosom;" and they fathom the hitherto unsuspected depths of the words, "The Father himself loveth you;" and, "Underneath thee are the everlasting arms." It is a blessed lesson to have learned, and such lessons are not to be learned without cost.

But God was better to us than our fears. The child fell asleep, and when at length the little eyes unclosed, they fixed a steady gaze on my face, a bright smile brought the dimples back again, and he stretched out his arms to come to me. I have known many moments of intense happiness; few can compare with the joy of that clasp of the baby's arms. How eagerly we sent off messages to the loving, anxious grandparents that the wee treasure was better; and, as I wrote the words, the

thought flashed across my mind that maybe that same morning another message had been delivered in the presence of the angels of God, and that some of the words were, "Rejoice with me;" and, "This, my son, was dead, and is alive again."

But the child's, or rather God's teaching, did not cease then. Day by day since, as we have watched his gradual growth, and rejoiced in his increasing strength, we have turned our glance inwards to seek some proof that we too were growing, and have asked that we might be among those who go from strength to strength. And any earnest successful endeavour to do right because it would please us, reminds us how "we also ought to walk and to please God;" while the longing we feel to help him to overcome sin and evil, and the breathless interest with which we watch any battle fought against temptation, when all that we can or dare do is just to pray,—these things illuminate for us in fair colours words

about One who is able to succour them that are tempted, and who ever liveth to make intercession for us.

Thus have we found that when Christ took a little child and set him in our midst, he did so because he would have us learn some lessons about our Father which no other teacher could so sweetly give us.

To those whose eyes and ears have been touched and opened by a divine Hand, a child in the home is a living parable, and each day is a revelation and a key to unlock the mysteries of God's dealings with his children. How wonderful, how strange it seems, that tiny baby hands should overflow with blessings and help to all around! And yet not wonderful—not strange. The baby is the child of the Lord God Almighty, and for every service done to one of his little ones, he is prepared to give—generously, royally—a present as well as a future reward!

H. E. P.

FAMILIAR TALKS ON THEMES OF GENERAL CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.*



THESE discourses are in reality what the title-page describes them to be. At a congregational meeting on the evening of a week-day, Mr. Beecher talks, and a reporter takes the words as they fall from his lips. He expatiates on a great variety of subjects, all bearing directly on internal Christian experience, or external Christian duty. As might be expected, he handles his subjects with much vivacity and freedom. At the same time a deeply serious spiritual aim runs like a thread through all the discourses, and the reader is frequently surprised and edified by snatches of profound and sagacious spiritual analysis. The rapid, bold, familiar treatment of religious questions, which belongs to Mr. Beecher's method, may sometimes offend the conservative taste of our British Churches; but every earnest Christian on this side will find the inner spirit of the book in harmony with his own. And as to external forms, especially in more familiar week-evening religious meetings, although the medium is best, for our own part we would rather bear with a passage which might be a shade too lively for our taste, than impose a restraint which might render the whole too dull.

PRAYER.

"Is it proper to go to God with secular troubles, and make them subject-matter of prayer? Would you, for instance, encourage men who are in debt to pray that God would help them to means with which to discharge their indebtedness?"

"I would. Any trouble that a man would go to his earthly father about, he may go to his God about. People say, 'Do you believe that, contrary to all the

great laws of nature and political economy, God will provide a sum of money for a man in answer to his prayer? Do you believe that God contravenes natural laws to assist a man in paying his debts?' I do not. But when a man has used his means to the uttermost, and trusts in God, then God uses his means to control natural laws for that man's benefit. I know that, if I succeed, I must succeed, not by having my father's name, but by putting forth my own exertions. I know that I must make my own way in life, and I undertake to do it. But if I come to a point where I am shut up, held back, so that I cannot go forward, and I do not know what to do, I may go to my father for help. It is not for the sake of throwing off burdens, it is not with the expectation that he will contravene natural laws, that I go to him. I go to him because I have used up my stock of knowledge of natural laws; and I say to him, 'You are older and larger than I am; cannot you use your knowledge of those laws so as to help me?' And he says, 'Yes, I can.' And he does. And nobody thinks there is anything strange in it. Everybody understands that a father can use his knowledge of natural laws for his child without violating those laws. But when you speak of God's helping men in their secular affairs, people are aghast, and say, 'Do you suppose God is going to stop the laws of nature for the sake of enabling men to keep their bank account running?' I understand that God helps men, not by stopping natural laws, but by using them better for us than we can use them for ourselves. And if there is anything justified, it is prayer for help in secular matters by those that love God. And the oftener you go to God for help the more welcome you are. When a man comes to you for counsel concerning things that are important as affecting his welfare, it not only does not impoverish

* "Familiar Talks on Themes of General Christian Experience." By Henry Ward Beecher. T. Nelson and Sons.

you to give him the benefit of your knowledge and wisdom, but you are gratified at his consulting you, and you take pleasure in lending yourself to him to that extent. I cannot conceive of a man who, having a store of discreet knowledge, should be unwilling to use it for the succor of his fellow-men. If ducats were as plenty with me as thoughts, I should be most happy to lend to everybody."

DIVERSITIES OF OPERATION.

"Well, I suppose men come into the kingdom of God in as many different ways as plants come to flower. Some come right up out of the earth to blossom. Some come up and grow the whole summer, and then blossom. Some grow a year, and then blossom the second year. Some grow up like trees, and do not blossom till they are three or four or five or six years old. Some put the leaves out first and the blossoms afterward; and some put out the blossoms first and the leaves afterward. There is every conceivable method of inflorescence.

"Now, when a man is converted, he blossoms; and some persons blossom almost from the cradle. I do not doubt that God's work begins in the hearts of children three or four years old, and of persons of every age beyond that period. As 'the wind bloweth where it listeth,' so God's Spirit works where it pleases. It comes when it pleases, and as it pleases; and no man can tell beforehand how it will come, or when it will come. The way in which the mind is affected when it blossoms into the kingdom of love and duty varies in almost all cases. Some men have a foregoing experience that has impressed itself upon their imagination and memory all their life long, and it is perfectly natural that they should expect other people to have very much the same experience.

"An uncle of mine had a strong impression that everybody who was converted must have read a tract. His first question to young Christians was to find out whether any awakening tract had fallen into their hands; and he was quite uneasy if they had not read a tract to which he could trace their conversion. A brother* in this church, now deceased, of blessed memory in our midst—a man of strong, intense feelings, and of earnest, vehement emotion—had, in his early religious experience, some hereditary will. To strive against it took considerable grace, and more to break it down. There was a severe quarrel in his mind before his will gave up. It was more severe, perhaps, than it would have been if he had had the saving grace of God presented to him earlier. He had a terrible struggle. And in the coming on of religious awakenings, he used to wax warm, and yearn, and talk, and relate his own experience, and tell what his impressions were, and how, although he found that there was not one single way merely of entering the kingdom of God, and that men

might be converted under a great variety of experiences, he took more satisfaction in persons that were converted as he had been than in others. He thought there was great thoroughness in a conversion where, as in his own case, a man had a quarrel with his Maker, and was beaten, broken down, and fairly subdued.

"But I have seen Christians who said, to the end of their life, that they had never gone through a great conflict of that kind. They had, little by little, impressed upon them the conviction that they were living an unprofitable life, not worthy of themselves or of God. No sudden change had ever come over them. They gradually came to experience the indwelling of the Divine Spirit. They could not tell exactly when it was that they found themselves in the kingdom. They were timid, they hesitated, they feared, but, on the whole, the impression grew in their mind that they were Christ's, and at length they began to call themselves Christians.

"God is sovereign, and he calls men as he pleases. Some he calls amid thunder and storm, some in a calm, some in winter, and some in summer. Some he calls as he calls flowers in spring, and some as he calls flowers in autumn. And our business is not so much to determine what is the way in which God must call us, nor the way in which we should like to come, as to get up and come to our Father, walking in whatever path our feet find. *Come*—that is the thing—with a deep experience, if you have it; without a deep experience, if you have it not; with a great tumult, if you cannot help it; without much tumult, if it please God that it should be so. It is not to come in any particular way, or with any particular experience, but to arise and come to our Father, and say unto him, 'Father, I have sinned against heaven and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.' It is to come back to God, *at any rate*."

THE SABBATH.

"I do not think there was ever anything brought within the range of human knowledge that was so beautiful as the idea of the Lord's-day. The older I grow, and the more I think of the day, the more radiant it seems to me; the more sublime is the conception that all the earth on that day lays down every secular occupation, and that there is a standing still of the whole world, that the soul may have a chance to rise up through its superincumbent influences and worship God. And I think a child may be made to think and feel so. Yet the Sabbath-day was always to me a shackle and a burden. It always came to me with *Thou must!* I did not see the sun rise often; but I saw it go down always, and never without great joy. For, in Connecticut, the Sabbath-day began at sundown on Saturday night, and ended at sundown on Sunday night. We children used to sit by the great west window in the sitting-room, and watch the sun, and I used to wonder why it did not go down faster. Now the red orb was

* Mr. Edward Corning.

down within reach of the vapour. Now it was behind the cherry-tree. Now it was below the branches. Now it was almost down. And as we looked, and the sun neared the horizon, I would look at Charles, and he would look at me, with an expression of exultation. Pretty soon it had dropped down to the horizon. Now it was half out of sight. Now it was almost entirely gone. And the moment it was down we would give utterance to an outcry of joy. And I recollect my mother saying to us, 'Boys! boys!' 'Why, the sun has gone down, mother!' 'But you should not rejoice because the sun has gone down. God made the Sabbath-day for your good, and you ought to keep it cheerfully.' But that thought had not occurred to me, and I was glad to see the sun go down on Sunday.

"Now, in the first place, for children to sit still as much as they used to—I do not know that they do it as much as they did then—on the Sabbath-day, is to provoke them to break it. You must not make that day like a stiff harness that rubs and irritates the skin, but must adapt it to the child's emotion, and to the whole of childhood, in such a way that it shall be elastic and pleasant to the child.

"I do not speak of the management of my childhood to censure it. I feel that I have every occasion to thank God for such parents as I had, and for such influences as surrounded me; but I perceive that there were here and there things that might have been modified so as to produce a more favourable impression on me, particularly in regard to the Sabbath. Though it was in old Connecticut, and on one of the highest hill-tops of one of the oldest towns, and among the Puritanest of Puritans, yet I thank God that I was born under the influence of such a Sabbath. It is stained through me. I never shall get over it, and do not want to. And though I do not now keep the Sabbath as I was brought up to, and do not teach my children to, and though it might have been better if the rigour of my early experience in this regard had been relaxed, yet the Sabbath-day has been to me more than I can express. It has left a sweet association, a balmy and blessed influence, a sacred reminiscence that has transformed the face of life and of nature itself. For to this hour I fancy that the sunlight on Sunday is different from what it is on any other day; and the sounds seem different to me."

MOSES, THE MAN OF GOD.*

I.—THE MOMENTOUS CHOICE.



HE choice of Moses was an act of faith. It was "through faith that he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter;" just as it was "through faith" that his parents hid him. And this is well explained by what afterwards is added: "He looked away to the future recompense;" "he endured"—he held out or bore up—"as seeing him who is invisible." There was an attraction in the pleasures of sin; but Moses looked away from these allurements to pleasures higher and more enduring. There was terror in the monarch's frown, but Moses took refuge from it in the smile of a mightier potentate. And this was faith. Had he merely closed his eyes on the charms of Egypt—had he merely steeled his nerves against the threats of Pharaoh—it might have been manly or noble-minded; but besides that without faith he was not likely to have done it at all, through faith he could afford to do it cheerfully. God had opened his eyes and shown him in heaven a better and enduring substance, so he could lay down without a sigh a chain of gold or even a kingly crown. God had opened his ear, and through all the din and angry demonstration, like Father Abraham before him, a sus-

taining voice upheld him, "Fear not, for I am thy shield;" and though the idols of On were so awful to their votaries, and though Pharaoh had an army at his beck, the Lord on high was mightier than all, and Moses went through with it serenely, sublimely, "as seeing him who is invisible."

From time to time the Lord allows to take place like trials of the faith of his people. In the reign of Louis XIV. the Protestants were the flower of France, just as France was then the foremost of nations. Owing to their superior intelligence and morality, the Huguenots had got into their own hands a large share in the trade and the largest share in the manufactures of the kingdom. They were prosperous, and wealthy, and increasing, when a decree came forth proscribing the Protestant religion, and prohibiting all Protestant worship. By a double stroke of despotism every Protestant minister was banished, every Protestant layman was interdicted from leaving the kingdom. But whilst the Calvinistic laity were kept at home, they were ordered to consign their children to the care of Romish teachers, they were forbidden to employ any but Romish servants in their families, and death was denounced on those who should attend any other than Romish worship. For the faith of some these penalties were too awful, and they yielded and conformed. But a glorious army preferred the reproach of Christ, and showed that they were not afraid of the king's commandment. They loved their beautiful France, and they hardly hoped to find another land with an air so

* "Moses, the Man of God. A Course of Lectures." London: James Nisbet and Co. A posthumous work from the pen of James Hamilton. Those who have profited by his earlier works will find here that, being dead, he yet speaketh nobly on a noble theme.

elastic and with an inspiration so gladsome and gay: but France was not heaven, and after a few years of the better country, the fogs of England and Holland would be forgotten. They loved the home of their fathers, and grudging to surrender to the Papist and stranger the fields they had bought with their earnings and the orchards they had planted for their children. And some of them, like Rapin and Savery, and Lyonnet and Basnage, were scholars and men of science, and they grieved to leave behind them the libraries and learned reunions of Paris. And the attempt was dangerous. If intercepted, they were doomed to the galleys; that is, for the rest of their days they were chained two and two on benches in long flat boats, and obliged to row with long heavy oars, unsheltered from the weather, and allowed no other bed at night than the bench to which they were fastened by day. Yet, looking anxiously at it, they saw no alternative. To return to Popery would be to deny the Lord who bought them, and even if caught and consigned to the galleys, it would be better to "suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." And so by faith they forsook France, not fearing the wrath of the king, and the sentinels whom he had posted along the frontiers. Hid amongst bales of goods on ship-board, or in empty casks with only the bung-hole to breathe through; venturing to sea in open boats without provisions in wintry weather, with nothing to give their famished children but the falling snow; fine ladies disguised as market-women, and trundling barrows along the miry roads; gray-headed nobles driving cattle, or travelling by night and lurking in barns or caverns all day,—three hundred thousand of them earned their recompense of reward, and if they impoverished France, they have ennobled Europe, and enriched the records of the faith by their martyr-like migration.

II.—THE LAST PLAGUE.

TEAROR may be a powerful taskmaster, but something else is needful to renew the heart and transform the affections. As he lay in his palace during those days of darkness, Pharaoh got time for reflection; and even if he refused to think of Israel's rights and of the cruelties inflicted on them by himself and his predecessors, there could be no question that there had come to their rescue a powerful protector. This Jehovah was mighty in battle, and in nine successive encounters he had discomfited Thoth and Phrah, Isis and Osiris, the time-honoured guardians of Egypt, and had put shame on those great idols, the sun and the river Nile. Pharaoh for the instant felt powerless in the hand of this unknown God, so awful and irresistible, and inwardly vowed that as soon as the present visitation ended, he would make peace with Him by giving up the point at issue. But the visitation ceased, and along with it much of his consternation vanished. Here, on the fourth morning, the sun shone out so clear, and through the translucent

margin the water-lilies looked up into the sky, which reflected its unclouded mirror under them. Of such a pitchy night it was wonderful that no trace remained: the river was not ink, the blossoms were not black, and as the tramp of foot-guards crushed the open court, as barges went flashing up the stream, and the gay life of Memphis fluttered forth like the phantoms of a dream, the fears and vows of the monarch fled away, and he had courage to put Moses off with a poor and pitiful concession.

Who knows it not? On the stormy lake, pale as ashes, Volney drops on his knees and cries, "Christ, save me! O Christ, have mercy upon me!" and when the storm is over and they are safe on shore, he begs his friends not to reveal his weakness. Detected in a deed of dishonesty, which he declares to be his very first—for there never was a thief who was not a liar also—the purloiner calls Heaven to witness that if you will only let him off this once, he will hereafter rather starve than steal; and six months afterwards he is at the bar of the Old Bailey. Laid on a bed of sickness, the toper is plainly told how urgent is his case, and how many are the chances against him, "Oh, dear doctor, if you will only set me on my feet this once, I give you my solemn word, I never taste another drop," and the vow is apt till he is pronounced past danger. In imminent alarm—with lying refugees swept away—like Pharaoh in the dark left all alone with Israel's God, you have seen the folly of a godless life, and the terribleness of unprepared death, and have promised and protested that as soon as this crisis was over you would make God's friendship your first effort and his service your chief concern. But if it be a yew-tree staff, as soon as the pressure is taken off it will start up straight as ever; and if it be the same proud, self-sufficient, self-indulgent nature as before, it may bend for a moment beneath the mighty hand of God, but, like a deceitful bow, rebounding, is sure to turn back erect and stiff as ever.

The milder warning was thrown away, and now the great woe was coming. God's ambassador had been dismissed. Under pain of death, Moses had been ordered from the presence-chamber; and to the rude rebuff, "Let me see thy face no more," with the ominous dignity of one who knew his Master's might, Moses answered, "Thou hast spoken well: I will see thy face no more." And returning to his Master, the Lord said unto Moses, "Yet will I bring one plague more upon Pharaoh and upon Egypt: after that he shall not only let you go, but shall thrust you out altogether."

This plague was so terrible that even at this distance it is awful to survey. By making men courageous the gospel makes them less cruel, and whilst it has braced up men's energies it has also softened their spirits; so that much as we may enjoy feats of prowess, the excitement of conflict, the exultation of victory, we turn away from the devastation and carnage with which they are purchased. The naked announcement that in a single

night a whole nation was plunged into mourning, every family bewailing its eldest son, looked at alone and dis severed from the facts, might well afflict our feelings. But we must remember the actual facts. "Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord, I will repay." Towards the Israelites the Egyptians had for long behaved so cruelly that, if suffering could be weighed or measured, we might safely aver that Israel's slow centuries of endurance were feebly countervailed by Egypt's night of anguish. Who can tell the protracted misery—the misery of a high-spirited, free-roaming people who had been entrapped into sudden slavery? and what bottle but God's own could contain the tears of the broken-hearted bondmen, the tears of families torn asunder, the tears of hapless mothers entreating the stony-hearted ruffians not to hurl into the stream the babe

snatched from their bosom, the tears of trampled abjects who saw their dearest kindred faint beneath their burdens or knocked down by savage overseers, and who dared not remonstrate or complain? And every one must be addressed in the language he understands. The tiger which has grasped your child—'tis no use to coax or flatter—it is only the flaming fagot you thrust into his face which makes him howl and drop his victim in the shock of sudden pain. "Israel is my first-born," said God—"let Israel my people go." But the lion only snarled, and even blow after blow made him only bite the firmer and make the bondage sorer: till an arm of fire gleamed through the night, and "a great cry" confessed the burning blow, as the victim dropped from his gory jaws bruised and palpitating, but still alive and FREE.

The Church in the House.

BY THE EDITOR.



UNDER this heading the Editor proposes to give a series of short Scriptural Expositions, one for every week in the year, with a special view to their use in families on the evening of the Lord's-day. Although a discourse on a cognate text from another portion of Scripture may occasionally be interposed, the series will mainly consist of continuous expositions in the Acts of the Apostles, so that the whole may constitute a view of the doctrine and practice of the Primitive Church. Ecclesiastical questions on which as yet Protestant Christians entertain different views, although in their own place important, will be omitted as not suitable for these pages, and the space occupied with the great things of the covenant which make for the edification of the whole body of Christ. The form of the exercises—a consecutive explanation of the Scripture, by the method known in Scotland as the "Lecture"—will facilitate revisal and reading of parallels in the private religious instruction of the young.

I.

THE ASCENSION.

THE Gospel according to Luke and the Acts of the Apostles are the two books of one continuous history, by the same author. The first book contains the personal ministry of our Lord; and the second gives sketches of the great mission work conducted by the apostles, under the ministry of the Spirit, after their Head had withdrawn from their view. The ascension of the Lord Jesus is the point of contact between the two books; and, as is natural in such cases, they overlap each other a little there. The event is narrated both in the end of the Gospel and in the beginning of the Acts. Let the exposition, in this aspect, follow the analogy of the text. As an introduction to the study of the Acts, let us glance at the last fact recorded in the Gospel.

"And he led them out as far as to Bethany; and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to

pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven. And they worshipped him, and returned to Jerusalem with great joy" (Luke xxiv. 50-52).

Between the birth of Christ in Bethlehem and his ascension from the Mount of Olives intervened a period of nearly thirty-four years. This space which, according to the measurements of time, is considerable, becomes a point when it is viewed from eternity; as vast worlds seem shining sparks when they lie deep in the infinitude. The life of Jesus in the world was the point of contact between the finite and the Infinite—the meeting-place between God and man. At that point God touched us, and we were not consumed; we touched him, and yet lived.

When the Infinite and Eternal would make himself known to us, he needs must fix on a point in space—a moment in time. Somewhere on the surface of this inhabited world, and at some period in the course of the

ages, the meeting must take place. In Judea, and about eighteen hundred and seventy years ago, the Word—who was with God, and was God—became flesh, and dwelt among us.

Although, according to our mode of reckoning, the contact extended over a portion of space and a period of time, it will seem only a point, when angels look down on it, or saints look back. With the ascension from the Mount of Olives, Christ's personal ministry on earth was closed. Here the eclipse went off, and the Sun of Righteousness shone forth again in the sight of the unfallen, free from the obscuration, partial and temporary, which he had undergone.

When an eclipse comes on the sun, a strange gloom is spread over all the heavens, and the sun seems to have been robbed of his glory; but when you have waited a while, and marked the changing phases of the phenomenon, you observe that the sun is shaking off the cold shadow of this globe that seemed to cover his disc. The last remnant of the darkness disappears, and the light of day emerges in all his former glory.

One can well imagine that to angelic spirits, who imperfectly understood his attributes and his plans, the incarnation of the Son might seem like a solar eclipse. Some cold, dark, earthly orb comes in contact with their Lord, and his glory is to their view for the time obscured. Throughout those thirty-three years the angels may have been occupied inquiring in curious wonder what had caused the unwonted dimness of their day; and they may have experienced a glad relief when the obscuration passed off, and He whom they worship resumed his throne.

We, on our part, are permitted to draw near also and behold the great sight. These words of the evangelist reveal the parting scene. The Son of God had grasped a fallen world that he might save it, and now he lets that world go again—no, he is not really letting it go; for he has taken hold of our nature and has borne it with him to his throne. He still holds fast this world; ever tight is the line of love that binds him to all his own. Keen and sensitive, as the nerves that unite head and members, are those lines through which his love thrills down into his people, and their hope goes up to fasten on the anchor, sure and steadfast, within the veil.

In Luke's narrative we are permitted to contemplate in succession,—

1. The attitude of the ascending Lord toward the faithful whom he left behind, and,

2. The attitude of the faithful left behind toward their ascending Lord.

I. How the Lord regarded his disciples when he was in the act of leaving them.

Look unto Jesus at the moment of his departure. If we acquaint ourselves with him as he goes away, we shall be prepared to welcome him when he returns. As he has gone, so will he come again; with this difference, that at his second coming every eye shall see him.

1. The place: "He led them out as far as to Bethany." It was the village on the further side of Olivet, where Lazarus and his sisters dwelt. The heart of the man Christ Jesus was not indifferent to the associations connected with the spot. There he had often rested when he was weary. There he had proclaimed and proved himself the Resurrection and the Life. Perhaps it was at Bethany that the eleven could best bear to let him go out of their sight. "He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." There human love clothed itself with omnipotence, and recalled a brother from the grave. If the disciples, in their weakness, could anywhere endure to look the last time in this world on their Lord, it was on the spot where their friend Lazarus was loosed and let go. Places have power on human hearts. He who knows our frame acknowledges this principle, and uses it. Some spots of this dull Earth are consecrated by bright, blessed memories, which, when occasionally revived, refresh a weary soul. Do not be superstitiously subject to places: but, on the other hand, beware of despising them; for though they cannot save, they may serve. "All things are yours."

2. The parting act: "He lifted up his hands, and blessed them." Those hands were never lifted up to smite; those lips blessed, and cursed not. Let those who bear his name strive to follow his steps. Let our hands, our lips, be like his. Jesus is the revelation of God—is God revealed. Not by his words only, but also by his life, he showed us the Father. Off that blessed life we may read while we run the legend,—“God is love.”

Bear in mind that Christ is God's visit to the world. From first to last that visit was love. His appearing was gentle as a summer's dawn. He was born a babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and laid in a manger. Such was the step by which a holy God approached our world when it rebelled against him. Angels sang the advent as peace on earth and good-will to men. The keynote struck at his birth was maintained throughout his history; and you catch its cadence in his dying agony, when he prayed, "Father, forgive them." In the moment of his ascension you recognize still the Lamb of God: "He lifted up his hands, and blessed them."

In the last glimpse we get of Jesus, as he leaves the world, he appears lifting up his hands to bless. He disappears in the act of giving; Mary, on the contrary, disappears from our view in the act of receiving. He, at his departure, as becomes the Saviour of sinners, gives to the needy out of his own fulness; she at her departure, as becomes a sinner saved, is opening her mouth wide, that she may receive from her Redeemer's grace. He lifts up his hands to bless; she bends her knees to pray (Acts i. 14). Even so; for there is but one Mediator between God and man.

3. His departure. He went to heaven as he came to earth—for his people's good. "It is expedient for you that I go away." We need an advocate with the Father;

and we have one, Jesus Christ the righteous. We need an anchor of the soul while we are exposed on the stormy sea; and we have one, for our Forerunner has, on our account, gone before us within the veil.

But though he went out of their sight, he did not go far from them. He has left the promise, "Lo, I am with you alway." Leaning on his arm, they look for his appearing.

II.

WORSHIP AND WORK.

II. Consider now the attitude of the disciples towards their ascending Lord.

1. "They worshipped him." This is a great word. This is a great step in the path of those who followed Christ, and the print of it is full of meaning for us to-day. It is worship: it is the homage of a human heart, which is due to God alone. "See thou do it not," is the angel's stern command, as soon as a man proposes by mistake to offer worship to any created being.

Man is made for worshipping. This is shown by the two facts: that he has been made, and that he has been made so great. The beasts that perish have, like him, been formed by the Creator's hand; but they have not the faculties necessary for recognizing their Maker. We, as much as they, are the work of God's hand; but, unlike them, we possess intelligence to observe and own the hand that made us. By the double fact that we are high enough to know God, and not high enough to be God, we are constrained to worship. Man is constitutionally a religious being. In his heart there lies a capacity for worship, and a tendency to exercise it. But while there is something allied to an instinct within us prompting to worship, a darkened mind and a defiled conscience continually turn the stream aside from its proper channel and pollute all its volume. It is human to worship; but no human being since the Fall, when left to himself, worships aright.

Error, which apart from Revelation and the ministry of the Spirit is universal, parts practically into two, and flows in diverging channels. Worship is directed either to the true God, and in that case is dead; or to an idol, and in that case it can afford to have a species of life. Man finds it easy to offer ardent worship to a creature, but impossible, without the intervention of a Mediator, to give real worship to the living God. Hence idolatry is frequently earnest; while the worship of Jehovah, apart from the knowledge of him in Christ, is a form.

The gulf was bridged for man by the incarnation of the Son of God. Here men worship a Man, and yet there is no idolatry. In Emmanuel a human heart may dissolve in divine homage to a brother of our own flesh and blood, and yet not be defiled by spiritual unchasteness. Here man worships a Man, and yet preserves purity of spirit. Only in Christ can he find an object whom we can worship without fear, and yet worship

without sin. God has bowed his heavens and come down. He has taken hold of our nature: we, when we feel his touch, awake and worship—worship him that touched us, and yet worship only God.

2. "They returned to Jerusalem." This was a great point gained. The Master did not miscalculate the strength of the love to himself which he had kindled in the breasts of those poor men. It was difficult for them to take the first step. It required the ministry of angels to tear them from the spot. "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" (Acts i. 11.) Ah, ye angels that excel in strength, something that ye know not of rivets these men to the spot. These ministering spirits asking the disciples why they stood gazing after the risen Lord, are like persons who never knew a mother's joys or sorrows expressing surprise to see a mother melting away with grief when her babe is dead. He took not on him the nature of angels; but in the own nature of these Galileans the Lord of Glory had kept them company, and won their hearts, and redeemed their souls. Therefore they stood and gazed toward heaven at the spot where he ascended.

Their spiritual life hitherto had depended on the presence of the Lord, as an infant's life depends directly on its mother. They were children, and at that moment children weaned. The branches seemed broken from the tree, and they thought they must droop and die. But he who made them new creatures had so constituted their spiritual life that it could survive the weaning and grow stronger thereby. "Greater things than these shall ye do, because I go to my Father." His departure was necessary for their development into the stature of perfect men.

They were not disobedient to the heavenly vision. They did not, on the one hand, continue gazing from the mountain up to heaven, in a fervent but unpractical devotion; neither, on the other hand, did they return to Galilee to their farms and their fishings. They did not demand the return of their Lord; neither did they desert his cause when they were deprived of his presence. They returned to Jerusalem. This simple act, in their circumstances, proved two things: first, their firm conviction that the promised Spirit would come; and second, their settled determination to accept the task of converting the world. They came into the city to wait for the Spirit; but they waited for the Spirit in order that they might go forth in his power to win the nations to Christ.

There was much in this act. When those poor and afflicted men went back to the city where their Master's blood had been shed, it was at the risk of spilling also their own. If they had not been sustained by a super-human courage, Jerusalem would have been the last place to which they should have turned their steps. It was the power of their unseen Lord that nerved their hearts, as they made their way down the western slopes of the mountain and entered Jerusalem as the followers of Jesus the crucified Nazarene.

3. They returned with great joy. What have we here! Great joy! How comes this? As well might you expect a flame to burst from yonder altar after the piled wood has been soaked and the ditch round its base filled with water. But a fire from heaven, at Elijah's cry, made the dripping fuel burn; and light from the love of God kindled these men's hearts and made their faces shine in spite the sea of troubles that surrounded them.

They had witnessed the rage of the Jews against their Master, and they had been distinctly warned that a similar persecution would overtake those who should dare to witness to his name and cause. In Jerusalem no comfort awaited them. Among its multitudes they had no friends except a few timid men, who dared not face the danger; and a few faithful women, who were weeping themselves away in some obscure hiding-places. Jerusalem contained the Roman governor and his soldiers; the Sanhedrim and the mob; the multitude that heaved and stormed like the sea, until its cruel appetite was appeased by the blood of Jesus. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets; and stonest them that are sent unto thee, there was nothing in thee to make these men of Galilee glad when they returned from Bethany without their Lord.

They are not permitted to enter rest with their Lord, but they are sent to work for him; and this made them glad. They worshipped him; and now they go from worship down to work: from the work they will, in due time, return again to worship. Thus, between these two, the pendulum of their life will vibrate, until its last hour strike; and then the labourer, at a bound, will enter his eternal rest.

Thus, a Christian who lives up to his privilege leads a sort of charmed life. Nothing can come wrong. To depart is to be *with* Christ; to remain is to work *for* Christ: and both are joyful.

III.

THE PRAYER-MEETING.

ACTS I. 9.*

"And when he had spoken these things." These words! They were the last, and yet not the last. The last in the ministry of his visible presence; but he will continue to teach them still. His word liveth and abideth for ever. He will make good his promise, "Lo, I am with you alway."

We linger on the last words: "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons." Himself knows them, and, knowing them, knows that it was not expedient to impart these deep things of God to men. But in the act of intimating that the date of the event must remain concealed, he clearly declares that the event itself

is sure,—the establishment of the kingdom in Israel—the universal reign of the Son of David. The event is sure, and the date also is fixed; but the knowledge of the date cannot be revealed. For their sakes it is concealed; for manifestly the absolute declaration of the date would thwart and hinder the establishment of the kingdom. It would have closed the lips of suppliants, and paralyzed the hands of those who should be fellow-workers with God.

When the Lord declines to declare the date of the expected consummation, he gives them another thing instead. He gives them what he counts better. Something which they asked *was not for them*, and therefore it was withheld; something which they did not ask *was for them*, and therefore it was bestowed. It is thus that we treat our children day by day.

He never gives his disciples a blank refusal. When he declines one thing, he bestows a better. That which he bestowed in this case was the combined promise and command of the eighth verse: "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons; but ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me," &c. Instead of permitting them to occupy their minds with an unknown future, he sends them into present work. Instead of telling them when the kingdom will come, he assigns to them the work of bringing in the kingdom. It is by their witnessing that the nations will be made subject to Christ. "The God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly;" but you must arise and contend; you must cast down the old serpent, and stamp upon his prostrate folds.

"And while they looked steadfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two men stood by them." Whoever the messengers may have been, the message which they bear is clear: "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." The interval must be occupied, not in pensive, fond upward gazing, but in hearty, earnest work. He will come again; but times and seasons which man cannot number will intervene. These are times of witnessing for all the disciples of Christ. They must receive the Spirit; they must be witnesses for Christ; they must begin at Jerusalem; they must reach the ends of the earth. After that shall the end be. The time seems long; and yet it is approaching quickly. That fixed star seems fixed indeed to our eyes; there it has stood in the deep of heaven, and glittered down on the upturned eyes of longing disciples these eighteen hundred years—the bright promise of his coming; but though it seems to stand still, it is moving; it is approaching. Be of good cheer, disciples, your Redemption is nearer than when those Galileans first left their nets to follow Jesus. The fixed star is not fixed—it is rushing through space to its goal, although its movements cannot be detected by our instruments. The kingdom is coming, although it is beyond the power of our calculus to predict the

* Some portions of chapters I., II., and XIII. were expounded in six papers contributed by the writer to this Magazine in 1803; and these are consequently omitted here.

time of its arrival. Its sudden appearing will surprise and gladden the waiting Simeons and Annas of that day.

This Earth is a small body ; it is like a grain of sand on the shore of Immensity—a Bethlehem-ephraiah among the worlds which constitute God's universe : yet the Earth is, and ever will be, the most valued of all his works, because into it has come and from it has ascended the Divine Redeemer, in whom all things shall yet be gathered into one. Here he passed through his humiliation, and here will his glory be displayed.

When the disciples reached the city, they betook themselves to a large upper room—some hall, either hired for the purpose or gratuitously placed at their disposal by some believer, such as Joseph of Arimathea, who owned property and loved the Lord. From the beginning the Lord needed men of property, and from the beginning he provided them. To the poor the gospel was preached ; but at the same time the love of Christ constrained some of the rich to minister unto him of their substance, whatever material means were necessary for the work.

As they enter the upper room the names of all the Eleven are taken down and transmitted by the record to the latest generation. Peter is restored, and his backsliding healed ; Thomas is confirmed, and believes, although he no longer sees. We have here what in modern phraseology would be termed the minutes and the sederunt of the first missionary meeting. With the apostles other believers, men and women, assembled, until the company in the upper room numbered about a hundred and twenty.

Here is the first assembly of the Christian Church after the ascension of the Lord. This is the well's eye near the summit of the mountain, and the tiny rill that trickled over its brim that day has grown into a mighty river now. Down through the generations the stream has flowed without ceasing ; and at this day, although many things impede its progress, the Christian Church is the greatest power in the world. How great the numbers that go up to the house of God to worship in the name of the one Mediator ! From a very small mustard seed a mighty tree has grown.

In that upper room were all the elements that go to constitute "the Church." The first assembly was the germ of all that followed. United worship is a divine ordinance. Not only is it in accordance with the revealed will of God, it is manifestly suited to the need and the capacity of men. It is true that the spiritual life depends primarily on the individual ; but it is also true that for spiritual growth and health we are instrumentally dependent on association with fellow-Christians.

Our soul's state is much affected, either for good or evil, by the company of our kind. A human being has a separate personal identity, and also social relations with his neighbours. Some of our actions are solitary, and terminate on ourselves, such as breathing, think-

ing—others are necessarily social, and presuppose society, such as speaking, hearing, loving. If a man were entirely separated from his kind, he would no longer be what he is—would soon cease to be. Half of his faculties would lie dormant for want of exercise ; and lying long dormant, they would die ; and the death of one half of his faculties would soon take the life out of all the rest.

Thus necessary is society for man. God has not neglected this feature of the human constitution in the structure of his covenant and the organization of the Church. Our individual relation to God is the first thing : Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me ?—*thou me*. But when this first commandment of the Gospel has been enforced, the second, which is like unto it, is not neglected. None can save his brother ; every one must enter into relation with God for himself ; but every man both gets and gives in intercourse with society. Every disciple helps or hinders his fellow-disciple. In all earnest times they that fear the Lord speak often one to another ; and the Lord hearkens and hears when any company, great or small, agree to seek him together.

There was perseverance in the prayer of the primitive Church—"they continued." There was unity in those early prayer-meetings—they prayed "with one accord." The prayers were not soon broken off, and were not hindered by disagreements among the suppliants. They ascended straight to heaven in a pillar of pure incense, and descended soon in showers of blessing—a great refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

IV.

THE GIFT OF THE SPIRIT AT PENTECOST.

ACTS II. 1-4.

The only event recorded in the interval of ten days between the ascension of Christ and the mission of the Holy Spirit is the election of an apostle in the room of Judas, which occupies the latter half of the first chapter. The disciples waited at Jerusalem for the promise, and the promise was in due time fulfilled—"When the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place." They waited for the Spirit as those who wait for the morning ; as eager for its coming, and as sure that it will come at the set time. Although they were sure of the event, they did not relax in the use of the means to procure it. Persevering prayer and oneness of heart, were the forces by which they drew the blessing down.

At the feast of the Passover, the lamb was slain ; at the feast of Pentecost, the law was given. Coincident with the slaying of the lamb was the death of Christ ; coincident with the giving of the law was the descent of the Spirit. The long-continued, oft-repeated prophecy was at length fulfilled. Passovers and Pentecosts may now cease. Like the seed cast into the ground, they perish in the act of producing. As the sacrifice of

Christ was the substantial fruit from the typical promise of the Passover, so the descent of the Spirit was the real and effective giving of the law to men. On the first Pentecost the law was written on tables of stone; on the last Pentecost came the Spirit, whose office it is to write that law on the living tables of the heart.

"Suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind." Not a rushing mighty wind, but a sound that seemed like it. It pleased the Lord to manifest the descent of the Spirit by signs that appeal to the senses, that by the mouth of two witnesses the fact might be confirmed;—the sense of hearing, this sound; the sense of sight, the tongues of fire. The fire was like cloven tongues—that is, it was distributed so that a tongue touched each, licking his head like a flame. The tongue was not of fire, but "like as of fire;" there was the brightness, but not the burning. The tongues indicated speech, and the fire promised that the words spoken to spread the gospel would be burning words.

At an earlier period the Pharisees, tempting him, asked a sign from heaven. He refused; he would not give a sign to satisfy the curiosity of unbelievers. But when his own disciples are sad, he gives them, without being asked for it, a sign from heaven to cheer them; to prove that he is there, and that all power is in his hands. When Joseph sent the royal chariots from Egypt to bring his famishing father into a land of plenty, the sight of the vehicles—with perhaps the royal arms emblazoned on their sides, according to the fashion of Egyptian art—restored Jacob's fainting heart, convincing him that his son was alive, and possessed of kingly power (Gen. xlv. 26–28). In some such manner this sign from heaven was fitted to confirm in the trembling hearts of those primitive disciples the struggling conviction of their faith, that Jesus their elder brother lived, and reigned, and remembered them with all his wonted love.

"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." Hitherto communications of the Spirit had been made in smaller measure, as foretastes of the promised blessing. Man, by the Fall, lost communion with God. He became flesh, not only in the sense of being human, but in the sense of being destitute of the Spirit, without God in the world.

Through the covenant by which Christ undertook redemption, glimpses of the Spirit were vouchsafed in the earlier times, so that the world was not left in complete darkness. The Spirit of God did strive with man in the evil days both before and after the Flood; but it was only when the Word became flesh and dwelt among us that the Spirit in fulness returned to the earth. In the second Adam the Spirit dwelt without measure. He had no sin, and when he became flesh the Spirit was restored to humanity. When he ascended up on high he retained a connection with his disciples on earth through their faith; and by that thread the Divine Spirit thrilled down from the Head into the members.

"They were filled with the Holy Ghost." The vessels were prepared and gathered together. The long cherished expectations and the long continued prayers were all brought to a point when the day of Pentecost was fully come. To that point drawn, the Spirit came, and all the vessels were filled to overflowing.

Then was the disaster of the Fall remedied. First-fruits the Church had previously obtained, but now came the full harvest.

"God dwells with men: his people they,
And he his people's God."

V.

THE TONGUES OF FIRE.

ACTS II. 4–12.

"They began to speak with other tongues;" that is, in other languages than their own; especially in the languages of the various nationalities enumerated below. This is not a miraculous gift bestowed on the missionaries, and to be used in their ministry so as to supersede the use of ordinary means. There is no trace of such a gift in the Scriptures of a later date; and no trace of it in the subsequent history of the Church. It would have been unlike the way of the Lord—against the analogy of Providence. It was a sign graciously given on that day to confirm the faith of the disciples at the crisis of their need; not a convenience to render exertion unnecessary. In like manner, the Lord, in a crisis of his personal ministry, fed a famishing multitude with a few loaves. This was done for a sign, that they might believe. But he did not interfere with the ordinary course of Providence; he did not free men from the necessity of tilling and sowing the ground.

"As the Spirit gave them utterance." Their hearts were filled with the great things of the kingdom, and they laboured to pour them forth as glory to God. The Spirit given to them infused the thoughts, and framed the thoughts into words; so that the emotions and sentiments that filled the hearts of these Galilean fishermen were poured out in the tongues of Greece and Rome, of Persia and Africa. Thus the men, whether of the stock of Israel or proselytes from the Gentiles, who had from various countries come up to Jerusalem to worship at the feast, heard in their own languages the wonderful works of God—heard and believed—believed and carried to their homes, and in their homes repeated; so that the Gospel spread in the first age farther and faster through the world than in the ordinary course of even apostolic ministry. These foreign worshippers at Jerusalem received "bread to the eater;" and having lived on the word themselves, they carried it with them to their homes, as "seed to the sower:" and thence sprang a harvest, that waved like Lebanon, in Europe, in Africa, and in the East, during the lifetime of the Eleven.

The utterance given by the Spirit to the missionaries

was aptly symbolized by the tongues of fire. As water in baptism signifies the spiritual cleansing, so the fire, resting on the apostles' heads, promised the living conquering energy with which they should preach the gospel and spread the kingdom. The speech that publishes the glad tidings should be a tongue of fire. He who speaks the gospel coldly has not himself felt its power. When the preacher's heart is kindled, his words will burn. Enthusiasm, instead of being a blemish in a Christian, is his normal condition. "Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord;" these two have been joined together by the Word of God, and they should never be put asunder in the practice of men.

The gift of tongues—the "utterance" imparted by the Spirit—was a direct means of establishing Christ's kingdom, in that it supplied the apostles at the beginning of their work with a certificate of their call and their competence. It was evidence to all who heard that they were divinely commissioned to make known the way of life. But besides its use as a sign to certify the calling of the preachers, it was in its own nature fitted, more than any other sign, directly to promote the cause. It both proved the doctrine true, and spread it far. The expression of the doctrine by Galilean preachers, in a language that foreigners understood, both induced the hearers to believe and enabled them to carry home what they had heard for the benefit of their own countrymen. Any other sign from heaven might have been equally effective to convince the on-lookers that the apostles had a divine commission to

make known God's will; but no other sign would have suited so well as an instrument to spread the Word of life rapidly among the nations—to sow the seed in the first spring over the wide field of the world.

A question has been raised as to the precise import of the expression, "dwelling at Jerusalem," whether it means Jews born and bred in foreign countries, who in old age returned to lay their bones in the sacred city, or Jews and proselytes whose homes were in the various countries enumerated, and who were sojourning temporarily at Jerusalem, that they might worship at the feasts. There may have been specimens of both kinds; but the spirit of the narrative seems to imply that the majority belonged to the latter class, and the Ethiopian eunuch is an example. Having come so far, it is probable that he remained a considerable time in the city; and that he, and such as he, although only visitors, might correctly be represented as "dwelling at Jerusalem."

The Lord lives and rules now and in this land, as really as then in Judæa. He is the same yesterday and to-day and for ever. When a young person goes for a time to reside in town or country at a distance from home, and there hears the wonderful works of God—the work of redemption by the death of Christ—let him think, God has brought me to this place in order to speak this word to me; he means that I should receive it, and live; that, living by faith on his Son, I should return to my own home and tell what great things the Lord hath done for me.


The Children's Treasury.

LITTLE SNOWDROP AND HER GOLDEN CASKET.

CHAPTER I.

THE MOUNTAIN SPRING.

"Come to the Fountain that floweth for ever.
Drink of the waters and thirst not again;
He who hath conquered is strong to deliver;
None ever sought for the Saviour in vain."

 HERE, stupid, not a drop of milk left! Could not you have looked where you were going, instead of moving about as if you were dreaming; and you carrying the milk pail, too? Not one bit of dinner shall you get to-day; so take yourself off where you like, but don't let me see you for some hours to come."

The speaker was a good-looking woman, the wife of a hard-working farmer in the north of Scotland; and the culprit whom she was addressing in loud, angry tones was a little girl of some twelve years old, so fragile and refined in appearance that it seemed impossible she could be even related to the rosy-cheeked farmer's wife.

A small stream of milk on the steps of the door, and an empty pail, told the nature of the offence. There was a moment's pause, broken only by the loud crowing of a cock and the cluck, cluck of some hens in the adjoining yard. Then the voice of the child was heard,—

"Indeed I was not dreaming, ma'am; my foot slipped on the step. I'm very sorry; indeed I am."

"Being sorry'll not fill the milk pail; and your soft words may come over the guidman, but not me. Be off, as I told you,"—and so saying she shut the door, leaving the child outside.

It was a beautiful day in early autumn, and sunshine was falling on all around—playing on the leaves of the birch and oak trees which overshadowed the Birken Farm-house, and gilding the heather-covered hills. In front of the house a long strip of moorland stretched away to the westward, from whence there rose a range of noble hills, on the summits of which there lay even then some small cloudlets like wreaths of smoke. It

was very quiet on the moor, save when now and then a covey of grouse, startled by some real or imaginary sound, rose with a sudden whirr, flying a short distance, then again disappearing amongst the heather and furze.

When the child found herself shut out of the farmhouse, she stood for some minutes uncertain what to do, crying silently; then fixing her eyes on one of the neighbouring hills, she set off at a slow pace in the direction of the moor. As she left the farm-steading, a bright-eyed little boy of some four years ran up to her.

"Why you cry?" he said in baby tones; "you're not naughty, Cousin Snow. Who has hurt you? Tell Rob Roy, and he'll fight them; no one shall hurt or scold my pretty Snow."

The girl stooped to kiss the little prattler, saying gently, "Snow can't stay just now, dear; another time she'll stop and play."

"And will you tell me about the gold box, when you come back?" said the boy; but already Snow, as he called her, was out of hearing.

Little Snowdrop, which was the name she had borne almost from infancy, was a singularly pretty child, with deep violet-coloured eyes, their long dark lashes sweeping her pale cheeks, her graceful movements and modest looks reminding one of the first floweret of spring. At a glance one saw she was one of Nature's gentle children, looking like a frail exotic transplanted to a northern atmosphere. And in some degree this was the case; for little Snowdrop, or as she was properly called, Mary Macgregor, though of Scottish parentage, had been born and brought up in Australia, and had come to the "old countrie" only a few short weeks before the time we write of. Her father had died in the far-off land; and poor little Snowdrop had watched by her mother's deathbed on board the ship which was bringing them home, and with eyes blind with tears had seen the body committed to the deep, there to rest till the sea gives up the dead. But little Snow knew that the sea would only hold the mortal part, and that the soul of her loved mother was at rest with the Saviour she loved so well. There were kind hearts on board the ship who pitied and tried to comfort the orphan child, but the young heart was very desolate; and with an anxiety rarely felt by the young, little Snow looked forward to the future before her. All directions had been given to her by her dying mother. Her father's brother, who was a farmer in the north of Scotland, was to meet them at the end of the voyage, and to his care the mother entrusted her orphan child. He had been fondly attached to his dead brother, and she knew would not forsake his child. The small pittance which her parents had been able to save would suffice to keep Snowdrop from being quite dependent, and so in humble faith and hope, the mother was enabled to commit her child to the care of the "Father of the fatherless;" then folding her little one in a fond parting embrace, she put into her hands a small box containing, she

said, wealth of more than earthly worth—promissory notes to be drawn at a Bank that can never fail. "Take them," she said, "one by one, as you require, to the heavenly Banker, and he will supply all your need, according to the riches of his glory in Christ Jesus" (Phil. ix. 19). It was not till after the loved mother fell asleep in Jesus that the child opened the little box. It was made in the shape of a crown, in front of which, in illuminated letters, were the words, "Ask, and ye shall receive;" while on the under part of the box was transcribed, "He is faithful that promised." Quietly did the little orphan raise the lid, and there lay a collection of beautifully illuminated cards, each one containing a Scripture promise. The top one had been specially marked by the mother. It was one precious to her own heart, "Leave thy fatherless children to me." Little Snowdrop's tears fell fast as she read, and closing the box she covered it closely, and put it into her most secret, safest place. Little did she then know the priceless value of the gift she had received, nor the blessings which these heavenly bank-notes were to prove to herself and others. She thought of them most as the parting presents of her darling mother.

Despite the kindly welcome she received from her uncle, Snowdrop felt very desolate at Birken Farm. Mrs. Macgregor in every way was so unlike her gentle mother. Not many days had the child lived with her ere she discovered that husband, servants, and children alike were all ruled by her. Her character was one of great energy, and anything like indolence or fine ladyism met with small encouragement from her. She had a hasty temper, and when provoked would often "speak unadvisedly with her lips." Yet she had many good qualities: her house was always in the most perfect order; her dairy, with its bowls of milk on the shelves, and its stores of home-made cheeses and rich butter, was considered one of the best managed in the neighbourhood; whilst her calves were the best fed, and her poultry the fattest for miles around. Plenty stories were told of large kists at Birken Farm filled with snow white linen, spun by Mrs. Macgregor in her maiden days, and added to yearly even now when spinning was out of fashion, and her children claimed much of her time. Ah, these children! Is there a tender, loving spot in any breast?—they contrive to find it out; and if there is any noble feeling hid away, it may be, out of sight by a cold exterior, trust a child (all unconsciously, it may be) for discovering it and developing it. Lizzie and Maggie, Rob Roy and baby Willie, were all equally doted on by Mrs. Macgregor. True, she ruled them—her will must be theirs also; and hasty words and stern punishment fell to their lot, as it had done to little Snow on the day we are writing of. But let a little face flush, or the busy active feet hush their patter, from some childish ailment, and the mother's work was laid aside without a murmur, and her usually loud voice hushed to a whisper as she pressed the little sufferer to her breast and sung it to sleep with some

plaintive Gaelic ditty. And in one of her worst humours, let anybody so much as mention the name of her first-born son Angus, and the mother's eye would kindle, and the angry words change into those of commendation of her favourite child. He was indeed the apple of her eye. Much older than the rest of her children (for he was already fifteen years old, whilst Lizzie, the one next to him in age, was just ten), and inheriting a good deal of his mother's energy, he was fast becoming her stay and counsellor; she could lean on him as she had never done on her gentle though clever husband; and few were the hasty words passed her lips when he was present.

He was from home visiting an uncle in Aberdeen, when Snowdrop arrived at Birken Farm, and had not even returned on the day when she was wending her way, with a heavy heart, across the moor and up the hill-side. Why she took that particular route it was difficult to say; but on she went—up—up—stumbling now and then amongst the heather, never looking either backward nor around her, just feeling herself very miserable, deeply wronged, useless and forsaken,—yes, forsaken, she thought, even by God; for there were none now to speak to her of him, and she felt as if he were afar off. Foolish little girl! Afar off! when every blade of mountain grass, every exquisitely-formed bell on the heather spray, was proclaiming him near. Afar off! when the glowing sun which he had appointed to give light was shedding its golden beams on all around, and bidding even inanimate Nature rejoice and praise its Creator. "The hills and the mountains were breaking forth into singing, and the trees clapped their hands." And all the while little Snowdrop, with eyes dim with tears, was stumbling on, never noting the glories around her, never hearing the ten thousand jubilant voices that were reading her a lesson in the sin of ingratitude.

She was a long way up the bill now, and, wearied out, was glad to rest. She was thirsty, and longed for a draught of water, but there was none. With the desire came a vivid recollection of the words of one of her bank-notes—as she always termed her promise-texts; only that morning she had read it. "When the poor and needy seek water and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them" (Isa. xli. 17). She understood its meaning; often her loved mother explained it to her; and now in her longing for water to quench her parched lips, she felt also a desire arise for that other water, the Water of Life. Might she ask for both? might she, a sinful little child, take the promissory notes to the heavenly Banker, and, as it were, show him his own promise, and claim from him its full value? She wondered if she might; then remembering the words on her casket, "Ask, and ye shall receive," she knelt down on the heather covered ground and pled the promise. But the very doing so brought her mother so vividly to her mind,

that, unable to bear up any longer, she threw herself on the ground and cried bitterly. 'Twas as if the sea was before her, and in her ears she heard the roar of the waves as she had heard them the very night after her mother's body had been committed to the deep; and she had lain and listened to them as they rose and fell, and thought sadly how they were rolling over all the mortal part of her darling mother.

Long she lay, the hot tears chasing down her cheeks; but the angry feelings in her heart wonderfully calmed, only, every now and then, she uttered the words, "Oh, mother! mother!" Suddenly a hand was laid gently on her shoulder, and a kind manly voice said in accents of real sympathy, "'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'" She started quickly to her feet, and was face to face with the speaker. A pleasant-looking man in the prime of life: he carried a small pack on his back; slightly thrown across him was the usual plaid worn in that district.

"Who are you, and where did you come from?" were Snowdrop's first questions. "I thought there was no one near; that I was quite—quite alone," she stammered out, as if in apology for being found there crying.

A pair of soft gray eyes that seemed to take in her trouble at a glance met hers, then their owner spoke. "'The eyes of the Lord are in every place.' 'When your spirit was overwhelmed within you, he knew your path.'"

Not a word had the stranger yet spoken save those of Scripture; but they were just the words that Snow could not keep up against. Had he asked her any questions, she could have driven back her tears and answered him boldly; but God's words spoken thus solemnly overcame her. She sat down, and covering her face with her hands, cried softly. Now you must not suppose from all this that our little heroine was one who spent her time in useless tears, or was careful to nurse her grief—no such thing; little Snow had a brave heart, and, despite her frail appearance, could bear up manfully in times of trial; but this day she was dispirited and weary, and when she was so, it was only natural that she longed doubly for her mother.

Her companion looked at her with deep sympathy, but spoke not till she had recovered and had once more risen. She was the first to break the silence.

"I'm thirsty," she said; "where can I get a drink of water?"

"Puir lassie," he said, "you've not far to seek, there's water close at hand, though, like Hagar in the wilderness, you saw it not. Come with me."

And sure enough, not very far off, there lay, deep down amongst the heather, a tiny mountain spring, whose waters, as if anxious to escape from the surrounding solitude, had made for themselves a small channel, and,—

"Gleaming 'mid the purple heather,
Downward then they sped;
Glancing through the mountain grasses
Like a silver thread."

With an exclamation of joy Snowdrop drank of the clear water; then she remembered the promise she had pleaded. Scarcely had the remembrance crossed her mind when her unknown friend, as if he had read her thoughts, said slowly and reverently the very words she had prayed. "When the poor and the needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I the Lord will hear them, I the God of Israel will not forsake them;" and then seating himself beside the child, he spoke to her in earnest words of the Water of Life which the Lord was willing to give to all who would drink. "Has anyone told you of that water?" he asked. Then Snow told all,—about her dear father who loved the Lord Jesus; about the coming home and her mother's death; and about her golden casket, and how she had taken that promissory bill to the great Banker, and he had fulfilled his promise.

Her companion's eyes brightened as she spoke. "Praise the Lord!" he said; "your mother has left you something better than gold or silver, house or lands: you are in possession of greater wealth than the young laird of all these broad lands round here; only see that you live up to your income, and draw often on the heavenly Bank, and don't hoard your wealth. Scatter it. There's many round ye wanting a blessing, and the Lord may use your notes to give them it. See you yon cottage at the far-off end of the moor? there's a poor and needy one lives there. Seek her out, and it may be the treasure in your golden casket may be blessed to her. But it's time I was going on my way; and you, if you live as you say at the Birken Farm, should be going homeward. Your treasure's needed there; see that you don't hide it. The Lord bless you, my child, and keep you; and if any ask you who talked with you, say 'twas Book Willie, and they'll know the man;" and so saying, he climbed higher up the hill, and little Snow took the road to the farm-house.

CHAPTER II.

BARS OF IRON.

"Pray, though the gift you ask
May never comfort your fears,
May never repay your pleadings;
Yet pray, and with hopeful tears,
An answer—not that you look for,
But diviner—will come one day.
Your eyes are too dim to see it:
Yet strive, and wait, and pray."

When Snow slipped quietly into the room where the family were assembled, and just beginning the meal which in the homely farm went by the name of supper, she saw at a glance that some important event had taken place. Her aunt's face was radiant with pleasure, and her uncle was so engrossed in conversation with a young lad who stood beside him, that he never observed little Snow come in. The mystery was not long in being solved, for little Rob Roy darted forward, saying, "Dear Snow, Angus has come home; don't you see!"

At these words the stranger turned round quickly, saying, "Right glad to see you at Birken Farm, Cousin Snow, though it does seem as if I had been in no hurry to come home and bid you welcome."

There was something hearty in the sound of his voice, and as Snow looked at the fine open face and dark blue eyes of the lad, she did not wonder his mother thought, as she had one day told her, "There was no lad in all the country-side to be compared to her Angus." In the excitement attendant on Angus's return, the mishap of the morning was forgotten; though Rob Roy brought a burning flush to his cousin's cheek by saying, "You never told me who hurt my pretty Snow this morning and made her cry! I want to know, that I may fight him;" but fortunately at that moment Angus called him off to look at a little magnetic duck he had brought from Aberdeen expressly for him, and so the remark he had made passed unnoticed.

During the next few days it seemed to Snow as if new life had been infused into every one about the farm. Mrs. Macgregor went out and in with a beaming face, and her voice, though firm, was lower than before; and Jenny, who assisted in the dairy, worked now and then in the fields, and looked after the children, got through her arduous duty with a brighter smile, a quicker step than before. And all this was because Angus had come home; and his ready wit, hearty laugh, and kind words seemed to throw an atmosphere of brightness around him. His father kept him busy. There was much to be done in these north parts; the crops were not fully stacked in the farm-yard, and Angus was an energetic worker,—whatever he did, he did heartily. His mother's energetic spirit had descended to him. "Ay, ay," Jenny would say, as she looked at him, now building the stacks, now assisting in filling the corn-carts, "there stands his father's right hand, and his mother's idol. It's a fine farmer he'll be one o' these days, the bonnie lad."

Snow never spilled the milk now, nor sighed so often carrying water from the spring. Ah, no! for somehow Angus was always at hand to help her, jumping over hedges in the most unexpected places, and playfully seizing her pitcher, would ask her if she supposed "a poor little drooping Snowdrop like her was fit to carry that full of water?" then poising the pitcher on his head, he would walk quietly with her to the spring, and filling it, would carry it back to the farm. But, despite his careless air and merry laughter, Snow would start at times to see the sad, grave look that, like a cloud, would flit across his face—but which he plainly forced himself to throw off.

Nor were Snow's eyes the only ones to mark the sudden changes in Angus's countenance. Scarcely had he been one hour in the house ere the watchful eyes of his mother had observed it, and longed to know the cause. Once only had she got a glimmer of what was passing in his mind. They stood together at the farm-gate—mother and son—Angus holding the baby to relieve his

mother's tired arm. The sun was sinking, his golden beams lighting up the Castle of Benvoir. Just then the owner of the castle and his son, a lad of fourteen years, rode past, both giving a kindly nod to the farmer's wife, who returned the greeting, whilst Angus raised his hat.

"What a sturdy lad the young laird grows!" said Mrs. Macgregor to her son; "he'll be a man in no time—he's wonderfully clever, they say, at his books. It's most likely they'll be sending him to college?"

"Yes," said Angus, in an excited, bitter tone. "He'll never know what it is to be thirsting for knowledge he cannot get, or have to plod on at a life he hates. It is hard work, mother, to want to climb to the top of the hill, and yet be condemned to keep down in the valley."

The lad's eyes flashed as he spoke. His mother looked at him with amazement. An arrow at that moment seemed to have pierced her heart.

"Angus," she said, "is there aught you want in your home to make you happy?"

Her tones changed the lad's mood. "No, no," he said; "mother, I was a fool to speak as I did, never had had a better home or kinder parents than I have. Forget what I said, mother; and here, let me run home with the babe, and you too," he said, as he playfully threw his arm round her waist and ran down the steep walk. He was laughing loudly when they arrived at the door, and the mother was smiling; but a weight had fallen on her heart, a misgiving was in her mind, which would not soon pass away.

Some days after this Angus sat in a shady nook reading a book apparently with the aid of a dictionary, to which he had frequent recourse; his brow was clouded, his task, if such it was, seemed a hard one, and at last he threw the book from him, and great lad though he was, tears of disappointment fell from his eyes. "It is no good," he said to himself; "I can't make it out, and even though I could, I can't spare the time. There's work to be done, that no one but myself can superintend. Oh, if only I could see my way plain!" and the lad covered his face with his hands.

Just then a fat little pair of arms were thrown round him, and Rob Roy's child voice broke the silence. "What's the matter, Angus; are you ill?"

Half relieved to find the child was alone, Angus caught him in his arms. "No, not ill, Rob Roy—only the road is crooked a bit, and brother Angus would like it to be made straight—that's all."

"Crooked," said the child; then thinking a minute, he clapped his hands, exclaiming, "Oh, I know—Snow can make it all right. She's got it in her golden casket."

"What are you talking about, boy?" said Angus. "What is a golden casket? and how could Snow make it all right?"

"Well," said the child, "don't you know that Snow has a golden casket, and beautiful bank-notes in it? and she has only to show them to her Banker up there, and he has said, whatever is written on them, if he is

asked, he will do. You see if I don't get you one!" And ere Angus could answer a word, he was off exultingly,—up the bank, across the field he ran, down the steep little walk, and up to the door-porch where Snowdrop sat sewing.

"O Snow, pretty Snow, Angus is so sad, 'cause something is crooked that he would like made straight, and I know you have a note that can do it; please give it to me, that I may take it to Angus and make him happy again."

"Something crooked that one would like to have made straight." Ah, that was just the very thing that Snowdrop herself was feeling. It had been a crooked day for her. Everything seemed to have gone wrong: the baby committed to her care had been fretful; the other children unmanageable; Mrs. Macgregor busy baking, and sadly out of temper; and poor little Snow unable to keep things right. No wonder then that Rob Roy's words set her thinking. Had she really in her possession a receipt that could make crooked things straight?

Telling the child to play at the door till she came down, she slipped upstairs, and taking the precious little box out of her trunk, opened it carefully. Slowly she turned over the promise-texts, wondering which one the child had alluded to, ashamed of herself forgetting what he had remembered, for as he could not read them for himself, she must have read it to him. At last she came on it. There, in beautifully illuminated letters, were the precious words, "I will go before thee and make the *crooked places straight*; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron" (Isa. xiv. 2). And underneath the words, "Ask in faith, nothing wavering."

"Go before thee and make the crooked places straight." Oh, what a promise! and here had she been stumbling on in her own strength, and falling at every step, whilst all the time there was One, all-powerful to help, promising to go before her and make all straight. But he must be inquired of to do it. Never before had little Snow felt the preciousness of prayer, or realized the wealth of the inheritance that her mother had left to her, as she did then; and laying the card before her, she pled for its fulfilment in the name of Jesus, then rose with the peace of God filling her heart. Surely the daily trials of life, the little thorns, the crooked paths, would be easier to bear now, with the blessed assurance that her Father in heaven was going before her and would make crooked places straight.

Then she thought of Angus, and wondered if the promise would bring rest and peace to his spirit. For an instant she hesitated as to whether she would send him the beautiful card, then remembering Book Willie's words, "Don't hide your treasure, but scatter it," she took the text in her hand and ran downstairs. Little Rob Roy, who had waited patiently for her, ran eagerly forward to meet her. He was a strange child, and thoughtful beyond his years; and the sight of his big

brother's tears had impressed him with a sense that something was far wrong.

"Here, Rob Roy, is the card," said Snow; "give it to Angus. I know he will take care of it; just you slip it into his hand; and afterwards, if I were you, I'd leave him alone a bit; and you say to him, 'He is faithful that promised.'"

The child repeated the words, then nodding his head, sagaciously trotted off. He found Angus where he had left him, sitting absorbed in thought, fighting a great inward battle. Why, he was passionately asking himself—why were men so differently placed in this world? some with all the world's goods, and nothing to do all day but enjoy themselves—others compelled to toil in the sweat of their brows for daily bread, or, at all events, a comfortable competence. Yes; why should there be such a difference between the young laird of Benvoir and he,—the one with his fine horses and dogs and guns, the other obliged to follow the plough?

Yet, truth to tell, it was neither his horses, dogs, nor guns which made young M'Donald the object of Angus's envy, but rather his opportunities of obtaining a learned education, and his choice, if he pleased, of devoting his life to study. Angus was a clever, ambitious lad; but it was only lately that a longing to go to college had sprung up, and with it a thirst for knowledge, and likewise a repugnance to the life which, as he well knew, his parents had marked out for him. But look the matter in the face as he liked, he could make nothing of it. His father was far from strong, and was eagerly looking forward to the time when he would take the chief burden of the farm off his hands. The girls had to be provided for, the younger brothers educated and set up in some kind of business; and the farm, despite his father's toil and his mother's energy, brought in little more than just sufficient to allow them to live comfortably; so where was the likelihood of the eldest son having time or means to obtain the education he craved for. No, no; he saw plainly it must be the plough, not the pen, he must hold. He would fight down all the discontented feelings, throw aside all his books, give up his lofty aspirations, and try to be the stay and comfort of his parents.

Poor Angus! often of late had he said that, and strove to carry out his intentions; but, a stranger to God, he trusted only in his own strength, and so, need we wonder if he failed, and found himself longing to have crooked things made straight? "It is no use thinking any more about it," he muttered to himself (just as Rob Roy appeared in sight, with the card in his hand); "there are obstacles between me and a college education as formidable as iron bars; I must e'en content myself as I am;" and dashing away a tear, he turned to pick up his book, scarcely noticing the patter of his little brother's feet.

"See, Angus," said the child, "here is the bank-note; you show it to the Banker, 'He is faithful that promised.'" Obedient to his cousin's advice, Rob Roy ran

off ere his brother could ask an explanation of his words.

Somewhat surprised, Angus looked at the pretty card so unexpectedly slipped into his hand, and slowly read the words inscribed on it,—*"I will go before thee and make the crooked places straight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron."* The words *"bars of iron"* fixed his attention, and he re-read the verse, then paused;—what could it mean? Had any one known his thoughts and written these words for him? Some one promising to go before him and make the crooked things straight, and even break down obstacles as great as *"bars of iron"*—who could do it? Then the child's words recurred to him—*"It's a bank-note, and the Banker up there has promised to give you what is written on it, if you ask him."* He saw it all then,—this was one of God's promises, and it was he, the great God, who would go before him and remove the bars of iron.

Very little did Angus know of God. His religious training had been merely that of a formalist—church attended because others went, a chapter in the Bible read as a form, and the Catechism learned because all at school were obliged to do so; yet from that very Catechism he had learned that one of God's attributes is truth; so when he read the words, *"Ask and ye shall receive,"* a flush of joy rose to his forehead. *"If God really said so, then he was sure to keep his word."* But how should he ask? His only notion of secret prayer was repeating the words of the Lord's Prayer. Then his eyes lighted on the other text, *"Ask in faith, nothing wavering."* He did not rightly understand what that meant; he would wait and ask Snow, perhaps she could tell: but for the present he must lie there dreaming no longer. A long afternoon's work was before him, and his father's voice was heard calling from the field, *"Angus, Angus, we are waiting for you."* So thrusting the book into his pocket, he vaulted over an adjoining fence, and was soon at work with his father and the farm labourers.

It was late ere their task was finished, and a splendid harvest-moon had already risen ere they reached their home. The farmer plodded along, scarcely noticing the beauties of the moonlight scene; but the quick eye of the lad took in everything, from the gradual fading of the brilliant colouring of the western sky into the gray of evening, to the pale silver moonbeams falling amongst the gentle vibrating tresses of the graceful birks. The beauty and calm around brought rest to the turbulent spirit of the lad.

"Father," he said, "how grand these hills look, with their cloud-capped summits silvered by the moon! Do you know, there are times when I envy those old mountains, with their look of repose and yet of expectation; they must be very old, father, and have borne that appearance for years, and yet they are expecting still. Don't you think they are?"

The farmer glanced at the lad uneasily. "I'm not

fanciful, Angus, and I've never fashed myself much to think whether the hills were expecting or not; they're bonny enough to look at, and they keep off the cold winds frae the corn-fields yonder, and that's enough for me. It was different wi' Archie—that's little Snow's father, that was—he was for ever seeing wonderful things in the hills and trees, and making poems about them—bonny bit poems, I'll no deny; but what guid cam o' it: his father couldna gi'e him a college education, and his poems and his learning spoilt him for his work, so there was nothing for it but he must cross the seas, and turn clerk to some big merchant folk in Sydney, and sit all day writing and figuring in a small room, he that was wont to be in the open hill air all his days; so there's none wondered when word came that he had died o' decline, and left a widow and bairn barely provided for. Puir Archie, I liked him dearly; and but for his poems and fancies, he might have been wi' us yet. So, Angus, diinna you go to be breaking the mother's heart, forbye my own, by taking notions into your head about book-learning and poems."

Angus said no more, only a darker shade fell on his heart. His uncle's story seemed to erect another bar of iron on his road to knowledge. Arrived at the farm, the two little girls ran out to meet them, full of some piece of information. "Father—Angus!" they said in one breath, "Cousin Donald from Inverness-shire has been here, and he has carried off Snow, to bring some colour to her cheeks, he says, and he won't tell us when he'll bring her back."

Yes, Donald Menzies, a schoolmaster in Inverness, and a cousin of Snow's father, had called and asked leave to carry her off for some weeks; and so, as her little trunk took short time to pack, and Mrs. Macgregor's leave being got, he had put little Snow into his gig and galloped off with her.

Snow away, and for some weeks! Angus felt almost aggrieved that it should be so: he had been anxious to ask her about the promise-card; and he sat down to supper with a troubled spirit, and soon after sought the quiet of his own garret-room, and by the light of a small lamp re-read the precious promise.

M. H.

(To be continued.)

BIBLE BOTANY.

XII.—WEEDS—THORNS AND THISTLES, &c.

WHAT shall we take for our next botany lesson?" exclaimed Bessie. "I can find no more flowers in the Bible!"

"Then take weeds, my dear."

"Weeds, mamma! which ones?"

"Whatever you can find verses about. Some sorts of weeds are very often mentioned in Scripture. What did we see Farmer Johnstone so busy in trying to root out of his field yesterday?"

"Thistles."

"Well, you need not look long before you find 'thorns and thistles' spoken of in the Bible."

"Oh, I know. God told Adam, 'Cursed is the ground for thy sake; thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth unto thee.'"

"Yes; so we may take them as our subject for next Sunday evening."

"Mamma," said Bessie, as they began their lesson, "I have found about *nettles* too."

"Indeed! then we may add them to our list, as they are certainly very bad weeds. Now, let me hear what Bible *facts* you have found, in the first place."

"That verse in Genesis;" and Bessie read iii. 17, 18.

"It must be almost six thousand years now," said Mrs. Douglas, "since these words were spoken by the Lord to sinful, trembling Adam; and how truly they have been fulfilling all that time! How constantly the 'thorns and thistles' spring up still, and need to be continually rooted out! Whenever you leave even your

own little bit of garden to itself for a few weeks, will you find new violets and roses appear?"

"Oh no; just weeds! What a trouble I had to get them out, after we came home from the seaside last summer!"

"Poor Adam and Eve! how sad the change must have been to them, when they had to labour in the thorny ground, in place of the beautiful bowers of Paradise! Travellers tell us now that 'every one who has been in Palestine must have been struck with the number of thorny plants and shrubs that abound there. The traveller finds them in his path, go where he may. Many of them are small, but some grow as high as a man's head; and if proper care be not taken, they soon get the upper hand, and spread in every direction.'"

"Here is the next story," said Bessie, "and it is very curious. When the people of Succoth would not give Gideon and his army bread to eat, he said to them that he would 'tear their flesh with the thorns of the wilderness and with briers,' after God gave him the victory" (Judges viii. 7).

"And did he do so?"

"Yes; here it is told in verse 16: 'And he took the elders of the city, and thorns of the wilderness and briers, and with them he taught the men of Succoth.' What does that mean?"

"He must have scourged or beaten them with the sharp prickly bushes (which still abound in that country) in some very painful manner."

"Surely that was very cruel!"

"Alas, my dear! sadly cruel things have been done during war, in all ages and countries. The princes of Saccoth were faithless, unbelieving men, and so brought the evil on-themselves. What have you got next?"

Bessie read Proverbs xxiv. 30-32: "I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw, and considered it well; I looked upon it, and received instruction."

"Well, *that* scene may be found now as truly as in the days of Solomon; and we may all 'receive instruction' from it. And remember, idleness and slothfulness are doubly sinful and disgraceful in those who profess to be real Christians. We ought to feel more than others the true value of time, and pray that we may be enabled to show an example of being 'not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.'"

"Here is another verse like the one about the slug-gard: 'And thorns shall come up in her palaces, nettles and brambles in the fortresses thereof'" (Isa. xxxiv. 13).

"That is part of a remarkable prophecy, which in due time became a fact, of the desolations to come upon the land of Idumea. It is a curious circumstance that the *nettle* seems always to follow man; when we find nettles growing anywhere, we may be sure there is a house, or at least the ruins of some dwelling, not far off."

"How very strange! Why?"

"I do not know what reasons botanists give for it, but the fact is well known, and seems true in many countries. Here is another prophecy of the same kind: 'The pleasant places for their silver, nettles shall possess them: thorns shall be in their tabernacles. The high places of Aven, the sin of Israel, shall be destroyed: the thorn and the thistle shall come up on their altars'" (Hosea ix. 6; x. 8).

"And here is another," said Bessie: "'Surely Moab shall be as Sodom, and the children of Ammon as Gom-morrah, even the breeding of nettles, and saltpits, and a perpetual desolation'" (Zeph. ii. 9).

"All these passages," said Mrs. Douglas, "bring before us pictures of melancholy desolation, which seemed very unlikely ever to come to pass when the prophets spoke the words, but which have all been literally fulfilled."

"Miss Maclean showed me some of these verses, mamma. And she helped me to find just two *facts* about thorns in the New Testament. But indeed I knew the first, and I am sure *you* know it;" and Bessie looked grave.

"Yea," said her mother; "our dear Lord wearing the crown of thorns,—

"Hath he diadem as monarch
That his head adorns?
Yea, a crown in very surety,
But of thorns!"

"It must have hurt him very much!"

"Ah yes! when the cruel soldiers 'smote him on the head,' the sharp points must have added to his other sufferings. But he bore all without a murmur, for the sake of poor sinners. How we ought to love and trust him! and in all pains and sorrows how confidently we may go to himself for comfort or relief, who suffered more than we can understand, and who is ever ready to help all weary ones who come to him, whatever their case may be!"

"Mamma, you know poor old Widow Gordon has such bad pains in her head; may I tell her about Jesus and the crown of thorns?"

"Surely; though she knows about it already, she will be glad to hear you speak of it to her."

"Now, I have only one more fact;" and Bessie read 2 Corinthians xii. 7: "'And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure.'"

"Why did not Paul get out the thorn, mamma? He should have gone to a doctor if he could not do it himself."

"I do not suppose that Paul means a *real* thorn in his flesh, for, as you say, that might have been taken out; and he tells us that he prayed to the Lord three times to have this trial removed, and the Lord only promised to give him strength to bear it. Paul only uses the expression as an emblem of some very painful personal trial—we do not know what—which was constantly distressing him, as a sharp thorn in the flesh would do. Many learned men who have studied the subject think, from other expressions in his epistles, that he meant some great weakness or pain in his eyes, the consequence of the light from heaven which made him blind for three days at the time of his conversion. But it does not signify much to us what the 'thorn' really was. The whole passage teaches us useful and comforting lessons in regard to God's way of dealing with his people; but we have not time to speak of this now. And as Paul's thorn was certainly a *figure*, we may turn to other verses of the same kind.

"You know in our last lesson we found that flowers are emblems of what is holy and beautiful in the character of true believers—what, then, do you suppose weeds will be?"

"They will be like our faults," said Bessie.

"Certainly. What does a good gardener do when he sees weeds appearing?"

"He roots them out."

"Yes, as quickly as possible. If he does not do so at once, he will have hard work afterwards. See what trouble Farmer Johnstone has just now, because the thistles have taken such deep hold in his field. Look out for the weeds, my child; ask God to make you willing to see your faults *now*, in early life, and to help you to strive against them before they get strengthened

into habits of evil. Read here how the apostle exhorts the Hebrew Christians to *look diligently*, lest any 'root of bitterness' should spring up among them" (Heb. xii. 15).

"I had not found that verse, mamma; but here is another in Hebrews vi. 7, 8: 'For the earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessings from God: but that which beareth thorns and briers is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing; whose end is to be burned.'"

"That is a very solemn passage, and I am glad you have understood it as having a figurative meaning. There are many verses in the Old Testament where thorns and briers are spoken of as emblems of wicked men, the enemies of God and his people. God told Moses that if Israel did not drive out the wicked inhabitants of Canaan, they would find them as 'pricks in their eyes, and thorns in their sides,' continually causing pain and trouble. Joshua repeated this to the people before he died (Josh. xxiii. 13); and an angel afterwards reminded them of it (Judges ii. 3). These and other verses are threatenings, warning against disobedience and its punishment; but here is a promise where the same figure is used: 'And there shall be no more a pricking brier unto the house of Israel, nor any grieving thorn of all that are round about them, that despised them; and they shall know that I am the Lord God'" (Ezek. xxviii. 24).

"And here is such a pretty verse," said Bessie: 'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off'" (Isa. lv. 13).

"Yes, that is one of the special *missionary promises*. And we sometimes see it beautifully true in the blessed change of character in a person, old or young, after becoming truly converted."

"Here is a curious verse, mamma—what does it mean?—about thorns under a pot: 'For as the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the laughter of the fool'" (Eccles. vii. 6).

"It refers to the fire made by burning dry thorny plants,—sudden, noisy, soon over. David alludes to this quick kind of flame, when he wishes to show the sudden destruction from God of the wicked. 'Before your pots can feel the thorns, he shall take them away as with a whirlwind' (Ps. lviii. 9); and again, 'They are quenched as the fire of thorns' (Ps. cxviii. 12). Weeds and briers are still much used for fuel in these Eastern countries, where large *hot* fires like ours are not needed, because the climate is generally warm. This burning is often spoken of in Scripture as an emblem of punishment."

"Here is a verse about a thorn hedge," said Bessie: "'The way of the slothful man is as an hedge of thorns: but the way of the righteous is made plain'" (Prov. xv. 19).

"That is a very remarkable figure to show how a

slothful, lazy, idle person never makes progress in good things. He does not get on; just as if a thorn hedge were shutting up his road. Even here, you know, it is not easy to get through a good thorn fence; but those in the East are stronger than ours. And so the Lord says to his sinful people, 'I will hedge up thy way with thorns' (Hos. ii. 6),—with trials and sorrows, till they should repent, and return to the right way.

"Now, we have not time to go over more verses; but you have not mentioned two parables in which our Lord speaks of thorns and weeds."

Bessie thought for a minute. "Oh yes, the good seed that fell among the thorns, and they choked it."

"What do the thorns mean in that parable?"

"Jesus says, 'The cares and riches and pleasures of this world choke the Word.'"

"Yes; that is, any earthly things which fill our hearts and minds *too much*, and keep us from thinking of our souls, and getting profit from all the spiritual helps and blessings granted to us. Let us watch against *these* thorns. What is the other parable?"

Bessie could not recollect, so her mother showed her "the tares and the wheat" (Matt. xiii.)

"We must not go on longer," she continued; "but if you think over all we have read this evening, you will see how we may learn many precious lessons from this subject of thorns and thistles; and that when we look at them and other weeds in our garden, they may remind us of our own sinful hearts, and the need we have to watch and pray, and strive against the evils always ready to spring up there. And also the briers and thorns may sometimes make us think of the trials and difficulties of this life, which we must walk boldly through to reach our heavenly home. As the sweet poet Cooper says,—

"'No traveller ever reached that blest abode,
Who found not thorns and briers in his road.'"

"I know another hymn about that," said Bessie, and she repeated,—

"'The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below:
I ask not a portion, I seek not a rest,
Till I find them for ever on Jesus's breast."

"'Let doubt, then, and danger my progress oppose,
'Twill only make heaven more bright at the close:
Come joy or come sorrow, what'er may befall,
An hour with my God will make up for it all.'"

"God grant this for us both at last, my dear child! We need not be discouraged by the troubles of our journey, if it brings us in the end to the Paradise above—

"'There the foot no thorn e'er pierces,
There the heart ne'er heaves a sigh,
There in white we walk with Jesus,
All his loved disciples by;
And, to reach it,
'Tis a privilege to die!'"



SWEET IS THE LIGHT!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

"Souvent la vie et la mort nous apparaissent comme deux maux dont nous ne savons quel est le moindre. Quant à l'apôtre, elles lui apparaissent comme deux biens immenses dont il ne sait quel est le meilleur."—ADOLPHE MONOD, *Les Adieux*.

I.

"**S**WEET IS THE LIGHT!" they sang,
First Singers of our race,—
On each familiar thing,
On each beloved face!

The mighty, conquering light,
Arrowy, keen, and strong!
The dear, familiar light,
Waking the world to song!
Light on the purple seas—
Light in the golden sky;
"Sweet is the light!" they sang;
"And therefore dire to die!"

II.

To die! and leave the light,
Shadows among the glooms;
Groping 'mid ghosts of joys
For dawn that never comes;
Far from all homely things,
And all familiar ways;
Whilst o'er us, morn by morn,
Still shine the old glad rays,
Waking the fresh green earth
With songs to greet the sky:
"Sweet is the light!" they sang;
"And therefore dire to die!"

III.

Sweet is the light—all light—
O Fount of light! we sing,—
On each beloved face,
On each familiar thing!
Thy mighty, probing light,
Keen to part right from wrong!
Thy dear, familiar light,
Waking Thy worlds to song!

Light on Thy crystal sea—
Light in Thy sapphire sky;
Sweet is the light!" we sing;
And therefore sweet to die!

IV.

To die! and find the light,
And never lose it more;
Light on life's troubled waves,
Where much was dark before—
The little stormy course
Which tossed us to Thy shore;
Light on the ceaseless storms
Wherein our race is whirled—
The blindness, battles, sins,
And chaos of the world;
Light on Thy countless worlds,
The order through the strife—
The Life that moves the Law,
The Love that moves the Life.
Thy mighty conquering light,
Life-giving, keen, and strong!
Thy kind, familiar light,
Proved step by step so long!
Light in the Father's House,
Holy and homelike glow—
The Home where, one by one,
Our best and dearest go.
Sweet is the light! we sing;
O Light, in Whom we see!
No darkness waiteth us—
No darkness is in Thee.
Sweet is the light, we sing,
Where Thou art known, on high!
Not darkly—Face to face:
Sweet, therefore, sweet to die!

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1871.

Sketches in the United States.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.—THE CIVIL WAR—ITS CAUSES AND RESULTS.



HAVING visited the United States in the spring and summer of last year, and having, in virtue of an official capacity connected with the Presbyterian Churches, enjoyed opportunities, favourable though not prolonged, of observing the state of affairs and the attitude of parties, I think it is my duty to communicate through the pages of this journal some of the facts that I learned and the impressions that I received. The future of the Church and the world, both immediate and remote, will probably depend in a large measure on the relations which the great Anglo-Saxon nations in Europe, America, and Australia may retain towards each other: it seems, therefore, the duty of every one who wishes well to the race and the world to contribute, as far as he has opportunity, towards the explanation of facts and the removal of prejudices, and generally towards the consolidation of a fast friendship, based on mutual love and respect, between Great Britain and her Colonies on the one hand, and the great Transatlantic Republic on the other.

These papers, probably not more than three or four in number, will make no pretence to continuous history or exhaustive statistics—will make no pretence to continuity or completeness in any aspect. They will note certain facts which came under the writer's observation, and present certain views which he counts true in themselves and beneficial in their bearing. They will present characteristic specimens, rather than statistical summations, of the various phenomena that may pass under review. In short, they will be isolated sketches from personal observation, rather than the journal of a tourist or the essay of a politician.

We are accustomed to observe a providential design in the discovery of America in connection with the circumstances of Europe at the time: but the marks of design do not begin with

its discovery; they are as old as its creation. There is comparatively little room for emigration eastward into Asia. Though the territories are ample and rich, the climate for the most part forbids colonization by Europeans. A vast and fertile continent was "in the beginning" provided in the West, and discovered at a period when the best-developed races of mankind were needing an outlet, and ready to take advantage of any opening. On the American continent European civilization finds room for indefinite expansion. The army that was cooped up as in a prison here by barrier mountains and encircling seas, finds space to deploy in those Western regions. In as far as England was concerned, a stupid and cruel persecution for conscience' sake providentially conspired with other causes to press upon the home of the Anglo-Saxons, and so press out a portion of the race, for wise and beneficent purposes, into another continent.

Since the first emigration from this country, the means of communication have been immensely improved and increased. How vast is the difference between the *Mayflower* and a modern Atlantic steamer! It is only within a few years that first-class steamers have become available for the transportation of working-people. The proprietors of the various ocean lines have now discovered that numbers at a small fare fill their coffers better than few at a high fare. They have accordingly gone into the business of general emigration, and gone into it with a will. Any one who can command six guineas and a few articles of clothing may be carried across the Atlantic in ten days. Vast numbers of the working-classes are now swarming westward: the stream poured into New York last summer at the rate of a thousand per day.

The steamer in which I crossed carried one thousand and eleven passengers, the odd eleven covering all who intended to return. We were a polyglot company: the necessary intimations for

the guidance of the emigrants as to what parts of the ship they were permitted to enter, were printed in five different languages. A considerable number of the passengers were evidently well-conditioned and industrious peasants from the various countries of Europe; but it cannot be denied that the majority were rather unpromising as the raw material of American citizens. Such, however, is the law of Nature; and the Americans must accept what comes. They can no more stop or divert the stream than they can stop or divert the Mississippi. They must receive what Europe pours upon their shores, as the Gulf of Mexico must receive the great river, and do the best to turn its turbid tide into pure blue sea. Indeed, the problem which the States are compelled to solve is very similar to the problem imposed upon the ocean where the volume of the Mississippi is thrown in. The ocean must accept all that comes; it has no choice. But it is large enough to receive all; to cast the sediment to the bottom, and convert the rest into transparent water. The population of the States has now become so great that it is able to receive the surplus populations of Europe—some of them the cream and some of them the scum of the older countries—and to amalgamate and assimilate the whole into orderly citizens.

But this is a mighty task imposed by the evolutions of Providence upon our brethren in the West. Any other people would have succumbed under the burden. But the men of the States share the pluck and perseverance of our race. They put their shoulders to the wheel, and never despair. They say, "The thing has got to be done, and we intend to do it."

In these circumstances, it is a hollow and heartless procedure for gentlemen of England who dwell at home at ease to employ their leisure in taunting the Americans with the seams of rascality and barbarity that interpenetrate the society of New York, and crop out now and then in gigantic crimes. No wonder that in the great cities of the East—the spots on which the effluvia of Europe are first cast—there should be some unsavoury sediment lying for a time in the bottom of the cesspools, not so quickly spread out on the land and absorbed as might be desirable for the physical and moral purity of the

atmosphere and the fertility of the fields. I say, we ought to put ourselves in our brethren's place, and sympathize with them in their difficulty. We ought to stretch out a hand to Christian brethren there in their toil; and we ought to lift up a strong cry to Heaven in their behalf, that they may be enabled to fulfil nobly the grand task in providence allotted to them, of receiving, and absorbing, and assimilating the miscellaneous surplus of the European populations.

I cannot anywhere descry an opening by which I could enter into my subject, without first taking a glance of the civil war—its origin, character, and results.

Not a little of ignorance and uncharity was vented in this country during the struggle. We are a free people, no doubt, and take leave to express our opinions with great boldness; but the opinions formed and expressed by the political and journalistic classes during the American War, have turned out to be dear opinions to the nation. Buoyed up by the chorus of sympathy with the South, our Government did not maintain their neutrality with sufficient vigilance, and so generated a quarrel which is very troublesome to-day. Our Foreign Secretary proved too small for the place he held. Politicians generally considered that Southern independence was as good as won; and with the South on their side, thought there would be no danger from the displeasure of the Northern States for a long time to come. It would have been better for us if we had stretched a point and caught the *Alabama* before she left our shores.

It was a deceptive cry, raised in the very highest places and echoed in the lowest of our land, that the South were fighting for independence, the North for dominion. The South fought indeed for separation and the independence of the individual states that had seceded; but why did they break the federal bond? why did they withdraw from the compact and attempt to set up for themselves? Because slavery was in danger; and they were determined to maintain it for ever as the keystone of their empire.

It is true that the North did not fight for the abolition of slavery as the direct issue; but the real issue in the contest from first to last was slavery or freedom for the coloured race. All

governments, for a long time previous to the election of Lincoln, maintained slavery. The Southern States did not secede and rebel, as long as they carried everything their own way in the Legislature and the White House. They had power to enact over the heads of the abolitionists the Fugitive Slave Law, and compel Northern magistrates to enforce it. But when Lincoln was elected, the condition of things was changed. That election did not mean the abolition of slavery. Mr. Lincoln declared himself personally an abolitionist in his judgment; but intimated that he considered himself elected, not to abolish slavery, but to maintain the constitution and enforce the law. It was his duty to maintain slavery in the Southern States, because it was according to law.

But the slaveholders knew that though their rights would be maintained under Mr. Lincoln, the area of slavery would not be extended. They considered that it would die if its area were confined to the old states. With them it became indefinite expansion, or nothing.

Taking advantage of their opportunity after Mr. Lincoln was elected, and before he could assume the government, they prepared for war during the last four months of Mr. Buchanan's administration; and as soon as that interval was over, they opened fire. The Federal government were altogether unprepared for hostilities; and the South had the advantage in every encounter during the earlier period of the war.

The North did not make war on the South in the cause of the slaves, or in any other cause; the South rebelled against the lawful government, not because their rights as slaveholders were threatened, but because they saw they could no longer control the legislature, and so indefinitely extend the area of human bondage. The North took up arms to quell a rebellion, and preserve the integrity of the country. At the beginning of the war, a portion of the Northern people desired the abolition of slavery; but another portion desired to maintain it. It was in the progress of the war that the North came to be united as one man in the determination to abolish slavery. The South went to battle for slavery, and that, in process of time, compelled the North to go into battle against it. Had the rebellion been sooner

and more easily suppressed, the slaves would not have been set free. Thus the slaveholders, by their determination to keep the fetters on, became the instrument of breaking them off. It is not a new thing under the sun; it is the Exodus over again. It was the determination to yield nothing which in the end compelled both the ancient and the modern Pharaoh to give up all. It was a stroke dealt to weld the fetters on that, guided by a higher Hand, so fell as to break the fetters off.

One foolish notion, originating too in our own Foreign Office, had a wonderful run in our island. It was to the effect that President Lincoln, by his proclamation, freed the slaves in the places where he had no power to give effect to his decree; but left the slaves in bondage in all those states where his power was acknowledged. It was a poor, thin, transparent fallacy. In the loyal states where slavery was permitted by law, Mr. Lincoln had no more power to free the slaves than I had. In these states the chief magistrate could do nothing but enforce the law. But in those states that were in rebellion, he had by law absolute power, as general of the armies, to set aside the constitution and execute his own will. He availed himself of the advantage which the rebellion afforded him. By a stroke of his pen he freed all the slaves that were held in bondage in the rebel territories; and when these territories were conquered, there was no need of debate and legislation. The thing had been done, and must be simply acknowledged. When the war was over, no time was lost in abolishing slavery in the loyal states; but there it was necessary to carry abolition by the ordinary course of legislative enactment.

During a visit to the cities of Richmond and Petersburg in Virginia last summer, I enjoyed an opportunity of conversing with several distinguished men of the South. I found them willing to express frankly and freely their views regarding the past and the future of their country. I did not conceal from them that my sympathies went with the North from first to last. This avowal did not in the least interfere with our Christian intercourse, and did not in the least chill their hospitality to us as strangers. In friendly arguments we fully appreciated the high character of individual men in the South, and the grandeur of

the efforts which the whole Confederacy put forth in a cause which they counted just ; but we told them frankly that in our judgment they had fought well on the wrong side.

Such being the terms of our intercourse, I listened with very great interest to the views which they expressed regarding the conflict and its results. Although here and there we met a patriot somewhat red-hot in his patriotism, who declared that the Southern men were keeping their powder dry and husbanding their resources for another brush with the Yankees,* I am bound to confess that this was the exception, and not the rule. For the most part, they calmly accepted events, and prepared to make the best of their position. Few confessed that they expected returning prosperity. Their condition was submission to the inevitable, rather than acquiescence of will or hopefulness of heart. On one point their testimony was emphatic and uniform,—they declared with one breath that emancipation would and must be the ruin of the coloured people. They did not hesitate to commit themselves to the opinion that with emancipation the race would melt away, and in a few generations would become extinct. With much unction, too, they washed their hands of the dreadful responsibility, and threw upon the Yankees the blood of a nation that was about to perish from the face of the earth. This opinion, frequently expressed by grave Christian men, did not indeed convince me that it was correct, but induced me to make diligent inquiry on all sides regarding the facts of the case. The creed of the Southern, firmly held and solemnly announced, is, that the South are the friends, the North the enemies, of the coloured race. When I asked them how they accounted for the fact that the coloured people vote for the Yankees when they have an opportunity, they were unable to give any explanation, except the very bald one, that the coloured people were deceived.†

I afterwards took every opportunity of asking

coloured men whether they thought their former condition of slavery, or their present condition of freedom, better on the whole for their race. I had sometimes difficulty in getting an answer ; because the poor fellows could hardly believe that I asked in earnest. In every case, when I explained my meaning, I was answered with a queer grin, expressing amazement that the question should be put, that the state of freedom is better than the state of slavery.

The census, I perceive, shows that the coloured race are increasing ; whereas, according to the Southern men, they ought to have been dying out. But the men of the South have made up their minds ; and as the facts do not square with the theory, it must go hard with the facts.

I should like to give a few notes regarding the war. The memory of it was still fresh when I was there last summer, and memorials of it everywhere appeared. Not that the conquerors have intentionally erected monuments to commemorate their victory. In that respect they have displayed a spirit eminently Christian and patriotic. They have abstained of design from rearing pillars in public places to the memory of their heroes ; for these would have been, on their other side, perpetual memorials of the Southern rebellion and the Southern defeat. The Northern men desire that at the earliest possible date the whole nation should be fused into one brotherhood ; and they have wisely determined not to vex their brothers by thrusting sorrowful bygones in the faces of the passers-by at the corners of the streets. Some simple monuments have been erected near the battle-fields where the dead are buried ; but none in the cities.

The memorials of the civil war that meet the traveller's eye in America were made unintentionally, and made by the war itself. Portions of a city in ruins, as at Richmond, the Confederate capital ; huge trenches and earth-works, as in the neighbourhood of Petersburg, where the last blow was dealt ; avenues of dead whitened trees running through a green wood, marking the track of a deadly assault, as at Gettysburg ; and lame or maimed men scattered everywhere throughout the land ;—these are the visible memorials of the conflict—memorials that could not

* To the Federals generally the people of the South apply the term Yankee. They say, "The Yankees are a different people from us. They have subdued us, and we must submit ; but they are to us a foreign nation."

† A good Methodist negro was praying during the war. In the course of his supplications, he put in the plea, "And, Lord, if thou shouldst forget poor Sam" himself, "oh, never forget Father Abram" (the President).

be avoided, and that a few years will effectually obliterate.

The soldiers' cemeteries near the great battle-fields constitute a most impressive record of the conflict. As far as I am aware, the system adopted by America is new and unique. The first of the cemeteries that I saw was in the neighbourhood of Fredericksburg; and I saw it at a distance of a mile from a railway train in motion. But so peculiar and awe-inspiring is the object, that even this glimpse surprised and almost overwhelmed me. It seemed a great nursery, with all the plants in long outstretched rows, and each plant with a tally of white painted wood sticking in the ground at its side. Soon after at Richmond I had an opportunity of examining more closely two such nurseries of the dead. Both were of Confederate soldiers. One, on the west of the city, was an extension of an ordinary necropolis, on wooded and hilly ground, and there was no spot where the whole area could be seen at once. It was said to contain twenty thousand soldiers. The other, on the opposite side of the city, was on a nearly level plateau, where the eye could take in the whole scene at once. It contained ten thousand graves; and over every separate grave stood a stout wooden pillar, about three feet in height, rounded on the top, painted white, with the name and State of the soldier painted in letters of black. They were disposed in compartments—some square, some oblong, some crescent-shaped; and of various sizes, from a few hundreds to more than a thousand, with neat walks between. The day on which I visited it was the death-day of Stonewall Jackson, appropriated as the anniversary for this particular cemetery. The people observe it as a holiday, and stream from the city in family groups, carrying flower garlands with which to deck the soldiers' graves. Not a single grave lacked its garland, when we were there early in the afternoon. Here and there—perhaps one in twenty—was a pillar with "Unknown" as the inscription, instead of the soldier's name. These strangers seemed to obtain a double honour from the reverential love of the survivors, for they were richly decorated.

To stand on a suitable spot, and take in at one view these ten thousand graves, was not only impressive, it was absolutely overwhelming. It

seemed to chill the blood in the veins, and arrest its flow. Ten thousand white silent monuments, standing erect in manifold and far-extending rows, like a host drawn up in order of battle, seemed a writing in large letters on the earth, by a hand stretched down from heaven, "Little children, love one another." Oh, when will men cease to slay each other? How long, O Lord, how long, ere wars shall cease, and Christ's kingdom come!

I saw cities of dead Federals, equally populous and similarly arranged, at Washington and at Gettysburg.

I was more interested with the field of Gettysburg than with any other that I visited: partly because I have always considered that battle as the point on which the whole issue of the contest hinged; partly because I happened to meet in America most of the persons who were the chief actors on that field; and partly because the physical features of the ground are so well marked and so bold, that they enable an observer thoroughly to understand and remember the history of the struggle. I shall mention some circumstances connected with this battle.

General Lee, after inflicting heavy losses on the Federals in Northern Virginia, broke away from his antagonists, who lay between him and Washington, and carried his army across the Potomac at a point further westward, and penetrated into the State of Pennsylvania, whence, if not instantly and successfully opposed, he would have swept down upon Baltimore and Washington, closing the war with the seizure of the wide-spread and defenceless capital. The Federal army, dispirited previously by successive defeats, was further weakened by a change in the supreme command, in the immediate prospect of battle. General Meade having been intrusted with the command, pushed his army westward with all speed, to throw it between the Confederates and Washington. The leading brigade, under General Reynolds, met the van of the Confederates a few miles westward of the small town of Gettysburg. In a thin wood, with no undergrowth, they show the spot where Reynolds fell. His name is cut on the nearest tree. His command, discouraged and outnumbered, fell back towards the town. The next brigade that came up was that of General Howard. Arriving at Gettysburg late in the

afternoon, and learning that Reynolds' men were retreating, he sent forward an order, to direct the retreat, not upon the town of Gettysburg, but past it, to the Cemetery Hill, a considerable eminence about a mile further south. At the same time he sent to that eminence all the guns he could muster, and had them instantly placed. The little semicircular mounds of sod, with the little level spots behind for the movement of the cannons, stand there, round the brow of the eminence, witnesses that to the skilful eye and prompt judgment of Howard the decisive success of the two subsequent days was in great measure due. Here the regiments, shattered by the first shock of the Confederate army, found a strong post to retire upon; and here the other portions of Meade's army took position as they successively came up. When the general-in-chief arrived, he approved of Howard's plan, and ordered it to be completed. The field ultimately occupied by the Federals was a gentle eminence in the form, not of a horse-shoe, but of a fish-hook. The Cemetery Hill, first occupied, is like a horse-shoe; but one side of it is carried out to a much greater length than the other, and carried out in a straight line southward, terminating in two circular hills, Little Round Top and Great Round Top. On the following day Lee did not begin the attack till two in the afternoon. It is believed that if he had attacked in the morning he must have carried the position, for a large portion of the Federal army had not arrived. On the afternoon of that day and the morning of the next, the Confederates assailed the position with bravery and pertinacity, but were always and everywhere repulsed.

Towards evening of the second day, an attack by Longstreet, directed against the Federal right, behind the bend of the hook, and near the shorter end, actually succeeded in forcing the line. The Confederates kept a position within the Federal lines for that night; but at dawn they were driven out by reinforcements brought from the left wing by the short interior route during the night.

A belt of trees runs along the slope near the crest at this point; and there a ghastly mark still points out the spot where the Confederate column pierced the Federal line. A gash, about thirty yards wide, runs at right angles through

the wood. That avenue is formed, not by the removal of the trees, but by their death. There they stand, throwing up their white bleached branches to the sky, like a column of giant skeletons, crossing the beautiful green wood, and forming an appalling contrast with the foliage of the living trees on either side. Every one of these dead trees is riddled with shot, and some, shot down, are lying on the ground perforated with hundreds of rifle bullets. This blighted belt stands there to-day to mark the path by which these fierce Southern soldiers scaled Culp's Hill on that bloody night, and by which the steadfast Federals drove them down the next morning.

The ground in the wood is hard and rocky. Here and there, where an opening could be made, companies of Confederate soldiers were buried in pits. These are distinguished to the eye by a rank growth of weeds; while the rest of the ground, not so enriched, shows scarcely an atom of verdure. In some of the pits, bones were protruding through the ground; and we observed that a party, who visited the spot on the same day with ourselves, carried off some of these bones in their hands. I did not learn whether they were patriots, or merely savages.

The result was, that Lee's army recoiled on the third day from that serried line, and hastily recrossed the Potomac. Thenceforth the Southern cause declined, until it finally collapsed in the broken lines of Petersburg.

At Philadelphia afterwards I was favoured with a private view of a picture representing the Battle of Gettysburg, executed by a native artist of eminence for the State Legislature of Pennsylvania. It is of great size, and at that time was nearly finished. While it exhibited all the features that are usually introduced into battle-pieces, it displayed in some parts of the foreground the horrors of war in more articulate detail than I had ever elsewhere seen. Some of the objects were such that I could not, without some preparation, venture to look upon them even on canvas. I was obliged to shade my eye, and approach them gradually; and even thus, could only take a glimpse and turn away with a shudder. I remarked to the artist, who was present, that in most battle pictures that I had seen the more shocking sights were veiled, so that a spectator

had nerve to look right over the whole canvas. His answer stuck to me. He said, "I desire to paint war as I should write its history. I mean to paint truth. I shall not exhibit its pomp and hide its horrors. As far as I am concerned, men shall see it as it is; and if they like it, then they may choose it."

I have said that monuments of the war have reared themselves, whether men would or would not, in the form of cicatrized wounds and amputated limbs. This is the same lesson written in another character by the same providential Hand,—the lesson "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." I saw it in a shocking form in the Lunatic Asylum of New York City. A finely-formed young man came forward with infinite gesticulation and a volume of words like a river in flood, all as incoherent as the chattering of a magpie. He had led a forlorn hope for Grant, and had come out so shattered with shot that though his body somehow got put together and healed, the fragments of his mind never coalesced again. To see and hear that young man made my heart cold and heavy like lead.

I shall give another example of a war inscription borne on the body of a living man; in this case a simple certificate of patriotism—as if by a new method in heraldry the Cross of the Legion of Honour were burned into the flesh instead of being hung upon the soldier's breast.

An eminent citizen of Philadelphia, whose name, as I found, was a name to conjure with throughout America, and a name known and loved scarcely less in these British Isles, had in the time of the war two daughters. After the war these two fair ladies were married to two brave men. One is a lawyer. I met him in a pretty large company in his father's house. When I was first introduced, I observed he gave me his left hand; but I did not pay any attention to the circumstance. In the course of the evening, while sitting near him, I observed that nearly all the fingers of his right hand were wanting. He explained that he was a member of an artillery corps, drawn exclusively from the legal profession, and that in a skirmish with calvary on the outskirts of Gettysburg his fingers were shot away. This honourable scar he bears in a high place of an honourable profession.

My friend's second son-in-law bears no mark of a wound in his body, but this was not for lack of opportunity. He was private secretary of Admiral Faragut all through the war. He was thirty times under fire, but the Confederates never managed to hit him. On one occasion, while his father's family were sitting at breakfast in Philadelphia, a placard was displayed in huge letters before the window, the tempting contents of a newspaper, third edition—"News from the Seat of War. Great Sea-fight at Mobile. Horrible Slaughter on Board Admiral Faragut's Flagship." The young man's mother saw the great letters, and read the awful words. Thereupon her eyes grew dim; after seeing that placard they seemed to give up work, and refused to see any other object. The heart seemed to stand still in her breast; it would not beat any more at all. In the meantime a younger member of the house rushed out for the newspaper. It contained a list of the dead and the wounded in the various ships. Flagship—killed, so and so; our son's name is not there: wounded, so and so—read softly and yet clear, for this mother's ear is like an ear of ice, that hardly belongs to her—wounded, so and so, and the reader paused; the list is all read, and this mother's son is not in it. Thereupon the mother bursts into a mighty weeping, as mothers are apt to do when a great gush of warm joy is poured suddenly over a heart that has been congealed with terror.

Instead of giving mere columns of statistics, I have given a few specimen facts that came under my own personal observation. Multiply these drops by hundreds of thousands, and you will reach the constituent volume of that river of sorrow that flowed and overflowed the United States during those four awful years.

America seems destined to be the scene on which many experiments shall be wrought out, and many discoveries made for the general benefit of our race. The Civil War presented many features hitherto unknown to history, and the peace that has succeeded the war has been equally prolific of new and unexpected experiences. The improvement of the emancipated race, and the general reconstruction of the disrupted political system, have been carried out with the characteristic energy of the nation.

Already the education of the coloured people is far advanced, and the country has been almost entirely restored to its normal condition. The strength and elasticity of American finance have surprised, not only Europeans, but also the Americans themselves. The interest of the immense war debt is buoyantly borne, and the principal is gradually, even rapidly melting away. There is no example in history of a people recovering so rapidly and so completely from such a blow. This unexpected and extraordinary power of recuperation is probably due to a number of concurrent causes, among which the practically unlimited extent of fertile territory must rank as one of the chief. But this source of prosperity, great though it be in itself, is in a large measure dependent on another,—the rapid extension of railways, which render the vast territory practically available. Now that Northern men and Northern capital are finding their way into the Southern States, there is good prospect that the prosperity of that section will soon be greater than it ever was under the system of slavery. Time and success, and the liberal conduct of the Northern States, may be expected to heal the wounds of a susceptible and chivalrous people. We hope the best for the thorough reunion of the States, and the increasing prosperity of the whole. Now that slavery is abolished, and the dead fly removed from the ointment, it may be expected that the federal relations will become sweeter, and the diverse products of the different sections become cords to bind them all by their interests into a moral fellowship, stronger than the bonds of law.

It is true that in the extremity of the States,

during the civil war, some sections of this nation thought they saw the opportunity of driving the wedge into the rent, and keeping the western English empire for ever weak by dividing it into two; but the heart of the British nation never acquiesced in that selfish policy. Throughout the cotton famine, caused by the American War, the body of the British people maintained a loyal and self-sacrificing neutrality. Thoughtful Christian men in the South, in the fresh sadness of recent defeat, told me that it was the expectation of being recognized by Great Britain that encouraged them to persevere, and that when this expectation finally failed, they lost hope of their cause. It would have been a degradation of our country, if through her means a slave empire had been established in America. The alliance of such a state could not have proved a benefit. But it has been otherwise ordered. The Lord reigneth, and we have cause to be glad thereof.

The true object on which British Statesmen and the British people should set their hearts, is, not the division of the American people in order that their enmity may be powerless, but the union of the American people, in order that their friendship may be our strength in any conflict that may arise between light and darkness, between freedom and despotism in the earth. Their friendship we should desire and expect. Let us see to it that, by fairness and justice and kindness, publicly and privately, in Parliament, in the press, in merchandise, and hospitality, we deserve their friendship; and then trust God and the honour of our brothers that we shall obtain it.

THE PARABLE OF THE TWO SONS.

MATTHEW xii. 28-32.

BY THE REV. DR. CALDERWOOD, PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

IN this parable, we enter upon a new department of instruction. Attention has been turned, first, to the outflowing of divine mercy for the salvation of the lost; and, next, to the privilege of prayer, in the exercise of which the penitent and believing suppliant is brought into close fellowship with God. Now, advancing a step further, we are taught how the penitent, after being

brought into the favour of God, begins to render a willing service.

There is wonderful proof of the love of God to our race in the first breaking of this thought upon us—that we, who are unworthy, and whose doings are all so tarnished with evil, can render service to God, who has performed so great a work for us as to deliver us from destruction. We can do him a service, and he stoops

to ask it of us; but it is only after penitence has brought us to the footstool, and our Father has given us his welcome as penitents, that we can understand the blessedness and honour of being asked to serve him. When a man makes this discovery, he is quite past the dark and troubled place where the prodigal son, sitting in wretchedness of heart, wondered if his father would receive him and let him be even a hired servant. All the surroundings are changed when God as a reconciled Father speaks as one who asks a service at our hands. This is the point reached now in our study of our Lord's parabolic teaching. By the avenues of grace we are advancing into the sphere of service. Beyond the house with its scenes of rejoicing, is the vineyard with its scenes of labour. These are the windings of the way which have brought us to the vineyard gate: first, we have seen a place of humiliation and penitence; next, there has come full in view a place of pardon and peace; in close proximity with that, a place of fellowship with God and waiting upon him in prayer; and now we are on the confines of the vineyard, where work is to be done.

The true aspects of this work are now to appear, along with the dark side and the bright side of human conduct in reference to it. God, who has been the wonderful benefactor, comes now as if willing to be benefited. He to whom all supplication has been offered, comes to us as if he would be a suppliant, asking a favour of his own children. The parabolic view of this is simple and impressive.

A certain man had a vineyard. It is under this guise that our God appears to us. He is as the holder of a vineyard, who is dependent on help for securing increase. This allusion to a vineyard appears in striking harmony with the figurative teaching of revelation. This form of similitude abounds in the sacred pages. The Psalmist, addressing God in the interest of his people, speaks of the kingdom of God thus—"The vineyard which thy right hand hath planted" (Ps. lxxx. 15). Very specially does the allusion here call to mind that exquisitely beautiful parable in the fifth chapter of Isaiah, beginning "My beloved hath a vineyard on a very fruitful hill," and closing with the explanation, "The vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah his pleasant plant." In the course of the Saviour's own teaching, we cannot forget the reference in the fifteenth chapter of John's Gospel, "I am the vine, and ye are the branches." It is, then, in harmony with favourite imagery of Scripture, when God is here represented as the owner of a vineyard.

The particular aspect in which God thus comes into view is not that which discovers his wealth in the possession of the vineyard, but, if we may say it, that which implies *dependence* upon others for help in its cultivation in order to secure the vintage. The vineyard needs to be irrigated; the soil must be loosened about the roots of the vines; weeds must be struck down

on their first appearance; over-luxuriant shoots must be pruned. With the help of this similitude, God comes condescendingly to us, asking for service from us.

That God cannot be in any way dependent on us, is a truth to be kept in view in this connection. Our regard to the fact may be appropriately quickened by that impressive utterance of Scripture, "If I were hungry, I would not tell thee; for the world is mine and the fulness thereof" (Ps. l. 12). Besides, if God could be enriched by any means, it could not be by any effort of ours, since from him we have received all we have. Even did we render to him a perfect service, we should be constrained to say,—*"We are unprofitable servants: we have done that which was our duty to do."* Even at the best, our God could in reality be no gainer by our service.

And yet the self-sufficient One, in the plans of his grace concerning us, not only comes to pardon us and to listen to our cry, but to address to us his own request for help. He has so ordered the affairs of his kingdom that, as the vineyard, it depends upon the service of labourers in the midst of it in order that it may yield fruit which shall be to his joy and glory. In accordance with this need, there is established a modified form of voluntary dependence upon his people; and God asks of them the needful service, so that, when *"the harvest is past and the summer is ended,"* the wine-presses may be full.

This owner of the vineyard, who needed help for its tending, had *two sons*. As these two sons are introduced to view within the home of a certain man who had a vineyard, we are arrested by another proof of the unity of the parabolic teaching of Scripture. Are not these two sons exactly the two of the story giving prominence to the career of the prodigal? Are they not still the same as the two suppliants in the parable of the Pharisee and publican? As we proceed, we shall find ample warrant for giving an answer in the affirmative. But the general fact which is here before us once more, in restricting the number to two, is, that in very many points of view affecting our relation to God it is seen that men are really embraced in only two distinct groups. There is a close connection between the several views of our relations to God presented in the parables where the persons appearing are only two in number. For it is to be observed that, while the parable now before us has express reference to service, there were also important references to service in the parable of the prodigal son. The younger son not only bewails that he has transgressed, but has at the basis of all his thoughts of returning a desire to serve; while the elder son rests his whole claim to approval on the fact that he has all along been aiming at serving his father. In a light very similar, there is here set before us a twofold failure as to service, presenting the dark part of the picture, which occupies the background.

The owner of the vineyard asked his two sons for help in its cultivation. Using a father's authority, he said,

"Go, work to-day in my vineyard." This use of authority in desiring the service, is befitting in a father. By its introduction in this manner, the parable more adequately represents the position of the Deity, who only in condescension, and in his desire to bless us, comes to ask service at our hands. Well does it befit Him, coming in such a loving way to us, to use words of command, and say, "Go, work to-day in my vineyard."

Much additional effect is here given to the instruction as to our part in serving God, by introducing an explicit reference to time. *To-day!* The demand is for immediate service, and that throughout a definite time of short duration. The time of service is now, just when and where the call reaches us, however otherwise entangled with plans and purposes of our own. God asks immediate service. The work to be done needs instant attention. If we cherish any filial love, we shall rejoice to respond, and shall not greatly grieve if that response involve us in considerable self-denial. How natural it is, besides, that our Father in heaven, with whom a thousand years are as one day, should describe our present opportunity as *a day of service*. And if we bear the burden and heat of the day, a gracious Father has placed in prospect, at the setting of the sun, a reward, glorious and satisfying, which shall spread through the long course of an eternal day.

For the present, however, we must turn to consider the poor beginning which is made in this day of service appointed to us while we are here. The result of the father's demand for service is sadly disappointing in the case of both of the sons. The one said, "*I will not*;" the other, "*I go, sir; and went not*." The record is so shortly and sharply put, as to give full effect in the reader's mind to the completeness of the refusal. This is the Saviour's view of the manner in which men treat God's call for service. There is little wonder that in contemplating it, he should ask men themselves to judge of it in light of what is due to a father. "What think ye" of this? When a father looks to his own sons for help in cultivating his vineyard, he receives a direct refusal from the first, and though the other makes a promise of help, that promise is never kept. In the account of this disobedience of these two, there lies before us a representation of the conduct of our whole race in disobeying God's demand for service. The first leading point of the parable is discovered here. When God calls to men for service, there is *universal disobedience* to the call. There are indeed two distinct aspects of this disobedience, but only two. The one is open and defiant. The other is not without some evidence of a disposition to obey, and a promise of obedience is actually made, but the promise is not kept. A general view of human service, painted in colours so dark, is apt at first to be staggering to us. All the more so on account of our being constantly prone to excuse ourselves for our shortcoming in consideration of our meaning well. Yet there is no ground for doubting the accuracy of the hand which sketches it. Nor does there seem

to be any hope that a longer study of the picture will soften down in our estimation its intended meaning. The most careful and renewed study will not detect any modifying touches, at first unobserved on account of the darkness of the general effect. There is, indeed, candour in the very directness with which the first refusal is given; but candour is no credit in evil doing. There is in the case of the second a manifest wish to avoid the blunt refusal of the other, and even an inclination to stand well with his father; but this does not lessen the blameworthiness of subsequent disobedience, burdened as it is with the additional sin of unfaithfulness to the promise. The substance of the teaching of the parable at this point is, that all men fail in rendering to God the service required of them. There is no one amongst us who begins as he should. No doubt there are great differences in the manner and extent of disobedience amongst men; but the spirit which leads to disobedience is the same in all, and the manifold varieties can be reduced to two classes. If there be any difficulty in acknowledging the completeness of this twofold classification, it must be connected with the attempt to include under the example of the second son all who are not openly rebellious. And this difficulty would be very serious indeed if we were shut up to interpret the parable in such a manner as to regard the second son as designedly hypocritical. If the story could not be otherwise read than as conveying that the second son deliberately intended to deceive his father, then would it be impossible to regard the twofold classification here given as all inclusive. But there is really no warrant in the structure of the story for regarding the second son as hypocritical. Indeed, if the story be pondered, it will appear that the statement of the case of this second son is intentionally short and vague, so as to leave the state of his mind undescribed. In this way it is left in such a form as quite successfully includes the mere hypocritical promiser, who in his heart does not mean to obey, and at the same time embraces those who honestly mean and wish to serve God, and yet, under a variety of inducements, turn aside. If account be made of the restricted nature of the description given of the conduct of this second son, there can be no difficulty in admitting that under it may be included all who are not openly defiant against God's authority; for it will be seen that nothing more is said than that he made the promise and did not keep it. How the failure came about is not told. This reserve, practised intentionally in the structure of many of the parables, is far more appropriate to the end in view than a full narrative could have been. He made the promise, but in some way that promise was left unfulfilled. How many cases are covered by such a restricted statement! An honest wish to serve, but a mind which has been preoccupied with designs of its own which speedily regain the ascendancy. A desire to please God, but dwelling in a pliable nature, easily swayed to please men rather than God. A genuine

assent to the voice of rightful authority, but an inertness of nature which is slow in passing from purpose to action. As we go on with the enumeration, we can see that the classification may indeed embrace all the cases of an honest intention to serve which is attended by failure in action. The result in all such cases is that God is not served, the work of the vineyard is not done, and all are partakers in transgression.

Though this is the sad account of the beginning—for it must be owned that we all begin badly—this is happily not the end. While universal disobedience is the first result which God beholds, he is not left altogether without service on the earth. But that service springs out of disobedience, being in all cases a recoil from it, brought about by the working of his own grace in a manner already explained in the first group of parables. And now, under the operations of that grace, though multitudes crowd the ways of disobedience, some are repenting and turning back upon the way, that they may at length enter upon the ways of obedience. Of these two sons, the first, who said in reply to his father's command, "I will not," *afterwards repented and went*. Here we reach the second prominent feature of the parable. The first discovered universal disobedience among the children of men; this indicates the fact that in the case of many there is ultimately an entrance on service by the gateway of repentance. That this is the lesson meant to be taught at this point it seems impossible to doubt. It follows as a necessary consequence from the first feature of the parable. If disobedience be universal, obedience can be only by turning again from the way of transgression. The repentance which turns away from sin and leads to pardon leads by the next step to the beginning of a life of holy service. This is according to God's plan when he shows favour to the guilty. He does not pardon because he sets lightly on sin, or would excuse it. No man can look at Calvary with the slightest appreciation of the scene there witnessed and continue to think so. God pardons in order that he may lead men back again to holiness. This is the lesson now under our notice. The picture of this penitent son entering the gate of the vineyard to set about his father's service is, in the direct line of personal history, the picture which meets the eye as you turn over the page from that which depicts the joyous welcome of the penitent prodigal in the midst of the father's household. That scene of rejoicing is not by any means a closing or even a permanent scene in the family history. It is only the first scene in a new course of life for the son whose return is gladly celebrated. His new life is not to be one of never-ending festivity, which would certainly become tame and tiresome by-and-by. Its noblest feature is, that it is a return to filial obedience. It is at length an entrance upon service which is thenceforward to be continued unremittingly. The passing sight here given us of this son entering by the vineyard gate, with all the signs of preparation for work, is the parabolic representation of

the essential feature of Christian life—that true service begins in repentance. It is not thereby implied that the work thereafter done is perfect of its kind, but it is honestly and faithfully done; and while all its imperfections are observed and owned, there will no more be abandonment of the task, but in its steady continuance there will be acquirement of new experience, by which a still better service shall yet be rendered.

As we look upon this son entering the vineyard after the first hours of the day have fled, there is still one ground for lamentation. It concerns his brother, whose state of mind at first seemed more promising than his. His brother is not there before him. Answering in a manner quite different from the answer given by the first, he had said, "I go, sir." But he went not. All through the vineyard his brother may look for him now, but he will not find him there. It is not that his work has been done. It has never been begun. Here stands before us the final lesson of the parable. The defiant sinner is the first penitent; and he it is who is first within the vineyard, bending his energies to the service of his father. Those who do indeed feel a wish to serve God, and who shrink from high-handed rebellion—those who mean to obey God's voice, and are continually promising to do according to his will, yet ever coming short, are apt to be slowest in coming to repentance, and making acknowledgment that their life has been one of disobedience. Rebellion is not so manifest a thing in their case as in the life of those who go openly into sin. But the disobedience which is not so extreme is liable to be longer continued. And very specially does the reluctance to take a place of penitence along with the worst of transgressors deter such from turning at once to make humble acknowledgment that in all things they have sinned and come short of the glory of God.

Whether the second son did afterwards repent, we are not told. In this, as in other points, there is a cautious and obviously intentional reserve. In this respect, the same course is here followed as was previously taken in the account given of the elder brother in the parable of the prodigal son. The references in both parables are quite plainly to the same type of character, only it is seen from different points of view. This son, who is not to be found in the vineyard, even when the first enters it in penitence, is one who has been thinking well of himself, and contrasting his case favourably with that of the other. He has not been so bad as the other in the form of his disobedience. This he can say truthfully. But there is a snare to him in this supposed superiority. And now it happens to him that he must be blamed more than the other. And thus it is that God, who condemns the life of publicans and harlots much more than the life of scribes and Pharisees, in offering salvation to all who repent and come to him for pardon, points, with all the solemnity of a warning, to the fact, that he is dispensing the blessings of salvation first to those who have been the worst transgressors. And while they are being par-

done, those who have shown most wish to serve him are less earnest, or rather wholly indisposed to take their place before him with humble confession, and with sincere desire to have a share in the work to be done in his vineyard. What their future shall be depends upon themselves. While God waits to be gracious, and

his service waits to be done, it is left with them to determine what their lot shall be under a Father's government. We who study the parabolic teaching of Scripture, must be content to have this parable break off suddenly as it does, and we must await the future for the completing of the record.

A CHRISTIAN LEGISLATOR.

BY D. MACLAGAN, ESQ.



MR. MURRAY DUNLOP, whose death in September last was so widely felt as alike a public and a private loss, was distinguished in many walks of life; but our present purpose is to speak of him mainly as a Christian legislator.

Among the many positions of usefulness and influence which a patriotic, or benevolent, or religious man may occupy in this country, none affords greater scope or larger opportunities than the House of Commons.

The possession of a seat in that wonderful assembly—wonderful in its constituent elements and in the world-wide influence of its decisions—has justly been regarded by the noblest minds as a distinction worthy of much effort and sacrifice to secure. Unworthy men have doubtless often obtained the coveted prize by unworthy means; but the great mass of that assembly are chosen by the fair and open suffrages of their fellow-countrymen to represent them in the Nation's councils; and such a tribute of confidence is a most laudable object of ambition.

The labour—physical and mental—involved in the faithful discharge of the duties of a Member of Parliament far exceeds the general knowledge or belief on the subject. Committees in the forenoon, involving close mental application, and rising just in time for the general gathering of the House at four o'clock, are themselves sufficiently exhausting; but followed as they are by evening sittings, extending through the night and on till nearly dawn, the work of a legislator who does his work conscientiously is a severe strain upon the strongest constitution and the most willing mind.

The system of "party" by which our legislative assemblies regulate their proceedings is

probably unavoidable up to a certain point. Where broad general principles are at stake, men naturally range themselves on one side or the other, and act in concert. Of the Liberal "party" Mr. Murray Dunlop was a supporter, but no considerations would induce him to be a mere *partizan*. While ready to act with his political allies on most occasions, he refused to acknowledge the common party obligation to do so invariably, and reserved his entire freedom of opinion and action on every separate question which came before him. His candour and purity of motive were appreciated by his own party, even when he could not see his way to support them.

The influence for good of such a career of consistent adherence to general principles deliberately adopted, combined with independent action on all questions involving considerations of conscience and right, can hardly be over-estimated. What a power in the world would a House of Commons so constituted be!

Some brief notices of Mr. Murray Dunlop's life, especially in its Parliamentary aspect, may be found not uninteresting.

Mr. Dunlop was the son of the late Alexander Dunlop, Esq. of Keppoch, Dumbartonshire, sometime a banker in Greenock, and Margaret, daughter of the late William Colquhoun, Esq. of Kenmure, Lanarkshire. He was born in Greenock on the 27th December 1798, and received his education first at the Grammar School there, and afterwards at the University of Edinburgh. He was a distinguished student, and a member of the Speculative Society connected with the University—a society with which the leading men of the Scotch bar have almost without exception been associated.

In 1844 Mr. Dunlop married Eliza Esther,

only child of John Murray, Esq., of Ainslie Place, Edinburgh; and on the death of his father-in-law he assumed the name of Murray, to which he added the additional surname of Colquhoun Stirling, on succeeding in 1866 to the estate of his relative, Mr. Colquhoun Stirling of Edinbarnet.

The University of Princeton, United States of America, conferred upon him in 1844 the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

In the year 1820—now half a century ago—Mr. Dunlop was admitted to the bar in Scotland.

Neither his tastes nor his physical power were favourable to forensic display in the direction of public pleading. His aim rather was to be a consulting counsel, and to contribute to the literature of his profession works which might be serviceable as standards of reference. To the study also of ecclesiastical law Mr. Dunlop devoted much attention, not only on account of the importance of that subject in itself, but on account also of his warm attachment to the National Church of Scotland, and his desire to be serviceable to her in every possible way.

That Mr. Dunlop never received any of those appointments in his profession which confer position and emolument upon the holders of them, has often been the subject of remark and of censure. Of an eminently judicial mind, unswerving integrity, unwearied patience, and abundant legal knowledge, it was a general opinion that he ought to have occupied a seat on the bench. But his resolution to act independently and to avoid party trammels interfered, in his case as in that of others, with his promotion.

It proved in the end no unmixed evil that Mr. Dunlop did not receive any appointment which would have tied him to Edinburgh, for he would thus have been prevented from entering Parliament, where a career of remarkable usefulness lay before him. In Mr. Dunlop's first efforts in 1845 and 1847 to obtain a seat as the representative of Greenock, with which important town he had close family ties, he was not successful; but in 1852 he was returned as its member, and for sixteen years continued to be so, the people of Greenock electing him in 1857, 1859, and 1865, and being not only willing but anxious that he should, so long as he himself desired it, be their representative in Parliament.

Mr. Dunlop very soon obtained for himself there a position of much influence, not by oratorical displays or party support, but by weight of character and by the sagacity and information which he showed on Committees and in the House, on all questions regarding which he felt entitled to speak or to advise. His thorough independence, combined with his unvarying courtesy to friends and opponents alike, secured for him such an amount of respect and regard that he was listened to with marked attention whenever he rose to speak. However widely men might differ from him, they learned to honour him.

Mr. Dunlop might at almost any time have obtained office from the different Liberal Governments of his day, but he declined everything which would hamper his free action in Parliament, and preferred giving his strength to the preparing and carrying through of such measures as an independent member might hope successfully to grapple with. The result of this was, that during his term of Parliamentary service he introduced and carried more really useful measures than any Scotch member. His name stands associated with reforms, in social as well as legal matters, of enduring value; and his friends were reconciled to the neglect shown him in the way of professional advancement at the Scotch bar by the thorough and statesman-like work which he was enabled to do in the Senate.

A rapid sketch of some of the leading measures framed and carried by Mr. Dunlop may give some idea of his Parliamentary life and service:—

I. In the direction of Law Reform, the most important measure carried by Mr. Dunlop was the "Movable Succession Act, 1855." It were a mistake to regard this as a mere lawyer's matter, for it may be said of this as of every Bill framed by him, that in it his judicious, practical, and benevolent character are conspicuous. He was not the man to legislate for a crotchet or an idea. Substantial benefit resulted from all his efforts, and many hardships which the existing state of the law entailed were removed or modified by his Parliamentary labours. This was in a striking degree manifested in the measure to which reference is now made. The Act introduced into the succession to movable property the

principle that deceased parents are represented by their children. Formerly the *surviving* nearest of kin to a deceased person divided his succession among themselves, to the exclusion of the orphans or other descendants of equally near relations who had predeceased. By this state of the law the most needy and helpless were deprived of a share in the succession by that very event (the death of their parent) which gave them added claims and necessities. Mr. Dunlop's Act secured for the children of a deceased son or daughter, or brother or sister, as the case might be, the share which would have fallen to their father or mother had he or she been still alive. In what at first sight may appear a dry legal technicality, we find that in fact a great act of justice to, and defence of, the orphan, is the root of the change effected. In this, as in his other labours, Mr. Dunlop's aim was to apply the just and beneficent principles of the gospel to all the affairs of life.

This was by no means the only benefit of the Act, but we cannot dwell upon it at greater length here.

II. In Scotland, as in England, the law required absolute unanimity on the part of a jury in civil causes. Unless the jury were unanimous they were dismissed, the trial went for nothing, and had to be followed by another, possibly with the same result.

The hardship and expense entailed by all this were great, while its injustice in practically making one dissentient jurymen the controller of the decision of the whole question at issue was manifest. Mr. Dunlop set himself to remedy this, and succeeded in carrying his "Act to allow Verdicts for Trials by Jury in Civil Causes in Scotland to be returned although the Jury may not be unanimous."

His Act further authorized the judge to order refreshments for the jury, and so put an end in Scotland to the absurd system which sought, by refusing all food to a jury during its deliberations, to starve them, as it were, into returning a unanimous verdict.

III. The Act to facilitate the Erection of Dwelling-houses for the Working-classes has already been productive of benefits in a direction

which deeply interested him. That it will prove increasingly valuable cannot be doubted.

The warm heart, which revealed itself so often in the voice and manner of Mr. Dunlop when any subject affecting the well-being and comfort of his humbler brethren came before him, was grieved by the knowledge he had of the comfortless dwellings of the working-classes, and led him to prepare this Act which might help them to improve their domestic condition and to elevate their moral standard of life and practice, which he felt had been lowered to a large extent by the state of their dwellings.

[The Editor ventures at this point to place on record a circumstance which came under his own observation, and which, in his judgment, tends to illustrate the thorough-going consistency of Mr. Dunlop's liberal principles, and the exquisitely tender benevolence of his character.

He was wont to provide annually a rural festival for the children of the neighbourhood, in the grounds around his family mansion of Corsock. Young and old attended in great numbers. Games and athletic exercises alternated with music and familiar addresses—the whole summed up by a substantial meal. Mr. Dunlop mingled personally with the people. It was the simple action of his heart, and not the result of skill, that enabled him to show them the most familiar kindness without an atom of a patronizing air. On one of these occasions, not many years ago, he had in the morning designated a beautiful smooth lawn immediately under the windows of the drawing-room as the scene of the feast. At a later hour, in the absence of Mr. Dunlop, on the suggestion perhaps of the gardener, perhaps of some member of the family, the forms and tables were placed on the other side of the gravel walk, on a part of the lawn that sloped a little, and was not so finely kept. In all respects the place was as well suited, and in one even better—for there the young people could use more freedom than on the finer turf. But when Mr. Dunlop came, he gave positive orders to remove the whole apparatus to the smooth level lawn again; and his orders were obeyed. He was manifestly pained by the very sensible plan adopted in his absence, because it presented the appearance of offering something inferior to his rural friends, and reserving some-

thing that was better for his own use. This circumstance sank deep into the memory of the observer; and he cannot now fully express how much he admired and loved the man who combined in his character such a transparent meekness among his humble neighbours, with a fearless front against all unfairness in the supreme council of the nation. With such proprietors scattered over the land, our country would be safe alike from internal tumults and foreign foes.]

IV. The scandal arising from what were known as "Gretna Green" marriages, and the merited sneer against the Scotch Marriage Law which this tolerated system encouraged, led Mr. Dunlop to seek to provide a remedy. This he effectually did by obtaining an additional clause in a Bill brought in by Lord Brougham in the House of Lords on the Scotch Marriage Law. His clause provided, that, after 31st December 1856, "no irregular marriage contracted in Scotland by declaration, acknowledgment, or ceremony shall be valid unless one of the parties had at the date thereof his or her usual residence there, or had lived in Scotland for twenty-one days next preceding such marriage."

The "Border Marriages" which English parties, often of high rank, had availed themselves of under the former system, and the great mischief done in the adjoining English counties by the contraction of marriages which were afterwards disregarded, ceased, and "Gretna Green" and "Lamberton Toll-Bar" closed their discreditable traffic from the day on which the Act passed.

V. Mr. Dunlop is known to have said that there were no measures with which he would so much desire to have his name associated as those which rendered Reformatories and Industrial Schools more available for vagrant and destitute children.

His wish is gratified. For "Dunlop's Act" is familiarly known as the measure which has done more to rescue poor children from the depths of vice and misery than any legislative or benevolent movement of our day. The Act gave power to the sheriff or magistrate to send vagrant children to school, and to commit children guilty of petty thefts and other crimes to the reformatory, where hopes of amendment might be cherished regard-

ing them, in place of stamping them as criminals by sending them to the common jail, and giving them the ineffaceable mark of a prison confinement.

Over the framing and working of this Act Mr. Dunlop watched with jealous care. It was originally passed in 1854, but was subsequently amended at his instance. In the year 1866 he carried an Act amending and consolidating all his previous Acts on reformatories in Scotland.

It is eminently characteristic of the man, that, while he had so many valuable measures on which to rest his claims to the regard and respect of his countrymen, he should prefer to be remembered by them as the friend of the vagrant and criminal child.

While the Parliamentary Acts now mentioned are merely specimens of Mr. Dunlop's labours in legislation, they attest his industry and judgment, his patient and practical good sense and benevolence, and, above all, his peculiar influence in Parliament, based upon the universal appreciation of his character and motives by the House of Commons.

Any notice, however, of his Parliamentary life would be very incomplete without a reference to some occasions in which his moral courage and hatred of oppression and false dealing overcame that generous sensitiveness which made him shrink, so far as his own feelings were concerned, from setting himself in opposition to any one, and especially to his political and personal friends.

In the year 1857 this country went to war with China, on what was known, and will continue to be remembered, as the "Arrow Affair." Mr. Cobden was strongly opposed to the whole Government policy in regard to this matter, and moved in the House accordingly. The defeat of the Ministry, it was known, would involve an appeal to the country by a general election. It was felt, too, that any members of the Liberal party who were instrumental by their votes in rendering this course necessary, would in all probability sacrifice their seats. To Mr. Dunlop a severance between himself and the electors of his native town would have been a great trial; but nothing could shake his steadfast adherence to convictions carefully and conscientiously formed; and accordingly he voted against the Palmerston

Government, which defended the Chinese War. The general election ensued, and Mr. Cobden, as had been anticipated, lost his seat. Mr. Dunlop, with a high appreciation of an honourable understanding, almost overstrained in this case, but most characteristic, intimated to his constituents that he placed his seat in their hands, and would not even stand as a candidate if they disapproved of his conduct. To the lasting honour of the Greenock constituency, they unanimously re-elected him their member, and with such expressions of regard as showed that their confidence in their member was enhanced, in place of being diminished, by his high-minded independence in dealing with a great public question on its merits, untrammelled by party considerations.

Another occasion arose in which, at an even greater sacrifice of personal feeling, Mr. Dunlop felt himself compelled to take the lead in an attack upon the Government of Lord Palmerston.

Previous to the Afghan War the late Sir Alexander Burnes was Envoy at the Afghan Court. When the war was decided upon, Government sought to justify the proceeding by Sir Alexander's despatches, extracts of which were laid before Parliament. The extraordinary discrepancy of fact and opinions between the published Parliamentary documents and the communications which Sir Alexander made (including copies of some at least of his despatches to Government) to his relatives in this country, led them to seek for explanation and inquiry.

It was a most difficult and delicate task for any Member of Parliament to raise the question in the House of Commons, involving as it did a moral charge of the most serious kind against the Minister who had prepared and published the Parliamentary papers. It was no wonder if few men were available for such a work. Mr. Dunlop, however, studied the question with that conscientious industry which regulated his whole Parliamentary career. It became plain to him that the despatches had not only been tampered with, but had been made, in the form in which they were laid before Parliament, to convey a meaning diametrically opposite to what their writer really expressed. There was no room for hesitation in Mr. Dunlop's mind. The character of the Envoy, who had perished in the course of

the war—the character of the House of Commons, and of Her Majesty's Ministers—and the interests of public morality—were all involved. And the high sense of public honour entertained by him led to the resolution, at any sacrifice of popularity or of friendship, to bring the whole question under the notice of Parliament.

The ordinarily quiet and almost timid manner of the speaker was changed. In a voice more firm and loud than was his wont, he said he had read the papers "with amazement, indignation, and shame;" adding, "that these papers were laid on the table by Her Majesty's command; that her name was appealed to as the stamp of their truthfulness, and that her servants had not shrunk from using that name as the voucher and cover of a lie." His honourable and chivalrous nature recoiled instinctively from what was not direct and straightforward in itself, as well as from what was unfair to the character and memory of Burnes; but all who know anything of him will readily understand at what a sacrifice of feeling he used language so strong and so severe. Mr. Bright, in a speech of great power, followed up Mr. Dunlop's motion for a Committee of Inquiry. In doing so he referred to the Minister who had produced the papers as having "so low a sense of honour and of right that he should offer to this House mutilated, false, forged opinions of a public servant who lost his life in the public service."

Lord Palmerston, in replying, spoke with a hesitancy, and in a manner and language very unusual with him—seemed to stagger under the force and sincerity of the men who were moving in the matter—and raised a discussion on the war, under cover of which he sought to evade the real question at issue. Mr. Disraeli argued that it was a matter now nearly twenty years old, and had better not be re-awakened; and the support of the Conservative party generally defeated Mr. Dunlop's motion. But it was a significant fact that men like Mr. Walpole and Mr. Stirling of Keir (now Sir W. Stirling Maxwell, Bart.) broke off from their leader, Mr. Disraeli, and supported Mr. Dunlop. It is not easy to estimate the amount of moral courage required to undertake such a task as Mr. Dunlop's in this affair. And although his motion failed in its immediate object, the debate was not in vain, for it served to raise

the tone of Ministerial and Parliamentary responsibility, and stamped with disgrace a course of proceeding which outraged the moral sense of all high-minded men in the country.

Mr. Dunlop, during his residence in London, while Parliament was sitting, regularly attended the services of the English Presbyterian Church. The place of worship which he frequented was nearly three miles from his residence in Albion Street, Hyde Park; but his venerable figure appeared punctually in the house of prayer, and the attitude of a most devout worshipper characterized his whole demeanour. The simplicity and guilelessness of the man nowhere were more apparent than in his gentle and childlike way of entering into the services of the sanctuary.

At the general election in 1868 Mr. Murray Dunlop intimated to his constituents that he would not again ask the honour of representing them. He had laboured hard for them and for his country, and began to feel the need of more rest and leisure than were possible for a Member of Parliament.

It is chiefly as a Christian legislator that we desired to present Mr. Murray Dunlop to our readers, but it were hardly fair to him to omit a reference, however slight, to other services in an even higher field of usefulness. For, long as Mr. Dunlop will be remembered for his professional and Parliamentary labours, his memory will be chiefly embalmed in the history of the Church of Scotland in connection with his sustained and self-sacrificing services.

From a comparatively early period of his life he entered with his whole heart into those questions which were beginning to rise and ripen, and which attained their full fruition in the Disruption of the Scottish Church in 1843. By his legal knowledge, calm judgment, and ready pen, all under the guidance of a spirit deeply taught of God, and filled with love of the Church of Scotland and the evangelical teaching of its best ministers, he rendered an amount of service which will never be fully known.

Reference is often made by all generous minds, and not too often, to the noble sacrifices made by the ministers who joined the Free Church at the Disruption. It is sometimes, however, forgotten or overlooked that sacrifices of much im-

portance were also made by many of the Church's elders and adherents; and in Mr. Dunlop's case it is well known that his position and income at the bar were seriously compromised by the attitude he assumed in the great question of the day, and by the time he devoted to the affairs of the Church.

He was a member of the General Assembly of the Church from the year 1822 until the close of his life; and after the Disruption generally occupied his official seat, as its law adviser, at the table of the House. He did not speak often latterly, but when he rose a hush passed over the House, and all leant forward to catch the words uttered by an enfeebled voice, but cherished as embodying the opinions of one who was loved and trusted by every member of Assembly.

Besides his more public work in the Church Courts, Mr. Dunlop discharged long and faithfully the congregational duties of an elder. He was ordained as an elder in Greenock in the year 1822; and on coming to Edinburgh became a member of the kirk-session of St. Bernard's Church. Soon after the Disruption he joined the congregation and kirk-session of his much-loved friend Dr. Candlish, by whom, as well as by the whole office-bearers, his death was deeply mourned.

He was profoundly interested in the attempt now being made to reunite the divided Presbyterian Church in Scotland, and lent the weight of his counsels and influence to that great movement. He was, in fact, a man of the most wide and generous Christian sympathies, loving all who loved the Lord.

We confidently assert our belief that few men of our time in Scotland have lived a life so unselfish and unstained: or dying, have left a purer memory. Faithful to every trust committed to him, he discharged them all in the light of the gospel, and for the glory of him whom the gospel reveals. Mr. Murray Dunlop was almost the last of a noble band of Elders, of which John Hamilton, Maitland Makgill Crichton, John Shaw Stewart, Graham Speirs, James Maitland Hog, Earle Monteith, Robert Paul, William Campbell, and, of a later date, Andrew Jameson and Robert Balfour—all names well known and much

loved in Scotland—were members. They rest from their labours; and into that rest the honoured and beloved man of whom we write has now also entered.

His declining years were spent in the midst of a deeply attached family, and in great spiritual peace. He fell asleep in Jesus on 1st September 1870, and was carried to his grave by sons, and

relatives, and friends, and tenantry, who felt, as all who were privileged to know him feel, that Scotland buried that day one of her noblest sons.

"We bless thee for the quiet rest thy servant taketh now,
We bless thee for his blessedness, and for his crowned brow;
For every weary step he trod in faithful following thee,
And for the good fight foughten well, and closed right
valiantly!"

THE USE AND ABUSE OF THIS WORLD.

[The Supreme Courts of the several Presbyterian Churches in Scotland are wont, from time to time, to enjoin all their ministers to preach simultaneously on some specific duty that seems for the time to be urgent, or some specific vice which seems for the time to prevail. One of these Churches instructed its ministers to deliver warnings against the vice of intemperance about the close of the past year. A sermon addressed, in accordance with that injunction, to a congregation in Edinburgh, on 25th December last, is here submitted.]

"They did eat their meat with gladness."—ACTS II. 40.



THESE primitive Christians were happy; and their happiness sprang from their faith. Their religion made their daily bread sweeter, and enabled them to enjoy more completely all the common bounties of Providence. The blessed hope of a better life into which they had through Christ lately been admitted, instead of making the present life more bitter, made it more glad.

I propose to apply this fact for the purpose of encouraging a right and discouraging a wrong use of this present world. The twofold lesson is,—Christians should *use* this world, but not *abuse* it.

I ask your attention to this subject at the present time, for the obvious reason that at this time the community with one accord go in for an extraordinary measure of enjoyment. At this season there is a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether for happiness; and it would be hard if happiness should not come. Alas! for the most part the pleasure-seekers draw at dry breasts.

A word of explanation may be useful here regarding the time chosen for the general pursuit of happiness, and the name attached to the day. The time is 25th December, and the day is called Christmas. The institution is of ancient date; and among the Western nations the day is adopted with almost universal consent. Notwithstanding this antiquity, however, and this unanimity, the date, as is now generally acknowledged, is a mistake. The Scriptures have not made certain the year or the day of the Lord's birth, for these are not necessary for our salvation or edification. Where he was born we know, for in that the fulfilment of Scripture was involved; but when, we do not certainly know. The only thing that seems tolerably certain about it is, that it was not on the 25th of December; for at that season shepherds do not watch their flocks by night in Palestine.

I have no objection to a general concert of joyfulness on account of the birth of Christ on any day of the year, provided the matter of the date is not laid on the conscience by human authority. I am quite ready to join my neighbours either on the 25th of December or the 25th of June, in ceasing from ordinary work, and holding glad jubiles together over the greatest fact in the world's history—the birth of Christ.

I think the Christian Church, or at least some of its ministers and members, have often erred practically on this point on both sides. On the one hand, they have, really or apparently, represented religion as adverse to or incompatible with the full enjoyment of earthly good; and, on the other hand, they have failed fully and faithfully to give warning against the pleasures of sin, which, like subtle serpents, glide in among lawful enjoyments. Too little scope has on one side been allowed to the *use*, and too much on the other side to the *abuse*, of this present world.

I. THE USE OF THE WORLD. The faith of the first disciples did not diminish their relish for daily bread. They enjoyed their dinner better after than before they believed. It is a stumbling-block thrown in the way of young people, when the tone of experienced Christians seems to indicate that one may indeed take pleasure in prayer, in the Scriptures, in godly conversation, but that to take pleasure in the gratification of the senses almost borders on sin. They are discouraged by a species of implied asceticism. They are conscious that they do take pleasure in the gratification of the senses, and are sorry to hear it is wrong.

No, it is not wrong; it is right. Not only the food, and the growth which it promotes, are good works of God, but also and specially the enjoyment which is experienced in eating our food is a good work of God. It is wise and beneficent. As he has made it a pleasure

to sense to eat bread when we are hungry, we may rest assured that he is pleased when his creatures enjoy it. I revere the provision of Providence that there is pain—the pain of hunger—when we want food too long; and pleasure—great pleasure to the senses—in the act of eating. Our Father, who commands the earth to bring forth food, does not rest contented with commanding us to eat a sufficient quantity for the preservation of life and health. He treats us in a kinder way. He treats us as a mother treats her child: knowing the sustenance to be necessary to our life, and knowing that we would be apt to neglect it, he has made it sweet to our taste. He has gilded over with sugar the medicine for the bodily life, that the patient may be sure to take it in time.

When one enters through Christ into peace with God, the next meal he eats after his reconciliation is not embittered to his taste by the fact that he is forgiven. He tastes in his food all its former sweetness—and more. A higher enjoyment is added, without diminishing the lower. He enjoys the provision now as God's child, and so the provision made for him in providence as God's creature is more sweet. Thus these early Christians, when their faith was new and fresh, did eat their meat with gladness and singleness of heart.

The fact which the nations this day commemorate—the fact that Christ came into the world—not only gives to those who look to him a hope of heaven; it also brightens the gloom of this present world. The taste of daily bread is sweeter when the hope of life eternal has entered the heart.

Here is an experience that many may have detected in their own history. Some event has been announced to you that is disagreeable; it damps your hopes; it blights a fair prospect that formerly opened up before you. It is not so close-coming and so heavy as to oppress you altogether. You are able in a little time to turn to your usual employment, and give your mind to present duty. For the time, the adverse intelligence has been cast out of your memory. But, as you thread your way that day out and in among your ordinary avocations, you now and then awake to a general consciousness that a cloud is covering your sunlight, without being able to remember for the moment what the specific disappointment is. A moment's reflection will bring it up: when you hunt for it, you soon find it. But in the day's duties, that event rather hangs indefinitely like a cloud, making the day a shade duller, than asserts itself all day as a definite fact in your memory.

Intelligence of prosperity acts in a similar manner on the opposite side. You heard in the morning of some decisive success. The certainty becomes known that some venture of yours has been fortunate. As in the other case, you plunge into the varied activities of life, and forget the good news. At a pause some time during that day, you suddenly become conscious that a joy is

brooding over your spirit; but you could not on the instant tell its cause. After a few moment's thought you recall the articulate fact that has been reported; and now you not only enjoy a general halo of pleasure, but you perceive the actual star from which the light descends.

The announcement made by the angels, caught up and repeated by many successive generations of witnesses—the announcement, "To you a son is born; Peace on earth," &c.—causes joy in a man's heart when first he hears it as for himself—hears and accepts. This believer afterwards enters a rapid circle of daily miscellaneous work. Not always is the memory of the Saviour born articulately present to his mind; but always there is a heavenly light over his heart and upon his path, generated by that blessed message. His heart is happy all the day long; although it is only now and then—when he enters into his closet and shuts the door—that he defines to his own mind the source of his peace. This workman walks about all day in light; although it is only once or twice that he looks up to the sun.

They have the best right to eat their meat with gladness, who have passed out of condemnation, and are compassed about with the favour of God.

Now, it is true that a Christian enjoys the hope of God's favour in Christ, while he eats his food and prosecutes his ordinary employment. That is true; but more than that. A Christian, because of his hope in Christ, enjoys more the taste of his food, and the taste of all other good things.

The list of God's mercies is too long to be all recited at one meeting; but it will be of use to enumerate a few.

1. Home and its shelter, especially in an inclement season.

2. Your bed when you lie down at night, how sweet it is after weariness. That interval, very short with most people in health—the interval between lying down and falling asleep—is a favourable time for remembering his mercies.

"I lay my body down to sleep," &c.

These two things are very different, are opposite—(1.) To fall asleep while you are praying; (2.) To pray while you are falling asleep. The first is, according to circumstances, a weakness of the flesh when the spirit is willing, or the slothfulness of a worldly mind: but the second is very sweet; the privilege of a dear child sinking into the softness of the everlasting arms.

"What time soever I awake,
I ever am with thee."

3. Company. It is clearly written on the face of creation that we are meant for society with each other. To want society is painful, like hunger; to obtain it is sweet, like bread to the hungry.

4. The speaking tongue and the hearing ear, how exquisitely framed. Each is a world of wonders. These

are meant to be used. To employ them aright is a species of worship. These human faculties declare God's glory as distinctly as the orbs of heaven. Look at a bird sitting on the hawthorn; gaze on it while it sits and sings. Its little eye is still and meditative; its throat is open, and its breast is heaving with the exertion of producing the sound. There is a hymn to the Creator's praise. And think you that God is less honoured by the music of a human voice. Sing, ye who can; and listen, ye who can enjoy the pleasure of musical sounds. Sing, in proper time and place, the great Redeemer's praise; but sing also, in proper time and place, of all pure acts and objects. Sing of patriot struggles in the olden time; sing of flowers and seasons; of mountains, and rivers, and seas; sing of tender, faithful love; sing of all human joys. Sing, ye who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, sing of all the good that this world contains, for it belongs to him that bought you, and he has given it to you for use.

5. To eat bread together is another enjoyment freely given to us of God. The family circle every day eat their bread with gladness, and a wider circle occasionally meet. In these feasts the lively and varied conversation of different yet kindred minds is doubtless the chief joy; but the *gladness* in tasting pleasant food is not forbidden. It is the Father's gift; it does not please him when you put it away.

II. But it is time to turn over the leaf and read the lesson that lies on the other side—a lesson of warning. Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation. Temptations are snares of the enemy; and, as might be expected, he sets them on the children's ordinary path. At this season the snares are more thickly set. The special enjoyments of this season, which might be in themselves pure and safe, the enemy eyes from his own point of view; and to him they appear simply as a ranker cover growing over the path under which his snares may be more successfully concealed.

In the bare open fields, snares being more easily detected by the victim, are not so frequently laid by the fowler; it is where a thick undergrowth covers all that the enemy works, and the victim should take extraordinary precautions.

Now, the Christmas and New Year festivities constitute the best cover for those snares in which the young are taken and destroyed. This warning is the present truth. I give the warning to-day in this place, because God has charged me to give it here and now. If I would rightly divide the Word of truth, I must give specific and plain warning regarding the slippery places for souls, that lie beneath the social enjoyments of the city at this season of the year.

By far the most wide-spread and most successful of these snares is the place given in this community to intoxicating drink. Called to the watch-tower in this country and at this season, I am convinced that if I should fail to utter a loud specific warning on this point,

I should thereby prove unfaithful to my trust—I should be guilty of turning my back in the day of battle.

There are some subordinate accessories here that claim attention, and constitute an interesting study. The drinking customs of the country are defended after the manner of Paris. Paris is itself a walled city; but beyond the walls are a line of forts that keep the enemy at a distance from the walls; and again, beyond the forts, they have lately constructed earthworks to keep the assailant at a distance from the forts.

Besides the inherent strength of the fortress in the taste for stimulants, there is an outer line of customs very strong. The beautiful grace of hospitality is employed to shield the stronghold from assault. But even beyond these, a circle of ramparts has of late been raised to keep us from approaching to assail the drinking customs of society. And this is the newest and outmost line of defence.

From the circumstance that many of the common people, stung in their tenderest relations by the destroying serpent, have arisen in righteous wrath to hunt the monster down, not a few have dealt their strokes somewhat rudely. Grammar and good taste have often been sorely transgressed by these earnest soldiers, in their efforts to strike their foe. Many advocates of Temperance have been more remarkable for their vigour than for their learning or refinement. Hence, by one link of bad logic, people conclude that any earnest warning against the dangers of intoxicating drink is very vulgar, although it may be conceded to be well-meant. This unclean spirit infests the community—nobody denies it—slaying his ten thousands—sparing no age, no rank, neither sex. The destroyer is wasting us like a prairie fire, leaving a scorched and blackened belt of death behind. But those who band themselves to stay the plague are not genteel in their manners and methods. To such an extent does this feeling go, that if any one take a distinct place among the earnest and outspoken assailants of drunkenness and its accessories, the fact, in the estimation of some classes, puts him beyond the pale of cultivated society.

To this feeling I have to some extent consciously yielded. I have not of late years given warnings on drunkenness, frequent and earnest, in proportion to the need. Besides the greatness of the need, I have been obliged to take another measurement—the measurement of the prejudice against temperance reformers in general. I have been obliged to take into account, not only what the community need to get, but also what the community are able to bear.

If the word against drink were permitted to assume a proportion suited to the magnitude of the evil, I tremble to think what measure of public teaching would need to be devoted to that single theme.

As the German army, if the outlying forts were destroyed, would soon subdue the city; so, methinks, the preacher might soon win over to the right and safe position every mind and conscience on this question, if

these outer lines of encircling prejudices were removed. We might take the city by a rush in an hour, if these girdling outworks of various prejudice and habit were destroyed.

If we had a fair field to begin upon, I should hope the best. If, by the experience of other nations, we knew thoroughly the nature and extent of the evil, but were as yet free from it ourselves, and if the question were, Shall we begin? I would expect an unanimous No from the nation. But, alas! we are in it, deep in it, and the people are not willing to make an effort.

I have no pleasure in wading through the vile details. I shall make my hints very brief. Alas! the spectacle is familiar to all; it is not necessary to describe it.

First, the dram-shops are multiplied to a fearful extent, for filthy lucre's sake. A landlord has a corner shop in a new building. Perhaps he can hardly make his own of the upper flats; but he will let the shop to a tenant who will open a dram-shop, and the rent will be large. Landlord and tenant combine their influence to bear on magistrates and justices to obtain the license. They succeed; and hundreds of poor men and women are sucked into this new whirlpool, and lost. Fie on't, oh fie; it smells rank; it cries to heaven. There is some movement in the community, and some preparation by the Government, to place some limits on the devastating system. But unless the people arise with a voice like the sound of many waters to compel the legislature, the reforms, I venture to predict, will be very minute.

What an inconsistency is here! The community—the whole mass of the householders—have power to elect our legislators; but they have not power to determine whether the nuisance of a dram-counter shall be set down at their door.

Obviously we should either suppress all dram-shops, or give each section of the community power to forbid them, if they will.*

Next, the habit, mainly among the working-people, of taking and giving and expecting drams, especially at this season—as if all good and all kindness were embodied in strong drink.

The disgusting exhibitions of drunkenness which abound in our city are a disgrace to our Christianity and our civilization. If all the Christian and sober portion of the community were on fire about it, much could be done to stay the plague.

I fear I have allowed myself to grow weary of this work. In former years I made greater efforts. Now, I have not the same buoyancy and hope. I have seen more, and, alas! expect less. My tendency is to look for-

ward. This is not your rest, because it is polluted; but the rest that remaineth is rest, for it is not polluted. There is a city that hath foundations—that hath pearly gates, and glassy streets, and eternal day without any darkness,—a city on whose streets you may walk for ever without meeting a drunkard!

Take this thought. Every one's life is a line of a certain length, known beforehand to God. For the uses of time and in the light of eternity the line is short at best. In all cases the line is lost in the mist of unconscious infancy for a portion at the beginning; and in some cases it is lost in the second childhood of age for a period at the end. There remains the portion in the middle—the portion, longer or shorter, of complete health—a sound mind in a sound body. And oh, it is a daring sin and a stupid suicide to pour on your mind with your own hand a potion that blots out its light for a time—that makes a blank in the human life, and renders the man for that space a brute! The human soul is a mirror for receiving in heaven's light the likeness of the Lord: who shall dare to spread a foul breath over it, and so blot that blessed image out?

If you, brethren, are by divine grace kept free—and it is because I know you to be free that I am encouraged to hope for your sympathy and help—I beseech you to consider the case of the wretched bond-slaves that swarm around you. Pity the children. When the Lord, Emmanuel, spoke to Jonah and sent a message to the Ninevites—a message of terrible judgment—and when the people repented and prayed, he had pity and spared. And we learn from his own Word that the motive swaying his heart in that crisis of mercy and judgment, was the suffering of the little ones who had neither done good nor evil. He would not cut down the city and destroy its full-grown rebellious multitude, because this would remove the needed shelter from 120,000 little ones. Oh, that we were like him in his discriminating compassion! I plead for the little ones. In this severe season they need all a parent's care, and in most cases all a parent's resources, to feed them and cover them from the cold. I am sure your hearts bleed for the thousands of young children who are without shoes to-day and without warm clothing, because the means and energies of their parents are spent in strong drink. It is a cruel as well as an unclean spirit that casts in the wages to feed the Moloch flame, and leaves these pinched little ones naked. No law of nature is more sure than this, that the children of Edinburgh and the dram-shops of Edinburgh cannot both be well supported.

As to our part in this cause, have we been reconciled and set free? Do we enjoy the liberty wherewith Christ maketh his people free? What then? Then let every one, old and young, grasp with one hand the Redeemer on high for strength and steadiness, and with the other hand grasp some brother ready to perish, and draw him out of the pit. There is no joy like the joy of saving. It is Christ's own joy. Did they eat their meat with

* The term dram-shop is employed throughout to signify a mere drinking-place, whether open counter or closed stalls, in distinction from hotels and eating-houses on the one hand, and shops where both food and drink are sold to be carried away on the other. The drinking-place is a distinct species by itself, known to the law and the practice of this country. In it most of the mischief is done: if it were removed, the back of the evil would be broken.

gladness, these primitive believers in Jerusalem? It must be still greater joy to taste the food in which the Lord delighted. "My meat," he said, when the disciples wondered that, being hungry, he would not taste the food they brought—"my meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work." Let not the

meat which he enjoyed so much be meat that we know not of. He permits us to taste it with himself. To save the lost—the lowest—to save with persevering love those who at first revile us for our pains, is to partake here in the desert, not of angels' food, but of his food whom the angels adore.

Pal estine.

BY THE REV. ANDREW THOMSON, D.D., EDINBURGH.

II.—FROM THE PYRAMIDS TO JOPPA.



WE have spoken of Cairo as of the East Eastern. But this quality is gradually diminishing. The influence of Europe is telling on its architecture, its customs, and its costumes, and turning the picturesque into the prosaic. The wave from the West is sweeping over everything and modifying everything. When shall the wave of a pure Christianity sweep away its false religion and a hundred other evils with it, and, like the waters of Egypt's beneficent river, deposit in the minds of its people the elements of a renewed life, the germs of highest blessing?

Still, Cairo continues to be the most Oriental of all the great cities of Egypt, and our knowledge of this soon drew us out from our hotel to a stroll among its bazaars. Generally, the streets which contain these shops of Eastern traffic are very narrow; so much so, that it is often with great difficulty and much need for mutual accommodation that two persons riding on donkeys can pass each other. The storeys of the houses as they ascend project more and more, and at length the highest storeys on the opposite sides come so near, that on looking up you can only see the narrowest line of sky; a custom which, though perhaps not so favourable to ventilation, effectually protects both the inhabitants and the passengers from the terrible rays of a vertical sun.

We noticed the same apparent unconsciousness of the march of time and want of "push" in those cross-legged merchants as in their brethren of Alexandria; though when we sat down near them in their own posture, and proceeded to bargaining, their dreamy eyes speedily opened, and they made it very evident that they were wide

awake. The practice referred to in certain of the "books of the Prophets" also drew our attention, as it afterwards did in other large cities of the East, of whole streets being devoted to one particular kind of artisanship and merchandise. One was entirely occupied with tailors; another with the making of brazen utensils; a third was engrossed with the manufacture and sale of rude, quaint mirrors; while in a fourth, innumerable nimble fingers were busy almost at the same moment with the making and selling of silver tassels.

It will not greatly surprise our readers that amid the noise of shouting camel-drivers and donkey-boys, of curiously varied street-calls, and the incessant importunity of beggars with their everlasting "bucksheesh," and wandering, without an interpreter or guide, in tortuous streets that seemed to obey no law but that of confusion, we soon found ourselves in an inextricable labyrinth. But the donkey is the cheap and popular conveyance of Cairo; and throwing ourselves on to the back of the first we met, and simply naming our hotel to the quick-witted boy-driver, we left the rest to him. It is a mode of conveyance, however, which, in such narrow, crowded streets, requires skilful pilotage; for your legs are in much danger of getting entangled with some passing object when you are at your full speed, and of either doing harm or getting harm. There is often an impish love of mischief, too, about the boy who is driving the animal from behind, which makes him indifferent about the rider, if he can only save his donkey. He leaves it to the rider to see all dangers ahead. We remember how an admired friend, some years before, when cantering along one of

these streets at full speed, found himself and his donkey suddenly landed in a deep pit, which had been opened an hour or two before in the middle of the street. Our friend's irritation was increased when, on extricating himself from the ugly hole, he found all the interest and sympathy of the driver and the passers-by given to the ass, which they kindly examined and stroked, while he was left to gather himself up as he best might. We suspect the Koran contains no parable like that of the Good Samaritan.

We were told, in one of our walks about Cairo, of some curious features in its police arrangements which worked effectually in preventing deeds of violence. Each of the principal crafts has a sheikh or chief, who keeps his eye on the members of his own fraternity, and, knowing them all, secures the detection and punishment of offenders among them. Moreover, the whole city is divided into eight wards, under a separate police inspection; and as the greater number of the streets have no thoroughfare, and have gates guarded by a sentinel, which are closed at an early hour of the night, escape is next to impossible. Then the administration of justice, though corrupt in civil cases, is pure in criminal matters; while punishment is certain, prompt, and terrible. The consequence is, that Cairo, whatever may be the measure of its offences in other respects, is more free from deeds of violence than many European cities.

In the case of some of our greatest cities, there is no elevated point from which we can look on them so as to include them in one view; they can only be seen in detail. But in Cairo, its lofty citadel gives you this advantage. It was built by the famous Saladin of the Crusades on a lateral ridge of the Mokattam Hills, at an elevation of about two hundred and fifty feet above the level of the city, which it is more fitted to command than to protect, as Mohammed Ali more than once discovered during his energetic but turbulent reign. Certainly the view from this grand eminence is the noblest in Egypt, and one of the most memorable in all the East. The vast city, with its population of more than three hundred thousand, lies mapped at your feet, every object distinctly defined and clear in its colouring in that singularly pure atmosphere. Breaking the

monotony of the brown flat-roofed surface, there are spacious and verdant gardens; gorgeous palaces; beautifully adorned public fountains; tombs of the mighty dead, as large, in some instances, as had been their habitations when living; occasional sycamores and palms casting their welcome shadows; and, most characteristic of all, four hundred mosques scattered over the city and rising high with their swelling domes and tall, white, airy minarets. Looking westward, fields of Indian-corn, groves of palms, gardens of orange-trees, intermixed with sweet-scented limes and feathery bananas, spread away in the direction of Old Cairo, and down towards the banks of the great river. And there is the resplendent river itself, the mysterious, beneficent Nile, dotted with verdant islets, while little boats, winged with white lateen sails, are steering their way in the midst of them, up the stream. Villages gleaming out here and there from an ambush of trees give life to the landscape beyond the river. And yonder, at the distance of five miles, are the mighty Pyramids, the different courses of stones which compose the enormous structures, with the Sphinx rising from the sand near them, traceable with the naked eye; and beyond these, closing up the view, the Libyan mountains stretching away into the illimitable Libyan wilderness.

"Beyond the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away."

Looking to the eastward of Cairo, there is nothing but sandy waste, dreary desolation.

There was one object of much interest within the inclosure of the Citadel—the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, a structure not so remarkable for the purity or beauty of its architectural style, as for the costliness of its material, every part of it, except its outer wall, consisting of Oriental alabaster. We were informed that while Mohammed Ali occupied twenty years in its erection, he would never allow it to be entirely finished, from the dread produced by a popular prophecy that when the last stone was laid he should die. We found afterwards that this was a common form of popular superstition among rulers all over the East, the Sultan of Turkey not excepted, and that they therefore always kept on hand some unfinished building. At the time when we

entered this gorgeous structure the worshippers were few, probably not more than six scattered over a place that was capable of containing as many thousands. We walked silently over the richly carpeted floor to the Caaba-stone which indicates the direction of Mecca, such as is to be found in every mosque, and towards which every Moslem worshipper present has his eye and his body turned. Doubtless this is a practice borrowed by the Mohammedans from the ancient Jewish worship, for it is now well known that there was a stone in every synagogue—both in Judea itself and in foreign countries—which pointed the worshipper in the direction of Jerusalem and its temple; and it would almost appear as if the noble exile Daniel must have had some provision of this kind in his dwelling in Babylon, where he prayed and gave thanks before his God three times a day, with his window open and his face turned towards Jerusalem.

There was one other mosque which stood out very prominently before us as beheld from the Citadel, remarkable for the elegance of its proportions and the elaborate beauty of its decorations, the pride of every Moslem heart in Cairo, which we visited later in the day—the Mosque of Sultan Hassan. It was built of stones brought from the Pyramids, and adorned at an expense sufficient to have drained the resources of a province. Two majestic fountains in front of this thing of beauty—at which, when we saw them, many Moslem votaries were performing their sacred washings and purifications—were equal in elegance to the mosque itself, and in admirable keeping with it. There was a kind of aristocracy or inner sect among those engaged in their ablutions, who monopolized the purer fountain. For sanitary reasons, we should certainly have joined them in their preference. We were also struck with the fact here, as in many other places seen by us subsequently, that amusement jostled and elbowed devotion—for the open space around the sacred house, the square of the Roum-aylee, was the favourite resort of half the idlers of Cairo, who never wearied in looking on the exploits of native tumblers and the tricks of magicians and Syrian jugglers, or in listening to the songs of Nubian musicians and the improvised tales of Arabian story-tellers.

All the time since we had entered Cairo, we had been fretting with a secret impatience to visit the oldest of all human monuments, and the next morning we gave the reins to our impatience and were off to the Pyramids. The presence of the Prince of Wales in Cairo had been the occasion of greatly increasing the facilities and comforts of this pilgrimage. In honour of the heir to England's throne, the Khedive had improvised a carriage-road all the way from his capital to the Pyramids. Instead of the old system of donkeys and drivers and dragomen, with a stock of provisions, and even in some instances a company of armed followers, we set off in an open carriage with one fine, dark, tall Nubian for our guide. Crossing the Nile by a bridge of boats, we hurried on, sometimes on open exposed parts of the road, and sometimes through long and shady avenues of acacia-trees. At some points on the way the road was still in course of being improved, and men were in the act of planting and watering young trees on either side of it. We observed that every gang of workers had a task-master over them with a thick cudgel in his hand, which was not a mere idle badge of office, but meant for use; and we thought of the Hebrew bondsmen toiling thus under a broiling sun, making bricks of mud such as that around us, and their lives made bitter to them under a far heavier bondage and more unrelenting task-masters. We were able to drive up so near that we could touch the lowest stones of the Pyramid, sitting in our vehicle. But the eye of our Nubian guide was turned to another object than the wonderful pile. Among that motley jabbering multitude scattered at its base he saw a Nubian dark as himself, a native of the same mud village a thousand miles up the Nile. The recognition was simultaneous, and the next moment the two brothers had fallen on each other's neck and were locked in each other's embrace. There was another Bible reminiscence here.

And those were the Pyramids of Egypt, the oldest and most stupendous human structures in the world! The most competent authorities on such matters have fixed the date of the erection of the principal Pyramid—that of Cheops—at 2500 years B.C., which carries us back to within a few generations of the Deluge, so that the builders may be imagined to have shaken hands

with the sons of Noah. The Pyramid of Chephren bears the marks of greater skill in its masonry, and therefore probably arose a few ages later; and though it is not quite so broad at its base as its neighbour of Cheops, yet, from being built on a loftier natural platform, it appears, when seen from certain points, to be higher than the other. But the chief notice of pilgrims is generally turned to the older pile, as being the first that is approached from Cairo, and, like the elder brother in an Eastern family, having "the excellency of dignity and the excellency of power." At first we had the experience common to most visitors, of finding some difficulty in believing in the vast proportions assigned to it, as covering at its base twelve acres; but as we walked round it, and leaned upon its lower blocks and looked up to its apex, our incredulity melted away without our needing the renewed test of mensuration. We walked aside for a little to the famous Sphinx, which, indicating equal boldness of conception with those great Pyramids, gave evidence not only of masonic skill but of the genius of the sculptor. In length it is 143 feet, while it measures 102 feet round the forehead, the whole—with the exception of the paws and a portion of the back—being chiselled out of the solid rock. Was that colossal figure, with its human head and lion's body, an object of worship? Or was it an emblematic representation of the king, as uniting in himself the highest wisdom and power? The fact that under its breast and between its enormous paws there is a little temple with its altar, from which incense must have ascended into the expanded nostrils of the image, seems rather to favour the former conjecture, though it is not inconsistent with the other; while the emblematic theory receives countenance from the long avenues of sphinxes that have been discovered in other parts of Egypt. Imagine those heaps of stones and *débris*, the accumulation of more than four millenniums, to have been carried away from around the base of the two great Pyramids, that they are again encased in gray granite from Sinai, or in red porphyry from the Mokattam Hills, and a second sphinx placed on the other side of the broad path leading up to them, and we approach nearer to the spectacle of those enormous masses as the first generations looked on them.

And who built those Titanic structures, and what was the design of their builders? These are questions that have been repeated since the Father of history, three thousand years ago, looked up on those same time-defying piles, and thought them old. Even could it be shown that certain astronomical principles had been recognized in their erection, this would not warrant the conclusion that they had been built for astronomical uses, any more than the placing of a sun-dial on the corner of some modern mansion would prove that the house had been built for the measuring of time. We have listened to Professor Smyth's singularly ingenious exposition of his theory—which represents the Pyramid of Cheops as reared for a half sacred use, as the depository of the standard measure both for liquids and for solid bodies—with admiration, but without conviction. The old and popular supposition which regards them as royal tombs or monuments continues by far the most probable, especially when it is considered that human remains have actually been found in some of the smaller pyramids. Perhaps the ambitious structure on the plain of Shinar may have supplied the first hint to the men who planned them, in which case, as quaint Fuller has remarked, "they are the younger brethren of the Tower of Babel." On this supposition, with the name of the monarch that erected them to his own glory buried in impenetrable oblivion, what a monument are they at once of human power, folly, and crime!

Yet these mountain-structures, which were almost contemporaneous in their erection with the beginning of human history, and may very possibly be standing at its close, suggest more than one conclusion. They prove at how early a period human rule assumed the form of gigantic despotisms. We learn from Herodotus that twenty thousand men, relieved every three months, were employed for twenty years in erecting the one Pyramid of Cheops. The energies of a whole nation were bent for so long a period, and its resources drained, to gratify the mad ambition of one of the earliest of the Pharaohs. And they also place it beyond doubt that Egypt must have been one of the first peopled countries, as well as one of the earliest cradles of the arts. There must have been something more than mere brute

strength—a considerable knowledge of some of the great mechanical laws, as well as of the rules of masonry—to be able to raise those huge blocks to their appointed place, and to rear those Pyramids. And when we find among Egypt's earliest tomb-paintings and imperishable frescoes, pictures of the shoemaker's knife, of the weaver's hand-shuttle, and of the whitesmith's blowpipe as it is used in our own days, we cannot admit that there is a shade of extravagance in those lines of the old bard,—

"Ere yet the heroes of Deucalion's blood
Pelagia peopled with a glorious brood,
The fertile plains of Egypt flourished then,
Productive cradle of the first of men."

And now looking down from the Pyramids upon Egypt, it was impossible not to be struck with its unique position in the religious history of the world. From the earliest times, down through that long series of ages in which a divine revelation was being given to the world through the medium of the chosen people, Egypt stands forth in history as the chief antagonist and the unchanging enemy of the Church of God. We except the period of Joseph, when the patriarch Jacob and his family found a sunny refuge in Goshen; but how few generations elapsed before their house of refuge became their house of bondage, and Israel in the brick-kilns became the most cruelly oppressed and down-trodden of slaves? Egypt, in consequence, became the vast theatre on which the more awful attributes of God were manifested, just as Palestine became the selected scene in which the wonders of his grace should be revealed. Those ten plagues in which a whole nation was punished, and shame put upon their false divinities through the very form of the miraculous judgments, awfully culminating in the death of every first-born in the land and in the destruction of the proud Pharaoh and his armed charioteers in the Red Sea, were unapproached in their terrific scale of retribution in any of the older nations of the world. And yet this long line of ever darkening and deepening judgments taught the guilty people and their rulers no lesson of repentance. All through the centuries of the Jewish Church and the periods of the prophetic revelation, Egypt appears either as the tempter or as the persecutor of Israel, dividing the guilt

in this respect with the Babylonian and Assyrian monarchies to the east of the sacred land.

No burden therefore reads more darkly in the "books of the Prophets" than that of Egypt. There is a minuteness of detail, a graphic picturing, an intensity of colouring, an adaptation to the characteristic customs of the people and to the characteristic features of Egyptian scenery, in such elaborate predictions as those in the nineteenth chapter of Isaiah and in certain passages of Ezekiel, that cannot be exceeded. These were spoken and placed on record when Egypt was still in the meridian of her power, and contending with the great monarchies on the banks of the Euphrates and the Tigris for the supremacy of the nations. And yet they have all been fulfilled. With Gibbon and Volney as involuntary witnesses, and modern Egypt looked down upon by us from the Pyramids, we behold events corresponding not only to every line but to every letter of the inspired oracles. The harmony is startling. When we read in those prophets that Egypt should "become the basest of nations," that "there should no more be a prince of the land of Egypt," that the country should become "destitute of that whereof it was full;" and when we place side by side with these oracles the facts that during the long ages of the Mameluke supremacy her rulers were imported strangers and slaves—that for two thousand years no native prince has ever sat upon her throne, but its sovereignty has often been sold to the highest bidder—that the papyrus and the flax and the manufacture of fine linen which were once her glory have now vanished, and the land which was once, with Sicily, the granary of the Roman empire, is scarcely able to supply bread to its own inhabitants,—it would be madness to call such things as these accidental coincidences. Reason says, Here are the words and the working of Him who "knoweth the end from the beginning."

It would, however, be an utter mistake to say that this state of things has been produced by a direct curse from Heaven upon the land. God often punishes nations, and accomplishes his prophecies regarding them, by allowing their sins to work out their own natural consequences. The curse lies in the ignorance, the false religion, the profound moral debasement, and the exhausted

energies of the people. They are so debased as not to be conscious of their debasement. All the natural resources of the country are just what they were when Pharaoh's daughter and her maidens came down to glass themselves in that great river. We turn from gazing on those useless Pyramids to gaze down on that munificent gift of God to Egypt—the mysterious, silent, solitary Nile. It is this which creates Egypt, annually renews it, fecundates it, saves it from being swallowed up by the all-encircling ocean of sand. This makes it as unique in its physical geography as we have seen it to be in its history. The singularity does not consist in the mere fact of the annual inundations of the life-giving stream, for the same thing takes place with the La Plata, the Amazon, and indeed with all great rivers whose source is within the tropics; but in this further fact, that as there is scarcely any rain-fall in Egypt, its fertility entirely depends on the Nile. Wherever it reaches there are verdure and abundance, and

"Egypt joys beneath the spreading wave."

Beyond its influence is the reign of desolation. But then, by the increase and extension of canals for inland conveyance, and still more for irrigation, and by the use of machinery for raising the water above its natural level, whole sandy provinces might be reclaimed, and dreary deserts turned into smiling Goshens. There is an almost miraculously exuberant fertility in the mud of the Nile when it is shone upon by an Egyptian sun. It is scarcely extravagant to say that the river is "a solution of Ethiopia's richest regions, and the vast country is merely a precipitate." The cucumber and the melon-shoot have sometimes been known to grow twenty-four inches in as many hours. There are extensive districts which cheerfully yield a rotation of four crops in the same year. The date-palm alone is to the Egyptian what the reindeer is to the poor Laplander, supplying him at once with milk and food, cordage and fuel, basket-work and clothing. And there are budding prophecies which keep alive the hope that temporal prosperity will return to this land when her people have welcomed the higher blessing. "The Lord shall smite and heal it; and they shall return to the Lord, and he

shall be entreated of them, and shall heal them."

Early on the following morning, we were off by railway to Suez, a long journey of 180 miles, through a region that was almost entirely desert. The old camel-road must have been drearier still, for there is only one tree visible in its long track of desolation. The railways of Egypt are the property of the Khedive, and are under his entire management; and we had an experience of his railway rule on this journey that did not increase our love for absolute and irresponsible government. It so happened that he was to cross our line some time on that day, and no train was allowed to approach his point of transit until he had passed. The consequence was, that we were kept sitting for hours under a burning Egyptian sun, at a station whose neighbourhood was so infested by reptiles that we could almost believe that Cleopatra must have obtained from it her deadly asp.

Suez stands at the head of the Red Sea, on its western shore. There is nothing beautiful about it, looking out, as it does, upon a broad ocean of yellow sands and a narrow stripe of green water. But it has an interest to Englishmen as the point of embarkation or of landing for passengers to or from our Indian possessions, and we confess to having had a feeling of greater nearness to home when, on looking two miles down the gulf, we saw a little fleet of ships at anchor, with the unmistakable British build about them.

Our principal object in diverging thus far out of our way to Palestine, was to enjoy a day's ride into the desert on the route to Sinai, so far as the traditional wells of Moses. We crossed in a boat a little arm of the Red Sea, taking mules and muleteers with us for our trackless desert-ride.

On our right, about a mile and a half distant, the sea stretched itself out before us, gradually swelling into a breadth of apparently about six miles, mountains of considerable elevation and abruptness rising on its further side. Immediately in front of us, and towards the east, as far as the eye could reach, there spread an illimitable sea of sand. Our sure-footed animals carried us forward with a fair amount of speed, the sandy path beneath their feet sounding crisp as snow when the frost has been keen. There was no ap-

pearance of vegetation, save at intervals a little tuft of coarse grass struggling to live, and scarcely succeeding. An occasional lizard, yellow as the sand and sickly, made us wonder how it contrived to pick up a living under such disadvantages. But our ride was diversified by something more exciting. Twice in the course of four hours we were so fortunate as to see a mirage of the desert. There appeared to rise suddenly before us at some distance, as if by an enchanter's wand, a blue sparkling lake, with men riding on camels at its brink. At times the riders advanced a little way into the lake, and the water splashed around the camels' feet. The deception seemed so beautifully real, that it was with difficulty we could reason ourselves into the belief of its unreality. We knew how science had accounted for the phenomenon even in such remarkable instances as the *Fata Morgana* of the Strait of Messina and the *Spectre of the Brocken* in Germany. But it was only by our riding up to the spot that the illusion was entirely dispelled.

At length, after four hours' riding, a green oasis appeared at no great distance, at the sight of which our little mules pricked up their ears and quickened their pace. We found it to consist of two enclosures, probably about five acres in extent, surrounded by hedges woven with dried palm-leaves. It contained palms and fig-trees, pomegranates and tamarisks; and in the midst of these, and shaded by them, several fountains, in one of which, especially, the water bubbled up in great force, helping to irrigate and keep green a large space around it. Were these the fountains to which Moses came with his emancipated pilgrims on the third day after their wondrous passage through the neighbouring gulf, and where, by a miracle, he turned the waters into sweetness? The answer to this question depends upon another which, in spite of all that has been written on the subject, remains to this hour unsettled. Where is the point of the miraculous passage of the Hebrew host and their emerging on the sandy wilderness? The opinion has for a good while been gaining ground, that this branch of the Red Sea extended, at the period of the Exodus, much further inland and eastward. M. De Lesseps, the latest writer on the subject, believes that he traced convincing evidence of the presence of this sea a long way

eastward in the line of his canal, and even professes to have identified, on the margin of the "Bitter Lakes," the scene of the miraculous deliverance. Should this theory turn out to be correct, it will rather increase the likelihood that these are the actual Marah fountains.

The little spot was curious, however, apart from those sacred associations which are supposed by many to hang around it. We found human enterprise and domestic life even here. One family lives in a house principally built of palm-branches and thatched with palm-leaves—partially thatched only, for in the middle of the house there was an acacia flourishing and rising through the roof, with a beautiful white dove perched on one of its topmost branches, and a musket hanging from another. The master is a Levantine, has a wife and a pretty boy, and contrives to gain a precarious livelihood from such visits as ours, and also from hunting gazelles and other game over the surrounding desert.

Outside the enclosure, on a sandy eminence, about a hundred yards distant, there was a large fountain with a majestic old palm bending over it. When we got up to it, a company of Bedouins were standing on its further side giving their camels drink. The salutations between them and ourselves had all the grave elaboration of the days of the patriarchs. It happened rather strangely that all the four quarters of the globe were at that moment represented at this well in the desert. Those swarthy Bedouins represented Asia, the muleteers whom we had brought from Suez were children of Africa, my companion and myself stood sponsors for Europe, and an American artist who had joined our group, for America. The fountain became to us an emblem of Christ's gospel with its inestimable blessings, for there was ample room around it for all, and there was water enough a thousand times over to slake the thirst of the whole many-coloured company.

On our return to Suez, we kept nearer to the sea, and tried to imagine the scene of the miraculous passage of the Israelites. In the mountains opposite, rising like a wall near to the shore, we could see openings or gorges hemmed in by hills and precipices on either side, along which the bannered multitude, guided and guarded by the pillar of fire, may have advanced towards the

swelling sea. We could imagine the Israelites, at the word of Moses, advancing towards the pebbly sand, when the waves opened before them, and the myriad hosts marched through as on a rocky pavement, the obedient waters rising high like walls of crystal on either side. The feet of the last pilgrim have scarcely touched the sand of the Arabian desert, when the waters close on the pursuing chariots of Egypt with their horses and riders, and the whole army of Egypt perishes with its king in one watery grave. We could imagine Miriam and her maidens sounding the loud timbrel and moving in the sacred dances on the neighbouring sands, and singing their song of triumph in praise of that most stupendous miracle which wrote itself indelibly in the poetry of the Hebrews, and struck terror into the hearts of the surrounding nations at the thought of "a God who was able to deliver after this sort."

On the following morning, we left Suez for Port Said, hoping to find an early opportunity of crossing from thence to the Holy Land. The first three hours of our journey were by rail to Ismailia, where, entering a small steamer, we sailed across the "Bitter Lakes," and proceeded along the Grand Suez Canal towards the Mediterranean shore. We naturally looked with much interest upon this stupendous triumph of engineering skill, which public opinion is rapidly coming to regard as not only a grand feat of modern enterprise, but an immense benefit to the world. It is impossible to withhold high admiration from the man whose genius planned it, whose energy accomplished it in the face of a thousand difficulties, physical, political, and financial, and whose hopeful enthusiasm never sank when prophecies of failure were at the loudest. In length nearly 100 miles, in depth 26 feet, in width at the bottom 72 feet, and on the surface 196 feet, it links the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, and shortens the seapath between the west and the east 7500 miles. With India, as so vast and rich a portion of the British Empire, to no country in the world is it so important commercially and politically as our own. When we look back upon those useless pyramids, the work of despotism, the monument of an ambition that outwitted and befooled itself, and compare them with a grand human work like this, whose tendency is to expand the commerce

and increase the wealth of the world, and to promote the brotherhood of nations, it is impossible not to feel that in the two we have a measure of human progress, and that in the long interval the world has been becoming wiser and better.

But nothing can ever make this canal picturesque. The ugliest canal in Holland has now and then a redeeming feature, but this is the veriest realization of dreariness and monotony. On either side it is sand, all sand. One traveller describes certain places on its banks as rendered gay and brilliant by innumerable flocks of rosy pelicans, scarlet flamingoes, and snow-white spoonbills. And we do not question his accuracy. But on the day of our voyage we had experience of a phenomenon which made the dreariness more dreary, and drove every bird in nature to a distance. This was a sand-storm, in which the sand blew and drifted all around us, as in a violent fall of snow when the wind has risen to a gale. We are now writing with a snow-storm beating against our windows, but this is nothing to the blinding, choking, stupifying effect of a storm when the sands of the desert are rained pitilessly upon us. Eyes and ears, nose and mouth, all become foul or gritty. The pilot of our little vessel stood peering through the tempest, as we have seen shepherds in our own land when the snow was played with by a whirlwind, often at a loss to know where he was. Had this state of things continued for a fortnight, M. Lesseps would have needed to commence digging his canal anew. Travellers on their way through the Arabian desert to Mount Sinai on some rare occasions encounter such storms. The best equipped caravan finds difficulty in toiling on against it. The Bedouins, with their heads covered with shawls and their backs turned to the storm, leave the camels to their own guidance, and the patient animals continue moving straight forward, now and then throwing their long necks sideways to avoid the tempest. The whole thing was unpleasant enough while it lasted, but what was this to the experience of travellers when that "angel of death," the fiery simoom, "spreads his wings on the blast." Before we reached Port Said the evening had become beautifully calm, and the Egyptian moon looked down upon us in most serene brightness from a cloudless sky.

Port Said is the rapid creation of the same enterprise that has produced the canal. Ten years since it consisted of a few miserable shanties, and all its fresh water was brought from a place thirty miles distant across the Lake Menzaleh in little Arab boats; now its water is brought in pipes, and it has many other of the conveniences of a European city, with a population exceeding 10,000.

To-morrow was the Sabbath, and we had hoped to find our "pension," which looked out so pleasantly on the bright sea, turned into a little sanctuary; but the long fast and the wearisome sail through that howling wilderness laid us prostrate with dysentery. Those were the first hours of sadness since we had left home. But a good Samaritan appeared in the afternoon, in the person of a generous Wesleyan who had been our fellow-passenger on the previous day, who brought us a native medicine which he had obtained in Cairo. This soon restored us, and proved inval-

able to many others in our subsequent wanderings. At noon on the Monday a Russian steamer hove in view, and in a few hours later had us out of sight of Egypt, promising to land us at Joppa early on the next day. The ship was crowded with a many-tongued and motley company. Pilgrims from many countries were on their way to Jerusalem to celebrate the Latin Easter. Jews reclining on the deck on little strips of carpet, were going up to keep the Pass-over. They could easily have taken up their bed and walked. It was a calm, clear night; but the captain lost his way, and in the morning we were considerably north of our landing-place. We could see not far off the ruined harbour of the Roman Cæsarea, beyond the forest-crowned promontory of Carmel, and that broad, white, majestic mountain, rising like a wall many thousand feet to the sky, was the snowy Hermon—a grand, welcome, unexpected vision. It was therefore near mid-day before we cast anchor and lay off Joppa.

France and its Reformation.

THE FIRST PROTESTANT CONGREGATION IN FRANCE.

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLLIE, LL.D.

Briçonnet—Goes to Rome—Gaiety and splendour of Rome—A profitable fable—Returns and finds France changing—Conversion of Margaret—Translation of the New Testament—A little city begins to shine—The first French Protestant congregation—Its purity and prosperity—A mother and her daughters—Paris bids the gospel depart.



WE passed in rapid review in our first chapter some of the great personages who figured in France at the beginning of the Reformation, and who were destined, though in different ways, to become conspicuous in connection with that movement. Some ranged themselves on the side of the gospel, and were glorified by its light. Emerging from the mists of persecution and reproach, which for a while obscured their brightness, they now shine in the firmament of history as stars for ever and ever. Others knew not to choose the better part. Casting in their lot with Rome, and living deliciously with her during her brief day, they shared her fate, and are now passing away into the eternal blackness. While the former shall be had in everlasting remembrance, to the latter there remains no resurrection in the memory of posterity save one "to shame and contempt."

We have noticed four figures—LEFEVRE, FAREL, FRANCIS, and MARGARET—which stand out with great distinctness in that early dawn. A fifth appears, whose history possesses a great yet melancholy interest. After Lefevre, no one had so much to do with the first introduction of the Reformation into France as the man whom we now bring upon the stage. His name was William Briçonnet; and at the time that he comes before us he held the see of Meaux, a town lying some eight leagues to the east of Paris, where Bossuet, another name famous in ecclesiastical annals, was afterwards bishop. Being of noble family and of good address, Briçonnet was twice sent on a mission to Rome. At that time the most magnificent of all the Popes—Leo X.—was reigning in the Vatican, and Briçonnet's visit to the Eternal City gave him the opportunity of seeing the Papacy in the noon of

its glory, although past the meridian of its power.

Leo X. loved and patronized most things but the gospel. He was a patron of art, of letters, of philosophy; but in Christianity he did not believe, at least no further than as it brought power and riches to the tiara. It is this Pope to whom the saying has been ascribed, "What a profitable affair this fable of Christ has been to us!" To Luther in his cell, alone with his sins and his conscience, the gospel was a reality. To Leo, amidst the statues and pictures of the Vatican, the gospel was a fable.

But the fable of Leo had done much for Rome. It had filled it with golden dignities and dazzling delights. This fable had clothed the ministers of the Church in purple; it seated them every day at sumptuous tables; it provided splendid equipages for them by day, and couches of down on which to sleep at night. The voice of mirth was never silent on the streets of the Eternal City, and there sorrow durst never show itself. None might enter clothed in mourning. Rome was then the gayest city in all Christendom—perhaps in the world. It was the chosen home of pomps, revels, festivals, and all sorts of pleasures.

The close view which Briçonnet had of the Papacy did not raise it in his estimation. It would have appeared more truly glorious had its magnificence been less; its priests more beautiful, had their virtues been a little more shining and their garments a little less so; and its worship more edifying, had the homage of the soul ascended more visibly with the fumes of the censer and the peal of the organ. The bells tolled, the priests chanted, the incense rose in fragrant clouds, grand processions of shorn priest, hooded monk, and veiled nun, swept through the streets. Every new day brought a new ceremony, which threw that of yesterday into the shade. The art displayed was consummate, the taste faultless; it was only the devotion that was lacking. And so, when the time came that Briçonnet turned his back on this grand show, he had many more things to meditate upon than when on his way hither. We can imagine him saying to himself, as from the lower ridges of the Apennines he cast a glance back on the fast-vanishing cluster of towers which marked the site of Rome on the

boundless Campagna, "May not the Pope have spoken infallibly for once, and may not that which I have seen enthroned amid so much of the pride, pleasure, and power of the world, be only, after all, a 'fable'?" In short, like Luther, Briçonnet returned from Rome less a son of the Church than he had gone to it.

What he had seen, however, helped to prepare him for what awaited him on his return. On getting back to his diocese he was astonished at the change which had passed upon France in his absence. There was a new light in its sky; there was a new influence stirring the minds of men. The good bishop thirsted to taste the new knowledge which he saw was transforming the lives and gladdening the hearts of all who received it. He applied to his friend Lefevre to tell him what this meant, and whence had come that influence, so silent yet so mighty, which was changing the world. Lefevre put the Bible into his hand: it was all in that book. Briçonnet opened the mysterious volume, and there he saw what he had missed at Rome—a church which had neither pontifical chair nor purple robes, but which possessed the higher splendour of truth and holiness. This the bishop felt was the true spouse of Christ.

Why should he not follow his convictions? Briçonnet did so perhaps somewhat too readily. He did not taste the agony that Farel had endured. He knew not, he could not know as yet, the rage of the world against the gospel. No stake had been planted as yet where so many were soon to blaze, and so Briçonnet, finding the gate not strait, entered, and became one in that circle of disciples which the gospel had already gathered round it; although, alas, he was not destined to remain in that holy society to the end.

The step which Briçonnet had taken was followed by important consequences. The Bishop of Meaux was a favourite with Francis I. The door of the palace stood open to him; and the access which he enjoyed to the men of letters and philosophy whom Francis loved to assemble round him enabled him to spread the new doctrines in the most influential circles. One of high birth, and wearing a mitre, preaching the Reformed faith, would be sure to be listened to where

humbler evangelists might in vain try to procure an audience. Budæus, Du Bellay, Cop, the court physician, and other distinguished men, were by Briçonnet's means brought within the reach of the gospel. But the most illustrious convert which the Bishop of Meaux made in the palace was the sister of the king, Margaret of Valois. As at the beginning of Christianity, so now, one, even Margaret, was taken; the other, Francis, was left.

Let us turn for a little to Margaret. For some time back, despite the admiration her beauty awakened, and the homage her brilliant qualities extorted, Margaret was unhappy. The frivolities and gaieties around her had become distasteful. She thirsted to drink at a purer spring than any she had yet tasted. It was in this state of mind, ill at ease, yet not well knowing what it was that troubled her, that Briçonnet met her. He saw to the bottom of her heart and of her griefs. He dropped a few wise words, and then he put into her hand what Lefevre had put into his own, the Bible. In the palace, as in the peasant's cottage, it is the one only book. Margaret read, but the first discovery was not pleasant: it was her sins, and they seemed black indeed. But without the first discovery she could not have made the second, which was of One who had borne her sins. Then the waters in her soul began to assuage. She looked again and again: it was no illusion. To whatever page of the Bible she turned it was this majestic One who met her eye. Margaret forgot her fears and sins in love to him who had borne their punishment. She recognized in her Saviour that friend whom she had long sought, but sought in vain, in the gay circles amid which she moved, and she began to feel a strength and courage she had not known till now. Peace became an inmate of her bosom. She was no longer alone in the world; there was a Friend by her side, to whom she could turn, and in whose sympathy she could confide in those dark hours, and they were not few, when her brother Francis frowned, or the court made her the object of its polished ridicule. Turning from her brother on earth to her Brother in heaven, we hear her saying,—

"Sweet Brother, who, when thou mightest justly chide
Thy foolish sister, takest her to thy side,
And grace and love givest her in recompense
Of murmurings, injury, and great offence."

In the conversion of Margaret, we see Providence providing against the evil days that were to come. Storms were at no great distance. Margaret was not strong enough to prevent the bursting of these tempests, but she could temper their bitterness. She was near the throne. The sweetness of her spirit was some restraint upon the furious passions of her brother. With quiet tact, she could at times defeat the plot of the monk and undo the chains of the martyr; and thus not a few lives which otherwise would have perished on the scaffold were saved to the cause of the Reformation.

But as yet the morning was fair—not a cloud was there in the sky; and Briçonnet and Lefevre, full of hope, saw only a glorious day rising over their country. Signal triumphs, as they believed, awaited the gospel in France. They saw the throne won, the old superstition scattered, the nation evangelized, and France, itself illuminated, become the great propagator of the truth in Christendom. Such was the future as it shaped itself to the eyes of these two lovers of the gospel. It was well, perhaps, that they could not see the dark reality that was before them. Triumphs, glorious triumphs, were awaiting the Reformation in France, but not exactly of the kind which Briçonnet and Lefevre anticipated. They were to be won, not in the lettered conflicts of scholars and princes, but in the arduous struggles of the dungeon and the stake. Meanwhile the two chief leaders of the new movement, full of courage and energy, worked with all their might to speed on a victory which they regarded as already half won.

The whole of France needed reformation: where was Briçonnet to begin? At his own door: in his own diocese. His rectors and curés walked in the old paths. They believed as their fathers had believed. They spent their lives and their incomes very pleasantly amid the gaieties of the neighbouring capital, and deputed persons still more ignorant than themselves to teach their flocks. The bishop of Meaux strove to correct these abuses, which in other days had appeared to him venial indeed; but now, when he knew the worth of the gospel and the preciousness of souls, he regarded them as flagrant and criminal. He forthwith instituted an examination of the curés throughout the various parishes of his diocese as

regarded their knowledge of divine things. The more ignorant—that is, some nine out of every ten—he replaced with men who possessed some measure of knowledge, when it was possible to find such. Better still, he founded a theological school at Meaux to rear a band of evangelical preachers, which he saw was the great want of France; and he requested the reformers who had come to live with him to act as teachers in this seminary. And, further, he put his own hand directly to the work, by ascending the pulpit and preaching the gospel to the numerous congregations which gathered round their bishop.

Moreover, the good bishop hastened to open to his people access to the great fountain of light. He helped with all his power to give the Bible to the French people in their own vernacular. To Lefevre belongs the first conception of this sublime enterprise. It was the ambition of that aged reformer, as it was that of our own Wycliffe, that before he died every person in France might be able to read the Word of God in his own tongue. The work of translation proceeded gradually, yet not slowly. First came the four Gospels, which were published in French October 30th, 1522. The remaining books of the New Testament appeared on the 6th November of the same year. About two years thereafter—that is, October 12th, 1524—the whole were published in one volume at Meaux, the good bishop Briçonnet aiding the work by his personal influence and by a liberal use of his means; and the result was a wide diffusion of the New Testament in the French vernacular in all the parishes of his diocese. This was a mighty instrumentality added to the cause of the Reformation. Indeed, without the Bible in the mother tongues of France and Germany, the Reformation must have died with its first disciples. It would, humanly speaking, have been impossible otherwise to have found for it foothold in Christendom, in the face of the tremendous opposition which the powers of the world brought into play against it.

The wonder and joy with which the people of Meaux received the Bible in their mother tongue cannot be told. It was the rising of a great light upon those who till then had sat in darkness. They read it when they rested at noon in the vineyards and cornfields; they read it in their

workshops at meal-time; they longed for the hour of rest, not that they might eat of the bread of earth, but because they hungered for that bread whereof he that eateth shall never die. The staple of Meaux was the woollen trade. It had a population mostly of working-men. They were wool-carders, spinners, weavers; and they soon learned to lighten their toils by conversing about the wonders of that new world into which the Bible had introduced them, and in which they found a Church whose Head was in heaven, all whose members were priests, and had access. all of them, through one Spirit unto the Father.

They had grown suddenly learned in the best of all knowledge. They found themselves wiser than all that numerous tribe who had assumed to be their instructors; wiser than that crowd of ignorant curés who had come all the way from Paris to tell them of this miracle or of that relic; wiser than that great army of Franciscan friars who had made an annual visit to Meaux, furnished with store of buffooneries and jibes, for no other end than to make the crowd gape and laugh in order that thereby they might fill their own wallets. Compared with the husks on which these persons had fed them, this was the true bread, the heavenly manna. They needed no argument to convince them that this Book was the Word of God; they saw it to be so by its own evidence. The benighted traveller who has long wandered uncertain of his way, and has narrowly escaped the treacherous pitfall or the den of the wild beast, and who has followed the deceitful glare of the meteor only to find that it has lured him into the quagmire, when at last the east opens and the sky begins to glow, needs no argument to convince him that this is the sun that is mounting into the horizon. It is enough for him that it is filling the world with light.

And so with that generation of Christian men who lived when the world was passing from the night of tradition and of human teaching to the divine light of the Word of God. It would have been felt by them to be as absurd by any formal argument to prove to them that this Book—whose power, purity, and sublimity so ravished their understandings, whose doctrines and promises so met the wants of their natures, and were so sweet and solacing to their souls—

was the Word of God and had come from heaven, as to prove to the traveller that that luminary whose instant appearance fills heaven and earth with splendour is the sun. Had not this Book revealed God to them? Had not this Book revealed heaven to them? Had not this Book revealed a Saviour through whom the way to heaven was opened to them? Whose Book, then, could it be but God's? And where else could it have come from but from the skies?

When they looked back on their former condition, and contrasted the darkness which had lain so thick around them, the fables and absurdities which had been taught them as truth, the hunger and thirst of soul which they had endured, and the heavy burden of doubt and often of terror which they had so long borne—with the clear light that was now shining around them, the green pastures in which they were fed, the living waters by which they were made to lie down, the peace within, which the world had not given them and which it could not take from them, and that Father in heaven to whom they had access through the new and living way of atoning blood, and who was looking down upon them with a face of love which told them to be of good cheer, seeing they were accepted in the Beloved,—they no more could doubt that this was the true gospel than they could doubt that the things which they saw around them were the workmanship of God.

And no conviction of the truth of the gospel less deep, less full, less strong, would have sufficed for these men, or have carried them through what awaited them. All their days were not to be passed in the peaceful fold and rich pastures of Meaux. Dark temptations and fiery trials, which they could not even then imagine, were to test them. Could they stand when Briçonnet should fall? When the day should come that there would be no earthly shepherd to go before them and deal out to them their spiritual bread, would they be able to look above and to say, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want"? Many of these men were afterwards to stand at the stake. Had their faith rested on no stronger foundation than a fine logical argument—had their conversion been only a new sentiment, and not a new nature—had that into which they were now brought been a new system merely, and not a new

world,—they could not have braved the dungeon, or looked death in the face, or been invincible amid the fires. But these disciples had planted their feet not on Briçonnet, not on Peter, but on "the Rock," and that Rock was Christ; and not all the storms of persecution could cast them down. Not that they could not be shaken—alas! in themselves how frail and fallible!—but their "Rock" was immovable, and therefore were they unconquerable—unconquerable not more amid the green pastures of Meaux, than amid the dark smoke and bitter flames of the Place de Grève.

But as yet these trials were at a distance, and meanwhile let us look yet more closely at this small but most interesting flock,—the first Protestant congregation that was formed on the soil of France. This flock was gathered from the midst of their countrymen by the Word and Spirit of God. Washed, sanctified, enlightened—meek in spirit, loving in heart, sweet in disposition, and holy in life, they were a sample of what the gospel could make all France, and one day will make all the world. We see them, when the day's toil is ended, meeting privately in the house of one of their number: they talk together of the things of the kingdom; they read the Scriptures; they join in prayer; their hearts burn within them. One was in the midst of them greater than any doctor of the Sorbonne, greater than any king of France, greater even than any of its reformers; even He who said, "Lo, I am with you alway"—and where He is, there is the Church.

There was life in this little flock, and where there is life there will be growth—growth without in numbers, and growth within in graces. As their numbers grew, so did their courage. They no longer met in private houses; they now assembled in the churches, which began to be granted to the evangelicals, and qualified persons preached to them the truth as it is in Jesus. The good Briçonnet took his turn in the pulpit, so eager was he to hold aloft "that sweet, mild, true, and only light," to use his own words, "which dazzles and enlightens every creature capable of receiving it; and which, while it enlightens him, raises him to the dignity of a son of God." These were happy days. The winds were holden lest

they should hurt this young vine. A little space was given it that it might strike its roots into the ground. It was "the dew of youth," "the love of espousals" to the flock at Meaux. And even when mutterings of the coming storm began to be heard in Paris, as they now were, the first effect wrought it only good. The Sorbonne, that great champion of orthodoxy, alarmed at the progress which the new opinions were making in the capital, and the favour they were finding at court, began to buckle on its armour and make ready for battle. The enemies of the truth worked upon the mind of Francis I., who was still wavering between Rome and Christ—between his pleasures and the gospel. It was no longer safe for Lefevre and Farel, and other friends of the truth, to live in Paris. Any hour they might be committed to a dungeon. "Come to Meaux," said Briçonnet, "and take part with me in the work which is every day developing into goodlier proportions." They accepted the invitation, and thus all the evangelical forces were collected into one centre.

The glory which had departed from Paris now rested upon the little city of Meaux. It became a light in the darkness, and many eyes began to be turned upon it. "Strange things," so rumour said, "are coming to pass at Meaux." Some came to Meaux to verify these things with their own eyes. Others had occasion to visit it on business. Crowds of reapers, in vintage and harvest time, gathered to it from distant provinces, and these soon learned that its fields bore other and better fruits than those they had come to reap. While earning the bread of earth they were permitted to taste of that which came from heaven. They had copies of the Bible given them; they were led to attend the sermons of the preachers; and when they went back to their homes, they carried with them the good treasure which they had found at Meaux. And while Meaux was none the poorer, the surrounding provinces were much the richer, for in these places Protestant churches arose; and Meaux, the mother, had the pleasure

of seeing numerous daughters rising up around her to call her blessed.

The entrance of the gospel into Meaux was followed by a great reformation of manners. Two classes in especial complained loudly of the change,—the taverners and the monks. The customers of the former grew daily fewer, and the revenues of the latter rapidly fell off. Images, too, if they could have spoken, would have swelled the murmurs at the ill-favoured times. But images can only wink, and so they were compelled to bury their griefs in the inarticulate silence of their own bosoms. Drinkings, quarrellings, and the more decorous noise of florid processions and vehement chantings, ceased to convulse the place. The whole brood of night fled before the day. Order and quiet reigned in the streets of the little town, and love blessed its homes. It became customary to say of any one who was remarkable for his well-ordered life and his evangelical opinions, that "he had drunk at the well of Meaux."

We have dwelt the longer on this picture because it is in itself so lovely, and because scenes like this will occur but rarely in the history on which we are entering. Amid the storms of the rough day a-coming, it may refresh us to look back on this daybreak, so sweet and still. To Paris was not allotted the honour of giving birth to the first Protestant congregation in France. This was reserved for Meaux, though of so little note among the many great cities of that land. Paris said to the gospel, Depart; here you cannot abide. This is the seat of the Sorbonne; this is the king's court; here there is no place for you. Depart hence; go hide thee amid the wool-carders and artisans of Meaux! Thus early did Paris make its choice. Alas! it knew not what it did. When it drove the gospel from its gates it opened them to a dismal train of woes,—civil war, atheism, revolution, the guillotine, siege, famine, death. Nor will the gospel return till, thoroughly humbled and bitterly repentant, Paris shall welcome it in the words, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord to save us."



WORK AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

BY MISS WHATELY.

IN the midst of the turmoil of contending passions, when Satan seems to reign and work with redoubled power, the Lord has brought good out of evil in a remarkable manner, and enabled his servants to help in advancing his kingdom even by means of the very miseries they are engaged in trying to alleviate. The soldiers, exposed to hourly peril—the wounded, lying between life and death at the hospitals—the prisoners, exiled, and thinking with sad longing of their families—the parents, mourning over the loss of their dear ones,—all these are more accessible to the preaching of the gospel than they would be in happier times and circumstances.

Several pastors from town and country parishes have declared that never, in the course of a long ministry, have they laboured with such encouraging evidences of success as among the wounded in the *ambulances*. They feel they are not toiling in vain, and that the Spirit of God is working with them. Many, not only of the dying, but of the convalescents, request that the Lord's Supper may be administered to them. Books are received eagerly, and the warmest gratitude is manifested by those visited.

"Never," writes a pastor of Bonn, who is working in fifteen hospitals, "have I seen such a spirit of piety and deep humiliation as that manifested in our people since the beginning of the war. We have regular services for the soldiers, and the prayer-meetings are crowded."

Twenty colporteurs have been engaged by Mr. Davies (of the British and Foreign Bible Society), who are dispersed through the whole of Germany. Three weeks after the war was declared, thirty thousand Testaments were sold. On one occasion a regiment was passing through Berlin. The soldiers eagerly inquired for colporteurs: none were at hand. One soldier drew from his pocket a page, worn and yellow with use. "There," he said, "is a page of an old Bible. No one has come to bring us God's Word; and this is all we have to carry with us to face the enemy's fire, and perhaps death!"

The Auxiliary Bible Society of the Moravian station of Gnadenfrei was requested to come to the assistance of the Society at Breslau, to furnish 1585 Testaments for the French prisoners, at their own earnest request. Most of these were Romanists.

The following is an extract from the report of a French *infirmier*, or attendant on the sick, engaged among his wounded countrymen:—"As I was supposed to be a doctor, I had more opportunities than many others of speaking words of hope and comfort to the dying. Many an eye was turned gratefully to me when the lips were unable to utter a word; and many a hand,

chilled with approaching death, pressed mine in token of understanding me.....Many who are convalescent, and hope to return to their homes, will carry with them Testaments or tracts. Several to whom I had thought it best only to *lend* them, begged to keep the books—"to read," they said, "to their mothers, relations, and friends." I frequently asked to see the books, to make sure they had not fallen into the hands of the Romish Sisters of Mercy. Then the brave fellows would draw out with difficulty something hidden between the mattress and the straw—often a rag of their pantaloons torn on the field of battle, which they kept as a trophy, and in which they carefully wrapped our tracts and Testaments, together with the ball which had struck them, and some splinters from their wounds. Thus the gospel will penetrate into many dwellings where it has never been known before."

A student of Crischona, called to serve in the army, has been acting as a missionary as well as a soldier. In the evenings, his comrades assembled round him to hear him read and explain the Scriptures. The peasants of the surrounding villages often joined them; and once his audience became so numerous that his captain requested him to enter the village church, where he actually preached the gospel from a Roman Catholic pulpit! "I have seldom heard the Word of God so attentively listened to," said the young soldier. His audience expressed their interest sometimes in somewhat original language. One day a man cried out, "Long may you live!" "After the service," continues the young evangelist, "he sent for me, and said, 'You have given me some famous slaps, but not with the hand.' His heart was touched, and I prayed God to make the good seed bear fruit."

Another Crischona evangelist writes: "I offered a Testament to a soldier, who bought it. A citizen who was by, said, 'We don't pray now-a-days.'"

"What!" replied the soldier. "Now-a-days is just more than ever the time for praying; for where one prays, there is victory." The citizen withdrew quite abashed. Another, who bought a Testament from me, said a friend of his had seen a dead soldier on the battlefield, holding in his hand a Bible open, which he had read till the last moment of his life."

We will now give some of the experiences of the work of those Christian women who have devoted themselves to the care of the sick and wounded of both nations.

Of these, *seven hundred and sixty-four* are deaconesses of evangelical institutions in Germany alone, who are at work in 225 hospitals and ambulances. This does not include the French Protestant deaconesses (whose exact number is more difficult to ascertain) nor the

multitude of voluntary workers. But this may give some idea of the large number of women employed in this service of love.

One hundred and eighty of the German deaconesses are from Kaiserwerth. Wherever these Christian women are engaged among the sick and wounded, they endeavour, whenever opportunity allows, to attend to the spiritual as well as bodily wants of their charge. They distribute Testaments, portions of Scriptures, psalms, &c.; and many who have left to return home, have promised earnestly to begin family worship. Where no pastor is at hand, the deaconesses hold daily worship with those who can join; and even where help is afforded by ministers and *aumoniers*, it can well be believed that those who watch day and night by the sufferers have abundant opportunities, denied to others, for endeavouring—by a few words of prayer or Christian consolation, a verse of a hymn or a text—to make an entrance for the light into the souls of these afflicted ones.

"Last Friday," writes one of the sisters, "we witnessed a very touching death-bed. A married soldier had received a shot in his mouth, which injured the salivary gland. He wasted away day by day. On the afternoon of that Friday, when all that was necessary had been done for the patients, Sister N—— sat down by his bedside and read him the Ninetieth Psalm. When she had finished, he made an effort to speak. His articulation was so indistinct and feeble that we could hardly catch what he said, and were astonished when he uttered the words,—‘I have sworn a false oath!’

"I asked him if he felt true repentance, and desired to arise and go to his Father, like the prodigal son; and weary and heavy laden, to come to Jesus for pardon and grace. The pastor then came and spoke seriously to him. The poor repentant sinner received the Lord's Supper at his own request, expressed his lively gratitude, and continued in prayer till death closed his eyes."

"A soldier from Dortmund," writes another sister at Saarbrück, "died the day before yesterday. He was grievously wounded in the arm, and a fever so violent had attacked him that we were obliged to keep him separate from the others. Before he died he received the Lord's Supper with the earnestness of a soul hungering for heavenly things, and was afterwards heard repeating to himself consoling texts, such as ‘Come unto me all ye that labour,’ &c. Then he repeated in a solemn but broken voice two verses of the hymn, ‘Holy One, sent by the Father,’ dwelling with remarkable emphasis on the words ‘O come and fill my soul with faith and love.’ A quarter of an hour afterwards he breathed his last.

".....This morning was the funeral. Sister N—— begged he might be placed in a coffin. He was buried on a hill on the confines of the battle-field, and the pastor offered up a prayer full of fervour and unction."

"Two of our patients," writes another, "wounded on the same day, and lying in the same room, died the

same day. Both came from Upper Silesia; one was Romanist, the other Protestant. The latter sought the Lord earnestly, and found him while on that bed of pain. I have neither time nor space to give the detailed account of the intensity of his sufferings, and the great patience with which he bore them, nor how sweet and peaceful was his end. ‘Lamb of God,’ he was heard to pray; ‘thou who hast succoured so many afflicted ones while thou wast on earth, have pity on me too, and come to my aid.’

"He often sang the hymn on the passion, ‘Come, my soul, and look on him;’ and placing his hands on his breast, would say in deep emotion, ‘It was I who deserved all.’

"On the 23rd of August a hussar came to us, whose arm was shattered just under the shoulder; he had also a shot in the chest, of which he died on the 4th of September. This young man was his mother's sole support. In his last days he rejoiced at the prospect of his departure; and while all thoughts or cares for outer things seemed gone, he eagerly seized every word of Scripture he heard. On the eve of his death the news of the capture of Sedan had produced great excitement in the hospital. When the great event was told him, he only answered, ‘I had rather say, ‘Lord be merciful to me a sinner.’"

"Many of our sick," continues this sister, who writes from Vionville, "will probably be buried here. The greater number are really hungering for the Word of God. Never have I met with such gratitude, and yet it is little we can do for them. Yesterday we had a service for the soldiers. The church being transformed into an ambulance, our poor wounded can join; and when the pastor gave out the hymn, ‘All that God does is well,’ these poor fellows joined their voices, often choked with tears."

"A poor Prussian is struggling with death," writes another sister at Pont à Mousson. "He listens gladly to the Word of God, and has been reading much of it himself. I heard him singing a hymn for the dying. We have also a Bavarian and a Frenchman, who are near their end. Most of our wounded are French, which is unfortunate, on account of the language. As there was no Sunday service in our compartment, we sang some hymns to our patients, and read the Gospel of the day. Some were much moved; and the French seemed to enjoy the singing. A Prussian has greatly cheered us by the seriousness of his repentance.....A Thuringian sergeant has shown much child-like faith."

In another place a sister writes: "We have generally much cause for rejoicing at the spirit manifested by our wounded. We have worship every morning in the church: two verses of a hymn, a chapter in the Bible, and prayer. All who can leave their beds are present. Our sick never sit down to table without prayer. In one of the wards the deaconess prays; in another an under-officer has gladly undertaken it."

"Yesterday," writes another, "a French soldier died

of gangrene of the foot. He suffered much, but made no complaint. I was grieved that I could not speak to him of the Word of God. I could only make signs to him to call on God. He clasped his hands, and looked sadly at me."

"*Aefeld, Oct. 1.*—The son of the Widow M—— died yesterday. We often read to him from God's Word; and he seemed also much refreshed by hymns. The last night he was much agitated. I said to him, 'The Lord Jesus is a rock: we must look to him. He has promised not to leave or forsake us.' Then I read him the Twenty-third Psalm, and he became quite calm. This poor sufferer caused us great joy. It was a real refreshment to come to his bedside. At five o'clock in the morning, as he was about to pass away, he was able to listen to the words I repeated."

From Dusseldorff, another deaconess writes: "The wounded are so patient, it is really touching to see their gratitude for little services, and their eagerness for the bread of life. Many have begged me not to let them go without a Bible. One Pole had been remarkable for his hardness and sullenness. I left a Bible on his table; he began to read it; read it from morning to night; and from that moment his very expression changed. He became the most docile and grateful among the patients, and entreated me to give him the Bible. He was astonished to hear that they are printed so cheaply."

Several of these devoted nurses have already been prostrated by their exertions. Three have been most dangerously ill of fever, some have been poisoned by the virus of the wounds, and one has lately died at Pont à Mousson from inflammation of the lungs.

We will now turn to the labours of those who are more specially engaged in visiting and evangelizing the numerous French prisoners in Germany, and the soldiers in camp. A committee has been formed by some active Christians at Elberfeld, in Rhenish Prussia, for the purpose of bringing the gospel message before the prisoners. Great pains have been taken to provide French preachers, and large supplies of Testaments, portions, and tracts.

The Pastor Nicolet, of Liege, employed by this Committee, writes:—"I obtained from Berlin a permission authorizing me to visit the prisoners in the fortresses of Minden, Wesel, Cologne, Coblenz, and Mayence.

"I began with Minden on the 20th of October. The prisoners are here confined in a kind of camp, surrounded by a high wooden enclosure. They are lodged in ranges of circular tents, holding about fifteen men each. A bed of straw, a small bolster, and a blanket for each, constitute their sleeping accommodation. As long as the weather is mild this is supportable, but severe cold would cause great suffering. However, I understand that if they remain during the winter they will be lodged in the towns.

"Only two or three of the Minden prisoners, I understood, were Protestants; I was therefore in some fear when I presented myself to the commandant lest he

should withhold the permission to enter the tents. But the Lord disposed his heart in my favour, and he gave me immediately a card of admission.

"Having no hope, in the absence of Protestants, of being permitted to preach in the open air, I decided on entering all the tents with my bag filled with New Testaments, tracts, and portions of Scripture. When I came to the entrance of the first tent I asked if I might enter, and several voices replied, 'Come in, come in, sir.' 'I do but disturb you,' said I. 'Oh no, sir; it is a pleasure to see you.' Then these brave fellows made me room, folding one of their blankets for me to sit on, and apologizing for having to receive me in such a place. I told them that, on the contrary, I was pleased to come. My new friends smiled, and were at their ease. I told my name, my country, told them I had long lived in France, loved their country, had kind friends there, and named the places I had been staying in. This drew out several. One and another spoke of the departments they came from: their faces brighten and their hearts open: with the French this is quickly effected. Having thus prepared the way and gained their confidence, I told them my object. 'I am come to bring you a word of Christian sympathy,' I said, 'some instructive books, and especially the Word of God, which you can read in your forced hours of leisure.' 'You are very good, sir, to think of us,' was the answer. 'It is not too soon to bring us something to read, for we find it very tiresome here,' said another. In short, as I had only a few minutes for each tent, I look out for a sergeant or corporal, and give him a New Testament, on his promise to read a portion every day to his 'room-mates.' To each of the others in the tent I give a portion of Scripture—either a gospel or epistle—and a tract. Having made my distribution, I address a few words to the little party on the need of reading the Word of God with prayer. Before leaving I propose prayer; it is willingly accepted. My fifteen men uncover their heads, all kneel, and I in the midst of them. We pray for God's blessing on the reading of the books, for the restoration of peace, for their return to their families, that the mourners may be comforted, &c. Then tears are seen sometimes falling from the eyes of a gray-headed sergeant. All are moved; and when the *Amen* is pronounced my friends instinctively cross themselves. Then we hear on all sides, 'Thanks, thanks, sir; God will hear your good prayer. God reward you for your visit; we shall never forget it.'

"I am careful to write in each New Testament, 'A Souvenir of Captivity, given by J. N., pastor of Chenée near Liege, Minden, October 1870.' The others copy this in their little books, and many have promised to write to me when they return to their country.

"I have never seen anything like a mocking spirit among my audience. One of them pressed his New Testament to his heart, exclaiming, 'I shall have this good book still, ten years hence.' Another said, 'I will take mine to my parents.' What the result may be of this good

work I cannot say; but the Lord will ripen the good seed—that is his work.”

An evangelist employed by the *Société Evangelique de Genève* among the soldiers in the camp writes:—

“I wish I could relate all the interesting incidents which cheered me in my difficult task. I was often overwhelmed by the soldiers who pressed on me to obtain Testaments and tracts. Many wished to pay for those they took, which I could not allow.....Several said to me, ‘A book of prayers, if you please: oh, pray give me a book for the sinner!’ (this was in allusion to a tract called ‘Jesus, the Sinner’s Friend.’)

“The conversations, though short, were often full of interest. One day amongst others, at the extremity of a camp of artillery, I was distributing the last tracts I had in my case. As I was retiring, I was stopped by a young soldier, who said to me in a tone which deeply moved me, ‘Pardon, sir; are you a Protestant?’ ‘Yes,’ I replied. ‘I thought so; but I dared not tell you what I felt. You gave me a tract—it was exactly what I need,’ he added, putting his hand on his heart with an expressive gesture. I spoke to him of Jesus; but as it

was growing dark, I was obliged to leave the camp. As I quitted him, he made an effort to conquer his false shame, and begged me to get him a Testament. He was going away the next morning, and I had only my own left, which I had used for five years, and which was full of my notes and marks; when I saw he was really thirsting for the truth, I gave him this and took leave of him, recommending him to the Lord, who had begun the work in him. The next day there was a battle. I know not whether he was killed or spared; but God will not have left the work unfinished.”

These are but a few of the interesting and touching incidents that have been called forth by the labours of Christians at the seat of war. A devoted young Swiss evangelist is engaged in visiting the fortresses in Bavaria, where large numbers of French prisoners are confined, and has met with encouraging tokens of the help of God in his work. But space fails us—we can only entreat the prayers of Christian readers for this interesting department of missionary labour, which has already shown how, in the midst of such fearful scenes, the Lord has indeed “made the wrath of man to praise him.”

DAVID BRAINERD.

BY THE REV. DUNCAN MACGREGOR, M.A., DUNDEE.



ALTHOUGH living Christianity is so much opposed to the world that its best types are regarded with indifference if not with dislike, yet there are certain laws of universal operation which go far to modify this feeling. Absence soothes even bitter hatred, and annihilates indifference. Time and death are great healers. It does not follow, therefore, because the Christian hero is hated when here with us fighting his earnest battle, his name is hated when he is gone. There is a conscience in every breast whose voice is on the side of goodness, and, though less directly, on the side of those who best exemplify it; and when they have passed away, and their characters stand out as if painted on the azure of eternity, the most hardened have wept over their graves. It was not the son of Bosor alone who, contemplating the state of the blessed dead, said with a thrill of tenderness, “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.”

If the Christian hero has been distinguished, the same principle which prompts admiration of greatness generally will act equally in regard to him. Even a great wicked man is an object of wonder. We follow the career of bloody tyrants and persecutors with much the same feeling as we follow the track of a blazing comet across the heavens. Then the “hero-worship” natural to us we pay to poets and statesmen, philosophers and philanthropists, men of science and men of letters—we inscribe their names in the Temple of Fame. The same

is true of Christian greatness. There is a unique grandeur in the conception of one whose whole life is a living sacrifice; who rises above the table-land of religious mediocrity like a mountain towering above the plain, and is no more moved by the world’s petty cares and temptations than the mountain-top by the clouds and winds; who lives in the sunshine of God’s love; and whose work on earth is but a preparation for an endless career of sublimer service before the throne. Such a phenomenon is rarely seen. The stars of the first magnitude in the Church’s firmament are easily counted. Let us turn the telescope to one whose clear glancing has helped to guide many a voyager over life’s sea for more than a century past,—David Brainerd, the first missionary to the North American Indians.

It is impossible not to sympathize with the feeling that we have too many religious biographies. But no one can read Brainerd’s life without feeling that it is a book of quite priceless value—that it is, in fact, one of the most precious uninspired directories extant for living a heavenly life upon earth. His religion bears the broad stamp of God upon it. There is a depth, an intensity, a loftiness in his experience, which reminds us of Enoch as he walked with God, of Moses as he came down from the mount with his face shining, of Elijah as he wandered alone by the brook Cherith. “His soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.” A life lived alone with God—fresh-fed from heavenly springs; a life spent like the Baptist’s in the wilderness, away from the

tumult and hurry and glitter of the world; the life of one who never thought of being in the fashion or in the newspapers—is fitted to teach great lessons in an age when the pressure of outward duties is apt to interrupt calm fellowship with the secret One, and when we are in danger of losing in power what we gain in speed.

About thirty years after John Eliot, "the Apostle of the Indians," rested from his labours, David Brainerd was born at Haddam, in Connecticut, New England. The date of his birth was April 20, 1718. He was of a delicate constitution—gentle, pensive, fervid, self-denying. As a boy, he was remarkable for his calm thoughtfulness. From the very first he appears to have seen the vanity of the world, and that something higher and purer was necessary to satisfy the longings of his soul. He had a sensitive conscience, too; so that a death or a passing funeral in the street filled him with awe. At the age of fourteen his mind was deeply impressed with divine things. "I was much excited," he says, "with the prevailing of a mortal sickness in Haddam. The Spirit of God proceeded far with me—I was remarkably dead to the world; and my thoughts were almost wholly employed about my soul's concerns; and indeed, I may say, I was almost persuaded to be a Christian. I was also exceedingly distressed at the death of my mother in March 1732. But afterwards my religious concern began to decline, and by degrees I fell back into a considerable degree of security, though I still attended to secret prayer."

It was not till seven years after this, however, that he found rest. They were years of sore struggle, distress, despair—years of blind groping and guessing about sin and salvation, about self and Christ, about the law and the gospel. He passed through "swamps of sadness." Sometimes he was in awful earnest; sometimes he was cold and sluggish. There were four things, he tells us, against which his heart fiercely rebelled: 1. The strictness of God's law. After his utmost pains, he found it impossible to answer its demands. He often made new resolutions, and as often broke them. 2. That faith alone was the condition of salvation; that God would not lower his terms, nor promise life in return for man's sincerest prayers and endeavours. 3. He could not find out *what* faith was, what it was to believe and come to Christ. He read Christ's calls to the weary and heavy-laden, but could find no way that He directed them to come in. He thought he would gladly come, if he only knew how. 4. His crowning difficulty was the *sovereignty* of grace—that it should be wholly at God's pleasure to save or condemn as he pleased; that salvation was sovereign as well as gratuitous. The passage, "Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honour, and another unto dishonour?" (Rom. ix. 21), rose right before him like a rock of adamant, and his soul was well-nigh broken against it.

This part of his story is very instructive, as illustrating that, however great the attainments of some saints above others, they have the same corrupt nature to contend

with; and however sublime the heights in personal holiness which it is given to a favoured few to scale, all begin the ascent from the horrible pit and the miry clay.

The circumstances of his conversion are so remarkable that I shall state them in his own words: "On the 12th of July 1739, a Sabbath evening, I was walking again in the same solitary place where I was brought to see myself lost and helpless. Here, in a mournful state, I was attempting to pray; but found no heart to engage in that or any other duty. I thought the Spirit of God had quite left me. Having been thus endeavouring to pray for nearly half an hour, as I was walking in a dark, thick grove, unspeakable glory seemed to open to the view of my soul. I do not mean any external brightness; but a new inward apprehension of God, such as I never had before. My soul rejoiced with joy unspeakable to see such a God—such a glorious divine Being; and I was inwardly pleased and satisfied that he should be God over all for ever and ever."

The story of his life is soon told. He was twenty-one years old at this time; he died at twenty-nine; so that the history of his walk with God only extends over eight years. He entered college the same year (1739); attended it for three years; was licensed in 1742; was examined soon after by the agents of the Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge, with a view of being ordained as a missionary to the North American Indians. He spent the following winter among his relatives; as it was thought unwise, with his delicate health, that he should enter upon a field of labour in winter attended with manifold hardships. In 1743 he laboured among the Indians at Kaunaumuck; in 1744 he was formally ordained, and spent the year in preaching the gospel to the wild tribes on the banks of the Delaware and the Susquehanna. The two following years he laboured at Crosswicksung, in New Jersey, where the crowning blessing rested upon his ministry, and where he reaped the greatest harvest of souls. But his work was done. The keen unresting spirit, the consuming zeal, the incessant labours, the self-sacrificing privations night and day, wore out a frame in which the seeds of consumption appeared early; and he died at Northampton, under Jonathan Edwards' roof, on the 9th of October 1747.

How comes it that a life so short, so sequestered—the life of one not distinguished by genius or eloquence—has exerted such a mighty influence in the world? It is not too much to say that every missionary that Britain or America has sent forth to the heathen for the last hundred years has felt the spell of Brainerd's example. Henry Martyn confessed that the reading of Brainerd's Life marked a new era in his own. The journal of the lonely missionary in his log-hut in the backwoods a century before fired the Senior Wrangler at Cambridge with the resolution of going as a missionary to India. Judson felt the spell, and his labours in Burmah attest its power. McCheyne and William Burns felt it, and

confessed that Brainerd embodied their conception of what a missionary of the Cross should be, and infused his very self into their hearts and souls. It will continue for ages to fire young hearts with holy thoughts and noble purposes. How is this to be explained? We answer, It was the power of self-sacrifice and the power of prayer.

I. The power of *self-sacrifice*.—With the doubtful exceptions of St. Bernard and Francis Xavier, perhaps never did a missionary suffer such privations. He set himself free from every tie, and made himself "grandly solitary" for Christ. He plunged into the forest far beyond all Christian or even civilized society. He built some rude log-house with his own hands at four different stations—Kaunaumeeke, Delaware, Crossweeksung, and Cranbury. At one of his fields of labour he could get no dwelling at all; and he lived at a distance of twenty miles, and rode daily to his work, even in the dead of winter. It was often impossible for him to procure suitable food. Very touching is the following entry:—"I have no comfort of any kind but what I have in God. I live in the most lonesome wilderness, and have but one person to converse with that can speak English, an Indian. I have no fellow-Christian to whom I can unbosom myself. I live poorly in regard to the comforts of this life; most of my diet consists of boiled corn. I lodge on a bundle of straw; my labour is hard and difficult, and I have little appearance of success to comfort me."

Now the world can understand that. They are compelled to admit the reality of that. "The world is looking on to see what religious people mean.....They see that a religious man has a shrewd eye to his interests, is quick at making a bargain, captivated by show and ostentation, affects titled society." Here was a man who sacrificed ease, comforts, books, money; who despised the glitter of the world. Beyond these skies—in the still eternity beyond—was his home. His faith could pierce through the clouds, and see the crown glittering yonder.

In a materialistic age such an example is beyond all price. When John Wesley, after giving £28,000 in his lifetime to the cause of God, died so poor that there were only two silver-spoons in his house; when Robert Haldane sold his beautiful estate of Airthrey, and laid the money upon the altar which sanctified himself; when the Duchess of Gordon reduced her establishment, and sold hundreds of pounds' worth of jewellery, that she might give more for the spread of the gospel,—worldly men felt the power of these bare facts more than a thousand sermons. And they rebuked the worldliness of the Church. With much that is excellent it cannot be denied that the religion of our time is very easy and self-indulgent. There could not be a better tonic than the study of Brainerd's self-sacrifice.

In teaching the blind to read, the text-books are printed in relief, and the blind learn to run their

fingers along the lines. If the letters were printed flat upon the page, however bold the type, the blind could not read them. The blind world cannot read the doctrines of grace in flat printed letters, in books and sermons. But show them these doctrines printed in relief, in raised letters, in the holy lives of living epistles of Christ, in the martyr self-sacrifice of a Vanderkemp or a Brainerd, in the unworldliness of a Wesley or a Haldane, in the apostolic labours of the Eleven who shook England from end to end in the last century, in the Christ-like meekness and lovingness of the entire membership of a revived Church, and they are compelled to confess their power.

II. The power of *prayer*.—Brainerd lived at the mercy-seat. We feel, when reading his secret wrestlings and communings with God, as if we were admitted within the veil, and overheard the language of heaven. We read of Jacob wrestling at Peniel with a feeling of awe. An awe substantially the same is felt over us when reading the spiritual conflicts of Brainerd. John Eliot's last words were, "Pray! pray! pray!" Brainerd caught up the strain, and prayed without ceasing. And prayer in his case, too, was wrestling with God; drawing near him, taking hold of him in the arms of faith and love, grasping his promises and pleading them, refusing to let him go. His life was a constant battle at the mercy-seat. "As a prince he had power with God, and prevailed." The ancient sage could move the globe if he had a fixed point—a fulcrum—outside of it. Brainerd leaned on God, and by prayer he moved the world. One or two extracts from his journal will illustrate this better than any description. Shortly before he was licensed he writes:—

"April 19, 1742.—I set apart this day for fasting and prayer to God for his grace; especially to prepare me for the work of the ministry, to give me divine aid and direction in my preparation for that great work, and in his own time to send me into his harvest. Accordingly in the morning I endeavoured to plead for the divine presence for the day, and not without some life. In the forenoon I felt the power of intercession for precious immortal souls, for the advancement of the kingdom of my dear Lord and Saviour in the world, and withal a most sweet resignation and even joy at the thought of suffering hardships, distresses, and even death itself in the promotion of it; and had special enlargement in pleading for the enlightening and conversion of the poor heathen. In the afternoon God was with me of a truth. *Oh, it was blessed company indeed! God enabled me so to agonize in prayer that I was quite wet with sweat though in the shade, and though the wind was cold.*" The whole journal is in the same intense strain, revealing a spirit panting after angelic perfection. If there is a monotony in his experience it is, as Robert Hall has said, "the monotony of sublimity."

He was in the habit of devoting special seasons to

prayer, generally an entire day of every week. But this did not interfere with his earnest improvement of the stated and ordinary seasons. The book is full of such entries as these:—

"I spent the time in reading, meditation, and prayer till the evening was far spent; was grieved to think that I could not watch unto prayer the whole night."—"My soul was so much delighted to continue instant in prayer that I had no desire for my necessary food; I even dreaded leaving off praying at all, lest I should lose the blessed spirituality and thankfulness to God which I then felt." Once more: "My soul was so engaged and enlarged in that sweet exercise that I spent near an hour in it, and knew not how to leave the mercy-seat. Oh, how I delighted to pray and cry to God! I was likewise much assisted in family prayer. And afterwards, when I was just going to bed, God helped me to renew my petitions with ardency and freedom."

He was continually engaged in ejaculatory prayer. It was a continual telegraphing to heaven. Though alone, he was not alone, for his Father was with him. The solitude in which he lived no doubt gave him opportunities which he could not have enjoyed in busy society; but the recurrence of words like the following on every page of his diary gives us a very solemnizing impression of his close walk with God, and rebukes our reserve and formalism in prayer: "Spent much of my time while riding in prayer that God would go with me to Delaware." "At ten I rode away with a heavy heart to preach to my Indians. Upon the road I attempted to lift up my heart to God. And when I came away from them I spent the whole time while I was riding to my lodgings, three miles distant, in prayer and praise to God." "In the morning was very busy in preparation for my journey, and was almost continually engaged in ejaculatory prayer." "In the evening I rode to Elizabeth Town; while riding, was almost constantly engaged in lifting up my heart to God lest I should lose that sweet heavenly solemnity and composure of soul I then enjoyed."

It was thus that he brought down the fire from heaven which melted the hearts of those wild savages, whose familiar implements were the tomahawk and the scalping-knife, and whose most coveted trophies were the skulls of their victims. It was said of Eliot that he spoke as many thunderbolts as words. The same was true of Brainerd.

When the electrician* wants to show an example of a human body charged with electric fire, he places a person upon a stool with glass legs. Glass is a non-conductor, and isolates the subject from the earth. If he stood upon the ground the electric fluid would all pass away. Thus isolated, he holds a wire in his hand, and the fire pours into him. You see nothing; but if you come near him, and hold out your finger, sparks of fire

shoot out towards you. Thus was Brainerd's soul lifted above the earth, and filled with the fire of God, and energized by the power of God, so that when he began to speak, although he had to employ an interpreter, "the word was attended with a resistless power; many hundreds in that great assembly, consisting of three or four thousand, were much affected, so that there was a very great mourning, like to the mourning of Hadad-rimmon in the Valley of Megiddon.....I stood amazed at the influence that seemed to descend on the assembly, and, with an astonishing energy, bore down all before it, and could compare it to nothing more aptly than a mighty torrent. Almost all persons, of all ages, were bowed down together. The most fierce and stubborn hearts were now obliged to bow. Their concern was so great, each for himself, that none seemed to take any notice of those about them, but each prayed for themselves, and were, to their own apprehensions, as much retired as if every one had been by himself in a desert. Each seemed to mourn apart."

At the end all was bright. He often spoke of death as his "kind friend;" and when it came his hope brightened into unclouded assurance. He was in glorious company going through the dark valley. His peace passed all understanding. The heavens are not so high, nor the sea so deep, nor the plains of earth so wide. And as he passes within the veil we hear such ecstatic words as these: "The day is at hand, the perfect day. I have longed to serve God perfectly, now God will gratify these desires! I long to be in heaven praising and glorifying him with the holy angels!" It is pleasing to add that in the last stage of his illness he was removed to Jonathan Edwards' house, and that loving hands ministered to him in his dying hours.

It has been said that Brainerd's Christianity was too *introspective*—that he looked too much within; that he felt his spiritual pulse too frequently; that he made too severe a diagnosis of his spiritual state. Possibly. And possibly his enfeebled health and his peculiar circumstances helped to turn his thoughts somewhat too much within. But is there no danger the other way? True Christianity looks inward and upward. Is there no danger in living without ever feeling the soul's pulse, without ever searching our hearts and trying our ways? Is there no danger in living contentedly on if conscience tells that we have no spiritual pulse, no love to Christ, no desire after fellowship with him, no panting to be like him, and to see his face in glory? We must look outward *rather* than inward; but we must look outward *and* inward. Most true it is that "Christ is the central truth of theology, and the cross the central truth of Christology," and that a calm, uplooking, adoring faith is the one means of obtaining and nourishing the inner life; but while the eye must never be withdrawn from the cross, is it not also necessary to test our inward state by the standard of the Word of God?

Objection has also been taken to the *over-intensity* of Brainerd. We admit that he was intense. His soul

* Arthur's "Tongue of Fire," p. 312.

was on fire. But here lay the secret of his power. He was a "man of one idea," of "one book"—a man who made everything secondary to the salvation of souls. He was more like a seraph sent on the King's errand to these American backwoods, and panting to return to his place before the throne. He who would set others in a flame must himself be burning. The salt must be strong and pungent if it is to heal a corrupt earth. If it loses its savour—if its pungency is bleached out of it—its healing power is gone. You have heard, perhaps, of the driver of a coach who had an intelligent traveller sitting beside him on the box-seat. The traveller was full of questions about the various objects of interest they passed, and asked the names of the towns, and hills, and rivers. To all his questions he got one blunt answer, "I don't know." At last, somewhat chafed, he said tartly, "You seem to know nothing." "I know how to drive the coach, sir," said the other. Brainerd knew the power of prayer; he knew the secret of holy living; he knew how to win souls; he knew that his rest was sure when his work was done. Spiritual intensity is the great lack in the religion of our time. There is a sort of proper respectable Christianity which may bring its possessor to heaven, but which will never save a single soul; which is nervously careful never to give offence, nervously careful to move in the customary tramways. That was not Brainerd's Christianity. That was not the Christianity of all the martyr spirits whose pains and prayers have made the Church of Christ what it is. It has been well said, "Spiritual

power is the one resistless thing in Christianity; and in our day it is fatally easy to be a blameless Christian with no spiritual power—fatally hard to have it. The whole tone of modern life makes a Christian life the easiest thing in the world, so long as you do not stand out distinguished in practice for an unworldly faith in eternal things as, even for this world, the supreme things. You may be orthodox, devout, charitable, zealous, and you gain only respect. Be but intensely in earnest to fetch God and his Son down into business and family affairs, and you may almost go out of the world. Yet such vivid, practical, lofty spirituality is the secret of aggressive religious strength." Christ "came not to send peace on earth, but a sword;" and his religion, in one aspect, is the most aggressive and revolutionary system in the world. The preaching of the apostles "turned the world upside down." They could not let Satan and his kingdom alone. This is what the world needs now. The Lord send us men of apostolic mould! The three hundred at Thermopylae were better than the million of Persians. When we look at the solid front which the forces of evil present in our time—the prevalence of Ritualism and Sacramentarianism—the wide-spread religious unsettlement—the profaneness in our streets—the death-like torpor which has settled down upon large masses of our population,—it is plain that in order to grapple successfully with these evils we must have the lofty consecration, the mighty faith, the ethereal fervour, which distinguished Brainerd.

Sketches of East End Interiors.

No. I.—TIM.



THIS is how I came to find Tim. One July evening I was passing through a dark, unlovely alley of our great metropolis. My visiting duties over for the day, outward bound for the green fields, I hastened to be rid of the streets; and as I hurried on, with eager foot, the sweet sound of a child-voice singing floated out to me from an open window. I could not choose but linger for a moment to listen.

"There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,"

crooned the little voice. Then followed other words, but ever the same "refrain," pathetic on young lips. "Weary so soon, then!" And I turned aside, lest haply I might cheer the tired little one who sang of rest.

Guided by the voice, I climbed a dark, narrow stair; then I found myself in a dingy little room, and crouched on his hands and knees in a truckle-bed in the corner was Tim.

I suppose he might have lived in this world a dozen years or so, yet here were no round outlines of the boy-face, but hollow cheeks, and shadows about the eyes, touched in by the hand of pain. A shock of fair hair fell over a thoughtful forehead, and big blue eyes full of wistful questioning, as if to say, "Why am I thus?" looked out at me from between dark lashes. The furnishing of the room was scant enough. Two crazy chairs, an old sea-chest, a rickety deal table drawn up close to the boy, on which was arranged his food for the day (a cup of milkless tea and a piece of dry bread), one or two cracked specimens of crockery in a rack, a minute tea-pot, a kettle with a broken spout, and the wretched bed on which Tim crouched. The narrow slip of window was begrimed with filth, but by dint of much craning of the neck it was just possible through the top pane to gain a glimpse of God's sky. Poor Tim! little wonder he was weary!

"Left all alone, my boy?"

"Yes, sir. Brother Jim, he sweeps a crossin'. A kind lady gives little Aggie her dinner and keeps her at

school all day; and mother hawks small-wares. But evenin' brings 'em all home, and mother lights the fire and sets the tea to draw, and it's lively like then."

"Do I weary sometimes? Well, sir, happen I do, nows and then. You see, I gets werry tired allus a-settin' on my knees and elbows, and yet" (with a sad half-sigh) "I allus must. It hurts so cruel to lie on my back, and wuss still when I rolls on my side. But when I'm at my weariest I think, Well, there must be somethin' good in even the pain God lets be. That stands to reason, sir, don't it?"

How long had he been thus? "One, two, three years come Michaelmas. When quite a little un, sir, I fell down a cruel stone stair, and arter that I didn't grow right nohow. Still, though I were but a little un, I could walk then, and when I were six year old I went to work at turnin' a 'bacca-wheel. Too young for work, sir, did you say? Oh no; a baby could turn a 'bacca-wheel; and I allus could earn my shillin' to help mother, who needed it sorely, for father had died then. But each month I kept a-growin' weaker and weaker, till at long and at last I couldn't draw my poor legs arter me, and mother had to carry me to my work of a mornin'. Then my back grew that bad, I could hardly set up to turn the wheel; and one mornin' I fell off my seat, all of a heap like, on to the floor; and master, he says, 'Tim, you are not fit for work; you must not come again.' And he paid me a fortnight's wages, and bade a man carry me home. Oh, when I was first set down here I were that vexed 'cause I could no longer help mother! I thought I'd ha' cried my heart out."

No murmuring word, that from a child he was bound apprentice to pain and helplessness—hard masters for a tender little one. His tears flowed "'cause he could no longer help mother." Then I tried as well as I could to explain to the boy that the hardest bit in each life is to lie quiet when we would fain be up and doing, but that such enforced inaction would be counted as hard toil when the day was done and we went to take our wages.

"Happen it may," said Tim, thoughtfully. "Well, sir," he resumed, "when I was took so bad, mother got an order, and I was sent to the hospital for sick children. Ah, that were a beautiful place! Everything so clean and pretty, and kind doctors and nusses a-walkin' round and trying to cheer up everybody about. Ladies used to come too and read them beautiful words out of the Testament about Christ havin' compassion on the sick, and healin' of 'em. Howsom-dever, though he healed other sick children, he didn't heal *me*. Not but that he was as sorry for me as for them, but he had a different way of showin' his feelin' for *me*. I had not been long in the hospital when the doctors come one mornin' to my bedside, and ran long needles into my legs, all over 'em. 'Do you feel that, my boy?' says one. 'No, sir, I feels nothin'.' Then the gray-haired one shook his head and said in a low tone to the others, 'Hopeless case; back been broken

from infancy.' They thought as how I didn't understand 'em, but I *did*; and when they were all gone I turned my face to the pillow and cried above a bit that no doctor could set me on my legs again but One, and he wouldn't—leastways, not yet awhile. Then they wrote 'Incurable' in large letters on a card and stuck it over my bed, and mother fetched me home.

"Yes, sir; I *was* sorry to leave the hospital, for everything was so clean and comfortable, and the children all round in their little cots was company like. Well, yes, 'tis lonesome sometimes; but I can read large print, and the children on the stair run in and out. Night's my worst time. You see, sir, we've just one bed, and mother and Jim and Aggie they sleep where I am now, and they lays me across the foot, and sometimes they kick me a'most to pieces. It's in their sleep, sir; they can't help it. And then in the dark night, sir, the ghosts come out o' the cupboard and point at me and mock me with their ugly faces. In course I knows there's no sich things as ghosts, and what I sees is but my fancy, for the doctor says owing to my back being twisted so is my brain; but still they *do* come. I *do* see 'em, and sometimes they come close, close upon me, till I grow cold, and my heart flutters like a little bird with terror of 'em. What do I think most about as I lie here? Well, I mostly thinks on the other world—'*there's no night there*.' The doctor says happen I'll go when the first snow comes." And Tim's face brightened at the glad prospect. The other world, vague and shadowy to the best of us, was a real country of unfading sunlight to Tim.

"But I must wait quiet," he resumed, after a long, reflective pause, "till my time comes. It's a sin to weary, isn't it, sir? For things *must* be best as they are, or the good God wouldn't let 'em be. I knows *that* much."

The lonely child-optimist that, out of my usual beat, I had thus stumbled on, interested me not a little. At all events, I could, so far as in me lay, alleviate the patient little fellow's sufferings. A bed was procured for him, so that the misery of sleepless nights was no longer enhanced by the kicking and plunging of uneasy slumberers. When I found the boy it was the time of roses and all sweet flowers, and I had his narrow window filled with the beautiful blooms. Greatly did Tim delight himself in those flowers. "Ain't they beautiful!" he would exclaim enthusiastically. "When the ghosts come out o' the cupboard at nights, I looks at the flowers, and in the moonlight they seem like angels a-watchin' of me, and the ghosts can't scare me then."

The days sped on. I often saw Tim. I went ostensibly to give him a reading-lesson; but, in reality, *he* was the teacher, and he taught me how perfect faith that God's way is always the best way upholds and strengthens the spirit of a child to bear a load of daily trial under which strong men would faint and fail.

Months rolled on, and as the days grew dark and chill, Tim's little stock of strength diminished. His

thin cheeks grew yet thinner, and his eyes were ever more weary with longing for the "land that is very far off." I should soon lose sight of Tim in the glory of the other side.

At the beginning of winter I was called from home. Before I started on my journey I went to say good-bye to Tim.

At the time of which I speak, texts of Scripture illumined in green and gold and purple letters upon cards were much in vogue. Tim, who delighted in bright colours, would, I well knew, like one to hang within sight. So I asked him what text I should send him. A pause of careful consideration, then, in his slow, decided way,—"*His tender mercies are over all his works.*" Tim's choice of a text touched me. Here was a child who had never known the merry restless movement and mirth of childhood, but whose days and nights were one wearing ache—who had none of the alleviations wealth can purchase for its sick, but whose daily fare was scant and coarse. Yet in the midst of all the hard and unlovely conditions of his life he looked out and beyond this sordid present. Although at first sight it might not seem like it, still he knew that "*His tender mercies are over all his works.*"

I selected the prettiest card I could see with the

foregoing words illumined on it, and sent it to Tim. I had been away a fortnight, when a letter from home informed me that Tim was rapidly sinking, and had expressed a strong desire to see me. I started at once on my homeward journey, but fast as the express train whirled me along, Death travelled faster; and when I got to Tim's home, I found that a few hours before my arrival he had gone to the city where "there is no night."

The mother and her two remaining children were seated, a sorrowful group, in the darkened room. The bed was covered with the white sheet that enfolded all that was left of Tim. The poor twisted frame that by God's grace had held a spirit strong and patient to endure was very still now. And the placid brows and contented smile on the cold lips told how "*sweet is rest after toil.*" As I gazed my last on the little face that had grown dear to me, I could not but grieve that I should see it no more; but I shed no tear for the child.

I turned to go. The level rays of the setting sun shone on the text hanging on the wall—"His tender mercies are over all his works." And as I glanced from the sun-bright words to the still, moonlight face of the child-sleeper, I realized *then* their utter truth.

M. A. PALMER.

"CLEANLINESS NEXT TO GODLINESS."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SILENCES OF SCRIPTURE."



HIS was the favourite saying of a great and good man who turned many to righteousness—the author of the greatest revival of religion since the Reformation, a revival that has extended over the New as well as the Old World. So many as he turned to Christ, he turned also to a new refinement in person and dwelling. His converts were not ashamed to be poor. They were only ashamed of the filth and rags that come of sloth and carelessness. To make clean and keep clean, and mend whatever needed mending, became the mark of a Wesleyan.

Wesley was the only revival preacher we ever heard of that had the moral courage to tell his hearers, "Cleanse your persons and dwellings, else I shall never believe that you have cleansed your souls!" Wesley's directions to his preachers on this matter are models of plain speaking. So often did he repeat his favourite saying, and to such good purpose, that amongst his people cleanliness became not only a household word, but a household virtue; and to this day many Wesleyans regard the words that head our article as a saying of holy writ.

Though not found in the Bible in so many words, it expresses Bible wisdom. Christ does not say, "Blessed are the pure in person and dwelling;" but, "Blessed are the pure in heart." Water and fire, the great world

purifiers, are only the emblems of that baptism of the spirit which all must get before getting to heaven. The body's and soul's purity are mutually suggestive of each other. Those that see not and feel not the one, will not be swift to see or feel the other; and if any man or woman has no care to cleanse the outer man in honour of his risen Lord, as Sabbath returns, he is not likely to be found amongst those that seek to cleanse the heart that Christ may dwell there.

A convert amongst the tribe of Bechnanas in Africa, being asked by Dr. Livingstone what he understood by the word "holiness," replied, "When copious showers descend during the night, and the earth's leaves and cattle are washed clean, and the air breathes fresh—that is 'holiness.'" He could only tell what visible things it was like—"like the clear shining after rain." Archbishop Laud, the leader of the Ritualistic party in the Church of England in the reign of Charles I., and still the admired of the same party, loved to repeat the Psalmist's favourite phrase—"The beauty of holiness;" but in seeking to embody it in painted windows, altar cloths, priestly robes, and carved symbols, came not so near it as Livingstone's Bechuana convert. Nor can any one give us a truer symbol than our Saviour gave in the fire and the water—the cleansers of all things, and the cleansed of none.

If any outward act is fitted to awaken thoughts of

heart purity, it is the act of cleansing the whole outer man and his dwelling-place on earth; and if, in doing so, any man does it in honour of the approach of the day in which our Lord rose from the dead, his act becomes, in the highest sense, "the beauty of holiness." Though cleanliness be not in itself godliness, it is next to it, and may be the simple-hearted expression of it.

Some years ago there lived in the parish of Cromarty a half-witted man, well known to all by the name of Poor Tom. He was not given to cleansing of person or dwelling, either on Sabbath or any other day. To him every day was alike in filth and rags; and the children called him "The Clarty Man;" even those that pitied him and gave him alms kept Tom at a safe distance. Though the Lord's-day made no difference in his way of life, yet he sometimes strayed into the church after service had begun, taking possession of the remotest seat—sitting apart, as if conscious of his being a leper in Israel. On one of these occasions he heard a discourse on the resurrection of our Lord, and the honour every Christian should put on the first day of the week. Tom was interested, became thoughtful, and his conscience smote him for past neglect. All the week he kept brooding on this new subject of thought; and when Saturday came, he set about cleansing his person and house, and repairing his raiment, as he had never been known to do before. On Sabbath morning the minister met him as he crossed the churchyard, with shining face and whole garments. "You are unco braw to-day, Tom," was the minister's salutation. "Yes," replied Tom; "He was braw himself this morning, and I maun clean myself noo on His day." After a pause, Tom added,—"I have been thinking, minister, that Saturday night is like death, for we wash ourselves and lay ourselves out for the resurrection morning." Here was surely the dawn of grace, beautiful even in Poor Tom. In some such way did the Lord's-day Sabbath develop itself in the conscience and life of the early Christians, needing no new commandment. Happy when it so develops itself in the heart and conscience, and not in the use and wont and upbringing only of the Christian! He who "will not quench the smoking flax" will not despise the offering of a clean person and dwelling in honour of his resurrection; yea, He will accept it as "a beauty of holiness."

When Defoe was in Scotland as Secretary of the English Commissioners for negotiating the Union with England, he tells us in his "History" that nothing struck him so much on the Sabbath as the sight of mud cottages sending forth their worshippers dressed like ladies and gentlemen. The same sight may be seen at this hour in the Hebrides, where dwellings without a window, and canopied within with smoke, send forth their hundreds and thousands in comely attire, Bible in hand, to the worship of God. To their reverence for the Sabbath and their habits of church-going, they owe not only their Sabbath dress, but whatever habits of cleanliness in person and dwelling they have yet attained.

Religion, and the weekly meeting with our neighbours in the church, as of the young in the school, is the beginning of new and improved social and domestic habits. What religion begins, religion should carry forward to still higher things. It is in the power of the ministers of religion in our Highlands and Isles to carry forward this good work, in many and various ways, through both the school and the church. In the school, by insisting on a more scrupulous cleanliness in person, and providing every school in town and country with a lavatory, and sending thither every defaulter at the opening of each day. There is a false humility that has yet to be unlearned in some parts of Scotland. It is implied and rebuked in the proverb, "Cleanliness is not pride." A Highland minister received a complaint from a parishioner that he had been passed over in his visits. The minister apologized, saying that "he would visit him if he would cleanse his house;" to which his parishioner replied, "Was not our Saviour born in a stable?" He forgot "there was no room in the inn." Discouraging as such a reply was, the visits, whether of the laird or minister, or their families, have a cleansing power; and a little more frank dealing with defaulters would make yearly converts in Highlands and Lowlands to the doctrine that "Cleanliness is next to godliness."

We have been asked for a Scripture text in behalf of this Scripture-like saying. Many years ago the writer of these words lived in one of the parishes of a city where much has since been done for its social improvement, and where more is still needed. Typhus fever was then the frequent visitor of its neglected lanes and closes, carrying death to many doors, and to many more days, weeks, and months of protracted sickness, weakness, and destitution. Meeting the then chief magistrate in one of its lanes, we called his attention to the offensive state of the closes and dwellings where fever prevailed. He was a worthy man—equal to most of his predecessors in intelligence and conscientiousness; yet his reply was such as, happily, no magistrate would now make in like circumstances. "He was not aware that it was the duty of the chief magistrate to act the part of scavenger-in-chief." We answered that we could give him a high precedent for it—the Chief Magistrate of the universe having, in a time of like danger, given forth the order in Deut. xxiii. 10-14, without which thousands must have perished of filth and fever in the camp of Israel.

This was no mere typical cleanliness, but a cleanliness that pertained to the person and dwelling of every son and daughter in Israel, and which the Creator's laws of health require of all ranks and classes. The man that observes them not is neither true to himself nor his neighbour. In the spirit of this ancient law and example let all magistrates and all heads of families act, and we shall not only have more health in our broad and fashionable streets, but in every lane and close; yea, in the remotest Hebrides, as well as in our great centres of population. The rich will be saved

from many a fear of the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the poor from many a personal and family trouble.

What is dirt? The late Lord Palmerston happily answered, "Matter out of its place." Cleanliness consists in putting every particle of matter—be it a grain of dust, or a dust-heap—in its own place. Cleanliness is a part of the system of the God of law and order. That which, spread on our gardens and fields, turns to fresh beauty, life, and fruitfulness, out of its place becomes the cause not only of offence, but of disease and death to man and beast. While efforts are being made in our towns to open the dwellings of the working-classes to the air and light of heaven, and to give them the benefits of the country in the midst of our towns, there are at this moment in the Hebrides thousands of families, church-going and school-going, who pass the winter under the same roof with their cattle, amidst the accumulated droppings of man and beast, without a window to let in the light and air of heaven, or an opening to let out the smoke and exhalations within; entailing upon the aged a redness of eyes that even the drunkard knows not, and an impurity of dwelling that the strong may survive, but which is often fatal to infant life. They have Bibles, and read them; but they have not yet learned to apply Bible principles and ideas to a condition of things which, having seen always, they see without thought of the evils it encloses and the duties it leaves undone. So John Newton, last century, could read his Bible in the slave-ship of which he was captain—unrebuked. The old *Lowland* hut of sixty years ago had both its manure-heap and offensive pool at the side of each door. That sight is now become more rare; yet in the Hebrides the use and wont still is to pile up the refuse of a long winter within doors. Matter is not only out of its place, but accumulated, out of its place, until spring brings deliverance; and were it not for the coldness of our climate, or the wonderful antiseptic power of peat smoke, and the freshening and renewing influences of the breezes of the ocean and mountains, our island homes would develop a malaria which only the most vigorous constitutions could resist.

No wonder our Scottish Highlanders, when circumstances compel them to take refuge in towns, bring thither personal and domestic habits that contribute largely, with the Irish population, to swell the mortality of Edinburgh and Glasgow above that of London, Liverpool, and Manchester. While in London only twenty-two are found to die in the thousand, in Edinburgh and Glasgow thirty and thirty-two die yearly in the thousand. Such habits, if so often fatal to infant life in the mountains and islands, must be still more fatal in the purlieus of our great cities. Of late, experiments have been made on the air which we breathe, and in it are found to be continually afloat more or less of the germs of our epidemic and contagious diseases, requiring only favourable conditions for their development. The conditions most favourable to their de-

velopment are stagnant air and "matter out of its place." Register! register! was the word of a late statesman to his adherents. Cleanse! cleanse!—Ventilate! ventilate! are now the words not of party, but of social well-being.

It is encouraging to trace the rise and progress of this virtue of cleanliness.

Some of the lower animals are instinctively cleanly. It appertains to their very nature. But it is not so with man. In him both the sentiment and practice spring from growing intelligence and culture, from increasing wealth, and improvement in those arts which contribute to the comfort and amenity of life. Those races and nations that are now noted for scrupulous cleanliness, were once as noted for their untidy and unwholesome ways. To no one nation has it come by birth;—to all by education and imitation. We now speak of the English housewife as superior in this virtue to the Scotch or Irish; and the Scotch Lowlanders as more tidy in their ways than the Highlander of the same rank. We speak of this difference as if it were something *inborn*, instead of being only *inbred*. We have only to go back to the days of Queen Elizabeth and Henry VIII., to find cleanliness a virtue more rare in England than it is now in any part of the Highlands of Scotland, or Ireland. Miss Strickland, in her "Lives of the Queens of England," tells "that the floors of the halls of the English nobles, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, were strewed with rushes, and covered with fresh layers, like the littering of a farm-yard. Below the upper layer remained a fermenting mass, intermingled with bones and fragments from the table." The readers of Shakespeare are familiar with the cry, "A hall! a hall!" in preparation for a dance. When this litter was disturbed by a circle being swept clear of the heap in the midst of the hall, the offensive vapours filled the air, and became more pungent as the heat of the hall and its dancers increased. Erasmus, the greatest continental scholar of Henry the Eighth's days, visiting his friend Sir Thomas More, and accustomed to the better ways of the Dutch, writes: "The floors of the peasantry are of clay, covered with rushes that grow in the fens. These are so little disturbed in the dwellings of the poor, that the lower mass of rushes will sometimes remain for years together." On a change of weather, a vapour was exhaled most pernicious to the human body, and to this cause Erasmus ascribes the frequent visitations of pestilence in England. Even the nobility thought of no other remedy than removing from castle to castle, which was technically called "sweetening." The Spaniards who came over with Philip to wed the English Queen, when they saw how the English people lived, said: "The English people live in houses made of dirt and sticks; but they fare therein as well as the monarch."

In the Lowlands of Scotland we may see the aspirations after cleanliness in house and home mingling with the aspirations of piety in the old editions of the hymn, long the favourite of the Scottish people, entitled,

"O mother, dear Jerusalem!" As if despairing of attaining to a clean house on earth, this luxury is placed in heaven, in a verse which savours of the actualities of the Scottish homes of the day,—

"Nae dirt nor spider's web is there."

To the same or a succeeding period must belong a series of Scottish proverbs, *fifteen* of which are said to be of the Mrs. M'Larty's school—who "canna be fashed"† with the new-fangled ideas and practices. Such are the proverbs, "Dirt bodes luck;" "Dirt is cozy;" "The clartier the cozier;" "The mair dirt, the less hurt."

These proverbs show that in Scotland cleanliness and godliness had not been associated as yet. But another class of Scotch proverbs arose: "A clean thing is kindly;" "Cleanliness is not pride;" "Dirt is not honesty;" "Eating, drinking, and cleaning need but a beginning;" "The toad, though stinking, keeps aye his ain hole clean;" "It is an ill bird that files his ain nest;" "It is a worse bird that does not clean its own nest;" "There is a dub at every man's door, and before some two dubs;" "There was ne'er a guid town but had a dub at the end of it;" "They that like the midden see nae motes in it."

These may be called the transition proverbs, when untidy ways required some apology, and our countrymen, as usual, retreated *fighting*, yielding with half their hearts to the new powers of the water and the broom. The transition is still in progress, and becomes in our great towns a great and growing necessity with the growth of their population. Let no nation boast over another in this virtue. Holland preceded England. England is now in advance of Scotland, and the Lowland Scot of the Highland Scot, because they entered later into those circumstances which gave to nations, as to individuals, the needful training. To the virtue of cleanliness more is required than an education of letters, else the Scotch had long since gone before their Southern neighbours. Whatever brings the different classes of society more together gives them new ideas, and ultimately new habits and refinement of life. The Scot has the intelligence, but wants still that *early training* which turns growing wealth and intelligence into good habits. The discovery of the connection between cleanliness and health—the sanitary law of our Creator—has in our days exalted, what some regarded as only one of the amenities of life, into a moral virtue on which depend often both our own life and that of others, and the breach of which may grow

into a breach of the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill."

If a band of lawless persons appeared in our neighbourhood, knocking down one and maiming another, and plundering all they met, of whatever they possessed, yea, and poisoning the water we drink, we should not allow the grass to grow beneath our feet until we united with all the worth and intelligence around us to arrest or disarm the workers of iniquity. But this is just the work of ruth and ruin that has been going on in silence and secrecy in our several neighbourhoods, injurious to all, fatal to none so much as to the industrious poor. Cleanliness by turns is a little thing and a "great one;" when it appears a "little thing," it is one of those little things to which applies the saying, "Take care of the little things, and the great ones will take care of themselves." On our daily attention to the many nameless little things depends often our all of life;—on fresh air and light, on soap and water, the frequent use of the brush and besom; on those many littles that women know best, and which, when they know them to purpose, makes them our ministering and guardian angels. How many a loving-hearted woman suffers disease and death to steal into her house, that she might have turned aside from her door by a more persistent and scrupulous cleanliness! "Behold, how these Christians love one another!" was the exclamation of the heathen when they saw how the primitive Christians loved, ministered to, and guarded each other's welfare. The gospel came, strangely to refine the ways of men; and when the unbeliever sees the power of the gospel to refine the ways of women before noted only for slovenly and sluttish ways, they will exclaim, "Behold, how these Christians can make sunshine in their homes!"

When disease grows up to the force and frequency of a pestilence, we appoint days of national humiliation and prayer; but we often omit, in our prayers, to confess our national, family, and individual sins, in the continued neglect to remove the causes known to aggravate or originate disease. If our fathers did so also, it was in ignorance of the laws of the Creator; whereas we do it in knowledge, hinder our prayers, and bring our piety into reproach.

The home of every Christian should be the cleanliest and sweetest spot in all God's world, where he may dwell most safely from the pestilence, and enjoy life and health most securely. But if, in his dreams of the happy spot where there is

"Nae dirt nor spider's web,"

he is obliged, like the author of "O mother, dear Jerusalem," to place his hope of realizing it only in heaven, how can he forbear joining in the taunt of those whose heaven is on earth, "Ye may be godly; but ye are no ower cleanly"? What feelings of disappointment we experienced in reading lately the travels of an English clergyman in the great African Desert, to learn that the *oases*, with their

† This line is omitted in the modern editions; but was to be found in all the copies of our youth. If, as has been lately affirmed, this hymn was translated from medieval Latin, it expresses, in all probability, the aspirations of some monk to keep clean and pure his cell, or to kindle more ambition in his careless brethren.

† "Fashed" is now esteemed very broad Scotch, yet comes from the language of the politest nation in the world,—the French "*facher*."

wells of upspringing water and verdant spots, where the birds sing among the branches, and the wild asses quench their thirst, no sooner become the habitation of man than they become the pest-houses of the desert.* "Each *oasis* is surrounded with filthy ditches, stagnant pools of rank vegetation and garbage, even in winter giving forth their offensive exhalations." Thus man mars the gifts of God, and turns to rotteness what Heaven designed for health and wealth. Reader! some day God may give you in charge an *oasis*. However humble it may be, make the best of it for those you love; the best that a thoughtful heart, an intelligent head, and diligent hands can make of it. Let no one need to fly

for health or comfort from your *oasis* to the great Sahara around you. "Evil communications corrupt good manners" in more ways than our fathers dreamt of. "He that takes the raven for his guide will light on carrion." He that takes the dove may find peace and rest for the sole of his foot. The Apologue of the Persians says beautifully: "A friend put into my hand a piece of stinking clay. I took it, and said to it, 'Art thou musk or ambergris, for I am charmed with thy perfume?' It answered, 'I was a despised piece of clay, but I was some time in the company of the rose, and the sweet quality of my companion was communicated to me.'"

The Church in the House.

BY THE EDITOR.

VL

THE SEED OF THE WORD IS SPREAD.

"And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance. And there were dwelling at Jerusalem Jews, devout men, out of every nation under heaven."—ACTS II. 4, 5.



N the cotton factories of Lancashire you may see a huge piece of machinery, fifty feet in length, and containing hundreds of spindles, moving slowly, steadily, across the floor from one side of the room to another; and then, without the touch of a human hand, turning and moving as steadily and slowly back to the place from which it started. It is a great triumph of mechanical skill to insert within the machine a power by which, after it has moved a long way forward, it shall stop, and move as far backward.

I think I see a similar contrivance in the Mosaic institutes. They were calculated and fitted to retain the word of God at Jerusalem till a certain time, and then to send the word forth from Jerusalem. The very same provision that confined the ordinances to Israel until Christ came, became the means of spreading them over the world at the appointed time—when the day of Pentecost was fully come.

All the people must come to one place with their sacrifices. Year by year they made a pilgrimage to Jerusalem at the Passover and the other appointed feasts. Even after some of the people had settled in foreign lands they still obeyed this law. The Ethiopian treasurer travelled a thousand miles for this purpose, and many others from east and west and south and north met him there. This institution seemed intended and fitted to confine all worship of the true God to one place for ever. It seemed to forbid the spread of true religion over the world, and yet it became the means of

carrying the gospel forth from Jerusalem, and making it known to the nations.

This law and practice brought devout Jews and proselytes from many lands to Jerusalem at the Pentecost after the resurrection of Christ. Being on the spot when the Spirit was poured out, they heard each in his own tongue the gospel of grace, and carried the glad tidings home. Thus Christ was preached in many distant countries very soon after his own ministry was closed. That word which the strangers heard at Jerusalem they carried home as seed, and from that seed an early harvest sprung.

In a still, hot, sultry day of autumn, as you walk through the fields, your attention is arrested by a tiny sound at brief intervals, as if it were an explosion in miniature. You stand still and listen. Now and then you hear a sharp shot, and a few seconds thereafter a shower of tiny balls falling on the ground or on the leaves of the larger plants. It is the bursting of seed-pods in the sun. The casket that contains the seed of some plants is composed of four or five long narrow staves, joined together like cooper work, but without the hoops. The staves are glued together at the edges, and the vessel thus constructed is sufficiently strong to retain and protect the seed till it is ripe. But if the seeds were retained in the vessel after they are ripe, the purposes of Nature would be thwarted. Accordingly at this stage there is a turning-point, and the action of the machinery is reversed. The very same qualities in the seed-vessels that hold fast the seed while it is green, jerk it to a distance and sow it broadcast after it is ripe. When the pods are dried in the sun the glutinous cement holds fast, the staves of the little barrel are bent, and when at last the bursting force overcomes the adhesion, they open with a spring that flings the seed to a distance, as if from a sower's hand.

Thus the same mechanism that secures the confinement of the seed to one spot while it is green, pro-

* Tristram's "Travels in the Sahara," p. 239. 1860.

vides that it shall be scattered to a distance when it is ripe; so that, next year, a larger space shall be covered by its growth. By this contrivance in Nature, although no human hand were near, a whole field would soon be sown by seed from a single plant.

Thus the law in Israel that confined the sacrifices to one spot, and so brought Jews and proselytes from all the surrounding countries to Jerusalem at the Pentecost, threw the seed of the Word as by a spring out from Jerusalem into all the neighbouring nations. These Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and dwellers in Mesopotamia, were the seed-vessels, charged with precious seed at Jerusalem, and then thrown back on the several countries whence they had come. In this way the gospel was in a single season brought to regions which otherwise it might not have reached in the course of a century.

We know, in point of fact, from ancient history that the Christian Church sprang up in many widely separated regions during the lifetime of the apostles, or very soon after their death. This fact finds its explanation in the gathering at Pentecost, and the gift of tongues. Take, for example, those nations that are first mentioned in the list, and lie eastward from Palestine, in the heart of Asia. The Parthians and Medes and Elamites were contiguous and allied peoples. Elam corresponds to Persia, and the two others were closely related to that ancient and celebrated kingdom. The Persians maintained an empire independent of Rome for several centuries after the commencement of the Christian era. In ancient times the Persians were fire-worshippers; and that portion of the race who, under the name of Parsees, are still found in Western India, adhere to the religion of their fathers. The sun is their chief god, but they worship fire wherever it occurs. Perhaps these Persians had emigrated eastward before their country was overrun by Mahomet.

We may be assured that the proselytes from Persia would experience peculiar emotions when they saw the tongues of fire, and heard the gospel in their own language from the lips of Galileans. Here is fire that really sheds light on the darkness, and kindles life where death had reigned before.

A Christian Church existed in Persia in the earliest centuries of our era. In the year 333 it endured a violent persecution, in many respects similar to that which has raged against the Christians of Madagascar at various periods in the present generation. At one time the principal bishop, with a hundred ministers of inferior rank, were put to death. The bishop, Simeon, when brought into the king's presence for trial, refused to prostrate himself, as he had formerly done without scruple; giving as his reason that the act might have been misunderstood when he was called to witness regarding his religion and his God. Ordered to worship the sun, he refused, saying that the sun was even less worthy of worship than the king, as it was not a living creature at all. He was sent back to prison for a day,

that he might have time to reflect. Next day the prisoners were all brought out for execution. The bishop and two companions were kept to the last, in the hope that the sight of so many executions would soften them, and induce them to deny Christ. He remained firm. One of his friends having manifested symptoms of fear, an officer of the king's household, named Phusek, a Christian, said to him, "Fear not; shut your eyes but a moment, and you will open them on the light of Christ." When this was reported to the king, he upbraided his servant Phusek; but that Christian witness replied that he would gladly give away all the honours the king had bestowed, in exchange for the crown of martyrdom. His tongue was thereupon torn out, and he died in torture.

In this persecution the common Christian people were for the most part permitted to escape, while the chiefs were sought out and put to death. It lasted, with greater or less violence, for a period of forty years.

Nothing could show more clearly than these sad events the great extent to which Christianity had spread in those early ages. A great harvest sprang in many lands from the seed that the worshippers found at Jerusalem—a great flame of spiritual life was kindled in the far East by those fiery tongues of the Pentecost revival.

VII.

MISSIONS.

"What meaneth this?"—ACTS II. 12.

When the noise was heard, the multitude came together, and were confounded: they were poured together, and lost all distinct thought and judgment. In this state of confusion and amazement, some mocked the speakers, attributing their language to drunkenness; others, grave and solemnized, but uncertain, uttered to each other the question, "What meaneth this?"

We have already endeavoured to reach the meaning of the fact for that generation; but it will be profitable also to inquire what it means for our own. After the first ages, there came a period of feebleness and decay. The Church was extinguished in some countries, and corrupted in others. The vine that grew on the mountains of Judah, and threw its branches westward to the Mediterranean, and eastward to the Euphrates, was on all sides assailed and cut down. In the East it was destroyed; and in the West, although the branches remained in their place, they lost their life-sap, and withered.

After a long period of midnight, the Reformation dawned. God granted a revival to the slumbering nations of Europe. Jesus seemed to stand, as once he stood at the grave of Lazarus, and call the dead to life. The dry bones of the valley started up, an exceeding great army of living men.

It would have been well if the men of the Reformation,

when they shook off the yoke of Rome, had betaken themselves to this text, and considered the question, "What meaneth this?" They missed one half of its meaning. They caught the Pentecost revival in as far as it meant the getting of spiritual life for themselves; but they missed it, in great measure, in as far as it meant the publishing of the glad tidings in all lands. They secured the Spirit, descending as *fire* to kindle love to Christ, in their own hearts; but they did not, in any large measure, receive the Spirit as *tongues of fire*, to spread the light through the dark places of the earth. They gladly accepted the privileges of sons; but they did not with sufficient energy exert themselves as servants. They became Christians, but not missionaries. Their circumstances, indeed, as compared to ours, were adverse. They were involved in controversies, and crushed by persecuting wars.

In our times a great reviving has again visited the Church of Christ. Disciples have in the present century again learned to know the meaning of the sign from heaven. We have enjoyed comparative peace, and we have at command much greater resources. More in the way of talent has been given to us, and, therefore, from us more in the way of work will be required. The Church of this century has accepted this sign both as a baptism of fire for spiritual life in itself, and as a tongue of fire to tell in burning words the Redeemer's love in heathen lands.

"What meaneth this" for the present generation of believers? It meaneth pre-eminently MISSIONS. The best paraphrase of the passage was given in the words of the Lord Jesus, when he said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel unto every creature."

One of the chief external hindrances to the spread of the gospel is the confusion of tongues. A strange language, which the missionary meets when he crosses a sea or a mountain range, is like a wall that stops his progress, saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further." The men of Galilee, at the Pentecost, were enabled to surmount that difficulty by a miracle of divine power. They might have sung with David, "By my God assisting me, I overleap a wall." The unlearned Jews opened their lips to speak of Christ, and the strangers from various countries instantly heard, each in his own language, the wonderful works of God. A missionary of our day might pine for such a privilege. If a Christian starting from Britain or America, and arriving in China, had nothing more to do than open his lips and preach the Word as if he were at home, the work would be easy. Yes, it would be easy; and, also, it would be easy to live, if, by a word of blessing uttered over it, a little bread should grow into rations for five thousand men. But this is not, in either sphere, the way of the Lord. It would not be difficult to prove that the miracle, which, occurring once, served a great and good purpose, would, if it became the ordinary rule, destroy all. Enough, that the will of the Lord is, that we should till and sow in order to obtain bread; that we

should patiently learn strange tongues, in order that we may make known through them the redemption of Christ.

We have greater things than these men of the Pentecost enjoyed. We are better off than they. Greater numbers are converted every year by ordinary natural speech than ever were converted by the extraordinary gift of tongues. In the Great Exhibition at London, as far back as 1851, the Bible was shown in one hundred and fifty languages. Behold a greater privilege than the gift of tongues! a greater than the Pentecost miracle is here. This acquisition is permanent. The way once opened to one hundred and fifty different tribes remains open. These canals once, by much labour, excavated, remain to convey the living water to a thirsty land from generation to generation. The miracle of Pentecost did not last long: the flickering light of those fiery tongues was soon extinguished. The extraordinary gift was not itself a permanent substance, but a shadow that pointed to something better, and then passed away. These polyglot Bibles of the London Exhibition were the fulfilment of the Pentecostal prophecy. The sign from heaven only pointed out the direction in which our efforts should be made, and then withdrew.

This sign then, for us, manifestly meaneth, that we should break forth on every side, and burst through or overleap the barrier of strange tongues, and all other barriers that stand in the way, and never rest until the kingdoms of this world shall have become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ.

Our own tongue has, in the sovereign providence of God, been more highly favoured than any other; and from them to whom much is given much shall be required. This language is nowhere now desecrated by a state law to prohibit any human being from reading the Word of God. In this language there are more Bibles than in any other; and this is the language that is spreading faster and further than any other over the world. The two nations that speak it, Great Britain and the United States, are the greatest maritime powers; and together they hold away over a fourth part of the earth, and a sixth part of men. Not only are these two nations already so far advanced, but they are advancing at a much greater ratio than other nations. God is giving the earth to those peoples who give his Word to mankind without restraint and without limit. That tongue which most freely circulates the Bible bids fair to become the paramount language of the human race. "Them that honour me, I will honour." Let the two nations which use in common this mother tongue be faithful to the Head and loving to each other, and their destiny, even in the near future, may be grander than any prophet has yet been able to conceive.

This in regard to the tongue; but what of the fire? Would that it were already kindled by the Holy Spirit in the secret of believing hearts, wrapping first the Church and then the world in its flame.

VIII.

AN APOSTLE PREACHES.

"But Peter, standing up with the eleven, lifted up his voice, and said unto them, Ye men of Judea, and all ye that dwell at Jerusalem, be this known unto you, and hearken to my words."—Acts ii. 14.

In the life of the Lord himself, it was after the Spirit had descended upon him at his baptism that he broke forth into a positive, aggressive ministry. In this respect the Church, which is his body, follows the same rule. Before the mission of the Spirit at Pentecost the disciples remained at Jerusalem, and remained silent there. Upward to God there was much sighing and crying in the interval, but no word going outward to men. It was a time to receive, not a time to give: they waited for one great receiving, which should enable them to give out all their life afterward.

There were, first, prayer with one accord; next, the gracious answer in the gift of the Spirit; and then the positive ministry began. Now the apostles have received power; and now they will become witnesses of Christ. Beginning at Jerusalem, they will not cease from their labours until all ends of the earth shall see the salvation of God.

The multitude who had gathered round the disciples, and had heard the wonderful works of God, were now divided into two portions,—the overawed inquirers, and the light-hearted mockers. Thus far and no further can signs and wonders go. The work of conversion, in its completeness, is due to another power. Although the earthquake and the storm may prove effectual to shake the heedless out of their lethargy, the still small voice must come after these signs ere a human soul can be reached with renewing grace. The miracles of Pentecost avail to divide the multitude only into two classes: some were solemnized and amazed; others in the vanity of their hearts attempted to laugh down the whole matter as a drunken freak. But when the Word is preached with the power of the Spirit—the Word of God that goes like a sword through the joints and marrow—it will be found that the two classes grow into three. Besides the mockers, and the solemnized inquirers, the believers will emerge—those who receive the word with gladness and live by faith.

Having now received the power, the apostles will immediately exercise it. They will seize the opportunity of being witnesses for Christ. Peter, as usual, is spokesman. "Prince, that is, 'foremost,'" of the apostles, he certainly is, in the sense that he is always ready to spring to his feet, and to speak for himself and his brethren.

Peter stood up. Possibly there were some private consultations between him and those who happened to be nearest as to who should first speak, and what line of argument the speaker should adopt. I could even conceive that John stood next the spokesman, and helped him with the quotations from Scripture as he went along. It would appear also (verse 14) that the whole

college of apostles stood up while Peter spoke, that they might adopt his words as the testimony of all. He lifted up his voice, perhaps in a very loud tone, in order to reach the outskirts of the vast congregation.

Here the preaching of a completed redemption began. This is the first sermon. Since that time the preaching of Christ has exercised a great power on the world; and it must continue until, like the sun, the light of the gospel shall compass the earth.

In this first specimen of preaching peculiar honour is given to the Scriptures of the Old Testament. The preacher plants his foot on the Prophets and the Psalms as on a sure and everlasting foundation. All is grounded on the inspired Word. Further, this earliest example of a sermon is in the main a narrative. The apostles considered themselves to be the witnesses of a fact to the world. They depended neither upon argument nor rhetoric: they told a story, and looked to God for the power. At a subsequent period, even in apostolic times, it became necessary to intermingle doctrinal discussion with the narrative of facts; but at the outset it was testimony merely, and it continued to be testimony mainly to the last.

Even now the essence of preaching is the statement of a fact. When the Evangelist Luke at the commencement of his second book takes a retrospective view of his earlier work, he calls it a record of "all that Jesus began both to *do* and *teach*." The doing goes before the teaching, and lies under it to sustain, as the foundation sustains the superstructure. The teaching is secondary, and subordinate to the acting: the teaching is of use only in as far as it explains and applies the action. It is what Jesus did that saves; and preaching is valuable only in as far as it explains and enforces his saving work.

Another feature of Peter's sermon is that it presents Christ as the fulfilment of Scripture. The disciple had learned this from his Master. When Jesus had read the text from Isaiah in the synagogue at Nazareth (Luke iv. 16–22) he closed the book and gave it again to the attendant; and, presenting himself to the audience, he said, "This day is this Scripture fulfilled in your ears." It is only when we read them in the light of Christ risen that the Prophets and the Psalms can be understood. It is when the sun rises and shines on them that all the gems scattered over the ground and partly embedded in the earth begin to sparkle like stars in the sky.

Towards the close of his discourse, Peter exhibits great skill and boldness in pressing home his doctrine to the hearts of his hearers. This is an outstanding characteristic of apostolic preaching: we must adopt this method if we would see the kingdom coming in our own day. If we draw weapons from the Lord's great armoury, and suspend them in the air, that spectators may see and admire their sheen and sharpness, and if we then cease, our labour is vain. These weapons are made for wounding; and he handles them uselessly and

faithlessly who does not bring their points to bear on the enemies of the King that lurk in human hearts.

In this case the preaching was successful: the sword went home. "They were pricked in their hearts," and the wounded sought the Healer. The apostles led the convicted to Christ. The words of Peter generated a great thirst in many souls; the thirsty were led, on the instant, to the water of life. They gladly received his word, and the same day were added unto them about three thousand souls.

IX.

RIGHTLY DIVIDING THE WORD OF TRUTH.

"Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their hearts,"
Ac. — Acts II. 37-40.

In order to understand how they received the Word "gladly," we must remember (verse 37) that they had been "pricked in their hearts." They had been wounded; and now the healing is grateful. The Word had wounded; and now the Word heals. A little religion is a painful thing; but more religion takes the pain away. The Word is both a hammer to break the rock in pieces, and a balm to heal the broken heart. Its first effect is to convince a sinner that he is lost; its next to make the lost rejoice in his Saviour.

It is of first-rate importance to keep these two functions of the Word distinct, and to keep the right one foremost. To preach a healing gospel where there is no wound on the conscience, is like pressing draughts of cold water on those who experience no thirst. I know of nothing sweeter than water to the thirsty; but I know of nothing more insipid than water to those who are already satisfied.

The apostles after Pentecost were skilful preachers—they rightly divided the word of truth. If you examine Peter's discourse, as far as it is recorded here, you will find that its specific and consistent aim is, in the first place, to produce in the audience a conviction of their own guilt. The immediate purpose for which he appeals to Scripture is to bring home to those Jews who stood before him the guilt of crucifying the Son of God. It was not with gladness that they received that word: it was with grief, shame, remorse.

It was when the preacher saw that his first word had taken effect, that he delivered the second. He has succeeded in wounding; and at the cry of the suffering patient, he comes forward now to heal. The old stem has been cut off, and the tree is bleeding; he will turn now the knife that is in his hand, and with its other side insert that new graft, that there may be a tree of righteousness, the planting of the Lord.

You pour from your phial some burning drops upon a sore: their first effect is to increase the pain; but knowing the sovereign power of the remedy, you continue to pour it on the ailing place, sparing not for the patient's crying. At length the continued application of that which caused the pain, takes all the pain away. When

the Word of God wounds a soul, continue to ply that soul with the Word, until the sword that wounded become the balm that heals. Then, in this second stage, the hearer will receive the Word gladly.

Indeed, he who receives the Word will receive it gladly; for those who do not receive it gladly, will not long continue to receive it at all. These believers were immediately baptized. Of many interesting questions connected with this baptism, which might in proper time and place be profitably discussed, I shall here touch only one. It is clear from the narrative that regeneration was not the result of baptism, but baptism the result of regeneration. It was when they had received the Word with gladness, that they were baptized. The order of events is precisely that which the Master had enjoined (Matt. xxviii. 19, 20): "Go ye therefore, and—

1. "Teach [make disciples of] all nations,
2. "Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;
3. "Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you."

In this case, Peter and his companions in striving to build up the Church strove lawfully. They first laid themselves out to make disciples of the people. Then, when they perceived by the successive pain and gladness produced by the preaching that the multitude had become disciples, they baptized them; and lastly, it is clear, from the concluding verses of this chapter, that these newly-accepted members of the Church were successfully taught to observe all the commandments of the Lord, for their subsequent life abounded in faith and charity.

But a dash of sadness is thrown into the midst of this happy scene; for "fear came upon every soul." But this points to the outer circle—to those that as yet believed not. The conversions—many, sudden, and complete—shone like a light in the darkness. The onlookers were startled. When they saw so many entering into life, they were smitten with a sudden fear lest themselves should be left without and perish.

From the apostle's view-point, however, this fear which they observed in their neighbours was a hopeful symptom. The example of believers had begun to tell. It is a good sign, when those who have hitherto lived without God in the world begin to be uneasy. Especially is it a good sign when the sight of multitudes pressing through the strait gate into the kingdom, stirs in those who are still without, a dread of being left behind. When one or more are raised up from the miry pit, and get their feet set on a rock, and a new song on their lips, many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord (Ps. xl.) The Christian community, in the freshness of a first faith, was suddenly thrown into society; and society was perturbed and put about by the new and unwonted presence. It was as if a new planet should be projected into our system—it would make the old worlds stagger in their paths. Bodies in contact reciprocally affect each other, especially in respect of

temperature. Pour hot water into a cold vessel; the water contributes to heat the vessel, but the vessel also contributes to cool the water. If a constant and strong stream of hot water is supplied, it will bring up the vessel to its own temperature.

A process like this goes on continually between the Church and the world. Fervent disciples, especially in a time of first love, affect with somewhat of their own warmth the society into which they are poured; but society, on the other hand, clasping round the converts, affects them with its own coldness. The world, being the larger body, will soon cool, will soon freeze these few disciples' hearts, unless they contrive to maintain constant contact with the Head, and continually draw from his fulness.

A word here to those who live without Christ in the world. My friends, I confess that the Church in contact with you is more or less cold in spirit. Its faith and love are not lively. The visible Church in contact with society is not so bright and burning as to arrest and compel your regard. The disciples are not so manifestly like heaven as to send a thrill of terror through you, lest you should fail to join their company. If you remain careless, I confess that we are much to blame. You have cause to blame Christians. But if you

stumble over their coldness—stumble so as to fall—what comfort will it afford you that you could blame the Church for its lukewarmness? To blame them, even when they are blameworthy, will not save you when you are lost.

Lately in this city the father of a family had occasion to look over some workmen who were engaged in building a house for him. After the work was far advanced, he found one of the men lighting his pipe among the dry, light, inflammable shavings which were strewn about in all directions. Addressing the workman, the owner said, "If my house is burned by these sparks, the blame will rest on you." Pausing and thinking over what he had said, he added with a sigh, "The blame will be yours, but the loss will be mine; for you cannot repay." The thought sank into the proprietor's heart; he saw the risk was too great: he went away and insured the house.

Oh, my brother, go and do likewise. Yourself—not the house, but the immortal inhabitant—yourself are in instant danger of being lost. Let it be confessed there is not such ardent faith in the Church as to awaken a slumberer—the Church deserves blame; but the *loss is yours*. Go and insure. Your soul's life is too much exposed; hide it in a place of safety; hide it "with Christ in God."

The Children's Treasury.

LITTLE SNOWDROP AND HER GOLDEN CASKET.

CHAPTER III.

BOOK WILLIE.

"Sow ye beside all waters
Where the dew of heaven may fall;
Ye shall reap if ye be not weary,
For the Spirit breathes o'er all.
Sow, though the thorns may wound thee,—
One wore the thorns for thee;
And though the cold world scorn thee,
Patient and hopeful be."

THE next morning was a bright autumnal one, and a slight frosty feeling in the air gave it a most exhilarating effect; and as Angus set off to his day's work, he felt as if all the gloomy, depressing thoughts of the previous day had departed. Only one thing troubled him—he would have liked to have turned up the promise in the Bible, to have made sure that it was indeed written in God's own Book. But Angus's school Bible had been lost, and the large family one—out of which the farmer never failed to read a portion every Sabbath night—lay in the parlour; and so unusual was it for any one in that household to read it on week-days, that Angus had not moral courage enough to be the first to do so. He wished he could get one to buy; but his pocket-money

was small, and Bibles were not to be got nearer than the little town some miles off.

The dinner-hour had come round, and father and son took their way homeward, holding pleasant converse. As they approached the house they heard Mrs. Macgregor exchanging words with a man who stood at the door, evidently offering some goods for sale.

"When folks have to work the whole day," Mrs. Macgregor was saying, in a loud voice, "there's no time for thinking on these things. Maybe if I were like some of your grand ladies, who do nothing but sit wi' their hands folded in front o' them, I might tak to reading good books too. But i' the noo I've got my work to see to; so ply your trade elsewhere."

"Ay, you're a great worker, Mrs. Macgregor; and that's a fine thing for a woman to be," replied the man. "But ye mauna forget, 'The night cometh, when no man can work.' If ye made the Lord Jesus your friend, and put your trust in him, you wouldna find it hindered your work, my guid woman. Be ye sure, the work in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth was done the more perfectly that all the while, one way or another, our Lord was busied in his Father's business."

Just then the pedlar turned round, and found himself face to face with the farmer and his son. They accosted him frankly.

"Trying to beguile the gudewife into buying finery, eh?" said the farmer, with a laugh. "You've gone to the wrong place for that. It's the young lassies deck themselves up wi' ribbons and laces; no hard-working women like my wife."

"The finery I have been offering her is a robe of fine linen that never wears out, and a golden crown that lasts for ever; and she can have them, and you too, without money and without price."

"Ah!" said the farmer, "I see! You're Book Willie; and it's books, not finery, you're selling. Come in, man, and get dinner. You'll have walked a long way the day already, I'm thinking.—See, wife! set a plate for Book Willie!" And so saying, for once unheeding the frown of disapproval on his wife's face, the farmer ushered the somewhat reluctant man into the kitchen, where they found the dinner waiting.

That simple repast over, books were displayed—some brightly-bound ones, and several Bibles. He soon made friends with the children; and, with the bigger ones standing near, and little Rob Roy on his knee, he asked if they would like a story. The ready sparkle of their eyes told that; and after a moment's thought, he told them, in allegorical language, the old, old story of redeeming love:—

"Far, far away, in a lovely land, there lived a Great King, in the most wonderful city that ever was seen. Its streets were of solid gold, its walls of every different kind of precious stones, and the gates which led into it of glistening pearls, more beautiful than anything you children can fancy. A sparkling river—far more so even than the one that runs through your own strath—watered that city; and the trees and lovely flowers that grew on its banks were unfading ones, always fresh and fragrant. There were many people in the city, all ready to do the will of the Great King and his only Son, equal to himself in power, goodness, and glory. Day after day—for there was no night there—the sound of music and harping filled the air. Life was one continuous joy in that country; for all lived in love, and joyed to do the will of their King. But not far from that city lay another country, which also belonged to the Great King—a fair and fertile spot once, but now a blight had fallen on it. Its inmates had refused to yield obedience to the Great King, and risen in rebellion against him. Then death entered that land; and in-

stead of songs of joy and gladness, there was sickness, and misery, and crying. Had any wished to escape and return to their allegiance to the King, they could not. The King was just, and the doom they deserved was death eternal. Yet the King's heart yearned over them. He willed not their death: far, far rather would he have drawn every one of them into his Golden City, and rejoiced in their bliss. But it could not be. Between these two lands lay now a great abyss, over which no bridge could be built save by one means. The inmates of the blighted land had broken down the bridge which had been there, in their rebellion; and for that offence they knew the punishment was death. None could escape; for they must have plunged into the abyss in striving to enter the Golden City. But were One equal in greatness to the King, perfectly holy and spotless, to descend to that suffering world, and willingly consent to be put to death in their stead, then the justice of the King—which dare not leave the guilty unpunished—would be satisfied, and his loving heart rejoice in rescuing every one who would enter the Golden City through the merits of Him who bridged over the abyss by his death."

The children drew a deep breath. "Could any be found?" they said.

"Yes; the King's Son offered to go. He left the beautiful city with its golden streets, its evergreen gardens, its air of peace and joy, its sweet music, and its thousand joys—he took off his shining kingly robes, laid aside his golden crown, and went down to the blighted, sin-stricken land to bleed and die, that all who would believe in him, and accept him as the only bridge over the abyss, might enter into the Holy City."

"And did he go?"

"Yes; he went, lived a holy life in the midst of that wicked land for years, telling to all the reason why he came amongst them, and urging them to seek to enter the Golden Land; and then was put to death on a cross. But death could not keep him; and he rose out of the grave, and appeared again in the blighted land, to show how the Great King had indeed accepted his death in the place of the eternal death of all who would believe on him. Then he went back to the Golden City—to the regal robes and the kingly crown—and waits with outstretched arms to help over the now bridged abyss any one from the sin-stricken land who asks, for the sake of what he has done, to gain admittance into the Golden City."

"How kind, how good he was!" said the two little girls. "How very dearly all the people in the blighted land must have loved him!"

"So you would have thought," continued Book Willie. "But this was far from being the case. A great many could not, do not, care for him; nay, more, they hate his very name, and never think about the Golden City at all. Tell me, now, children, do you love him?"

"We!—why, how could we? Oh!"—and there they

stopped: the meaning of the story had flashed upon them.

"I knew," said little Rob Roy, "all the while 'twas Jesus you meant. Snow told me 'bout him; and I do love him, 'cause he died for me."

A dead silence followed the child's words. Mrs. Macgregor clattered amongst the dishes, which she began to move off the table; but Book Willie noticed her wipe a tear off her cheek. The farmer moved uneasily on his chair; the simple story had raised thoughts in his mind he would rather not have had there. But Angus stepped boldly forward, and addressing the colporteur (for such he was), said,—

"How can one show their love to the Son of the King?"

"He tells you himself in his Holy Word. Look here!" And he pointed to the words, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

The boy bent his head reverently; then taking up a Bible, he asked its price. His money was sufficient to purchase it. Then he turned up the promise written in Snow's card; and silently directing the colporteur's attention to it, he asked anxiously, "Is that promise for me?"

"It is for all who love the Son of the King," was the answer. "Do you?"

Then, without another word, the humble servant of God knelt down, and asked that every soul in that house might love and serve Him who died for them; and that through all the difficulties and trials of life they might experience the faithfulness of the promise, "I will go before thee, and make crooked things straight." Then, rising, he bade them a hasty farewell; bidding Rob Roy be sure and tell his cousin Snow that Book Willie had been asking for her.

Once outside, he said to himself, "The treasure in the golden casket has, I believe, already begun to enrich the dwellers in that house, though they know it not."

Few remarks were made in the farm-house on their guest or his words; but in Angus's heart a strange new love was stirring. The story of redeeming love he had often heard before, but his own part and interest in it had only come home now. What could he do for Him who had done so much for him? The thought stirred him that day and many others. He delayed no more in pleading the promise now; and in sure faith that in one way or another it would be fulfilled, he committed his way unto the Lord, and went diligently and cheerfully to his work, taking every opportunity of advancing his studies and improving his mind in his spare minutes. His blithe smile returned; the cloud seldom crossed the brow now; and even the mother's heart was at rest concerning him. "'Twas Book Willie's story," she would say to herself, "worked the change." And so far she was right; but it was a Power which as yet she had not felt that had blessed the words—even the wonder-working power of the Holy Spirit."

CHAPTER IV.

A HIGHLAND SCHOOL-HOUSE.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.

"HERE we are at last!" said Donald Menzies to little Snowdrop, as, after a drive of many miles, they stopped at the small thatched cottage attached to the village school-room. It was encircled with trees; and the rowan-trees entwined their branches, covered with their bright scarlet berries, lovingly round the little cottage, whilst a neat garden, gay with autumn flowers, gave it a look of refinement and comfort.

"The gudewife is a sickly body," said the school-master, as they neared his home, "and is mostly all day in bed; and the work all lands on Morag,—that's my daughter by my first marriage. She's fifteen years old; and has but a hard life of it, poor lass, for there's six bairns to look after, and little time to rest. Be kind to Morag, little Snow; it's little kindness she's had in life, for even I have to be hard on her at times."

A patter of little feet to the door as the gig stopped brought the conversation to an end. A dark-eyed, somewhat sullen-looking girl came out, and thrusting the little ones impatiently aside, came forward, saying,—

"So you're back at last, father! Mother has fretted sore for ye; and the school laddies have just run wild—they'll pay heed to nobody but yourself." Then, seeing Snow, she said, in a sulky tone, "Is that our cousin from Australia?"

"Yes, Morag. See what a poor little white thing she is! You try if you can't make something of her."

"It's small comfort she'll get here," muttered the girl. "Work, work, from morning to night!"

Snow was bewildered. The small house—the noisy, ill-managed children—the untidy room—all formed a great contrast to her aunt's well-ordered household. Mrs. Menzies, a fretful invalid, greeted Snow kindly enough, but occupied the whole supper-time in admonishing her husband for having been away so long.

"There's me, that should never have been out of my bed, obliged to be up slaving about! It's little enough help Morag gives me."

"Well, mother," said the girl, "ye'd better let me go, as I want, and seek a place. Then ye'll see how well ye'll do without me!"

Angry words followed, till the father interfered and enforced silence. Poor Snow sat amazed and unhappy. This household seemed fuller of "crooked places" than any she had seen. Surely the treasure in her golden casket was unknown here! Presently a lull came. The children were huddled off to bed by Morag; Mrs. Menzies also went to rest; and the schoolmaster, vexed in spirit at his unhappy home, sat down with an aching heart to correct the school exercises for the next day. Snow and he were alone. The exercises were before him, but

his thoughts were evidently far off. He leaned his head heavily on his hand. He was weary—the great burden of domestic strife and unhappiness was weighing him down. He could keep order in the school, but failed in his own home. He sighed deeply: Snow's eyes, full of compassion, met his.

"Poor little Snow," he said, "I wish I had not brought you here. A sick wife and a lot of bairns is a heavy burden for a man to bear."

Gentle, timid Snow could not have told how she gained courage to say, as the words of one of her promise texts rose to her mind, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he will sustain thee."

Her cousin looked up amazed, but drew her kindly to his side. "Ay, if one could do that," he said. "There's times when I'd like to do it too, for mine's a heavy one. You're like your father, Snow. It was always God's words wi' Archie Macgregor. He was a guid lad, was Archie, and no doubt he'd his own burden to bear."

"He cast it on the Lord," said the girl, "and he did sustain him. You know he could not break his word, could he, when he had promised?"

Then seeing Mr. Menzies take up a bundle of the exercises in his hand, Snow said, "Could I help you to correct these; I would like it so much?"

"You, my child! Ah, I forgot, your father would be sure to give you a good education; here, let me see what you can do."

Snow was soon at work, quickly correcting wrong grammar and bad spelling; and when Morag came into the room, after putting the children to bed, she found her father with a lighter brow, and Snow working away cheerfully. She felt bitter about it. She would have liked to have helped her father, and could have done so, for the girl had been well taught; but he never asked her, not because he scorned her help, as she thought, but to spare putting what he deemed would be an extra burden on the already over-worked girl. Her heart was full, and taking up her work, she sat brooding over the hardness of her lot. Snow and she shared the same bed in a little garret room.

Several days passed much as the first one of Snow's visit had done. Step-mother and daughter wrangling, the children disputing, the father troubled and unhappy. Heartily did Snow wish herself back at the Birken Farm; earnestly did she plead that hour by hour she might see by faith her heavenly Father going before her. She had her little "golden casket" with her, but it seemed to her as if its treasures were useless there. Ah, but Snow forgot that the Owner of her treasures could bless them to any whom He willed! She did not know that some of these very promises had been pled again and again by one now in glory, in regard to a little girl whom she was leaving motherless. Yes, though Snow knew it not, and Morag had only a faint remembrance of it, the prayers of a dead mother encircled the poor sullen girl, and, it may be, held her back from destruction. Many,

many times had her mother pled for Morag before God, saying, "Let her soul live;" and he who hath said, "Delight thyself in the Lord, and he will give thee the desires of thine heart," was sure to fulfil his promise, though he might tarry awhile.

Snow was by no means idle in her new abode, and in a short while Morag was obliged, however unwillingly, to own that her burden of work was much lightened by her cousin. The rooms were tidied, the children amused, and even Mrs. Menzies' fretfulness appeased by Snowdrop. Many a pleasant hour also did Snow spend with the children in the fields and woods; and even Morag's sullen looks changed into smiles as she saw the beautiful bouquets that her cousin brought home from her walks. The wild flowers were mostly over, though still some beautiful pieces of heather were found on the hills; but Snow's bouquets were chiefly composed of the different leaves in their bright autumnal colours, mixed with the bright coral berries of the mountain ash, and the hips of the wild roses. Placed in a pretty glass, it was wonderful how these bouquets brightened up the dingy rooms.

It seemed at first as if Morag held aloof from her cousin, showing her no unkindness, but making no confidante of her. One day, after having been witness of a stormy scene between mother and daughter, Snow had slipped up to her little room, feeling troubled and disquieted. She had taken out her "golden casket," contrasting as she did so her own gentle, loving mother with Mrs. Menzies, and wondering to herself what Morag would have been under her gentle influence. She was seated with her promise texts on her knee, when the door opened, and Morag rushed in, her sullen looks vanished, but her whole face glowing with passion, and a look of fixed determination of purpose on it, such as Snow had never seen her have.

"Well," she said, in an excited tone, "come what may, she's seen the last of me. Slave for her who likes, I'll do it no more. I can make my own bread and be a burden to none, and if I have to beg, I'll do it sooner than stay here to be nagged at from morn to night;" and the excited girl began hastily to make up a few clothes into a bundle.

She had half opened the door to depart when Snow, who had sat petrified with amazement, darted forward, and laying her hand on her arm, said, "O Morag, think on your father. Would you break his heart? Do not, do not go!"

The girl paused, but said, bitterly, "He'll break his heart none for me. I could have loved him, toiled for him, died for him, but he thrust me back for fear of her. No, no, there's none will miss me—let me go."

"Morag, Morag," pleaded Snow, "your father loves you dearly, and will never lift up his head if you go like this. 'Little Snow,' he said to me the day I came here, 'be kind to Morag, poor lass, she's had little kindness shown her in her life.' Oh yes, Morag, he loves you dearly."

Large tears fell from Morag's eyes as her cousin spoke. "Why, then," she said, "did he never tell me, never once kiss me as I've seen other fathers kiss their bairns, never let me help him as I could have helped him, never a 'God bless you, Morag?' And I did love him—I do. Mother, my own mother's last words to me, child though I was, were, 'Be kind to your father, Morag; you're all he has left to comfort him;'" and the girl burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Snow stood silent, but threw her arm round her cousin and let her weep on, only saying once, "Your own mother would have said, 'Stay, Morag.'"

A softened voice answered, "I know it. Oh, I wish I was with her, for I am weary, weary;" and the girl, exhausted with her passion, leant her head heavily on Snow's shoulder.

As she did so her eyes rested on a promise card which Snow held in her hand. Through her tears she read the words, "Come unto me, all ye who are weary and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Often had she read them before, for she was well taught in Bible knowledge, but never before had she thought of a personal application of any text or promise; but now it seemed to her as if Jesus had said these words expressly for her. "O Snow," she said, "would He let me come, and give me rest?"

For reply Snow turned to another of her cards, on which was the precious promise, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Then producing the golden casket, she told her cousin all about her dead mother and her parting gift. Morag listened in silence; through all she seemed to hear a heavenly voice saying over and over to her, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest." The sound of the children's voices quarrelling and crying outside reminded Snow that there was no one looking after them, so leaving Morag with her card in her hand, she ran off.

We will not seek to break the privacy of the hour that Morag spent alone in her little room; this much we know, that if saints in glory are permitted to know what passes here below, the spirit of Morag's mother would that hour be rejoicing over her child, wrestling at a throne of grace, for a help in time of need, for strength to resist the evil one, for rest to her weary soul. Yes, in the dark, sullen spirit of the girl light had arisen, not to shine all at once brightly, often to be clouded, at times scarcely to be visible, so flickering and uncertain was the flame, but never to be altogether extinguished, and, as years went on, to steadily increase and lighten the dark road of life to many. Ere Snow returned to the Birken Farm she saw that the light had arisen—saw it in the gentle manner, the silent bearing of reproach, the ardent wish to please her father, the newly-awakened love to God's Word—and Snow knew that the treasure in the golden casket had made rich another soul for eternity, and once more realized the greatness of the inheritance left to her by her loved mother.

Snow lay thick on the ground ere Snowdrop left the

school-house to return to Birken Farm. Morag said little, but a tear fell on Snow's hand as she bade her farewell; and when Donald Menzies left her in safety at the farm, he said, at parting, "God bless you, little Snow, for your kindness to Morag, and for reminding an old man to 'cast his burden on the Lord.' No sword so sharp as God's own words; it's that that comes home to a soul." Yes, Snow felt that any good that she had done was by nothing of her own. God himself had worked by his Word, which is indeed the sword of the Spirit.

CHAPTER V.

SUNSET AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

"To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the free
And open face of heaven, to breathe a prayer
Full in the face of the blue, blue firmament."

Snow was warmly welcomed at the Birken Farm. Her uncle lifted his wee spring floweret (as he called her) down from the gig, and pressed a kiss on her forehead. Angus told her he had been wearying to get her back; whilst little Rob Roy shouted with delight at seeing his pretty Snow again; and even Mrs. Macgregor left her work to bring forward the baby to show her how much he had grown since she had left the farm. Ere long Snow had heard all about Book Willie and his visit, and heard from Angus's own lips the comfort her promise text had proved to him. There were many pleasant talks between the cousins after that, and Angus found that he had got a companion who would listen to his thoughts and fancies about the grand old mountains, and who never wearied of hearing the wonderful stories of the different sorts of rocks and marvellous fossil creatures found in some of the neighbouring quarries, where a clever young mason was at work, who in spare hours would relate stories about the different stones amongst which he worked, and make Angus examine with him the strange fossils which came under his observation.

Angus's room was filled now with different specimens of rocks and rare fossils, all classified by his friend, and many a spare hour was spent in gaining a fuller knowledge of the subject. Chemistry, too, had become a favourite study, and many an experiment was made, to the mother's no small horror, who looked on all Angus's pursuits with a jealous eye, in case they should induce him to give up farming.

All through the long winter Angus plodded on, studying deeply, yet neglecting not his out-of-door duties; but neither father nor mother could shut their eyes to the fact that Angus's love of study was increasing daily. He had many discouragements, but he worked steadily on, though with a firm determination to carry out his parents' wishes as regarded his farming. The thirst for learning was on him, but he never allowed it to interfere with his hard farm-work. Iron bars ob-

structed his path, but he had faith that they would be removed in God's appointed time and way. He had few books to help him, but his friend the mason had shown him that God's great book of Nature lay open before him, and had given him a key to unlock some of its hidden stores of secret treasures, and thus, thought Angus, had removed one of the bars of iron which had hitherto kept him in ignorance of these marvels. He loved the hills all the more that he knew something of their formations, and could explain the cause of the curious groove-like marks on many of them.

Spring had come again, leaves were unfolding their tender green, glimmering in the sunshine, birds were singing gaily, and the rivers, fed by the snow (melted everywhere, save on the topmost peaks of the mountains), were dashing along over the pure white stones which were embedded in the channel. In sheltered places spring flowers were peeping above ground, and all Nature seemed rejoicing, when a letter was brought to Farmer Macgregor which called forth much difference of opinion amongst the inmates of the Birken Farm.

"Young M'Callum's ailing sorely," said the farmer to his wife, after reading the letter; "poor lad. You'll mind Joe, wife, a clever lad at his books, and a good, but sickly-like frae the time he was a bairn. This letter is from his father; he's anxious, you see, about Joe, and the doctors have stopped his studies—ye know Joe was a college lad, and it's grand honours he's carried off at the Glasgow college this very month; and now he's like to fall into decline, and so his father's low about him, sma' wonder"—and here the farmer looked uneasily at his wife. "I've been thinking, wife, if we could only have him here a bit, the fine air and womanly nursing might do something for the motherless lad."

"Deed, guidman," said Mrs. Macgregor testily, "I've enough on my hands without seeking to get mair. It's hard enough work, I can tell you, to slave for our own hairns, without seeking to take charge o' other folks', cousins though they be. I want nane o' your dreamy, fanciful, book-learned lads here to put fancies into other people's heads, and make them neglect their lawful callings."

And so saying, Mrs. Macgregor rose from the dinner-table and began to wash up the dishes with great energy. The farmer looked at her quietly, and signing to Angus, who was beginning to speak, to keep silence, rose, saying, as he, accompanied by his son, went to work in the fields, "Take your own way then, wife, you know best; only I thocht that your mother's heart would have felt for the poor sick lad, wi' nae woman body to tend him; but you women are queer creatures;" and so saying, the farmer shut the door.

"It'll come all right, Angus," he said, after they walked in silence for some time. "Your mother's a rare woman, lad—few like her; but she doesna take easy to a thing at the first blink o' it—it's growls at first, but it comes all right. I'd like to see how long she'd keep her heart shut to only suffering lad, and he motherless, too.

No, no, Angus; it's not your mother'll do that;" and the farmer chuckled to himself at the bare idea.

Nor was he wrong. Mrs. Macgregor's cogitations that day, whilst engaged in ironing, were something in the style of the following: "Men are so unreasonable always—no thoughts for any one but themselves; and my guidman is softer than most of them, and yet hard to turn from his purpose. Joe M'Callum, indeed, idling about here; read—reading—from morning to night, and putting more fancies into Angus's head." (Oh, Mrs. Macgregor, there was the secret cause of your dislike to have Joe an inmate of your house.) "It's perfect nonsense to think of it. I'm vexed he is ill. How fond his mother was of him, to be sure, and so proud—I do believe as proud as I am of my Angus; how she would have nursed him, had she lived, and have grieved to think the day would come when he was ill, and no one near him to tend him—at least I know I would if I thought my Angus—there, it's always like that. It's not to be supposed like I'm going to stand in the way of a poor motherless lad getting a chance of recovery. I do believe our pure air and country feeding will cure him yet—warm milk works wonders in decline, they say. There, of course he must come; and I'll do my best for him, as I'd hope somebody would do for my Angus, should the Lord take me, and he fall sick. Besides, the guidman wishes it; and we womankind maun always yield. Oh, it's easy to look soft, and yet be hard—oh, as hard as can be. Yes, of course, the guidman must get his way."

And so, when the farmer was quietly seated by the clean ingle-side at night with his children round him, Mrs. Macgregor said abruptly, as if the idea had newly come into her head (instead of being brooded over all the day), "If Joe M'Callum's to come, he'd better come soon. The coach runs next Monday, you know; and there's the room in the garret ready."

"All right," said the farmer, quietly; "I'll write to-morrow."

And so it came to pass that the talented young student of theology became for some months an inmate of the Birken Farm. Only one long pent up in a crowded city, and for some weeks confined to a sick-bed there, could understand Joe M'Callum's feeling of enjoyment as he drank in the pure bracing mountain air, and watched with delight the bursting buds and the opening flowers, whilst every rural smell and sound brought new pleasure. Joe was a dark-eyed, tall, delicate-looking lad of nineteen years—"Not near so well looked as my Angus," said the fond mother, as she contrasted her rosy-cheeked, deep blue-eyed, and brown-haired boy with his cousin's delicate complexion; but an impartial observer would have found much to admire in Joe's thoughtful liquid eyes, his noble forehead, and the aspect of refinement in his whole bearing. He was a silent lad, but his gentle, kindly way with her little ones, combined with the delicacy of his appearance, won Mrs. Macgregor's heart.

To Angus, his cousin's coming was a source of unbounded enjoyment. Joe was forbidden to apply closely to study, but he found the greatest pleasure in directing the studies of his cousin. He had books which Angus had in vain longed to possess, and every spare moment was seized on to advance his knowledge. The Greek book was no longer thrown aside, and the advance made by Angus in a short time seemed almost incredible. Never had Joe seen any one so greedy of knowledge, or make as rapid progress. College was never thought of now by Angus; though his cousin, ere he left Birken Farm, told him he was quite able to take his stand there with any lad of his age, and, he felt sure, carry off honours there. But when Angus told him how matters stood, his cousin said no more—he was not one to counsel leaving the plain path of duty to follow that of inclination, however lofty a one it might be. And Angus was content the iron bars had been broken; he was no longer in the Valley of Ignorance, but boldly climbing up the Hill of Knowledge, though not, it may be, by the path which he would have chosen for himself. Yes; the great Banker was fulfilling in his own way and time the promissory assurance He had given, that he would go before him and make crooked things straight, and burst asunder the bars of iron.

And Snow, how was she progressing? Happily and well. Life was not all smooth for her, nor yet all crooked—there were ups and downs, trials to be endured, faults to be overcome, crosses to bear, as all have; but Snow was following a sure Guide, and though in much weakness and faltering, still her path was upward. She toiled with the children, and helped Jenny with the cows, and became very handy to her aunt, who in her own way had come to like the gentle girl; but Snow had an ambition of her own, and that was to carry out some day her parents' intentions by becoming a governess. Her mother had been one up to the time of her marriage, and afterwards had helped her husband's small salary by educating five little girls along with her own Snowdrop. At the age of twelve, when Snow lost her parents, she was well grounded in English grammar, history, geography, and arithmetic, and also in French, which language her mother spoke fluently. And now, in the intervals of her work, Snow kept up her learning, and she as well as Angus owed much to Cousin Joe's gentle teaching. Mrs. Macgregor at first, when she heard of Snow's desire, shook her head; but by degrees she came to the conclusion that "it might be as well if the bit lassie could win her bread by teaching, as she wassa fit for much else."

The spring had merged into summer, and summer leaves were taking on golden hues ere Joe McCallum left the farm. He was certainly stronger, his cough was almost gone, and a shade of colouring was on his cheeks; but his health was uncertain, and his way in life seemed hedged up. A true child of God, he repined not; but a shadow was on his spirit: he had so longed to preach Christ, all his talents he had hoped to

consecrate to his cause; and now—one day the cloud lay dark on his head, as dark, he thought, as the heavy ones which had gathered just then o'er the mountain-tops—was he doubting the love of God, the wise guidance of his Father in heaven? he asked himself, sadly. Surely not. "He can do without me," he thought, sorrowfully; "and yet I would so gladly have proclaimed the good news of salvation." Just then his eyes rested on an illuminated card which lay on an open book on the table near him. The words he read were, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass" (Ps. xxxvii. 5). He took the card in his hand and re-read it. It was no new promise to him; but he read it in a new light, the light of a felt need. "He shall bring it to pass." What? "The desire of thine heart." But the condition was full, implicit trust. The lad bent his head in silent prayer, and as he prayed, the cloud was lifted, he felt that in one way or another the Lord would be true to his promise; and whether it was by health or sickness, life or death, enable him to glorify the Saviour he loved so well. As he lifted his head, he saw that the clouds had broken also on the mountain-tops, and the sun was setting in unwonted grandeur. To describe such a sunset is impossible. The clouds seemed as if they had suddenly been torn asunder in all directions and become coloured with the most gorgeous hues—purple, gold, green, scarlet, orange—the eye fairly sunk under the blaze of beauty, the mountain peaks stood out in marvellous clearness, when in a moment the whole was toned down by a beautiful tender blue, which mingled with all and imparted a new beauty. It was a sunset to live in the memory, and to rise often before the mental eye in after days, but ever connected in the mind of the lad with the precious promise which had dispelled the cloud from his heart.

He replaced the promise card, not knowing to whom it belonged; he had not heard the story of the "Golden Casket;" and it was not till many years had passed that Snow knew how another of her fellow-creatures had obtained blessing from the rich treasure left her by her mother.

CHAPTER VI.

THE WILD-RASP GATHERING.

"Man has his seasons, and to each
Congenial thoughts pertain;
And pleasures lie in childhood's reach
That life ne'er knows again."

"MOTHER, do you know there's a new doctor come to the strath?" said Angus, one morning.

"No. Is there?" was the reply. "Well, it's time there was somebody wi' more skill than Dr. M'Ivor, for the puir man's in his dotage now. Where does he come from, Angus?"

"He's from Aberdeen, they say, and clever—very clever; a scholar as well as a doctor, and a Christian too."

"So that he be a guid doctor, we could do without the scholarship, Angus," said Mrs. Macgregor, clearing the table of a pile of books that lay on it; "and as to the Christian, it's to be hoped we are none o' us heathens."

"Ah but, mother, what do you think o' this new doctor (Gordon they call him) holding a prayer-meeting in his kitchen for anybody that likes to come?"

"Think! I'll tell you what I think: that he'd better stick to his doctoring, and leave the preaching and praying to those whose business it is. It is ill joining things that should be separate."

"Ay, but, mother, the Lord joined them. You mind how he said, 'Heal the sick' and 'Preach the gospel;' and I think it's grand in the new doctor to try to do both. But I must off to my work.—Snow, the rasps are fully ripe in the glen now. Bring some o' the bairns in the afternoon, and I'll help you to pick them for mother's jam;" and so saying, the lad set off, whistling a merry tune as he walked.

It was late in the afternoon ere Snowdrop, accompanied by Rob Roy, got to the glen. The baskets were soon filled, and one pretty little fancy one Snow amused herself decking all round with fresh green leaves, which contrasted so well with the crimson fruit. Their work finished, Angus threw himself down on a ferny bank, and taking a book from his pocket, began to read; whilst Rob Roy and Snowdrop roamed about, pulling the wild flowers and amusing themselves.

They had left Angus a good way behind them, and strayed into a less frequented part of the glen, when they came to a sudden halt. Close beside them, in an invalid-carriage, lay a little delicate-looking girl, about Snow's own age. An elderly lady sat beside her, engaged in knitting; but the child lay gazing, with evident pleasure, on the beautiful scenery around her. She started as she caught sight of the stranger-children, and beckoned little Rob Roy to her side.

"What pretty flowers you have got!" she said. "Did you pull them in the glen?"

"Yes," answered the child. "Snow and I did; but it was Snow made them up so nice. Oh, Snow's clever; she can do so many things."

"And who is Snow?" said the girl. "Is that the name of the girl I saw with you?" (for Snow had kept back when Rob Roy was called).

"Yes, that's she. They call her Snowdrop 'cause she's so pale, and pretty, and good too—oh, you can't think how good," said the child, waxing eloquent in the praise of his favourite. "We've been pulling rasps, Angus and Snow and me, for mother's jam; and we've got lots and lots of them. But we musn't stop long now, for we've got to get home soon."

"And where is home?" said his gentle interrogator.

"Oh, it's at the Birken Farm, a long bit off,—down the glen, 'cross the hill, 'longside the burn, and then you're there."

"Are you Farmer Macgregor's child?" said the lady, stopping her knitting and coming forward.

"Yes, ma'am. I'm Rob Roy Macgregor, and Snow's my cousin."

"Ah, then, auntie, it must be his brother that Douglas was speaking about last night. He said he was asking some one in the village if there were any antiquarian remains in the neighbourhood; and they said there were; but if he wanted to find out about them, he must ask Angus Macgregor, who was the cleverest lad in these parts, and liked nothing so well as poking about old stones and the like. Is your brother an antiquarian, Rob Roy?"

"A what?" said the child, with a puzzled look. "I don't know what that means; but if it's anything bad, it's not Angus. He's the best brother that ever was. Father says so, and mother too, and cousin Snow as well; and I don't believe he's what you call him," said the child, his voice faltering with indignation.

Just then Snow came up, and fearing Rob Roy was intruding, went forward to take him away. The little white wicker basket, decorated with the fern-leaves and filled with the crimson fruit, was in her hand; and the little invalid girl gave an exclamation of delight as it caught her eyes.

"Oh, what a lovely basket!" she said. "May I look at it?"

Snow handed it to her, saying eagerly, though timidly, "Certainly, miss; and if you would please accept it, I would be so glad. It is my own."

The girl looked up, saying, "Auntie, may I?"

"You may have the fruit, Elsie; but you must not deprive the little girl of her basket."

But Snow urged gently, "Please, ma'am, let her keep it. I would be so glad if you would."

And so little Elsie Gordon kept the basket; and her aunt, Miss M'Lean, found out from Snow that her cousin Angus was the lad who liked to poke about among old stones, and knew more about the ancient ruins and curious sculptured stones, with the legends concerning them, than any one in the neighbourhood. "We ask," said the old lady, "because my nephew, who has just settled here as a doctor, has a love for old ruins, and was desirous of getting some one to guide him to them. Do you think your cousin could fix a day?"

But ere Snow could answer, they were startled by a loud whistle; and Elsie's face brightened up with joy as a tall, strongly-made young man sprang over some furze bushes and stood beside her.

"Isn't this lovely, Elsie?" he said, unheeding the stranger-children, and even regardless of his aunt's presence, seeming only to scan the face of the invalid child. "Look at these glorious mountains, with the mist rising round them, but their summits standing out clearly beneath the blue sky. O Elsie, I am so glad to have you here;" and, stooping down, he kissed the fair brow.

That the child was happy, one glance at her face told him.

"I like it so much, so very much, Douglas," were all

the words she said; but the look of peace in her dark blue eyes told her brother all he wanted to know.

Then he woke to the consciousness of others around him, apologized gracefully to his aunt, and turned his attention to Snowdrop and little Rob Roy, asking their names. Miss M'Lean spoke for them, telling that little Rob Roy was brother to the lad he was in search of.

"Only," said Elsie, with a smile, "he says if an antiquarian means anything bad, it's not Angus, for he's as good as can be."

"And so he is," said the boy. "And I'll fight you if you say No, big man though you be!"

The young doctor replied by catching the child up in his arms. "No, no, my little man, you must not fight me; but I'll tell you what you must do, take me to your brother, and let me find out his virtues for myself."

"Please, sir," said Snow, "Cousin Angus is not far off. He is just a little way down the glen; but he is so busy reading, he'd stay there for hours if we let him alone."

"Come along, then; show me the way. I will make an inroad on the young student."

Angus was so engrossed in his book that he never raised his head till the party was close at hand. Then he rose and saluted the stranger.

A quarter of an hour's talk, and Douglas Gordon and Angus Macgregor felt mutually attracted; and the foundation of a friendship was laid which proved a source of benefit to both.

Angus went home full of praises of the young doctor, —his deep-set, thoughtful eyes, his firm, intelligent mouth, his shrewd remarks, and his kindly manner. Mrs. Macgregor listened in silence. This young doctor seemed another thorn in her side. He would be sure, she thought, to discover Angus's abilities, and urge him to give up the farm, and thus be torn from her. So to all Angus's enthusiastic remarks, and Rob Roy's declarations that he liked him too, "'cause he said Angus was good," the mother answered shortly, that "it was very little matter what kind o' eyes a doctor had, and she dared say his mouth was just like other folk's. Oh yes, she wasna going to say a word against him. She

would be too glad if he was a skeelly doctor; but she had no notion o' people neglectin' their duties and wastin' their time ower a lot of old stones. For her part, she wondered that Angus, who made so much talk about studying, cared to throw away hours with such child's play."

And Angus did not reply. He was learning to understand his mother better now, and knew that by-and-by, as his father said, she'd be round to his way of thinking.

"The doctor has such a pretty little invalid sister," said Snow. "Aunt, you'd be sorry if you saw her lying there so helpless, not able to move off her back, nor play about, nor anything; and she has neither father nor mother, they say. The lady with her she called aunt, said she'd be so glad to see you, auntie. She said she would have come to see you, but can't leave the little miss long alone. Do go, aunt, please."

"And leave the house and bairns untended, while I go galavanting after strangers! A likely thing," said Mrs. Macgregor.

But somehow, in a day or two, when Snow saw some little niceties being put into a basket—a small cream cheese, some newly-laid eggs, a pound of fresh butter, and a pot of newly-made jam—she was certain they were put aside for the invalid girl; and knew when Mrs. Macgregor dressed herself in her Sunday clothes, and telling Jenny and herself to look after the children, as she would be away for an hour or two, set off with the basket on her arm, that she was away to call at Dr. Gordon's, and see the child and her aunt.

"Where's mother?" said Angus, as, an hour after her departure, he came in from his work.

"Gone to Dr. Gordon's, I'm sure," said Snow.

"Well, I declare, there's not a kinder heart in the world than mother's," said the lad. "As long as there's prosperity and health in a neighbour's house, she'll not stop her work to go there; but tell her of poverty or sickness, and be she ever so busy, she's off to help and comfort. It's all because of little Elsie, or it's long ere she'd have fashed to call on Dr. Gordon."

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE FOOLISH FROG.

A TRUE STORY.

BY THE REV. T. K. BEECHER.

IN the field at the back of my house, and up the hill, are two nice springs. From one I draw water to my house through pipes, while the water from the other goes to my barn and my neighbour's house. The water runs very swiftly, because it is running down-hill. It is far easier to run down-hill than it is to run up.

The pipe enters this spring, not at the top of the water, nor at the bottom either. If it were at the top, the scum would get into the pipe, and a floating bug

now and then. If it were at the bottom, dregs and sediment would get in. So the pipe goes in about six inches below the top of the water.

When we are drawing water at the barn for the horses, and my neighbour draws water at the same time for her washing-day, the pipe sucks at a great rate. But it draws in nothing but pure water, if all floating things keep at the top, and all heavy things lie still at the bottom. Now for my story.

One morning there was a gay young frog about as big

as half my thumb—too big for a tadpole, too small for a wise frog. He could go just where he pleased. He did not have to float with the bugs, for he knew how to dive. He did not have to stay at the bottom with the dregs, for he knew how to swim. So he kicked out his little hind legs and swam all round the spring, doing very much as he pleased.

One day he saw the little round black hole of the pipe, where the water was running in quite freely. He wondered where it led to. He put his nose in and felt the water pull, and was a little scared and backed out. But it was such a funny feeling to be sucked that way, it felt kind of good round his nose; and he swam up, and looked in again. He went in as much as half an inch, and then the water got behind him and he was drawn all in. "*Here goes!*" said he. "*I shall see what I shall see!*" And along he went with the water, till he came to where the pipe makes a bend for my barn—a sharp bend, straight up. As the water was quiet there, he gave a little kick and got up into a still, dark place, close by the barrel where the horse drinks. "Well," said he, "it's a snug place here, but rather lonely and dark."

Now and then he thought of the spring, and the light, and the splendid room he used to have to swim in, and he tried to swim back against the stream. But the water was on him, or running by him swiftly, and he had no room to kick in the pipe. So every time he started to go back to the spring, he would work hard for a few minutes, and then get tired and slip back into the dark place by the barrel.

By-and-by he grew contented there. The water brought him enough to eat. He shut his eyes and grew stupid, stopped exercising and got fat, and as he had no room to grow very *big* in the pipe, he had to grow all long, and no broad. But he grew as big as he could, till at last he stopped up the pipe.

Then I had to go out and see what was the matter, for the horse had nothing to drink. I jerked away the barrel, pulled out the little plug and put a ramrod down; felt a springy, leathery something, and pushing, down it went, and out gushed the water. "*What was that?*" I thought. So I pulled out the big plug, and put down an iron ramrod and churned it two or three times, and then let the water run, and out came a great, long, red and white, and bleeding frog.

I couldn't put him together again. Anything that gets sucked into that pipe and grows up in those dark

places, has to come out dead, and all in pieces. I wondered how such a big frog could ever have got into so small a pipe. Then a wise lady in my house told me,— "Why, he went in when he was little and foolish, and grew up in there!"

I cannot get that poor frog out of my mind. He was so like some young folks that I have seen. They frolicked up to the door of a theatre, or they stood and looked into a bar-room, or they just wanted to go to one ball, or got out behind the barn to smoke a pipe, or went off sleigh-riding with some gay young man without asking leave—or some way put their foolish noses into a dark hole that felt funny, and led, they didn't know where. Pretty soon in they go. When they want to get back, they can't; and they grow bigger, and wickeder, and all out of shape in that dark place. If they come out at last, they are all jammed up, knocked to pieces, sick, or dying, or dead. When I see them in their coffins, I hear folks ask, "How came he to throw himself away so?" "What made him drink himself to death?" "How happened she to go off to infamy?" "How came he to be a gambler?"

Then I shall answer as the wise lady told me about the frog. "They went in when they were little and foolish, and grew up there." A bad habit hugs a man tighter, and jams him out of shape worse than my pipes did that poor frog.—*Little Corporal.*

GOD LOVES BAD CHILDREN.

"WHAT kind of children does God love?" said a Christian one day to the children of a Sunday school.

"Good children," "good children," was the answer from several voices.

The teacher was silent, and the scholars were perplexed to know what answer he desired them to give.

Presently he said, "Jesus loves *bad* children."

The children were surprised at this, and one little girl anxiously asked whether it was really true.

When she was assured that it was really true, because it is written that God loved the world, and in it "there is none that doeth good, no, not one," she burst into tears, and said,—

"I am so glad then, for I am a bad child."

Thus the "gospel of the grace of God" first dawned upon a little child, and melted a rebellious spirit into tenderness and tears.—*The Appeal.*





Sketches in the United States.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.—EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS.

IT was a thrilling scene on board the *Great Eastern* when the broken end of the lost electric cable was picked up from the bottom of the Atlantic, and found capable of bearing a whisper back to Ireland. After the first emotion was over, they spliced the wires, and bore one end to the shore of America, the other end being made fast to our own land. By that act they united two great nations that had hitherto been separated by three thousand miles of ocean. On the instant these two widely severed nations could converse with each other, like two friends sitting at the same table. This re-union of the broken links was a grand crisis in the course of time. Vibrations, generated by the act, travelled eastward and westward, bearing the reciprocal salutations of two continents. That moment will be marked as an epoch in history. It will be employed to adorn the tale, when fathers of a future age tell their children the things that happened in ancient times.

Happy omen ! There is good ground at present to hope that the union of the wires in the Atlantic will prove a significant symbol of better things to come. May the two nations be united by a secret line of mutual respect and love, so that they shall count as one whenever and wherever wrong needs an avenger, or right a defender on the earth.

As we write, the prospect brightens. Passion and prejudice, on both sides of the sea, are fading away like morning mist ; and good sense and fair judgment are increasing like the dawn. Both the governments and the communities view the whole matter dispassionately ; and the difficulties are narrowing to a single point. The Alabama

question, instead of being the spark thrown in among combustible materials to cause a great conflagration, bids fair to become an occasion that shall illustrate to the world and to posterity how deep and strong, like the ocean, were the honesty and the love of the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, when the froth, which troubled times generated on the surface, had been blown away. Thanks, under God, to the true men on both sides of the sea, the agitators who have speculated for a war are likely to be disappointed. Blessed are the peacemakers : and in this case the inheritors of the blessing are not a few scattered philanthropists, but the mass of the community in both nations.

In ordinary cases, when a citizen of this country plants his foot on a foreign shore, he finds himself among a people of a strange tongue. In this respect a visit to the United States is different from all other examples of foreign travel. There we find a great nation speaking our own language. When you step ashore at New York, you do not need an interpreter ; nor do you need to dive into an ill-arranged memory for the vocable that cannot be found, and so betake yourselves to dumb signs in order to obtain the supply of common wants. You have only to open your lips, and let your tongue take its ordinary way : the foreigners understand you perfectly. You can inquire you way, or call a cab, or do battle with a porter regarding an overcharge, with the same ease and volubility as if you were on the streets of Edinburgh or London. Better still, when you are introduced to one of these foreigners, you discover that he is wonderfully like ourselves. You exchange thoughts with perfect freedom.

You chat with his family at table, and worship with him when the Lord's Day comes round ; and in all this you can scarcely realize that you are a stranger in a strange land.

Sooth to say, for my own part I never did realize that I was a stranger in the States. The citizens of the States took good care to make that impossible. Everywhere I was at home. Although the voyage is long, and sometimes rough, yet it is swifter and surer than it was in the last generation. The American people do not count the Atlantic a formidable barrier. They come to Europe in great numbers every year. As yet the greater portion of those who go from Europe to America intend to remain there. But already the stream of visitors who go to America and return begins to increase. I am convinced a large increase in their numbers would be a blessing to both countries. When a considerable proportion of the educated and influential classes of Britain shall come to consider a visit to the United States a constituent element of a liberal education, the supercilious sneer at whatever is American will be at a discount. I scarcely know a better cure for British pride than a tour in the great transatlantic republic.

The public institutions of all kinds in the States are conceived in a liberal spirit, erected on a gigantic scale, and managed with the utmost energy and perseverance. The reformatories and various asylums of the city and State of New York give a stranger a vivid impression of the magnitude of the task which the community have undertaken, and the spirit with which they strive to achieve it.

The system of public schools has attained a very high measure of efficiency. It suits the genius of the government. Republican institutions, of course, favour the obliteration of class distinctions. High and low meet together on a level at school. We visited a school in New York, the largest in the city, which contained fifteen hundred boys ; the corresponding school for girls was nearly as numerous. The rooms are very spacious ; all necessary apparatus is provided without stint at the public expense. The teachers in the girls' department are all women, and two-thirds of those in the boys' department too. The demand for men in other spheres,

which in a new and vast country is abnormally great, tends naturally to throw the work of teaching more into the ladies' hands ; but although the employment of female labour, mainly in education, was the result of necessity at first, it seems now to be continued from choice. It is approved by public opinion as the best method.

We repeatedly saw a class of well-grown lads, marching and counter-marching, facing right and facing left, at the word or the sign of a fragile young lady. Any one of the class would have been physically more than a match for the mistress, if a spirit of insubordination had arisen ; but there was no symptom of disobedience or even of sullenness. The generous youths seemed to take special delight in being moved like so many wheels in a machine, by the eye or the uplifted finger of their chief. All eyes are fixed on her ; and every eye beams with affectionate confidence. They know the meaning of every gesture. A toss of her little head and her long ringlets is sufficient rebuke of a blundering answer. One thing manifestly is essential for this queen, that her own knowledge of the lesson and all its belongings should be so deep that none of her pupils should be able to fathom it, and feel the bottom. Woe be to this fairy queen if she be not intellectually head and shoulders taller than any of her robust young subjects. There is, however, no fear on that score. Both the mistress and the managers who placed her there know what they are about.

In one class, when we entered it, the mistress was engaged in expounding to a circle of grown young ladies the physiology of the human frame. The point in hand was the stomach. She sketched that organ with chalk on the black-board, and boldly demonstrated its functions, partly by prelection, and partly by questions addressed to the class. Our presence neither disconcerted the teacher nor abashed the pupils. The whole scene was new to us. We do not meet with it in our own country. We should fall into a mistake, however, if we should suppose that the process implied a lack of feminine delicacy. It may be that in society, as it is constituted among us, and with our hereditary ideas and habits, ladies could not be actors in precisely such a scene without a shock to their

sensibilities; but this is their way in America, and manifestly, whatever we might think of its form, the real modesty of all concerned was as good as our own.

The Bible is placed conspicuously on the desk, and is daily read in the schools. A controversy regarding it, originating with the adherents of the Pope, has been raging in some States for a good many years. As yet the law has been vindicated and maintained; but thoughtful Christian men look with some anxiety to the future. It is clear that, whatever may become the law of the States in the matter, the men who love the Bible will give it free course in some way among the people. It may be safely predicted that the Word of God cannot be bound in that great Christian community. The faith of the people is the true security for a scriptural education of the young. Whether the life-giving Word shall flow within the embankments of the law, or without, it is the community of God-fearing parents that will keep it running.

There is one species of public officer employed in the States, but unknown in our country—a truant-catcher. A functionary is employed and paid for looking after the children who desert the school, and bringing them back. One would not have expected to find such an office under a republican government. With all their passion for freedom, the American people have a shrewd notion that there is somewhere a limit to human liberty. In particular, they think that a child is not at liberty to desert the school and take to the streets; and that careless parents are not at liberty to drink their own wages, and rear a brood of naked savages to prey upon a civilized community. On one side, at least, under our monarchical institutions, we allow to the subject a shade too much liberty. We leave men free to spend their means in riotous living, and to flood the future with a generation trained to vice. A little restraint upon liberty in this direction would be a wholesome thing for this land. I own I should hail the sight of a truant-catcher, in his own appropriate uniform, stalking along the streets of Edinburgh among those harmless gentlemen with blue coats and brass buttons, who slowly and silently perambulate the city as conservators of the peace.

Literary colleges and theological seminaries have, from special causes, been multiplied to an extraordinary extent in the States.* It does not come within the scope of these sketches to give a description or even an enumeration of these institutions. I shall content myself with some notes regarding a few that happened to come under my own observation.

The State college of New Jersey, and the theological seminary of Princeton, have been planted in the same small country town, in order that they might work together for a common end. The college, which is an ordinary literary institution, has a distinguished history; but at no period of its existence has it flourished more than now. The accession of Dr. M'Cosh as its president has become the occasion of a multiform revival in the fortunes of the college. Contributions in money have flowed in streams; spacious structures have risen, as class-rooms and dormitories, to succeed the dilapidated and supplement the strait. Students have flocked to Princeton from all parts of the Union; and to crown all, the spirit of grace has been poured out upon the studious youth, as floods on the dry ground. One of the most savoury memories of America for me is attached to the prayer-meetings of the students at Princeton. A great company of generous youths met every afternoon after the various classes were dismissed to read the Scriptures and pray. I enjoyed the privilege of addressing that remarkable congregation. It was a good time. It was full of promise for the Church. May the Lord preserve that beautiful budding from every withering blast, and bring out of it a great harvest of ripened fruit to his own praise!

The theological college was not in session when I visited Princeton; but I had the privilege of meeting the venerable Dr. Hodge and several of his fellow-labourers.

A flying visit to Harvard, a still more celebrated college, presented a curious contrast to our experience at Princeton. We drove out from Boston on a bright afternoon in June to get a glimpse of Cambridge and its great educational institute. As we approached the place, we found it in the height of a grand holiday. The open

* For an epitome of recent information on this subject, see a lecture by Professor Blaikie.

spaces were crowded with elegant vehicles, waiting under the shade of the trees for the return of fashionable owners. The streets were thronged with well-dressed people passing to and fro. But it was when we reached the precincts of Harvard, that the full significance of the scene appeared. Stately and—for America—antique buildings stood separately here and there in a wooded park; and the whole was alive with elegantly attired people of both sexes, and of every age. It was Commencement Day. It is perhaps necessary to explain that this term means the close of the session. The labours of the college had terminated for a season, and, according to the universal custom in the States, the friends and relatives of the students congregate from all quarters to witness the dispensation of honours, and generally to make a great rejoicing. It was near the close. I regretted that I had not arrived sooner; for beyond the miscellaneous gala outside, I had witnessed none of the ceremonies that go to constitute an American Commencement.

As I stood in the happy, heaving throng, under the shade of the trees, I observed that people were still pressing to the door of a large building in the park, each entrant presenting his ticket to a stately doorkeeper. Forward I went, and asked admittance; but I had no ticket. I pleaded with the presiding official that I was a stranger from Scotland, had witnessed no part of the day's ceremonies, would be much disappointed if I should be denied the privilege at the eleventh hour. Won by my importunity, he graciously allowed me to pass. I hastened up the short outside stair to the great door of the hall, fearing lest the recitation or prize poem by the victor of the year might be nearly done ere I could come within earshot. Vigorously pressing through the crowded vestibule, I found myself suddenly within the great hall—and *O tempora! O mores!* a dance! A great number of young gentlemen and young ladies in pairs dizzily waltzing round the spacious floor; and a multitude of highly ornamented spectators lining the sides and galleries. Although I had paid nothing for admission, I experienced momentarily the uncomfortable disappointing sensation of having been "done!" I had not, indeed, given away money for a pinchbeck article; but I had expended some nervous energy in hope and high

expectation, and now I found that my emotion had been thrown away. I had, in short, been taken in; and accordingly lost no time in taking myself out again.

It was unfortunate for myself that I only came in "at the death" of the Harvard Commencement. If I had arrived earlier in the day, I should have witnessed a commemoration worthy of the place and its name. The merry-making at the close, I suppose, must have been nature's rebound from the hard labours of the session. Whether the students adopted the best and healthiest method of unbending, in that hot day of June, is their own matter, with which a stranger has no right to intermeddle.

Washington is rich in educational institutions, supported in whole or in part by the State. I paid visits to two of these, which, from the nature of their objects, are peculiar and exceptional—the college for coloured people, and the college for deaf mutes.

The coloured college is conducted on a liberal scale, for the exclusive purpose of imparting a higher education to such young men of the lately-emancipated race as may evince a capacity and an inclination for learning. It is under the management of General Howard, who presided over the Freedmen's bureau, a department of government instituted by the legislature, and maintained for several years, to take charge of the coloured race during the period of transition from the condition of slavery to that of freedom and self-dependence. From observations made in the course of one flying visit, I am not qualified to pronounce a judgment on the efficiency of this most interesting institution; but it so happens that I am able to certify that the religious instruction of the students is not neglected in this public seminary of the commonwealth. It was arranged that we should attend at ten o'clock, and observe the method of operation from the commencement of the day. Students and teachers assemble at that hour in a common hall for devotional exercises. I was detained accidentally a few minutes outside, and the business was begun before I entered. Observing that the assembly were engaged in prayer, I entered softly, and stood immediately inside the door, that I might not disturb their devotions. I soon became much interested in the

person who was conducting prayer, whose voice I heard, but whom, from my position, I could not see. It was a warm, earnest, even eager, extemporaneous outpouring. It was not the voice and manner of a minister; yet it was the voice and manner of an educated man. Desiring to satisfy myself regarding the identity of the conductor—that I might afterwards, with less distraction, enter into the sentiment of the prayer—I crept forward a step or two and looked. Still, a desk obstructed my view of the person; but I saw the empty arm of a man's coat hanging loose, and jerking energetically past the desk which obstructed my view. The vacant coat-sleeve, I observed, kept time in its pulsations with the successive petitions of the prayer. In the pauses of the prayer the sleeve hung perpendicular, but with each paroxysm of the expressed devotion the sleeve nervously flung itself out towards a horizontal position. In far less time than I have taken to describe the phenomenon, I had divined its nature and its explanation. General Howard, the president of the college, was a soldier all through the war. To him was due the selection of the position at Gettysburg, which proved the saving of the Northern army and of the republic. He lost an arm in his country's service. Relegated now to a peaceful command in a department in which his whole heart was set, he threw into it all his characteristic energy. How they conserve every one's right, I do not know; but it is certain that the Americans contrive to introduce and maintain earnest evangelical religious teaching in a college endowed and conducted by the government of the commonwealth.

Another of those benevolent foundations which honourably characterize the legislature of the United States, is a college for deaf mutes. Throughout the separate states, schools for imparting elementary instruction to the deaf and dumb are established, as among ourselves; but the central institution in Washington has been set up for the purpose of receiving the more promising pupils from all parts of the country, and giving them what we ordinarily understand by a collegiate education. Every appliance seems to be liberally provided. An able and enthusiastic philanthropist presides. He is full of hope and of energy. He believes in the

success of the college, and labours with a will to fulfil his own predictions. Already he has attained a large measure of success. This class have of course an unspeakable advantage over the blind, in their free access to books; but, on the other hand, the impossibility of oral teaching presents a formidable barrier to the progress of their knowledge. The ordinary substitute—language that is visible but not audible—is carried in the college to a remarkable degree of perfection. Communication between the master and the pupils, by means of signs made by the hands and fingers, goes on with astonishing correctness and rapidity.

We were invited to address the assembled students. A curious incident occurred while I was speaking to them. I spoke in my ordinary language and with the ordinary pitch of voice, and spoke without any pause, although somewhat slowly. The principal stood by my side interpreting. I have in another country addressed an assembly who did not understand my speech, and consequently required an interpreter; but in that case I was obliged to pause after every sentence until the interpreter had performed his task. He and I were obliged to speak alternately. But in addressing the deaf mutes, I was permitted to proceed continuously. My interpreter conducted his work simultaneously on a parallel line, without interrupting me. What I spoke with my lips he translated through his fingers. I could not by my sound get an entrance into the understanding of my *audience*, for their ears were stopped. The interpreter received it from me by his ear, and poured it into the minds of the students by the channel of the eyes.

I of course looked all the time on the upturned countenances of the assembled young men; and they, as I thought, looked in turn on me. But in that I was mistaken. They only looked at the interpreter, and he stood near me. Having occasion to express a certain thought which I felt sure would not only interest, but, in the circumstances, in some measure excite them, I was surprised and, to tell the truth, disappointed, to notice that when I had gathered my thought up into a climax and finished it in a telling way, it did not tell in the least on the countenances of the company. No eye kindled, no lip relaxed, at

the point specially interesting to them which I thought I had made. Nor were their faces dull; they were all alive and eager; but as yet they retained the attitude of inquiry only. They were drawing hard for thought; but did not seem to have obtained any. But after my point had passed, like a knotless thread, and I had begun another subject, lo! a quiver of emotion simultaneously on every countenance, as when a gentle zephyr suddenly sweeps the surface of a placid sun-lit lake. The youths betrayed their interest, not when I spoke to them, but when my interpreter had reached the point, and he was always a little behind me.

A great thing is suggested by the shadow of this small one. God speaks to us by his Word. He speaks to us in our youth; he speaks in our age. Every day he speaks. And what he says deeply concerns us. The Word should make every nerve of the listener thrill with emotion, for it speaks of life and death to ourselves. It discourses of the most momentous and exciting things for our own hearts and our own destinies; and we listen to the Word too; yet our hearts do not burn within us, as the Lord talks to us by the way. All is cool—cold. For there is a certain *deafness* that will not hear although it could. But after awhile, the whole soul of the man that listlessly heard, is stirred up by what the Word declared. He is now on fire about it. His cry is, What must I do to be saved? The Word was a dead letter with no meaning to a spiritually deaf ear; but afterward the Interpreter came up—the Holy Ghost, the Comforter (“He shall take of mine and shall show it unto you”). Then the Word became spirit and life.

Two other American institutions, each in its kind very remarkable, came under my observation in the city of New York; and to me both became much more memorable and instructive from the accidental circumstance that I saw both on the same day, and in close succession. These were the “Tombs,” and Stewart’s retail store. The Tombs are not the place where they bury the dead, as the term might seem to indicate, but the place where they bury the living. It is a vast prison. The transition is most impressive from the gay, free throng of the neighbouring street,

to the narrow lofty alleys of cells in that sombre palace, Egyptian in the style of its external architecture, and Egyptian in more senses than one in its interior associations. The first thing that met our eye—temporarily placed in an open lobby, for he had been newly brought in, and the proper apartment was not ready—was a madman, in great terror of the place, and uttering piteous shrieks for mercy. He fell on his knees before us, and pleaded with extreme agony for a liberty which we had no power to bestow. This incident struck for us the key-note of the scene. It was an indescribably awful place; a necessity on the surface of this beautiful earth until sin shall be conclusively washed away. In a long internal avenue, formed by two parallel rows of lofty buildings, you look up from the ground floor, and see parallel rows of cells fronting each other across the chasm, with a narrow passage of grated iron running along each story, projecting from the wall. Standing on these overhanging corridors, you might see the friends of the prisoners, at certain permitted hours, conversing through the grated door with the wretched inmates. In several cases we discerned the form of an elegant female, stylishly dressed, bending to the little opening in the cell door, to catch the answer from within. For love seems to linger even there; love, a divine messenger sent to this weary world! Many waters cannot quench it. Blessed charity!

By a strange accident, the next lion of New York on the programme of the strangers was the dry goods store of Mr. Stewart in Broadway. This, too, is an institution, although in private hands. It is eminently American. Some aspects of American society can hardly be learned without a pilgrimage to this celebrated shrine. Whether you enter by the left or the right side of the great emporium, instead of undergoing the fatigue of mounting the stairs, you are led into a small square room, furnished like a drawing-room. You recline on sofas or arm-chairs; and when a little company have assembled, the room lets go its anchorage on the ground, and gently ascends. You are hoisted one, two, or more stories, till you reach the department where your special wants may be supplied.

The gay fluttering throng! but I am sad in the

midst of it. The "Tombs" and their tenants have printed themselves on my soul, and will not out again in one day. My heart cannot hold at one time two such mighty contrasts. I must get out to breathe the air and be alone. The world is out of joint; it is not what its Maker meant it to be. "Thy kingdom come!"

The cities of the States, like our own, exhibit manifold confirmation of the Saviour's word, "The poor ye have always with you." The contiguity of those who possess and those who lack either material wealth or moral purity, serves many purposes in the Divine government. One of these is, that the disciples of Christ may always have work at hand. The poor and the vicious—one class needing material and the other moral help—are spread out within reach, as an exercise ground on which the graces of Christians may be cherished into strength. In view of the decisive influence which the population of North America will probably exert upon the future of the world, it is refreshing to observe the wisdom, and vigour, and liberality which characterize the systematic efforts of

Christians in the States to turn the wilderness, economically and spiritually, into the garden of the Lord.

There is a good deal of vanity and a good deal of crime in the United States, and especially in the large cities. There is as much of vanity and crime, partly indigenous, and partly thrown on the shore of America by the sea of wickedness which in the Old World is continually casting out its mire and dirt, as would overwhelm society, if society were not great and strong. If there were not a salt in the earth of that great Western Continent, and a savour in the salt, we might fear for the future of the world. But there is no ground for despondency. The Lord reigneth; and he has a numerous band in that country who render themselves his instruments of righteousness. There are two grounds, a supreme and a subordinate, for believing that the victory will be on the right side for the continent and the future; "for he is Lord of lords and King of kings; and they that are with him are chosen and called and faithful."

HOPEFULLY WAITING.

BY ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH, NEW YORK.

"Blessed are they that are home-sick, for they shall come at last to the Father's house."—HEINRICH STILLING.

NOT as you meant, O learned man and good,
Do I accept thy words of hope and rest;
God knowing all, knows what for me is
best,

And gives me what I need, not what he could,
Nor always as I would!

I shall go the Father's house and see

Him and the Elder Brother face to face,
What day or hour I know not. Let me be
Steadfast in work, and earnest in the race,
Not as a home-sick child, who all day long
Whines at its play, and seldom speaks in song.

If for a time some loved one goes away,
And leaves us our appointed work to do,
Can we to him or to ourselves be true,
In mourning his departure day by day,
And so our work delay?

Nay, if we love and honour, we shall make
The absence brief by doing well our task,
Not for ourselves, but for the dear one's sake;
And at his coming only of him ask
Approval of the work, which most was done,
Not for ourselves, but our beloved one!

Our Father's house, I know, is broad and grand;
In it how many, many mansions are!
And far beyond the light of sun or star,
Four little ones of mine through that fair land
Are walking hand in hand!

Think you I love not, or that I forget
These of my loins? Still this world is fair,
And I am singing while my eyes are wet
With weeping in this balmy summer air;
Yet I'm not home-sick, and the children *here*
Have need of me, and so my way is clear!

I would be joyful as my days go by,
Counting God's mercies to me. He who
bore

Life's heaviest cross is mine for evermore;
And I, who wait his coming, shall not I
On his sure word rely?

So if sometimes the way be rough, and sleep
Be heavy for the grief he sends to me,
Or at my waking I would only weep,
Let me be mindful that these things must be,
To work his blessed will until he come,
And take my hand and lead me safely home.

THE VICAR OF ESCO:

A NARRATIVE OF FACTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPANISH BROTHERS," "THE DARK YEAR OF DUNDEE," ETC.

SPIRITUAL stars usually shine in constellations, and the hours of the Church's history may be told by their rising or setting. But sometimes, from amidst the dark spaces of the silent midnight sky, there beams out one solitary star, which we can refer to no group, so lonely is it in its brightness, so far apart from all the rest.

The last Protestant victim of the Spanish Inquisition comes under this description. But though there may be some question what place to assign to him, there can be none that his name deserves to be recorded, and the facts of his brief story to be held in remembrance.

Two hundred years had well-nigh passed away since any voice (loud enough for the ear of history) had been raised in behalf of the religion of the Bible in that noble, unhappy land, round which the Inquisition wound its serpent-coil to choke and stifle. The Eighteenth Century was nearing its close when Don Juan Antonio Miguel de Solano, a native of Verdun in Aragon, was appointed Vicar of Escó, in the diocese of Jaca. He was a man of good family, well educated; or, at least, an adept in the scholastic subtleties that formed the staple of the divinity student's education in Spain.

But while his vigorous intellect readily enabled him to excel in these, it did not permit him to rest satisfied with them. He cultivated mathematics and mechanics with success. Being of a benevolent disposition, he used the latter for the practical benefit of his parishioners. He drained their lands, he improved their implements and methods of agriculture, doing the good his hand found to do, in promoting industry and enterprise among a people sadly deficient in these qualities.

But God had higher work for him, and he prepared him for it by a process he has often employed with his chosen ones. "With the hand of disease he made the sign of the cross upon his soul." In the solitary chamber of sickness, the outer world became as a dream to him, and for a long period it seemed as though he had done with it for ever. But the sickness was not unto death. It left him at length, with a mind clear and vigorous as ever, joined to a frame crippled and shattered beyond hope of recovery.

And now he was doomed apparently to a life of inaction. With an intellect so vigorous and a nature so active this was a dreary prospect. It seemed like a living burial. And "buried faculties," it has been truly said, "are a nuisance, and breed diseases."

Nor was the great world of modern thought open to him by means of books. His library was small, and little likely to afford him adequate interest or amusement during the long years that seemed to lie before

him. But it contained one volume, more than worth all the records of human thought put together—a copy of the Bible, doubtless of the Vulgate. And in God's good providence Solano found in this, as so many thousands had done before him, freedom for the fettered intellect, light for the darkened soul, life for the crushed heart.

Without help or counsel from man, he drew from its pages, in process of time, a system of doctrine agreeing, in the main, with those of all the great Protestant Churches. And, in passing, we may commend to the attention of those who call the dogmatic theology of the Reformation "mysticism" or "theosophy," and insinuate that it is something very different from the simple teaching of our Lord and his apostles, the curious phenomenon that so great a number of independent minds, in various times and places, have deduced from the same Book exactly, or almost exactly, the same doctrines.

Thus Solano found himself a Protestant. But his was no merely negative Protestantism. It was not simply that he had parted with large portions of his early faith; he had found instead something which infinitely more than repaid the loss—something which proved strong enough to support and sustain him under trials of no ordinary kind.

Solano seems to have possessed a singularly clear and uncompromising sense of honesty; a trait of character certainly remarkable in a Spaniard who had been educated for the Romish priesthood. This would not permit him either to circulate his new opinions secretly amongst his parishioners, or to lock them up in his own breast. He drew up, therefore, a full statement of his belief, and sent it to the bishop of his diocese. But, receiving no answer from him, he submitted the paper to the theological faculty of the University of Saragossa. The result was practically the same as if he had lived two centuries earlier. Whilst revolutionary France was proclaiming the age of reason and liberty, and the universal brotherhood of man; in the neighbouring kingdom the alguazils of the Holy Office were making their way to the secluded home of the Vicar of Escó, and summoning him to the living tomb of the dungeon of the Inquisition at Saragossa.

He would not, probably, have lingered long in that abode of death. But his work was not yet finished. He had warm and generous friends, who were ready to do and dare much in his behalf. And we may presume that the prisoners of the Santa Casa were not as strictly guarded in the dawn of the nineteenth century as they were in the middle of the sixteenth. At all events,

means were found for the deliverance of the Vicar of Escó. He breathed free air once more; he even made his way beyond the frontier of Spain, and reached Oleron, the nearest French town, in safety.

But here again the indomitable honesty of his character showed itself. After much thought, and, we may suppose, much prayer for divine guidance, he came to the conclusion that his duty required him to confess the truth in the very face of death. So he deliberately returned to Saragossa, and placed himself in the hands of the dread tribunal from which he had been so strangely delivered. Perhaps we may be disposed to think the act of self-sacrifice uncalled-for and unnecessary. Yet it is scarcely for us to censure it. If it was a mistake, at least we must acknowledge that it was a very noble one; and that Christ must have been very precious to the man whose free choice it was to confess him at such cost.

But if it had been Solano's object to perplex and annoy his judges, he could not have attained it so surely by any other means. The chief authorities of the Holy Office were far more unwilling to allow their own laws to take their course upon him, than he was to abide their penalties. For even the minds of Spanish Inquisitors were not quite proof against the all-pervading influence of the times. The successor of Torquemada and Valdez, the Inquisitor-general Arce, Archbishop of Saragossa, was so far false to the traditions of his office, and true to the spirit of his age, as to shrink exceedingly from the thought of committing a living man to the flames. Arce was the intimate friend of the notorious Prince of the Peace; and it was whispered that his tolerance had its root in secret infidelity.

There could be no doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner. When called in question, he stated his opinions clearly, and maintained them boldly; simply pleading in his defence, that he found them in the Holy Scriptures. From their point of view the duty of the Inquisitors was plain—to deliver him over to the secular arm. In vain Arce, in his reluctance to resort to extreme measures, gave orders that the case should be tried over again: the result was the same. It then occurred to the Inquisitor that a plea of insanity might be set up, and with this view, he ordered a physician to examine him, and make his report. The accommodating physician gave the opinion which he knew was desired and expected; but he could adduce no better grounds for it than the fact that Solano held strange doctrines, which were believed by nobody else.

Feeling, probably, the uselessness of so futile a verdict, the Inquisitors fell back upon what seemed to them the only safe and honourable way out of the dilemma. They must procure a retraction from the prisoner. But to do this their utmost efforts proved ineffectual. In vain they urged the authority of Popes, the decrees of Councils. Solano replied that money was the god worshipped at Rome; and that in the later Councils the influence of the Popes had decided theological ques-

tions, and overborne the opposition of those who drew their creed from the Bible.

In the midst of these useless attempts to subvert his faith, a fever, the result of his confinement, prostrated the feeble frame of the prisoner. The Inquisitors, upon this, grew still more importunate. Solano thanked them for their care; but told them he could not retract without offending God and betraying the truth. An issue, however, was at hand, welcome probably to the Inquisitors, whom it delivered from much perplexity; more than welcome doubtless to their captive, to whom it opened the gate of everlasting life. On the twentieth day of his illness, the physician informed Solano that his case was hopeless, and urged him to use the few moments that remained to him in obtaining reconciliation with the Church. "I am now in the hands of God," he answered, "and have nothing more to do." And soon "he was not, for God took him."

A grave in consecrated earth was denied him; the dust that Christ will own at the resurrection of the just was laid unhonoured in the enclosure of the Inquisition. But the demon of intolerance rested content with this sacrifice. The times when he would have demanded the spectacle of a hideous effigy flung into the flames had gone by for ever. To avoid the necessity of reviving the obsolete and distasteful custom, the supreme council of the Inquisition allowed the process against Solano to fall through.

The light of this solitary witness for truth shone when the dark hours of the night were well-nigh past, but a little while before the day began to break. Should we name his name with those of Valero and Egidius, of Ponce de Leon, De Seso, and Julianio Hernandez?—or should we couple it with the names of living men—names scarcely yet inscribed by the hand of Time on the roll of history, but written in the book of life, and already known to us as of those who labour much in the Lord for the enlightenment of their long-benighted land?

Well may we say, as we compare the present condition of that land with the past, What hath God wrought! The sun of the Nineteenth Century had already risen upon the nations, when Solano perished in the dungeons of the Inquisition at Saragossa. Before three-fourths of its course is run, the Reformed Church of Spain has held its first Synod, or General Assembly, in Seville. It has given to the world a Confession of Faith, essentially the same as the belief for which Solano died. And in nearly all the principal Spanish towns, Protestant congregations are formed, or forming, to whom faithful and devoted pastors proclaim those precious truths, none making them afraid.

Surely we cannot err in thinking that the prayers and tears of the slain witnesses of Christ have come in remembrance before him, and bear their part in bringing down rich blessings on the land they loved. To Christians of the present day it appertains to take up the work dropped from their dying hands. May our prayers and efforts not be wanting to a cause so hallowed. D. A.

France and its Reformation.

III.—THE FIRST MARTYRS IN FRANCE.

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLLIE, LL.D.

The true centre—The political situation—Wars overruled—Marot's Psalms—Two champions of the darkness—A trio: Beda, Duprat, and Louisa of Savoy—A storm—Briçonnet falls—An interview—The first martyrs in France: Denis, Pavanne, and Le Clerc.



THE Church is the centre round which all the affairs of the world revolve. He who is Head of Zion is also the delegated Head of the universe, and from his lofty seat on the right hand of Power he directs the march of armies, the issue of battles, the deliberations of cabinets, the decision of kings, and the fate of nations. All things are the Church's.

The world, it is true, does not know its true centre. Its sight is holden, just as ours is in another case. We do not see that great star or sun round which the whole material universe revolves. That presiding orb is placed too far away in space to be seen from our distant planet. But though unseen, it is not unfelt. All things obey its attraction, and around it, in majestic march, move all the stars and luminaries of the firmament. In like manner a curtain hangs between us and that august throne in the heavens whereon sitteth the God-man, with the crown of supreme and universal dominion; and so the world often thinks that it is around some petty throne on earth that it is revolving. But let the curtain be lifted, and let that majestic One who sits behind it be revealed, the world would be obliged to confess that this is its one great Monarch, and that here is its true centre; not in a throne that is standing to-day and may be in the dust to-morrow, but in a throne that lasts through all ages.

A rapid glance round on the state of Europe at the beginning of the sixteenth century will furnish ample evidence of the truth of these observations. It will show us how widely God was acting on the earth, and paving the way for the Church's deliverance—the workings of Him who "looketh to the ends of the earth, and seeth under the whole heavens." There was a remarkable shifting of the political scenes—"the

removing of those things that are shaken," as if to make room for "those things that cannot be shaken." Crowned heads are being carried to the tomb; new occupants are appearing on the thrones of Europe; the kingdoms of Christendom are dissolving, and re-appearing in new combinations; all betokens that new times are at the door, and that a greater kingdom than an earthly one is about to appear on the stage of the world.

Just as the twilight of the new day is breaking, Louis XII. dies, and closes the old era in France: Francis of Angoulême mounts the throne, and opens the new. Next, Ferdinand of Naples goes to the grave, and a youth of sixteen, Charles V., annexes the crown of Naples to that of his patrimonial kingdom, and so adds another territory to that vast aggregate of states, in both the Old and the New Worlds, that constituted the monarchy of Spain, and which, when grown to its full size, was to be the most powerful empire the world had yet seen. Strange that this foe of the Reformation—for Spain was to consecrate the whole power of its arms and revenues to a war against the gospel—should be permitted to rise, and wax so mighty, just as the Reformation was stepping upon the scene! Yet He who occupies the throne of the universe permitted this. Next, Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, dies; and his death opens the way for the further aggrandisement of that already vast empire over which the youthful Charles presided. And now we begin to see a little way into the counsels of the Most High touching the two great kingdoms of France and Spain. He who "weigheth the mountains" of empires "in scales, and the hills" of the world's government "in a balance," adjusted the power of each of these kingdoms with reference to the other, and both with reference to the Church. But how? In the following wise.

The empire was without a head by the death of Maximilian, and two candidates presented themselves for the vacant dignity,—Charles of Spain and Francis of France. Charles carried the day. To the crowns of Spain, of Naples, and of the Indies, he now added the diadem of the old Cæsars. Francis was stung to the quick; the brilliant prize he so eagerly coveted had eluded his grasp, and from that event dates the rivalry which throughout their reigns divided these two monarchs. That rivalry was a protection to the Church. Both were the enemies of the gospel. The union of two kingdoms so powerful would, humanly speaking, have been the destruction of the Reformation; their division was, under God, its safety. If France alone had existed, or if Germany alone had existed, the gospel would have been overwhelmed by force. But the power of the one kingdom became the counterpoise to that of the other; and so He who is “wonderful in counsel” called not one, but two powerful kingdoms into existence at this epoch.

This is the key of the troubled era that now opened. The ambition of Charles and the wounded vanity of Francis embroiled all Europe. Intrigues and plots were rife among the potentates of Christendom; not the least astute plotter of them all being the owner of the pontifical tiara, who, ever studious to strengthen his own throne and enlarge his own territories, let slip no opportunity of setting other monarchs by the ears. These intrigues yielded in due time a plentiful crop of bloody wars. Towns were besieged, and provinces laid waste. There was much misery and suffering in Christendom. But God accomplished his own holy purposes by the mad and wicked ambition of these potentates, who, if they had not been fighting against one another, would have been fighting against the Church. The very tempests by which the world was devastated were for walls and ramparts around that new society which was springing up to take the place of the old. Outside the Church, in the world, the roar of battle never ceased; but within, the song of peace was heard continually ascending: “God is our refuge and strength; a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, although the earth be removed, and though the mountains

be carried into the midst of the sea. God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved.”

From this brief glance at the politics of the age—a troubled sea, with the winds warring upon it—we come back to the little flock at Meaux. It was dwelling peacefully amid the green pastures and by the living waters of truth. Every day beheld new converts added to it, and saw the love and zeal of its members burning with a purer flame. The good bishop Briçonnet was going in and out before them, feeding with knowledge and understanding the flock over which, not Rome, but the Holy Ghost had made him overseer. Those lovely fruits which ever spring up where the gospel comes, and which are of a quality altogether unlike to those which any other system produces, were appearing abundantly here. Meaux had become a garden in the midst of the desert of France, and strangers from a distance came to see and to wonder at the sight; and their visit not unfrequently resulted in their imbibing the new doctrines, and becoming the founders of evangelical Churches in their own provinces. Thus at this hour all was going well. It seemed as if the fields of France were already white unto harvest. The living waters from the well of Meaux were going forth into all quarters of the land, and soon the wilderness would be converted into the garden which Meaux had already become.

At an early stage of the Reformation, the New Testament, as stated in last chapter, was translated into the vernacular tongue of France. This was followed in a few years by a metrical version of the Psalms of David. Marot, the great lyrical poet of the age, at the request of Calvin, it is supposed, undertook the task, and thirty of the Psalms were rendered into verse and published in Paris in 1541, dedicated to Francis I. The versification was admirable, and the work took captive the taste and genius of the French people. In a little while all France, we may say, fell a-singing the Psalms. They were sung to the common ballad music, and they displaced all other song. “This holy ordinance,” says Quick, “charmed the ears, heart, and affections of court and city, town and country. They were sung in the Louvre, as well as in the Prés des Clerks, by the ladies, princes, yea, by Henry II. himself.

This one ordinance alone contributed mightily to the downfall of Popery and the propagation of the gospel. It took so much with the genius of the nation that all ranks and degrees of men practised it, in the temples and in their families. No gentleman professing the Reformed religion would sit down at his table without praising God by singing. Yes ! it was an especial part of their morning and evening worship in their several houses to sing God's praises."

The adherents of the Papacy took the alarm. These holy strains, sung at table and at family worship, heard in the temples and in the vineyards, sounded in the ears of the Romanists like the knell of their approaching downfall. What device did they fall upon to stop this practice ? A rather singular one. They had the odes of Horace translated and set to music, thankful if the old pagan—it mattered not at what expense to the morals of the nation—could help them to defend the cause of Rome. The indignation grew to such a pitch that Marot was obliged to flee to Geneva. There he rendered other twenty of the Psalms into verse. The Psalter now consisted of fifty in all. William Franc of Strasburg, one of the first musicians in Europe, composed melodies worthy of the words ; and the Protestants of France and Holland, dropping the ballad music, began now to sing the Psalms to the noble airs which had just been composed. These airs included some of our finest tunes still in use, and, amongst others, the "Old Hundred." The Reformation in its march shed light and music around it : the redeemed of the Lord returned unto Zion with songs.

This narration touching the Psalms in French has carried us a little in advance. We return to the point we had reached.

A storm was brewing in Paris. There were two men in the capital, sworn champions of the darkness, whose position gave them vast advantages in warring against any cause it pleased them to oppose. The one was Noel Beda, the head of the Sorbonne. His post—only second in importance, in his own opinion, to the chair of Peter itself—bound him, so he thought, to guard most sacredly from the slightest heretical taint that orthodoxy which it was the boast of his University it had ever preserved uncontaminated. Beda

was a man moderate in attainments, but moderate in nothing else. He was bustling, narrow-minded, a worshipper of scholastic forms, a great intriguer, and animated by an instinctive dread of the light analogous to that which owls have of the day. He had seen with horror some rays struggle into the shady halls of the Sorbonne ; and he made haste to extinguish them by driving from his chair the man who was the ornament of the University—the doctor of Etaples. Lefevre, expelled from Paris, was now living with his friend Bishop Briçonnet at Meaux.

The other truculent defender of the old orthodoxy was Duprat. Not that he cared a straw for orthodoxy as such, for the man had neither religion nor morals ; but it fell in with his line of policy. Duprat held no mean office—he was Chancellor of France. He had personal qualities, moreover, which made him a formidable opponent. He was able, haughty, overbearing, and he never scrupled to employ violence in furtherance of his plans. He was, too, a man of insatiable greed. He had plundered on a large scale for the king, putting up for sale the offices in the gift of the crown. And he had plundered on a yet larger scale for himself ; and the consequence was that he was now enormously rich. By way of doing a compensatory, charitable act, he built a few wards in the *Maison de Dieu* ; on which occasion the king is said to have remarked that they had need to be large if they were to contain all the poor people the Chancellor had made. Such were the two men who now rose up against the gospel.

They were set on by the monks of Meaux. Finding that their dues were falling off to an alarming extent, the Franciscans crowded to Paris, and raised a great outcry against heresy. Bishop Briçonnet, they said, had become a heretic, and he had gathered round him a company of yet greater heretics than himself ; and in conjunction with these men he was poisoning his whole diocese, and unless steps were immediately taken to arrest the infection, the pestilence would spread over the whole of France, and the kingdom would be lost. Duprat and Beda were not the men to listen with indifferent ears to these complaints.

The political position of France at this hour was unhappy. The battle of Pavia—the Flodden

of France—had just been fought. On that field the flower of the French nobility lay dead. Among the slain was the Chevalier Bayard, styled the Mirror of Chivalry. More calamitous still, the king was taken captive, and was now the prisoner of Charles V. at Madrid. Pending the captivity of Francis, the government of the country was in the hands of his mother, Louisa of Savoy. She was a bold and resolute woman, of dissolute life, and mind inflamed with her house's hereditary hatred of the gospel; although that hostility was somewhat modified and restrained by the singular sweetness and piety of her daughter Margaret. Such was the trio—Louisa, the Regent of the kingdom; Duprat, the Chancellor; and Beda, the head of the Sorbonne—into whose hands the defeat at Pavia had thrown meanwhile the government of France. There were points on which their dispositions and interests were in conflict; but they had one quality in common—they all three detested the new opinions.

The Parliament was convoked that a blow might be struck while yet there was time. It summoned before it the Bishop of Meaux—the ringleader, as it supposed, in this revolt against orthodoxy. The bishop was at first firm, and refused to make any concession; but at length the alternative was plainly put before him—he must abandon the profession of the gospel, or he must go to prison. We can imagine the conflict in his soul. He could not but know that it was the truth which he had embraced; and he had read the woe denounced against him who puts his hand to the plough and afterwards takes it away. He could not, but think of the flock he had so lovingly fed, and which had looked up to him with an affection so tender and confiding. It was hard to turn his back on all this. But before him was a prison, a stake, and a name branded with heresy. It was a moment of supreme suspense. But now the die is cast: Briçonnet declines the stake—the stake which would have given him, in return for the life of the body, life eternal. He was condemned by the Parliament to pay a large fine; and was sent back to his diocese to publish two edicts—one restoring the public prayers to the Virgin and the saints, and the other silencing the Protestant preachers. What a stunning blow to the disciples at Meaux!

They were dreaming of a brilliant day, when this storm came and scattered them. The aged Lefevre found his way to Strasburg. Farel turned his face towards those grand hills from which he had come. The rest of the flock, too humble to get away, were now as sheep without a shepherd; but it was this day of trial which brought out their steadfastness and courage. Briçonnet's preaching was now strange; but they were the flock of Jesus Christ, and knew the voice of the Good Shepherd, and him they followed.

Briçonnet had saved his mitre; but at what a cost! But we shall not judge him. We are unwilling, even with his sad fall before us, to believe that he had not really tasted "that true, sweet, refreshing light" of which he so feelingly spoke. The Reformation was then in its infancy, and men had not begun to gird their loins for a conflict of which they had had no experience, and the difficulties and sufferings of which they could not imagine. They who joined the ranks of the Reformed at a later period did so "as men appointed unto death;" and when called to the stake, they knew that nothing had happened to them but what was common to the disciples of the gospel. But Bishop Briçonnet had not those examples of self-sacrifice to sustain him, which afterwards were so common. He might think that his Saviour would pardon him if he turned aside to avoid so unusual and frightful a danger as that which now presented itself in his path. He would still love his Saviour in his heart, though he did not confess him before men; so he might reason with himself. While bowing before Mary, he would look up inwardly to the Crucified One, and lean on him for salvation; while ministering at the altars of Rome and serving in her cathedrals, he would feed in secret on other bread than she gives to her children, even the Word of Life. It was a hard part which Briçonnet put it upon himself to act. We do not say how far it was an impossible part; but if all the early disciples of the gospel had so acted, we should not have had a Reformation at all, and the darkness and tyranny of Popery would have been lasting to this very hour.

The bishop had fallen; but if Briçonnet fell, there were others who stood. This little flock at Meaux was destined to furnish numerous mar-

tyrs, whose blazing stakes were to give early proof to France that the gospel which had entered the world was a power above that of earth, and would finally surmount the force of armies and the terror of scaffolds.

Among the disciples at Meaux was an humble man of the name of Denis, now in prison for the gospel. In his prison who should visit him but his former pastor, Briçonnet? He had been sent thither by the Parliament for a purpose which may be guessed; for his enemies sometimes put these tasks upon him the more grievously to humiliate him. When the bishop entered, Denis opened his eyes with surprise; Briçonnet hung his with embarrassment. The bishop began, with tongue that stammered a little, to exhort the Christian to recant. The prisoner, rising up, and fixing his eyes steadfastly upon the man who had once preached to him that very gospel which he now exhorted him to abjure, said solemnly, "Whosoever shall deny Me before men, him will I also deny before My Father who is in heaven." Briçonnet reeled backward, and staggered out of the dungeon. The interview over, each went his own way—the bishop to the palace, Denis to the stake.

Denis died at Meaux. It was at this time (1526) that the first stakes were planted at Paris. Let us turn aside and see this great sight—men burned to ashes, and yet living.

From a little band—the pioneers of a great army—let us select one. PAVANNE, a youth of the sweetest dispositions, but somewhat lacking in constitutional courage, held a living in the Church, though not as yet in priest's orders. Enlightened by the truth, he began to say to his neighbours that the Virgin could no more save them than he could, and that there was but one Saviour, even Jesus Christ. He was apprehended and brought to trial. Had he blasphemed only Christ, he would have been forgiven: he had blasphemed Mary, and could have no forgiveness. A public recantation or burning alive was the alternative offered him. Pavanne, terrified at death in this dreadful form, consented to purge himself from the crime of having spoken blasphemous words against the Virgin. On Christmas Eve (1525) he was compelled to take his stand in front of the great church of Notre Dame, and holding a lighted candle in his hand, he

begged pardon of "our Lady." This act of penitence duly performed, he was sent back to his prison for seven years.

In his dungeon he found that there were things which it was more terrible to face than death. There he was alone with the Saviour whom he had denied. A horror of darkness fell upon his soul. He who turned and looked on Peter spoke to him—so he thought—in the silence of his cell, and reproved him for his sin. His tears flowed as Peter's did. Rather than drink this bitter cup, he would go to the stake a hundred times. He waited with impatience till his jailer should enter. At length his prison door opened, and then, bursting into tears of joy—for his tranquillity had now returned—he confessed anew his faith in Christ. That was enough. The faggots were speedily lighted, and the martyr stood with unflinching courage amid the flames till he was burned to ashes.

And in what quarter of Paris was the stake planted to which Pavanne was bound? In the Place de Grève. And this gloomy day was followed by many such days, on which the stake was seen in the Place de Grève, with the fires blazing around it. Ominous spot! If the death of His saints is precious in the sight of God, can we suppose that he is indifferent to the place and manner of their death? In the Place de Grève had His martyrs been burned. Well, three hundred years pass away, and now comes the Revolution. And where does it set up its guillotine? In the Place de Grève. It was surely not of chance that on the Place de Grève were the first martyrs of the Reformation burned, and on the Place de Grève were the first victims of the Revolution guillotined.

One other martyrdom of these early times must we relate. There was among the disciples of Meaux a wool-carder of the name of Le Clerc. This man was "mighty in the scriptures," and, being endowed with zeal and courage by the Holy Spirit, he came forward when Briçonnet apostatised, and took the oversight of the flock which the bishop had deserted. The French Church early acted on the idea of a universal priesthood. The meetings of the disciples were now held in private houses; for the monks had recaptured the pulpits, and the churches were

filled as aforetime with gaping crowds, listening to the old harangues. These melancholy exhibitions stirred the spirit of Le Clerc, and one day he affixed a placard to the door of the cathedral proclaiming the Pope to be Antichrist, and announcing the approaching destruction of his kingdom. Priests, monks, and citizens gathered round the placard and read it with amazement. Their amazement quickly gave place to rage. It was not to be borne that a wool-carder should attack the great Pontiff. Le Clerc was seized, whipped through the streets on three successive days, branded with a hot iron on the forehead, and banished from Meaux.

The wool-comber went to Metz. The light had already shone on that city; but the arrival of Le Clerc, who went from house to house preaching the gospel, gave a great impulse to the evangelization. Persons of condition, both lay and cleric, had embraced the Reformed faith, and thus were laid in Metz the foundations of a Church, which afterwards became flourishing. Unhappily the courage of Le Clerc passed beyond the bounds of prudence. A little outside the city was a chapel to Mary and the saints of the province. The yearly festival was next day, and the whole population of Metz would be seen on their knees before these gods of stone. Le Clerc pondered upon the command, "Thou shalt break down their images," till he forgot the different circumstances of himself and those to whom it was originally addressed. At eve, before the gates were shut, he stole out of the city, approached the shrine, cast down the idols, and breaking them in pieces, strewed their fragments before the altar. At daybreak he re-entered Metz. At the accustomed hour the procession was formed in long array, and moved forward with crosses and banners and burning tapers. The bells tolled, the drums beat, the priests chanted. They saw nigh the chapel of "Our Lady." Suddenly the music ceased, the banners were cast on the ground, the tapers were extinguished, and a great horror fell upon the multitude. What has happened? The entire area before the chapel is strewed with the heads, arms, legs of the gods they had come to worship—all cruelly and sacrilegiously mutilated and broken. A cry of mingled grief and rage rose from the assembly.

The crowd hastily returned to Metz, and seized the man on whom the suspicions of all were turned. Le Clerc, confessing the deed, was condemned, and led forth to the place where he was to be burned. The martyr underwent frightful tortures, but he permitted no sign of weakness to tarnish the glory of his cause. While lopping off his limbs with knives, tearing his flesh with red-hot pincers, and doing to him as he had done to the images, the martyr stood calmly at the stake, reciting with a loud voice the words of the Psalms: "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not; eyes have they, but they see not. O Israel, trust thou in the Lord; he is their help and their shield." The tortures inflicted on him changed the anger of the people into compassion, and his fortitude amid the flames strengthened the cause of the gospel in Metz.

"How hardly shall they who have riches enter the kingdom of heaven?" was the saying of our Lord at the beginning of the new dispensation. We have the saying strikingly verified in the case of Briçonnet. Had he been as the wool-carder, he might have entered into the evangelical kingdom; but unhappily he presented himself at the gate with a great burden of earthly dignities, and while Le Clerc entered in, the bishop stopped on the threshold. What, may we venture to guess, were Briçonnet's reflections as he saw one after another of his former flock go to the stake, and from the stake go up to the sky, and there find all that they had lost on earth, and a thousand-fold more—rewards more glorious than any the Pope or the king of France had to give—crowns of life, and garlands that never fade? May there not have been moments when he felt as if the mitre which he had saved at a cost so great was burning his brow, and that even yet he must quit the palace, and by the way of the dungeon and the stake seek the crown of life? But, alas! Briçonnet never left his palace, never placed himself in the ranks of the persecuted. May we venture to hope that before he died he obtained true repentance and the forgiveness of his gracious Master, and that he joined that blessed company above with which on earth he had often taken sweet counsel as they walked together to the house of God?

THE BROTHERS BEFORE STRASBURG.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. VOLLMAR.

CHAPTER I.

"Ever singing clear is the voice I hear,
Of youth, and days gone by—
Of friends sincere, and of voices dear,
No longer nigh."

WE find ourselves in a small German town; and in the middle of it stands a house which appears much the same as all other houses here. It is of one story, and has a drowsy look, so small are the windows, and so well shaded with their coloured curtains. Yet it differs from the other buildings that border the High Street, inasmuch as it is the home of happier people than are to be met with every day. Who, then, are these happy people?

We will ascend the four steep stone steps—from between which many a blade of grass peeps inquisitively at the visitor—and then we shall be at the house-door. Scarcely do we open it, when a white dog runs towards us announcing our arrival with a loud bark. Fortunately for us, the kitchen-door opens at the same time, and the mistress of the house silences the dog with the call of "Bello! Bello!" Close behind the mother look forth the inquiring eyes of two children, aged about four and six years, who cling to her gown. They cling, indeed, too closely; for she checks them in a gentle tone with the exclamation, "Martin! Walter! let me go!" A girl of about twelve years old peeps through the chink of the door to observe what is passing: and she makes use of the moment to smooth her hair and arrange her skirts; then slowly returns to her work, which consists in peeling apples. The mother, after a few friendly words with us, sits down beside her daughter, for much fruit has to be prepared to-day for the drying. Martin and Walter make themselves extremely busy in banding, fetching, and carrying; while Bello shows his interest in all their proceedings, trotting with them to and fro, and making each journey twice over.

"That is a sweet, happy picture!" thinks the father, who has joined them unperceived, and is listening while the mother—whose hands are busily occupied—relates to the young ones a pretty fairy tale. Little Walter now reaches no more apples from the basket; he folds

his hands, and hearkens earnestly to his mother's words. Martin has thrown his arms round Bello's neck; and it is hard to say which of these two listens most attentively.

The story finished and the work done, the children, supper in hand, hasten to the garden, where each of them finds his own peculiar pleasure. The little girl Elizabeth has in her pocket a history book, and seeks quickly the familiar tree between whose boughs she sits—eating or learning, knitting or reading. Martin has but one passion—it is the love of animals of every sort; but he likes little ones best, and very little ones the best of all. His dearest friends are the beetles—"chafers," as he calls them. Over a beetle he will forget his food, or the prettiest of toys; there is nothing that will secure attention if a beetle meets his eye. The king was once going through the town. With some difficulty and trouble the children had been placed by their father in the Square, where they could have a good view of the king as he passed; but at the very moment when he arrived, a beetle crawled to Martin's feet, and he had eyes only for the insect. "Quite natural," said the father; "it has six feet—the king has only two, like ourselves."

But his affectionate fondness embraces all things whatsoever that live and move. For him the largest horses are "darlings;" and he cannot bring himself to pass any dog without stroking it—whence it follows that he and Bello are the best of friends. This evening, however, Bello does not attend to him, for he has gone with his wife for a walk. And who is this wife? Among the numerous ducks that waddle about the court-yard is one whose head is decorated with a coronet of feathers. Now, although Bello honours the other ducks with no further notice than to chase them violently up and down, driving them in wild confusion as he runs barking along—an amusement he likes very well—yet he has selected this particular duck from the crowd; and very comical it is to see the two pacing together with measured steps, or contentedly sitting side by side in the grass.

While the animals are thus amusing themselves, Walter, with his hands behind him, follows Martin everywhere. If he notices a beetle, he immediately calls out "Martin, a chafer!" and watches with pleasure while his brother comes up quickly and puts the creature into his green collecting-box. The little fellow himself

* This is a story of the war with France, published by the Evangelical Missions Society of Berlin. We may be assured, therefore, that it represents authentically the aspect in which the conflict appears to the Christian people of Germany. Whether we agree with their views or dissent from them, it is important that we should know correctly what they are. While every one is at liberty to form his own judgment as to what the German view ought to be, it would be a grave misfortune if this community should fall into serious mistake as to what it is.—ED.

does not lay a finger on it, for there is an understanding that all living things in the garden belong to Martin. Thereupon much conversation, many stories of the pets, pass between the brothers. They have so much to say to one another, that the day is not long enough, and they must talk in bed morning and evening. Then they are so busy, too, this happy pair of urchins.

This evening their talk goes on in a lively fashion. Their mother has put them to bed. Elizabeth comes and sits down upon Walter's bed, and they talk about the pretty tale their mother had told them.

Their father coming in softly, overhearing, said,—

"If just such a fairy as your mother told you about should come and ask you to name a wish and she would satisfy it, what would you choose? Think a minute. You, Elizabeth, what sort of wish would be yours?"

"I should like to have every day a clean white frock to put on," answered Elizabeth, after a short pause.

"And you, Martin?"

"O papa!" eagerly replied Martin, reddening, "there is a slit in my collecting-box, where some small insects often creep through. I wish that it could be made to fit quite close."

The father smiled. "And you, Walter—what would you rather have?"

With large round eyes, the child gazed up at his father, and said—"I should wish never to die; and that you should never die; and mother, and Elizabeth, and Martin should never die; and that nobody should ever die."

"The great is little, the little great, to children," murmured the father. But his thoughts went further; and he saw in the wishes of his children a reflection of their characters.

The mother came in. "Now, you others go out," said she. "Martin, Walter, and I are going to say our prayers; and then we will have no more talking. Let the good God be the last we think of before we fall asleep."

Yes! God be our first and last thought; the beginning and end of life to man; the best friend in childhood, the truest friend in old age. With God only can we live a rich and complete life.

Years pass on. The children grow bigger,—ah, too fast! thinks their mother, who would gladly still have them little. Elizabeth becomes daily handsomer; she is as fair to view as a fresh rosebud. She leaves school just when Walter begins to go there. The boys are both industrious at school, and are favourites with their companions. Martin's happiest hour is the natural history lesson. How he listens as he hears the little life-story of all his dear dumb creatures! "Martin will be a natural philosopher," whispers one of the scholars. But he used to say, when asked what he would be, "I don't know." Walter did not know whether to be a general or a toll-keeper. For a while the latter had the preference; it seemed to the little man so fine to shut

or open the gates for the carriages on the road. But when he had seen a real general on horseback, he decided in his favour.

Their mother wished much that one of her sons might become a clergyman; and once pictured the calling in fair colours to Walter, closing her speech with, "How nice it would be if you would become a pious minister!"

Walter looked full at her. "Dear mother," said he, "why could I not be a pious general?"

Even now he carries a sword in his play-time; but to do his daily tasks for school, to learn and work, is his business.

Elizabeth is eighteen, Martin twelve, and Walter ten years old, when a young merchant arrives at Orlitz, as the native town of our friends is called. He is a foreigner; young, and of engaging manners; will be resident here for a short time on business. Danville sees Elizabeth—she pleases him only too well: and in her good graces the young man stands high, for he is far handsomer, more elegant and lovable, than any of the young men at Orlitz.

One day Martin and Walter come home from school. In the sitting-room are the father and mother, Elizabeth and Danville, assembled. The mother says, "Congratulate your sister Elizabeth." The youths look astonished. No! to-day is not her birth-day; they would not have forgotten if it had been.

Their father sees how puzzled they are, and says, "Elizabeth is betrothed, and her lover is Danville."

"He!" bursts out Martin. Then he bethinks himself, and lays his hand in that which his future brother-in-law holds out to him.

To Walter things have only now become clear. Oh, he had never thought of this! He looks at the whole circle, and then quickly leaves the room, and feels he cannot endure Danville. "The insufferable fellow!" said he, when alone; "he shall not carry off our Elizabeth." But what can he do? "I will never call him brother!" says Walter, stoutly, at the end of his reflections.

And why does he so much dislike Danville? Ah! that is what he himself hardly knows. Danville is always friendly, civil, and agreeable; only somehow the children never dream of trying to draw him into any of their games, nor of sharing their pleasures with him, as they so often do in the case of their father's friends. Instinctively they feel that he has no interests in common with them.

"To tell the truth, I do not believe he cares much for anything or anybody," says Martin, who rarely makes remarks about other people to Walter.

"I think the same," was the reply; "and he is not very likely to begin now."

But there is little time left for thinking or talking about the matter. The wedding is to take place almost directly. Danville is anxious for the day when he shall take Elizabeth as his wife to the town, a few miles from

Orlitz, where his business lies. Yes; he may well be glad. But how will Elizabeth be regretted at home! How sorely will the father and mother miss that apple of their eye, their only daughter! A little while, perhaps, and then Martin and Walter will be flying from the nest into the wide, wide world, and the old people must be left alone.

It is a lovely summer morning when the door of the house we well know is thrown open, and from it proceeds a fair wedding company on their way towards the church. Some children walk in front, scattering flowers; then the bridal pair. Elizabeth's dress is of pink silk, a present from her bridegroom, and which she herself prefers to the simple white robe her mother would rather have seen her wear to-day. Solemnly follow the parents, thinking of twenty years ago, when they themselves went on a like journey, and wondering if their children will be as happy as they have been. Sometimes they have felt a doubt whether Danville is quite the man whom they could have wished for their daughter; but they have no definite fault to find with him, and Elizabeth is too fond of him to have been easily persuaded to give him up.

Onward goes the wedding group. Martin and Walter follow; to them it is incredible, as it is undeniable, that Elizabeth is going away from them. To her request that he will soon go and see her, Walter has given the evasive reply, "that he will not have much time." Martin has said something more kindly, but he feels that when he does go, it will be to see the sister only, and never the brother-in-law.

Now several friends join the party; a little fellow in the group is eating with much satisfaction a morsel of bride-cake, and only by good fortune gets it finished in time to go into church. How merrily peal the bells; how steadily burn the lights; and what good, earnest words the minister addresses to the youthful couple! All are touched, all save Danville.

"He is just like a man who cannot pray," whispered Walter to his brother, as they walked home.

"I know not," answered Martin; "but let us hope he is better than we think."

"I tell thee he can't pray," said Walter; "he is not a good man, and Elizabeth will not be happy."

"Perhaps he will teach *her* not to pray," remarked he.

"Don't say such a thing!" exclaimed Martin; "that would be dreadful."

The wedding party are making merry; but Elizabeth is touched by the approaching separation. At four o'clock a carriage stands at the door, to convey the young pair to the railway-station. Walter has silently placed in Elizabeth's travelling-bag his own New Testament, wherein is written his name, with the tender question, "Lovest thou me?" The thought that Elizabeth will be taught not to pray has taken full possession of him, and makes him thus eager that she should take his dear little book.

The house has grown very still. The mother sits

down in Elizabeth's empty chair, and weeps bitterly. It is not only the parting that makes her heart heavy, but she has a presentiment of coming evil. The father is grave; the brothers have not fallen into their accustomed routine; all feel the want of the pretty, cheerful, sprightly Elizabeth. Even Bello goes about hanging his head down; he has lost not only Elizabeth, but a child. A young Bello, who was lately frolicking about merrily, has vanished; for Elizabeth has taken it away to her own home. The dog was very fond of his young mistress—the house now seems positively empty.

Before very long, however, Danville begins to come on visits, yet clearly his visits are not a source of satisfaction to the parents. Martin and Walter cannot make out what is the matter; their father and Danville are generally alone in a room together; some discussion is going on between them, and, alas! their father's brow shows many wrinkles; their mother's eyes are often red, as if with weeping. But when their parents do not communicate, the children know they must not inquire.

One day Danville comes again, talks with the father longer than usual, and louder too. The mother sends her boys into the garden, where they linger listlessly till called into dinner; there they find their mother, who helps them, but eats nothing herself.

"Where is father?" Walter inquired.

"Up-stairs in his room," replied his mother.

"What is the matter? do tell us, dear mother," begs Martin.

"Not to-day, my children," replied she, tenderly stroking the boy's head. "Something sad and grievous has happened; perhaps you will know some day, when you are older; but do not grieve me by asking further at present."

The boys long to know what is amiss, but they are obedient, knowing that their parents have some good reason for silence. Against their will, they do not wish to find out anything; nor would they now listen if any one else offered to tell them. But they see that their parents are in trouble, and they do all they can by industry and obedience to cheer them; and their reward is, that the first time their father smiles again is at the excellent characters they bring home from school. He embraces them, and says, "Why, lads, you bring us nothing else but pleasure." Ah, Danville has brought sadness and sorrow; and Elizabeth—why does she never come? why do none of them ever go to her?

Why—why is it?

All these inquiries are soon thrown into the shade as their father, whose law business has always been at Orlitz, now suddenly removes to Berlin. The mother cannot bear the idea of leaving the dear old house and the garden, where almost every tree has grown up under her own eyes. So many memories, so many ties surround each spot, each twig. There stands the tree planted by Elizabeth's father on the day when she was

born; by her name it is still called; it blooms so proudly, full of fruit—how can it?—and she will never see it more. But the father says he must obey the call, and does so the more willingly because his sons must both ere long attend the university. They must then have left their home; now they will perhaps be able all to live together. So all was settled, and the arrangements began.

Martin and Walter are pleased at the news. They have never yet seen a large city; but they know there will be great opportunities for self-improvement, and to them this means much. They both long to learn, to fit themselves fully for some honourable business, where they may discharge their duties, and be useful men. Truly, when all is packed up, and leave-taking begins, it seems bewildering; and if they were not such great boys they would cry, but they think it would be babyish.

All these high resolutions, however, melted away when they went to say farewell to the old minister, who had been their teacher for many a year, and whom they loved right well.

"Martin, what are you going to be?" asked the old man.

"I will study, and become a teacher," answered he modestly.

"A high calling, but a hard one," observed the rector. "May you fulfil it well, and may you have many pupils in whom to take the same pleasure that I have had in you!"

Martin blushed for joy. Then said the teacher, "And you, Walter, what business do you mean to follow?"

"I wish to be a clergyman."

"Ah," laughingly said the rector, "have you then given up being a general? Yet, let me say you will have to be a good soldier too as a clergyman. Obey your God as the soldier obeys his commander; strive all your life long, in word and deed, to maintain the cause of God your Saviour against all evil and folly in this world,—you will then have fought a harder fight than the best of soldiers, and will not lose your crown of glory. And now, lads, God be with you. Let your parents always have the same pleasure in you as hitherto. They have well deserved it of you. 'Honour thy father and thy mother' is the first commandment with promise."

"Don't forget that, when you are men, to your parents you are children. Will you never forget it?"

Deeply moved, Martin and Walter placed their hands in that of the rector. "Farewell, and God speed!" were his last words.

"God speed!" It is breathed by the mother as she steps out of the old house for the last time, and echoed by the father as Orlitz fades ever farther from his sight, and the travellers can see no more of it than its old church-tower. So fare they forth into the new and untried life.

CHAPTER II.

"A sound rolls on with thundering crash,
Like surging waves, or swords that clash:
The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Say, who will to the frontier line?
Oh, rest secure, dear Fatherland,
Thy Rhine Watch is a trusty band."

IN Berlin we find again our old friends, the Elzing family. They have no longer a house of their own, but have hired a small dwelling; and their beautiful garden at Orlitz lives among the things of the past. The sun shines cheerily in at the large window, but it cannot drive away the shadow that hangs on the hearts of the parents. From Elizabeth comes no letter, no news. "Why does Elizabeth never write?" the brothers often ask, and always receive the same sad answer, "We know not."

"When I am fairly a student, I will go and see about Elizabeth," said Walter.

"Thou wilt not find her."

"Is she then no longer in Munich?" asks Martin.

"She was only two months in Leipzig, and in Munich probably not at all," says the father, rising and thus ending the conversation.

This gives the brothers much to surmise and think about. But time goes on, and they become students at the university.

Martin is twenty-one, Walter nineteen; and we write of the year 1870.

A time when the earth seemed to tremble on her foundations: a storm arose in the July of that year whose thunder rolled through the lands, and whose lightnings struck many a home and hearth, leaving behind it everywhere blood and tears, sorrow and misery.

The Elzings have got partly accustomed to their life in Berlin. The father attends to business; the mother accommodates herself to a narrow scale of housekeeping, and finds her pleasure in managing for husband and sons. The latter like the large town well. Quite a new life unfolds itself to them: the desire for self-improvement is fulfilled; larger interests are awakened and followed up; they find companions of their own age, who are animated by a similar spirit, and with whom they feel themselves knit together;—in short, they enjoy their university life in the highest and best way.

Since Easter, Walter has become a student; he is unspeakably pleased to think school-days are done with; and he enjoys the academy most fully. Of being a general he thinks no more; that thought lies in the past, along with the wooden sword with which he used to play.

It was on the 14th of July when Walter came up to his mother, exclaiming, deeply moved and with flashing eyes,—

"Dost thou know there is to be war?"

"God save us!" replied Mrs. Elzing, startled. "With whom, then?"

"With whom! With Germany's constant foe—with the French!"

Mrs. Elzing shook her head incredulously, saying,—

"Walter, you are too hasty. You believe every rumour. Our king knows too well how awful a thing is war. He will never begin one."

"Begin one! No! but he will take up the glove French insolence has thrown down; and all of us will be at his back too. The country is worth little that will not gladly risk all for its honour."

Martin entered. The two lads, till now so peaceable, were to-day full of bitterness. "Our king can never stand this—ought not to stand it!" Then Martin told his mother how Benedetti, the French ambassador, had conducted himself towards the old king in Ems; what conditions the Emperor Napoleon had imposed upon the King of Prussia; and how the latter had at last refused any longer to receive the ambassador.

Their father came from his office, confirming all that had been said. "I fully believe there will be war," said he; "and indeed one would almost wish that an honourable war should put an end to the threatenings with which France has pursued us for years. Truly it will be a sad and bloody business. We shall not come out of it as quickly and happily as we did from the war of 1866. A mighty host, armed to the teeth and ready to fight, stands before us. But right is on our side; where right is, God is, and with him we can want nothing."

All were silent. The mother's soul felt what a fearful reality the war would be. Unconsciously she murmured to herself the words of Claudius,—

"*'Tis war! 'tis war! O Lord, do thou defend us,
Be with us in the fight—
'Tis war! 'tis war! May grace attend us
And guide our steps aright.*"

Next day it was, "The king will be coming from Ems."

They knew not that it was decided; they knew not at what hour, but only that he would come, as certainly as a father returns to his children in the time of danger. So by mid-day the people were pouring through the streets where the king would pass. The Elzings, too, were drawn out. The father and mother stood in the neighbourhood of the railway; the sons found places elsewhere. What a crowd was here assembled! Rich and poor, great and small! Here rolls the carriage of a nobleman; and here a poor working-man holds his little child high in his arms. The mechanics have left their work; the smartest young lady stands beside the honest burgher's dame; all have but one thought—the king comes!

He came. A loud "Hurrah!" resounding from inside the station, announces his arrival to those who are without. Then all was quiet; the ruler, with his son and trusty counsellors, go together into the waiting-saloon, where dispatches of importance from France await them. War is declared. Now he comes out. There stands the faithful people greeting the father of

their land with a never-ending cheer! The king's eye solemnly rests upon the multitude. The friendly smile, which is his usual greeting, is changed to-day to a tranquil thoughtfulness. He weighs well in his heart how great sacrifices this war will cost; he sees beforehand those fair forms clad in mourning; will one eye of all those thousands a short time hence be dry? And while the king thus ponders and feels for the sufferings of all, bursts forth the answer to his unspoken question; up comes the cry from every voice, "To Paris!—to Paris!—hurrah for King William!" The shout cannot stop, for it comes from hearts as well as lips; hats are off, handkerchiefs are waving. "Hurrah!—to Paris!—long live the king!"

The cry accompanied the carriage in which the king and the Crown-Prince were; it followed Bismarck and Moltke, who came just after the king; it was an enthusiasm fresh and unmixed, as though a spring of water, long sealed with a stone, had suddenly been uncovered, and had burst into the light of day.

"Such a day can only come once, if one lived a hundred years," said Elzing, as he walked home with his wife. "The French will have to reckon," continued he, "on a national war like that of 1813. Every child knows what is at stake, and every soul will gladly rise in such a quarrel."

Martin and Walter did not get home till midnight. They gave a lively account of their experiences. They had awaited the king at his palace; here the cheers of the people were even more deafening than at the station. His whole drive had been one triumph; quick as thought the houses had been decorated with flags; every street had been blocked with people; love had gleamed in every eye, love and anger that went together. Before the palace, in the midst of tremendous cheering, the Prussian songs had been sung; and when a space was made by the retirement of a few, it was instantly filled up by fresh comers. At intervals the king had come out on the balcony, but his voice was drowned by the cries. About eleven o'clock Moltke and Roon had arrived on foot, and had gone into the palace; and somewhat later the king caused the word to be given that "he thanked them for their love, but he must now retire and take some rest; there were many weighty matters he must this night attend to."

Then only a single "Hurrah!" shook the air, and every one obeyed the wish; in a few minutes the great square was empty. Martin and Walter, with others who were near, passed the word to those who had not heard; and so it went on through the crowd: "The king wants to get to his work—silence!" All went away softly; but many a blessing and many a "Good-night" were sent up to the chamber where lights through the whole night were burning.

Next day one could see what progress had been made—the troops were mobilized.

"The king commanded; one and all obeyed."

Those also came whom he had not commanded, and came gladly. It was as if all Prussians had in these days become one family, where each individual was bent on maintaining the flock, and on going into the war to conquer or die for king and country.

But the enthusiasm rose higher yet when the news came that neighbouring brotherhoods, against whom the sword had been drawn four years ago, that they, too, rose with one heart and one accord to stand side by side with us. There came Saxony, and begged that her children might stand forward in the fight; there spake Bavaria her golden word, that against France there could be no question of neutrality, that she was German, and would fight for Germany; there came Wurtemberg and Baden,—and all stretching out the hand and saying, "We will all be brothers; not to be parted in the hour of danger and distress."

What was this? A marvel marvellous beyond measure! Germany—torn asunder for a hundred years, the prey of every greedy hand, split up into little states, with which every one could do as he pleased—this Germany becomes in a moment united; and in this unity she is a formidable foe unexpectedly confronting France, and causing her to tremble.

France had reason to tremble. Not before the numbers of the German army; not before her cannon and splendid cavalry, nor the able generals at their head; but before the spirit that animated the whole army. And not the army alone: the people from among whom they were drawn, whose fathers, husbands, brothers, and sons stood there in soldiers' dress—this people stood like a firm wall, with the same spirit, the same prayers, the same loving tokens, behind the army. Everybody felt that right was on Germany's side; and that she could, with a clear conscience, pray God's blessing on their arms to defend their honour, their homes, and children from wanton aggression.

Could Napoleon make the same appeal? Could he, in presence of the Eye which is as a "flame of fire," say, "Lord, thou knowest; this war is not of my seeking; Prussia and her king have forced it on me. So help Thou me!"

And while in Germany every one went on his way peacefully; while people prepared with vigour, hoping for victory at the last, yet expecting a hard struggle; in the meantime the French took delight in boastful expressions, fixing the day for their entry into Berlin, having medals struck in readiness for the event, and exhibiting a disregard for truth that was perfectly astounding.

"But God resisteth the proud."

What a life now began in Berlin! Here were earnest men taking measures beforehand to succour the wounded; there mothers and maidens provided the necessary bandages; yonder came aged pensioners, offering their services in the place of younger men who were called away to the work of war. How gladly had they themselves gone thither. No one was willing to

remain at home. Workmen, mechanics, merchants, men of letters—all laid down their accustomed tools, and gave themselves to fresh work. The universities became empty. A professor had a placard fixed on the door of his lecture-room: "Inasmuch as the students have now something more important than study to attend to, I herewith close my present course." His example was followed by others; for, indeed, they must have lectured to empty benches. The students went by hundreds to the offices to announce themselves as volunteers; and happy were those whose names were among the accepted.

How could Martin and Walter stay behind? "Father, mother, we will go!" was their constant cry; and though the resolve made the hearts of the parents to quake, yet they expected nothing less from their sons. The lads were as if transformed. Who could have recognized in the gallant Martin, with his snatches of war-songs, the quiet, thoughtful boy? No longer did he care to look at his treasured collection of moths and beetles. He offered himself for the infantry, was accepted, wore the uniform, and handled a gun as though he had been used to it for years.

For the first time in his life Walter looked at his brother with envious eyes. Ah, he was not so well grown, and was of but a slight frame. He applied at several offices, but the throng of volunteers was such that he could not get his name entered. His hopes sank when he saw how many were turned away stronger and bigger than himself. For hours he hung about, amid the crowd, without attaining his object; and when he came home dejected, he saw his mother's eyes full of joy to think that one of her sons would be left at home.

"But I will go, and must go," muttered he. "Boys stay behind; men go. I should be ashamed of my sound limbs, as I crossed the street." And he continued on his quest—in vain! At six o'clock the office was opened; it took him an hour to get there. "I will be at the door by five o'clock," said he; "then they must listen to me." He took the maid-servant into his confidence.

"Mary, can you call me at three o'clock?"

"Yes, surely."

"But don't forget the hour."

The faithful girl took it upon herself to fulfil his wishes. But she could not let the young gentleman go out without a cup of coffee; and as she did not feel over sure of herself being awake in time, she thought the safest way was to sit up all night.

At three Walter was awake. He dressed himself, and sallied forth in the early dawn. He was still in the street when he met a regiment on its way to the railway-station. Sadly and yet eagerly Walter listened while one of the soldiers sang,—

"I had a gallant comrade,
No better could'st thou see."

Walter folded his hands. The song sounded like some grave warning. "O God!" he said, "let me too be a comrade of these brave men. And if it does indeed mean death, let me then fight and die like a brave man. I shall die happy."

Was it that an Amen came to his prayer? Walter to-day attained his object, was accepted as a volunteer, not in his brother's regiment, but in one which belonged to the same corps, and would probably remain with it.

Mrs. Elzing rose at the usual hour. It was clear daylight, but she saw the light of a lamp coming from Mary's room. She found her there, completely dressed, but fast asleep. She awoke her in alarm.

"Is it three o'clock already?"

Mrs. Elzing at once conjectured the state of matters, and a sad foreboding took possession of her. There was no longer any room for doubt. Walter came in beaming with joy.

"Mother, I'm a soldier! To-morrow I shall wear the king's coat."

"Walter, how wilt thou ever bear it?"

"Where there's a will, there's a way; and I shall be able to bear it. Believe me, I can go through more than many a one who looks stronger."

The young man's words were soon to be put to the proof. A severe drill began, which in the burning heat thoroughly knocked up some who looked robust enough. But Walter held out. True, he came home for some days so exhausted that he fell fast asleep without taking any food. But when his friends pitied him, he said the drill to-day had been lighter, and he had borne it more easily. The latter fact was true. The pale delicate youth became a strong sun-burned fellow, whose comrades already showed him respect, because he was as brave as he was pious, and knew how to handle a weapon, though he thought a Book of Psalms a necessary article in his baggage.

Mrs. Elzing was much depressed in spirits. Sometimes she felt a ray of joy to think how nobly her sons gave themselves up to the war; at other times she was sad, very sad, that these her two children must both go from her, and that she and her husband should finish their pilgrimage to the grave alone. Elizabeth was lost; and now would one of these gallant young men return in safety—even one?

"Be tranquil, mother," her husband would say. "Nothing can happen to us but what God allows; and we shall not have more to bear than is good for us. Let us pray that we may do our part well. He is sure to do His."

The marching of troops went on. From all parts of the land came soldiers to the Rhine frontier; for it was thought the enemy's attack there might be made any day. Whoever looked those soldiers in the face, felt he could sing with truth,—

"Oh, rest secure, dear Fatherland,
Thy Rhine Watch is a trusty band."

One day Mrs. Elzing was at the railway-station, helping the troops to refreshments before they set out. It was a regiment from East Prussia. An officer was just reading, from a French newspaper, a paragraph which recommended the soldiers to seek in the German gardens for the buried gold. There was an angry movement among the men. A girl standing by said, laughing, "They had better take care, or it may be our turn to dig up the French gardens first."

A common soldier said, indignantly, "What are you talking about? If we do get to France, it will not be as robbers; for, I tell you, we are a civilized army."

Mrs. Elzing offered the man a hymn-book to take with him.

He thanked her. "One may well need it. Who knows how many of us will bite the earth before long; it may give one a word of comfort then." He offered some pence to Mrs. Elzing; but she, drawing back, said, "I wished to give you the book."

"My dear, good woman"—and the man drew himself bolt upright—"you must know that I am an East Prussian; and East Prussians pay their way so long as they have a penny left."

"Oh, rest secure, dear Fatherland,
Thy Rhine Watch is a trusty band."

One corps after another set out. Then came the king. He wished once more to see his faithful people. He went alongside of the carriages, holding out his hand, which was seized by ten, twenty hands immediately, and shaken.

"My children, I follow you," said the old hero.

"Hurrah!" resounded through the air. "Hurrah! for ever! God for King and Fatherland!"

Any day now might come the order for Martin and Walter to depart. And one evening their father, in an earnest voice, began, when all four were sitting together,—

"Children, a long separation is before us; and God only can tell if ever we shall meet again. You may perhaps never come back; or you may come, and find us gone. You are now men. I will tell you all I know about your sister. We have never seen her since her marriage with Danville; and bitterly have I reproached myself for ever having given her to him. He was a bad man, and has brought bitter grief to this family."

"Oh, my forebodings!" exclaimed Walter.

"The worst is the influence he may have had on Elizabeth," continued the father. "I had far rather know her unhappy than wicked. But listen. Shortly after the wedding, Danville came, wanting to borrow money from me. I had but little, and that little I refused him, fearing he would squander it away uselessly. He became warmer and more urgent. At last he told me what he wanted the money for. My children, it was for objects which were not honourable, although not coming within the scope of the law. I would not help

him. I made him every representation, and begged of him to desist; but he ended by saying, that if I cared so little for my daughter's welfare, I should never see her face again. Soon after this, the authorities in Leipzig announced that Danville had run away, leaving debts behind him, and would be followed by the law. I hastened thither immediately. Your mother and I sacrificed all we had, denied ourselves to the utmost, in order that things might be hushed up, and your sister's name not be compromised. I sought the fugitives, and the track took me to Munich. Thither I went—in vain! And from that time to this we have obtained not the slightest intelligence of Elizabeth. Perhaps they may have gone into France. Whether your sister dare not write, or whether she will not; whether she thinks her husband in the right,—all this, children, I know not. I would give everything I possess to know that my Elizabeth is still an upright and innocent creature. I cannot believe she would forsake the right path; it would be unbearable. Now, my dear sons, you know

why your mother's hair and mine have gone gray so quickly. And now, we beg of you, seek your sister. Should you find her when we are no more, oh, then forgive her. Take her to yourselves, for with Danville she can come to no good ending. If Elizabeth has forgotten God and her parents, labour and pray that she may turn again, and that we may meet in heaven."

All wept. The father held out his hand, into which his sons laid theirs.

"A dead child is a less grief to a parent than a lost child," said Elzing. "If either of you dear fellows should fall in battle, we shall not mourn you so bitterly as we have for years mourned Elizabeth. Continue brave, and behave valiantly. Think of God, and He will strengthen you. We shall then all remain united at heart; and if we meet no more on earth, we will hope to meet hereafter, and for ever."

Martin and Walter felt as if this one hour had been a year added to their age.

B.

To be concluded in our next.

THE PARABLE OF THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

LUKE x. 25-37

BY THE REV. DR. CALDERWOOD, PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.



THIS parable presents a more advanced view of Christian service than that given in the parable of The Two Sons, to whom their father said, "Go, work to-day in my vineyard." In the latter the glimpse of the actual service is very slight. What is more properly brought under observation is the history of its beginning. We see a son who had refused obedience repenting as the day advances, and entering the vineyard to begin the work required of him. In the parable now before us we are shown how Christian service works out the good of mankind generally. A scene on the highway illustrates the truth that love is the fulfilling of the law—the love of God flowing forth in love to man.

The picture is in itself an impressive one, which most effectively conveys its meaning. A man, stripped of his clothing and seriously injured, lies helpless in a half dying state by the wayside. Those who have robbed him and nearly murdered him are not seen. They have hurried from the spot, giving themselves no concern though the morning's sun should rise on a countenance stiff in death. Down the highway, beyond the panting sufferer, two figures are dimly traced, the one considerably in advance of the other. Both of these men are near enough the scene to indicate that they must both have passed it since the robbery had been committed. But in the foreground is a man who has alighted from his ass, and is kneeling by the prostrate figure, engrossed in eager attempts to revive the dying sufferer. This man in the foreground illustrates how love to God is

shown on earth, and how his service is done. Let us study the picture somewhat closely, that we may discover its full meaning.

Some consideration needs to be given to the circumstances in which the picture was sketched. A teacher of the law, whose duty it was to read and expound the Scriptures in the hearing of the people, approached Jesus with this question: "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" The question was often present to his own mind, and by putting it now, he wished to test this public teacher, of whom the people said that he spoke "with authority, and not as the scribes." Jesus, knowing that by profession he was familiar with the Scriptures, said, "What is written in the law? how readest thou?" Having the question thus turned upon himself, the teacher of the law answered in the words of Scripture: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself." The answer was to the liking of our Lord, in every respect a fitting answer, coming appropriately from one whose duty it was to be the instructor of others. Jesus therefore commended it. But seeing that the lawyer inclined to trust in *doing*, the Lord said, "*Do this*, and thou shalt live." Life on such a standard is life with God—it is eternal life. A perfect love is a perfect fellowship. The teacher of the law felt the practical force of the emphasis thus laid upon the actual *doing* of what is here enjoined. It is when the doing of the law is made the testing-point that the

uneasiness of self-condemnation springs up. The inquirer felt this at once, but sought to shelter himself by a request for an exposition of the passage in its last clause. "Who is my neighbour?" The directly personal application of the matter is shown in the form of this query. How shall I be taught and guided by this passage? Who is neighbour to me? The picture now to be studied, sketched by the Master's hand, is the answer to this inquiry, which all have need to press. Look upon that poor sufferer, and upon the man who bends over him with all-absorbing compassion, and the answer lies before your eye. The question, "Who is my neighbour?" was one of casuistry, such as an expounder of the law was likely often to deal with. It seemed to open up a variety of nice distinctions, on which cases of conscience might arise. He wishes therefore to see how Jesus, the prophet of Nazareth, will disentangle the perplexities. If he clear the ground around some one of the many difficult cases to be settled, there is a stock of cases besides to present for treatment.

But the great Teacher takes an unexpected course, which suddenly clears off the perplexities. The cases of conscience are put out of account. The effect is as when the mists of the morning vanish before the beams of the rising sun. The lawyer said, "Who is my neighbour?" To him it seemed that there must be some limitation. Perhaps the limit might be found in their own countrymen. Surely it could not take into account the Samaritans, "for the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans." At least, it could not go so far as to include the Gentiles, from whom they had been separated as by an impassable wall. What a fruitful source of debate was here, and how clearly did it appear that shelter was given for all the casuistry of the lawyer! But when Jesus speaks, all these distinctions between Jew, Samaritan, and Gentile are put out of sight. "Jesus answering, said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead." Here is a man who at least needs help, as he lies by the wayside ready to die. His wounds, his moans, his blanched face—all plead for speedy assistance. As you look upon him, hear the divine word, "Love thy neighbour as thyself." Is he a neighbour? Are you a neighbour to him? Has suffering man a claim on his fellow-man who stands by him in his suffering? The whole question is a matter of nearness, or neighbourhood. Can it be anything more than this? If it admit of discussion whether the law of love requires you to help such a man, it must somehow seem doubtful whether love may not willingly see a man die in neglect without stretching out the hand to save him. The suggestion refutes itself. Love must help, when help is needed. The law is explicit. In substance it is this, Love another as thyself, and neighbourhood or nearness is that which determines who the object of regard should

be. Nor is it more doubtful how love works, than who is the object of love. Love *as thyself*. Suppose yourself in the place of this sufferer, and suppose him the onlooker. Would you look to him for help? If you had breath and strength, would you not ask aid of him? And if so, your duty is clear as noonday. This is what the Saviour teaches. *A certain man* is a sufferer, whose condition calls for help. The absence of other description than that which tells of the injury he has sustained, and the danger to which he is now exposed, is very marked. Whether he is Jew or Gentile—whether he is rich or poor—yea, even whether he is good or bad in moral character—are considerations entirely kept out of view. He is a suffering man, and as such his claim to help is unquestionable. The neighbour is the man who needs help, and finds you near enough to give help. Thus beautifully the law of love clears away perplexities. In its view social distinctions bring no exceptions. Before that Love which serves God, as before the Saviour who brings us to the love and service of God, "there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female." Duty is the same everywhere, knowing no respect of persons. This teacher of the law is like Peter when he desired to have a definite limit put on the application of this same law of love, in the case of forgiveness of injuries. "How oft," said the apostle, "shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?" How noble is the answer, how satisfying to conscience, how beneficent in its practical application! "I say not unto thee, until seven times, but until seventy times seven." And so he answers here. Thy neighbour is thy fellow-man, when thou and he art near. The Saviour, who has a gospel for "every creature," imposes a service which carries the beneficent influence of love no less widely.

The meaning of the law being thus made clear, we must now revert to the difficulty of keeping it. This is the real difficulty. It is not hard for a man to settle who is near to him, claiming aid in a time of trouble; but it is difficult to prove a neighbour indeed on all such occasions. The beauty of the course of action enjoined is evident; but it is a severe test that is put upon the love between man and man when it is required that manifestations of this beauty be given in daily life. The world is full of examples of the opposite. As you journey down the highway of life you see more of transgression than of obedience. It is a picture of a part of this highway which is before us here.

There lies on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho—long a favourite resort of banditti—a man who has been stripped even of his raiment, seriously wounded, and left half dead. Our Lord is illustrating the application of the law of love; and in the state of this man we see the bitter fruits of open defiance of that law. To such murderous attacks does the extreme of disobedience incline men. Such a career as these men lead is one of the forms of human life at the fur-

they remove from the service of God. Disregard of God is not only disregard of man, but leads to most cruel maltreatment of others to secure personal gain. The robbers are not to be seen near; but in their bleeding, panting victim there is evidence of their doings. They have done their cruel part; they have wrenched by force some booty, including even the garments of this defenceless solitary traveller; and they have fled from the scene, as such men must flee, for it is the penalty of evil-doing that it is done in fear. These are men "far off from God;" they are "citizens of the far country." Life with God and service to him are both embraced in the single word Love: the extreme opposite is murder. "He that loveth not his brother abideth in death. Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him."

The victim of their murderous attack lies helplessly where they left him; but fortunately he lies on the highway, and between Jerusalem and Jericho there are many going and coming. As we look up and down the road so far as it is presented to view, there are two figures visible travelling away from the spot. These two are so near that they must have passed since the attack was made. We need some explanation of their connection with the occurrence, that we may know whether they have had any responsibility.

The first statement given concerns the one who is furthest down the way. "And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him he passed by on the other side." The connection between the two events is not well conveyed to us in the phrase "*by chance*." The word employed is the same in structure as our word *concurrently*. By concurrence of events, such as determines nearness to one who needs help, making him the neighbour of the sufferer, a certain priest as he travels along finds himself at the place when the wounds are still fresh. There is here, as elsewhere in the parable, an avoidance of what marks the individuality of the man. His profession only is discovered. He is a priest, one of the sons of Aaron, accustomed to minister at the altar of God, and to stand in "the holy place" where incense was offered to the Most High. He is trained to reverence and love by the order of his office. How fortunate it seems that one of his position should be the first to arrive at the place! And yet, as the event proves, anything less favourable could not have been. He passed by without even taking time to ascertain the condition of the prostrate man. We need not suggest considerations which may have awayed him. His thoughts may have been more or less excusable. The main fact in the case is that love to God was not so strong in his heart as it should have been; and love to man wanted that force which would have made him instantly the helper of the man who was ready to perish. It is not merely the men who are at the extremes of antagonism to God's law who fail to keep it. This priest, brought into comparison with

the robbers who have done the wrong, is far removed from them in character and life; and yet he leaves the man to die whom they have nearly murdered in their violence. This priest knows that the law of God is love; but it is not in his heart to keep the law. Thus are we warned that even the forms of religion, however regularly performed, are not a security for the development of love in the heart; nay, more, are not even a sure defence against hardening of the heart. A man's heart may wither even at the altar of God: he may minister in the services of religion, and yet may fail in the ministry of life.

But there is still another who in like manner has been content to pass this perishing creature. "And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side." The question here arises, Why should there be in the parable two examples of the same conduct? The answer is, that though the result is the same, the actions are different. By the concurrence of events, as in the case of the priest, this man also has his character, and his faithfulness to the service of God, put to the test by the claims of this sufferer. The result is the same in the experience of the man ready to perish, but not in the case of him who passes by. He is a subordinate officer of the temple, less directly in contact with the more awful solemnities of the temple service, and in a position more analogous to that of the teacher of the law who has raised the question under consideration. The priest saw the man, and yet deliberately held on his way; but this Levite stopped at the place, and took time to look at the man, before he passed by. Whether he was better than the priest, since he at least stopped at the sight, cannot be determined, as there is a manner of looking on the sufferings of others which is in no respect better than passing them by. But his conduct is certainly worse when, having taken time to see the sad condition of the injured man, he cruelly turned aside, and gave himself no concern lest he should perish, or at the least lie for hours in anguish. If every passer-by act either as the priest has done or as the Levite now does, the man so maltreated by the banditti must die where he has fallen.

But a scene of a very different kind is brought now under our observation. The next traveller along that highway seems to have a different rule of conduct from that of the two who have gone before. And who is he who appears in a light so much more satisfactory as a representative of the true life of godliness? "*A certain Samaritan*." His nationality is thus indicated, and not a word more is uttered. A Samaritan! The furthest removed from the influences of the temple service among the dwellers in Palestine. He is beyond the circle of rites and privileges belonging to the Jewish Church; and, in common with his people, he is despised by the Jews. But he believes in God; he worships him; and, as the result shows, he gives himself to the service of God with a noble devotion. Immediately

when he beholds that wounded man, he makes it his own special business to attend to him, to the neglect of every consideration besides. With a gentle hand he examines his wounds. Carefully moving him to ascertain where he has been injured, he takes of his oil and wine to anoint them, and then binds them up. Having eased his pain and revived him, this benefactor lifts the poor bruised man on to his own ass, which he leads quietly until they reach an inn, where, with appliances at command, he ministers to him as a brother. On the morrow the Samaritan must go his way in prosecution of his own business; but before departing he gives to the host payment for two days' longer attendance. He does not expect that the host will do what he has done—taking on himself the charge of the injured one. The Samaritan has brought the sufferer to the inn, and he will not in this way cast a burden on the host: he himself will bear the charge which is naturally exacted in a place of public entertainment. There is, on the part of this Samaritan, such completeness of sympathy and of brotherly care, that he not only takes upon himself the charge for the present of this man he has found by the wayside, but even the demands which may still arise before he shall be able to set out for himself. This stranger undertakes to make up to the utmost the injury which cruel hands have inflicted.

Here, then, are three men, all of whom, by the same concurrence of events, have been brought into the neighbourhood of extreme suffering. Which of these three acted the neighbourly part? "Which of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?" This puts the question on the converse side. The lawyer asked, Who is to be loved by me as a neighbour? That the Saviour has answered by saying, Every one who needs and seeks your help. And now he in turn asks, Who is he who loves as a neighbour? Is not the true neighbour to a sufferer the man who helps him in his suffering? What sayest thou, as a doctor of the law? To that question the teacher of others could give only one reply, "He that shewed mercy on him." And with such reply, it was acknowledged that his difficulty was solved. There only remained the practical application, for use of which the hearer must be responsible, "Go thou and do likewise." But this was the real difficulty in the case; and the intention of the Saviour plainly was to press this difficulty on the mind of the inquirer, and leave it with himself. He seemed to fancy that life could be obtained by the rendering of a perfect service. But now that the real demands of the law were discovered, and specially with the light thrown upon them by this parable, he must have felt self-condemned. To love God with our whole soul, and, as a manifestation of this, to love our

neighbour as ourselves, are requirements most obviously righteous. But who does not feel that his life cannot endure such a test? We come so far short, that we are constrained to own that we have lost eternal life, if these are the terms on which it is to be gained. To such service we must, indeed, bend all our energies; and however far short we come, we must still strive with all the devotion of our heart to reach this attainment. This is the law of human service—it is the law to which Christ's teaching reduces all service. As a law of obedience, it is a law of love; and as a law of social life, it is the same. Thus all Christian service is reduced to these two aspects—service to God, and service to man for God's sake; and the motive power leading to performance is the same in both—supreme love to God, carrying with it love to our fellow-men as to ourselves. In the parable before us both of these aspects of Christian service are presented to view, as the lawyer in answering quotes the whole law. By this means the connection with the parable of The Two Sons is maintained, that indicating what is due to the Father, this what is due to our brethren. But that parable gave prominence to the complete failure of men in rendering service, except by the way of repentance; this brings failure and success into contrast, and leaves the way of escape from failure undetermined, and the way towards complete obedience undiscovered. This is done intentionally, that the conscience of the lawyer, and of all who think as he does, may be left to deal with the question, How then shall we be saved, and helped in rendering a perfect obedience? To that question, if it be put to him, the Saviour has a very explicit answer. He is himself the answer—"I came that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." He came that he might lead us again to the Father's favour, and establish in our hearts that love by the power of which we shall be enabled to serve him more fully and more joyfully. The necessity for this union to him, in order to render a true service to God, he has elsewhere presented in metaphorical illustration, analogous to that of the parable. In that passage (John xv. 1-12) he urges that without him we can do nothing; and that true life must show itself in fruitfulness to God, and love to one another. Under the image of a vine, he represents himself; while his disciples are the branches. To him we must be united, as the branches to the vine, that from him we may draw our life, and be capable of rendering fruit to God. And while thus living in him, we must continually lift our hearts in supplication, as the branches spread themselves towards heaven, that they may receive the light and warmth of the sun, and be refreshed by the dews of the night, and by the showers which water the earth.



NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S DREAM OF THE EMPIRES.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BINNIE, D.D., STIRLING.

IN the Hebrew Bible the Book of Daniel, instead of bringing up the rear of the Greater Prophets, as it does in the Bibles of Christendom, is put away into a corner beside the Psalter, the Proverbs, and the other miscellaneous books of the sacred canon. Whatever may have been the inducements which led the men of the Synagogue to assign this place to the book of so great a prophet, there can be no doubt that it represents, not unfitly, the singular position assigned to the man by the providence of God. The rest of the prophets lived and died in the bosom of the chosen people, ministering to them the Word of the Lord. Even those of them who, like Ezekiel and Jeremiah, spent the evening of life in distant exile, dwelt to the last amongst their own people. The congregation which listened to Ezekiel's pleasant voice by the river of Chebar, away beyond the Euphrates, consisted of people who, like himself, were the children of the Captivity. It would be a mistake, indeed, to conceive of the prophets as passing their days in cloistered retirement. They were called to do battle for God, and truth, and righteousness in the high places of the field. Samuel and Nathan, Isaiah and Zechariah, Elijah and Elisha, were, in the best sense of the word, men of the world. Their ministry was designed not only to further the salvation of individual souls, but to control the national administration. But the sphere of their action was limited to the chosen people. They were not sent save to the house of Israel. It was far otherwise with Daniel. Not only did he pass his whole life, from youth to extreme old age, in the countries bordering on the Tigris, but the same over-ruling Hand which cast his lot in those distant parts invested him with offices which greatly separated him from his countrymen. During a period of more than seventy years he served the Chaldean and Medo-Persian monarchs as a high Counsellor and Minister of State.

It was no blind chance which assigned to Daniel a place seemingly so incongruous with

his calling as a prophet of the God of Abraham. The incongruity was in appearance only. Daniel's station was exactly suited to the kind of oracles which he was to deliver from God to the Church and the nations. If the inducement which led the men of the Synagogue to separate the Book of Daniel from the other Prophetical Scriptures was a feeling of distrust, as if one who had passed his years in the society of Gentiles and in the service of Gentile kings was scarcely worthy of being admitted into the honourable company of the prophets, they certainly erred. There was perfect accordance between Daniel's station and Daniel's prophetic ministry—an accordance so remarkable that we must pause for a moment to consider it.

The remark has often been made that, when God has any service to perform, he is wont to raise up a fit person, and endow him with the precise qualifications the service requires. When the time drew near at which the seed of Abraham was to be delivered from bondage and endowed with laws and institutions suited to their position as the covenant society, the son of Amram was brought into Pharaoh's house and educated in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. Thus it came to pass that, when the time of the promise at length arrived, the Leader and Legislator whom the epoch demanded was found to have been already set apart and trained for his work. We can trace the same divine wisdom in the remarkable turn of affairs which led to Daniel's being located for more than seventy years in the cities of Babylon and Shushan, and which laid upon him the labours and responsibilities of high political office successively under two world-embracing monarchies. For what was the work Daniel had to do? What was the precise function assigned to him in the company of the prophets? Dr. Owen in a memorable sermon has stated this so well that we cannot do better than cite his words. According to this great divine, the work assigned to Daniel as a prophet of Jehovah "consisted in receiving from God, and holding forth to others,

clear and express visions concerning God's wonderful providential alterations in kingdoms and nations, which were to be accomplished from the days wherein he lived to the end of the world." He goes so far as to affirm that "all the prophets together had not so many clear discoveries as this one, Daniel, concerning these things."* It is hardly necessary to point out what extraordinary interest the book of such a prophet must have for a time like the present, when the nations are being shaken with revolutions every whit as terrible as those which were crowded into the seventy years of Daniel's ministry.

The central object in the field of vision which the Book of Daniel opens up is the far-reaching prophecy of the Four Empires. The prophecy was given on two several occasions. Daniel's ministry commenced with it; for Nebuchadnezzar's forgotten dream, which furnished the occasion for the first motions of the Spirit of prophecy in the heart of the young Hebrew captive, had for its subject the brilliant series of monarchies in which the proud king of Babylon occupied the foremost place. And his ministry may almost be said to have terminated with it; for the vision of the Four Beasts, in which the Lord showed him once more the series of the monarchies, came to him in extreme old age. The earlier form of the oracle wants many important details which were afterwards added. On that very account, however, it is the more suited to our present purpose. The design of this paper is not to enter into those matters of detail which are best left in the hands of the Commentators. What is intended is rather to elucidate the scope of the oracle as a whole, with the view of assisting the reader to attain a clear conception of the wonderful plan according to which the Eternal Wisdom has arranged the history of the nations.

For this is the theme of the prophecy,—the History of the Nations, from the time in which Daniel lived till the consummation of all things. The oracle he delivered to the king of Babylon, in interpreting his dream, was, in effect, a prophetic outline of universal history. He was commissioned to inform Nebuchadnezzar that, in

the golden-headed image which had dazzled his mental vision by night, the God of heaven had shown him the things that were coming on the earth. The several parts of the image denoted Four Empires, which were, one after the other, to exercise dominion over the civilized world. The Image was not many, but *one*; for the empires, although numerically four, were to be pervaded by a certain unity of character. In their essential nature the secular monarchies have, accordingly, been one. The thoughts and feelings of which they have successively been the outcome or embodiment have, in every case, been those of unregenerated human nature. Their vital and animating principle has, in every instance, been that "mind of the flesh" which is enmity against God, and is not subject to his law. What Nebuchadnezzar had witnessed was, therefore, a representation of the history of the world in its condition of estrangement from the Most High. The Empires in which its proud aspirations find their most brilliant expression have each its day of domination; but at length they come to an end. A stone, cut out without hands, smites the image upon its feet, and it comes down with a great ruin; and in its room the God of heaven sets up a kingdom of another order, which fills the whole earth, and stands for ever.

Here is plainly an outline of universal history. How is it to be interpreted? More particularly; which of the monarchies that have figured in the world's history since Nebuchadnezzar dreamed his dream are to be identified with the several parts of his image? The settlement of this question involves some knotty points, which have long exercised the ingenuity of the writers on prophecy. However, we need not enter into the examination of these, at least in the present paper. We may find an opportunity for having a look at them again. In the meanwhile, we shall assume that the ordinary interpretation is also the true one. It has at least the merit of exceeding simplicity. According to it, the first empire is that of THE CHALDEANS,—the monarchy which attained the summit of its power and magnificence in the reign of Nebuchadnezzar himself. "Thou, O king, art this head of gold." The best comment on these words is that furnished by facts which recent explorations have brought to light. Marks

* Sermon at the funeral of Lord-Deputy Ireton, in *Owen's Works*, vol. viii, p. 346.

found on the bricks which have been dug out of the mounds which mark the sites of the ancient cities of Mesopotamia, prove that the same king to whom "great Babylon" owed its noblest edifices, was the builder of a score or two of other cities. The second empire, denoted by the silver breast and arms, was that of THE MEDES AND PERSIANS,—a kingdom inferior to Nebuchadnezzar's as silver is inferior to gold. The third was THE GREEK EMPIRE of Alexander and his successors, prefigured by the belly and thighs of brass. The fourth, prefigured by the iron legs and the feet of mingled iron and clay, was THE ROMAN EMPIRE, with its continuation in the European system set up in the Middle Ages. This interpretation, as it is the simplest, is also the most ancient. It is the only one that found any favour among the early Fathers of the Church; and there is evidence that it had been previously adopted by the Jewish expositors about the time of Christ. As soon as the Roman Empire had overturned the thrones of Alexander's successors, and reigned in their stead, the students of Daniel's prophecies recognized in it the lineaments of the Fourth Monarchy. Indeed, we believe that it is little more than two hundred years since some learned men began to call in question the truth of this interpretation. It will not be an extravagant request, therefore, if we ask the reader to assume, for the present, that the Fourth of Daniel's Monarchies is the Roman power.

It was thus an extensive prospect of secular history which opened itself to Daniel's astonished sight in the oracle he was commissioned to deliver to the Babylonian king. The wide empire, which had attained its utmost extent and magnificence in the hands of Nebuchadnezzar, was to give way to the Medo-Persian monarchy. That, in its turn, was to give place to a third empire—an empire of swift and dexterous strength, whose cradle was rocked by the billows of the Egean, and which was designed in the providence of God to make the language and literature of the Greeks the common property of the nations, and so to prepare the way for the planting of the universal Church. This transference of power to the Greek people was the first step in that westward march of empire which has been going on ever since. The next step was taken shortly before

the birth at Bethlehem, when the Roman arms subdued the whole East, and Rome became the capital of the world. Under new conditions, prefigured by the ten toes of the image, that empire still subsists; so that Daniel's oracle sweeps over the whole length of the vista of four-and-twenty centuries which extends from his age to ours.

Nor does it stop at this point; it reaches onwards into the future, beyond our age, and describes the bright coming of the promised kingdom of the God of heaven. This kingdom is represented as subsisting successively in two very different conditions. It appears first as *the kingdom of the stone*—the stone cut out without hands, which, in the fulness of God's appointed time, is to smite the image upon its feet,—a most apt description of the state in which the Church of Christ has subsisted now for eighteen hundred years. For, all this while, the Church, although in possession of the forces that are destined to prevail over all the earth, has been small and feeble in appearance. But this kingdom of the stone becomes, at length, *the kingdom of the mountain*. The stone having smitten the image upon its feet, "then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshingfloors; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them: and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth."

It is needless to say that this bold outline of universal history is filled up in Daniel's oracle with many most interesting details. To some of these we may be able to revert; but we think it important to concentrate attention at present on the broad, outstanding features. People often miss much in the study of Scripture by plunging at once into the points of minute detail. These are by no means to be neglected; but care must be taken not to get lost in them. There is wisdom in the proverb about not seeing the wood for the trees. A good many students of Daniel, who have paid careful attention to the more important details of his visions, have quite omitted to observe the wonderful range of view opened up in the scheme of universal history which he was enabled to unfold. This feature, which comes

out especially in the prophecy of the Empires, is so important that we must ask the reader to dwell upon it for a little longer.

Some men venture to speak contemptuously of the religion of the Old Testament as narrow and provincial in its views of the divine administration, and consequently narrow and morose in the feelings it engendered. This way of talking was natural enough in a man like Voltaire, who had not read the Bible, and had only a vague notion of its contents; but it comes with an ill grace from men brought up in a Bible-reading country. The charge is not only false, but ridiculous. Let any man, whatever his general habit of thought may be, once read the Book of Daniel attentively, and he will certainly not attribute narrowness of view to the sacred volume. In truth, the Old Testament displays a breadth and catholicity of view to which Pagan literature presents no parallel. It may be admitted, indeed, that the Jews, especially after the cessation of prophecy, were a people exceedingly narrow in their views regarding other nations, and hostile to them in their feelings. But surely that fact, instead of telling against the Old Testament Scriptures, tells powerfully in their favour. It shows that the prophets of the Old Testament were something more than "Hebrew writers;" that those critics whose favourite designation for the Bible is "the literature of the Hebrew people," have suggested to their readers a theory of the sacred writings which ignores their most vital and essential quality. The literature of a nation can only express the sentiments which live in the nation's heart. If the nation's sentiments are mean and confined, the national literature will partake of the same character. The Hebrew people were at no time competent to produce the Hebrew Scriptures by the unaided force of the national genius. "The prophecy came not in old time by the will of man, but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Pet. i. 21). Let those who disparage the sacred writings bring forward, if they can, any Gentile writer of antiquity who looks abroad over the expanse of universal history like this oracle in Daniel. The Bible stands unapproached in the quality of comprehensiveness and far-reaching vision. The modern masters of historical philosophy—M.

Guizot and his followers—have done excellent service in tracing the History of Civilization from age to age. But this science is only of yesterday; and one may well doubt whether it would ever have been born if the Bible had not prepared the way. It is to the Old Testament prophets, and particularly to the Book of Daniel, that men are indebted for the earliest examples of those bold historical generalizations which are now so familiar; and for the first correct outline of the scheme of universal history from first to last.

Universal history! The word may seem too strong. The Four Empires never embraced the whole earth. Only one of the four ever succeeded in projecting its shadow beyond the Indus. Nebuchadnezzar might imagine that all the nations of men dwelt under his branches, but we know better. India and China have been the seats of civilized peoples through all the long ages during which the Four Empires have prevailed on this side the Indus. What shall we say to the omission of them from Daniel's prophecy? The explanation commonly given is to this effect:—That Daniel's prediction took note of the Four Great Empires of the West, and of no others, because these alone were destined to be the scene of the Church's history all through the centuries of her militant and suffering state. They owe their place in sacred prophecy entirely to the circumstance that the fortunes of the covenant society were to be interwoven with theirs. The Gentile nations figure in the Bible from first to last, not in proportion to their size or wealth, but in proportion as they have come into contact with the Church of God. The explanation is certainly correct; but it requires to be supplemented, or full justice will not be done to the wisdom of God in Daniel's oracle. The connection of the Church of God with these Four Empires rather than with the "Kings barbaric" of the distant East did not fall out by chance. It has been God's plan from the beginning to bring the covenant society into close contact with just those nations whose neighbourhood was most likely to enrich it. Not once only, but many times, God's Israel have spoiled the Egyptians. Let this be duly weighed and it may help us to understand the principle on which the Four Empires were selected to figure in Daniel's oracle; possibly it may vindi-

cate the right of the oracle to be regarded as truly an outline of universal history, notwithstanding its silence about the far-off nations of the East. The truth is, that our modern civilization owes next to nothing to the nations of the Ganges and the Yellow River. Daniel's oracle defines, with prescient and unerring wisdom, the precise channel through which have come down to modern times the ideas and institutions which have made the modern world what it is. The stream of civilization has flowed down to modern Europe through Mesopotamia and Greece and Rome. Its course has therefore coincided exactly with the line of Daniel's Four Empires. Surely an astonishing coincidence!—a coincidence which puts the broad seal of heaven on Daniel's commission as a true prophet of the Most High God. The Mind which gave Daniel his wisdom and revealed to him the secrets of the future, is the same Supreme and All-controlling Mind which governs the thoughts of kings and moulds the history of the nations according to his eternal purpose, and inscrutable wisdom, and most free and sovereign will.

To do justice to all this as an argument for the supernatural inspiration of the Scriptures, it is necessary to bear in mind that Daniel's prophecy does not stand alone in the Bible. It stands in vital and organic connection with the rest of the sacred canon. It would be easy to bring out this at great length. It would be easy to show, for example, that, while the divine purpose regarding the nations finds its most comprehensive and articulate declaration in the Book of Daniel, that book forms part of a chain of similar predictions running through the whole Bible, from Genesis to the Revelation. To mention only one of the relative predictions, it is to be observed that Daniel's oracle is simply the continuation and development of a prediction delivered as many as eight hundred years before Daniel received his commission as a prophet of the Lord in the court of Nebuchadnezzar. The person by whom the prediction was delivered was not exactly the kind of man whom we should have expected to be the exponent of God's hidden purpose. He was a Gentile soothsayer; a man who would fain have prostituted his divine talent for the wages of unrighteousness. But there can be no doubt that

the Scripture attributes to Balaam the character of a prophet, by whom the Lord revealed to men certain purposes of his heart regarding the nations in the latter days. And the last of the oracles which he was constrained, sorely against his will, to pronounce in the presence of the dismayed princes of Moab, ran in these terms:—"The Kenite shall be wasted until Asshur shall carry thee away captive.....And ships shall come from Chittim, and shall afflict Asshur, and shall afflict Eber, and he also shall perish for ever" (Num. xxiv. 22-24).

This prediction of the ungodly prophet partakes somewhat of the enigmatical character so common in prophecy. But when it is read in the light of subsequent events, the meaning comes out with sufficient distinctness. Asshur and Nineveh were places of great note as early as the age of Moses. They are named in the Table of the Nations in the tenth chapter of Genesis. Thus early had the great plains of the Tigris and Euphrates become the seat of a kingdom, the fame of which reached as far as Egypt and the Mediterranean; and Balaam is enabled to predict for it a wide extension and great dominion in the latter days. He announces that a power having its seat beyond the Euphrates, and which he calls "Asshur," will one day carry captive the nations about Judea. He announces, further, that this kingdom of Asshur will, after a while, be overthrown by a maritime power, whose forces are to invade Asia from countries lying beyond the western sea; and he adds that this maritime power which is to smite Asshur will smite the Hebrew commonwealth also. That Alexander and his Greeks are denoted by "the ships of Chittim" in this ancient oracle is quite obvious; and it seems to include also the Romans, for they likewise had their home in the maritime regions of the west, and made their descent upon Asia by sea (comp. Dan. xi. 30). If by Asshur we are to understand not only the Assyrian empire, strictly so called, but the great empire of the East, which belonged in succession to the Assyrians, the Babylonians, and the Medes and Persians (and this is an interpretation which the use of the term in Scripture fully warrants), Balaam's oracle is seen to have almost as great a range as Daniel's. It foreshadowed the

rise of all the Four Empires of Nebuchadnezzar's dream.

It adds not a little to this surprising anticipation of Daniel's great prediction, that the singular person whom the Lord made use of in delivering it was a native of the distant East. The place from which the King of Moab brought Balaam to curse Israel is only indicated in a vague and general way as "the east;" still, enough is said to suggest that he came from the region beyond the Euphrates, which was from the earliest times the principal seat of the arts which Balaam professed. It is important to remember that the eastern Magi, although they dabbled in superstitious rites, were very far from being mere impostors. Like the Alchemists of a later age, they were the men of science of their day. They were the principal depositaries of the science and wisdom of the ancient world, to whom inquiring men of other nations resorted as to the fountain-head of knowledge. In Balaam, therefore, we see an early example of the order of men among whom Daniel was enrolled, and to whom kings looked for sage counsel; an example of those Magi whom God long afterwards honoured with a distinction greater even than that of having Daniel's name enrolled amongst them. When the King of the

Jews and Desire of all nations was born at Bethlehem, "star-led wizards" from the distant East had the honour of doing homage to Him, as the representatives of the Gentile nations. It is a most significant circumstance, and one which strikingly illustrates the care with which God chooses fit instruments for every service that has to be done to his kingdom, that the first rudimentary sketch of the secular Empires came from the pencil of a wise Gentile from beyond the Euphrates; and that the Hebrew prophet who filled up the sketch, and added to it the announcement of the Kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ, was one who had been carried into captivity beyond the same Euphrates, and who passed his life as the president of the Magi and a chief counsellor of the Chaldean and Medo-Persian kings. In both instances, the tokens of divine and supernatural inspiration are indubitable; for the events foretold were obviously such as the utmost sagacity, combined with the oldest experience, could not have presaged. Nevertheless, it was a fit arrangement, and altogether in harmony with God's ordinary procedure, to announce them by the ministry of men who were connected with the Gentiles, and passed their lives as the counsellors of kings.

FORBID HIM NOT.

BY THE REV. R. G. BALFOUR, EDINBURGH.

JESUS, on one occasion, in order to reprove the pride and ambition of his disciples, took a little child and set him in the midst, and said, "Whosoever shall receive this child in my name, receiveth me; and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth him that sent me: for he that is least among you all, the same shall be great." John's conscience smote him when he heard these words, for he remembered that he had very lately seen one casting out devils *in the name of Jesus*, and that so far from *receiving* him he had done the very opposite. "And John answered and said, Master, we saw one casting out devils in thy name; and we forbade him, because he followeth not with us." It was an answer on the part of John; but it was also virtually a question. "Master, were we right in doing this, or were we wrong?" It was well that he and his fellow-disciples took guilt to themselves so readily in this matter. It showed their tenderness of conscience, that they at once made application to their own case of

the word which Christ had spoken. And it showed their honesty, that they so frankly told him they had done a thing of which they had now some reason to believe that he would disapprove. It is very probable that, had it not been for the conscientiousness and candour thus displayed, their conduct would have been even more severely reprimanded.

For look at the circumstances of the case. They had seen one who was a stranger to them casting out devils in the name of Jesus. This was at least a striking proof of the celebrity which Jesus had already gained throughout the land as the great antagonist of the powers of darkness. It was a proof, too, of the influence which he exerted beyond the narrow circle of his professed disciples. This man was not like those vagabond Jews, exorcists, who, when Paul was at Ephesus, took upon them to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus. Had his been a profane attempt like theirs it would have been unsuccessful, and

would only have covered him with confusion. But he had a real belief in the power of the name of Jesus. He used it reverently and effectually for the expulsion of evil spirits from those that were possessed. This John virtually admits, when he brings no charge against him in this respect. All that he can say to his disadvantage is, "He followeth not with us." For this there may have been some good reason. Into that, however, it would seem that the disciples did not take the trouble to inquire. It was enough for them that he was not one of their company. They forbade him because they regarded his proceedings as an unlawful usurpation of their powers. They had themselves recently failed in the attempt to cast out the devil from a child brought to them by the afflicted father for the purpose. This may have made them all the more jealous of the greater success of this unlicensed practitioner. They regarded him as intruding upon their province, doing what he had no right to do without a special call. And so they forbade and hindered him. For in such a case forbidding was almost equivalent to hindering, since it was easy to disturb the faith of this undeclared follower of Christ, and so to lay an arrest upon his miracle-working power.

Such were the circumstances as John very frankly tells them. And the answer of Jesus is prompt and decided. "Forbid him not." Their conduct in hindering such a fellow-worker does not meet with the Master's approval. And why? Two reasons are given. The first is mentioned only by the evangelist Mark. "There is no man which shall do a miracle in my name that can lightly speak evil of me." The mere fact that this man was so employed was a proof that he at all events was not one of those blasphemers who said that he cast out devils through Beelzebub the prince of the devils. Does not this allusion show how deep that vile reproach had sunk into the soul of Jesus? This man at any rate was not one who could so calumniate the Son of man and blaspheme the Holy Spirit of God. It is true that one might even cast out devils in the name of Jesus and yet be an unbeliever; nay, be in the end himself cast away, as was the case with Judas, as our Lord forewarns us will be the case with many more. "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity." But then the emphasis is here to be laid on the word "lightly," or, "quickly." Jesus does not say that it is impossible for such to speak evil of him, but that he will not do it quickly. There is a presumption in his favour. He is not likely soon to become a declared enemy. Nay, more—and here follows the second reason, given both in Mark and Luke—he is to be regarded and treated as a friend, "for he that is not against us is for us."

These words present a very obvious difficulty, for they seem at first sight directly opposed to another state-

ment of our Lord (Matt. xii. 30), "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad." In the one our Lord seems to say that, if we are not against him, it is to be presumed that we are on his side; in the other, that if we are not clearly upon his side, we are really against him. But there is an important difference in the object with which the two statements were made, and the cases to which they respectively apply. The one was intended to show the impossibility of religious neutrality; the other to condemn the sectarian bigotry that would denounce those who do not follow Christ with us. When Jesus says, "He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad," he means, that if we are not positively and unequivocally on his side, we must in heart at least be hostile, for there is no middle ground. A banner has been displayed because of the truth, and all who do not rally round it must be held as still attached to Satan's interest, rebels at heart, and enemies to heaven's King. And if we are not doing work for Christ, then we are exerting whatever influence we possess in an opposite direction. All who do not gather with him are scattering abroad. This is a very solemn thought, which we shall all do well to ponder. It is a view peculiarly fitted to aid us in the work of self-examination; teaching us that our religion must be more than negative; that the attempt to steer a middle course, to serve both God and mammon, to please the Lord and yet not break with the world, is vain and futile—that such a service God will utterly reject.

But the case before us is very different: the words of the Lord on this occasion were uttered with quite another purpose. Not to guide us in examining ourselves, but to teach us how to judge the conduct of another. Here was one who did not seek to occupy that neutral ground which our Lord declared was nowhere to be found. On the contrary, he professed the name of Christ, and did his work. He professed his name, for he made use of it in casting out devils. He had faith in the efficacy of that name, and was not ashamed publicly to confess it. And he did his work; for he cast out devils, the very work which Jesus did, and his disciples after him. This man was engaged in the same work as they—doing it perhaps with even more success. Yet they interdict him; and do it for this reason, "Because he followeth not with us." Why he did not follow with them we are not told. It does not appear that Jesus asked them that question, or that the reason, whether good or bad, was ever considered by the disciples, when they rebuked him. Very probably he had never been called, as Peter was, to leave his nets, or Matthew, the receipt of custom; so that his not following with them was no proof of a factious spirit, or an unwillingness to be numbered with the disciples of the Nazarene. It was not until after this that the seventy were sent forth; and who knows but that this nameless disciple, with his tender sympathy for human suffering and his strong faith in the

power of Jesus to relieve it, may have been among the first of these?

Besides, what is it to follow Christ? The twelve seem to have thought that it meant to accompany him from place to place, witnessing his works of power, listening to his words of grace and truth. But that was a low and carnal view, as they afterwards came to know, when he was taken from them, and they found that they could still follow him, though far removed from mortal eye. "Yes," says Paul, "though we have known Christ after the flesh, yet now henceforth know we him no more." Truly to follow Christ is to imbibe his spirit, to imitate his example, to do his work. This, alas! his disciples often failed to do when he was with them in the flesh. How often did they grieve him with their unbelief and provoke him with their sinful tempers, so that he had to sigh over them as a faithless and perverse generation, saying, "How long shall I be with you, and suffer you?" How often and how painfully, even when surrounded by his attached but wayward followers, did he feel himself alone, without one on earth who could enter into the deepest feelings of his heart! This man then, for aught they knew, though not one of the privileged company whom the Lord had gathered round his person, may have been following him as truly and as faithfully as they.

Ah! but "he followeth not *with us*." There lies the gravamen of their charge—the head and front of his offending. It was his nonconformity that they could not tolerate, his presuming to infringe on their prerogative, to engage in what they regarded as their peculiar work. How great the difference between the spirit of Christ and that of his disciples on this occasion! How tolerant the Master; how intolerant the servants! The judgment of the Lord was this: "The man is doing a good work, and doing it in my name. What though there be some irregularity in point of form; let him alone; nay, rather bid him God-speed." They, on the other hand, were less anxious about God's work than about their own dignity and honour. No matter what he was doing, he did not associate with them; therefore they conclude he is against Christ, and put him down.

It reminds us—not, indeed, by way of parallel, but of contrast—of the noble answer given by Moses to Joshua, when the Lord put his Spirit on the seventy elders who were gathered round the tabernacle, and they prophesied and did not cease. But two of them, Eldad and Medad, had remained in the camp, and the Spirit rested upon them also; and they were of them that were written, but went not out into the tabernacle: and they prophesied in the camp. And when this irregularity was reported to Moses, Joshua, his servant, answered and said, "My lord Moses, forbid them." "And Moses said unto him, Enviest thou for my sake? Would God that all the Lord's people were prophets, and that the Lord would put his Spirit upon them!" Paul too, when a prisoner at Rome, showed his high-minded superiority to any such narrow, petty spirit as this, when he said,

referring to some who preached Christ of envy and strife and contention, supposing to add affliction to his bonds, "What then? notwithstanding, every way, whether in pretence or in truth, Christ is preached; and I therein do rejoice, yea, and will rejoice."

Now the reproof thus administered by Jesus to his disciples is not without its application at the present day.

1. *It condemns the bigotry of those who say, There is no salvation out of our Church.* It is lamentable to think that men calling themselves Christians should have so little of the Spirit of Christ, as either absolutely to deny the possibility of any being saved who are not of their communion, or, at least, to hand them over to what they call the uncovenanted mercies of God. As if God had given them a monopoly of saving grace, so that it could only reach the souls of men through ordinances administered by their priestly hands! How revolting must those be in the sight of God, "which say, Stand by thyself: come not near to me; for I am holier than thou! These are a snook in my nose, a fire that burneth all the day." But as for those on whom their anathemas and imprecations fall, let them comfort themselves with the thought, that "the curse causeless shall not come." To them these words apply: "Hear the word of the Lord, ye that tremble at his word; your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for my name's sake, said, Let the Lord be glorified" (they did it all in the name of religion): "but he shall appear to your joy, and they shall be ashamed."

2. *Christ here condemns those who look with a jealous eye on the labours of other Christian denominations.* There is no Church on earth that can with truth arrogate to itself perfection in constitution or infallibility in doctrine. The one which makes this claim most confidently is the most corrupt and unscriptural of all. We are not, indeed, to infer from this that it is a matter of little or no moment to what Christian denomination a man belongs. Far from it. The difference between one and another is almost always important; sometimes vital. And it is the duty of every man to judge for himself which approaches most nearly to the apostolic model, and to connect himself with that. But assuredly, when so many Christian sects are agreed upon the great essentials, and differ only on minor points, it is monstrous for any one of them to imagine that the Lord cannot or will not bless those who follow Christ, but not with them. Nay, we are bound to recognize the labours of those who are enlisted in the same great cause, but under a different flag from ours, and to rejoice in their success. To act otherwise would be to incur the guilt of offending Christ's little ones, either by discouraging and hindering their exertions, or by provoking them to anger and stirring up unseemly strife.

3. *Christ condemns the forbidding the spontaneous labours of those whom the Church has not formally authorized.* All to whom the Lord has given grace are called to labour in his service. Each member

of the Church has received some gift which he is bound to lay out for the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men; and it is the Church's duty to try to ascertain the gifts of her members, and to authorize their exercise in some appropriate field of labour. This duty, however, she may neglect; or, without any culpable neglect, she may fail to discover the gifts of all her members, and to appoint them their proper work. In such a case, it sometimes happens that a believing soul, inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, goes forth to labour in the vineyard of the Lord without the Church's formal call. Are these labourers—irregular, perhaps, in some respects—to be forbidden and condemned? Nay, let us beware of this, lest haply we be found fighting against God. Let them alone, till we see whereto the thing will grow—whether failure will prove that they have run unsent, or success will show that they have a better call than man can give. Observe that there is a great difference between bidding and not forbidding. Granting that we may feel some difficulty about stamping this unauthorized procedure with express approval, it may be our clear duty to throw no hindrance in the way, leaving the labourer to determine for himself, as in the sight of God, the path which it is proper for him to pursue.

4. *Those are here condemned, who would refuse to own as a fellow-Christian one who, with little light and many failings, has yet a sincere love to Christ.* We cannot be too severe in judging ourselves, but we are bound to be charitable in judging others. It was a true saying of an eminent saint, "Grace can live where neither you nor I could live." A man may have faults and failings, which are very noticeable and very unlovely. But does he confess Christ, and in his name seek to cast the devil out of himself and others? Then let us own him as a brother, and wish him all success. We should learn from the example of Christ himself to be very tolerant of weak disciples. We must not attempt to force them to conform to our standard all at once, even though we may be persuaded that it is the true one. We must wait until there has been gradual development and growth. Jesus did not denounce the timid discipleship of Nicodemus, but led him gently on, so that he became a bold confessor in the end. An intolerant spirit is most unbecoming in a follower of Christ. Yet how often do men cherish it, mistaking it, as the disciples did on this occasion, for zeal in their Master's cause. Let us watch against this snare, and seek to have our zeal ever tempered and restrained by Christian love.

FRANCIS XAVIER.

CHAPTER I.



WHEN, on Sept. 27, 1540, Pope Paul III. affixed the Papal seal to the Bull of "Regimini," the charter of the Order of Jesus, he attested the rise of a new empire on the earth—an empire the creation of one imperial brain. Ignatius Loyola, spending the long nights of many years in solitary meditation, aided only by the crucifix, the "De Imitatione" of Thomas à Kempis, and the New Testament, evolving, amidst agonies of devotion and raptures of ardour the scheme whereby the world was to be brought under the dominion of the cross, is one of the most marvellous pictures in history. Himself the central figure, crowned with absolute authority, bearing the sceptre of the Crucified, and ruling as conqueror never yet had ruled, over the wills and secrets of the souls of men. He had rightly estimated the stupendous might of folly, the inherent tendency to spiritual servitude, the weariness of the burden of free-will. No greater administrator, no profounder student of the mysteries of the human will and affections, has ever appeared in European history. When the dreams of the enthusiast of the cavern of Monreza became splendid realities in the career of the first superior of the Jesuits, Loyola's preternatural insight was nowhere more apparent than in his selection of agents. It may be, besides, that this man, in his stern sacrificial loneli-

ness, in the isolation of genius, in the supreme desolation of dominion, groaned for sympathy with human hearts. At all events, he inspired some of his earliest "Associates" with unbounded personal devotion. Among this number was Francis Xavier.

Xavier was born in the ancestral castle of Xavier, at the foot of the Pyrenees in 1506. His family, though noble, and allied on his mother's side to the reigning houses of Bourbon and Navarre, was grievously impoverished, and there seemed no chance in life for Francis, the youngest son, except to revive the traditional glories of his house by entering upon the profession of arms. An elder sister, however, had other views for the boy, and her fervent faith in his coming destiny induced his parents to make such pecuniary sacrifices in his behalf as enabled him to struggle on at the College of St. Barbe, in the University of Paris, until such time as he became Master of Arts and Reader in Aristotelian Philosophy. Fortune smiled upon the young Spanish grandee. Distinguished personal advantages, noble birth, a generous and joyous nature, wit and accomplishments, were a ready passport into the highest circles of the gay metropolis of France, while his learning and eloquence brought crowds of the studious to his philosophical lectures. A deep and earnest thinker on the theological questions which were then disturbing

Europe, he came into contact with many professors of the Reformed faith, and seems to have been on the verge of emancipation from the traditions of his church when his acquaintance was sought by Ignatius Loyola.

Xavier struggled for a time against a mysterious fascination, and then surrendered himself spell-bound to this master spirit. Was he courted and admired, was he neglected and disappointed, was he rich or was he poor, was he plunging into the gaieties of Paris or into the subtleties of philosophy, at his right hand for ever stood this awful querist, with the demand, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Encouraging, rebuking, ministering, the great Spaniard never relaxed his grasp of his countryman, till his strong arm had drawn him forth from amidst the fascinations of his philosophical career, and away from the seductions of Protestant influence, by the grim pathway of the "Spiritual Exercises" to the heights of Montmartre and the altar steps of St. Denys. There, at break of day, on the Feast of the Assumption, Loyola, Xavier, Laynez, Bobadilla, Rodriguez, Salmeron, and Faber, kneeling in the dim crypt before the altar, swore on the consecrated host to renounce all earthly possessions, and devote their lives to the conversion of unbelievers, specially in that land where earth's holiest places were profaned by the infidel. Never were oaths more solemn, or results more momentous. But when the subjugating eye of Loyola surveyed the kneeling band, of the future prowess of none were his hopes so high as of that of the blue-eyed Xavier, whose courtly bearing, mingling grace and dignity, seemed to other vision fitter for camp or palace than for missionary enterprise.

After this solemn act, Xavier remained for two years in Paris, exceeding his brethren in the rigour of his austerities and the fervour of his devotions; and in the winter of 1536 became the leader of their march to Rome. In a letter which he wrote from Paris to his brother in Spain, he speaks of Loyola with unbounded affection and admiration; and mentions, among other benefits derived from him, his rescue from the insidious influence of Protestant teachers. So intense was the mastery which Loyola's spirit had gained over his, that he writes:—"I declare on my conscience, and as it were under my hand and seal, that my obligations to him are far greater than a life devoted to his service can repay or even partially satisfy." In this frame of mind, he joyfully welcomed the summons to join his leader at Venice. On this eventful march Xavier travelled as a mendicant friar, in coarse clothing, and with cords bound so tightly round his limbs that the flesh at last closed over the ligatures. At Venice, where he and his companions were received by Ignatius, they entered upon menial service in the pestilential hospitals, occupied by the diseased poor of the Queen of the Adriatic. Here Xavier surpassed his brethren in exploits of ghastly self-mortification, bringing himself twice to the verge of death. In this condition, more closely akin to

that of the self-tortured fakcer than to that of a ministering apostle of Jesus Christ, he caused himself to be borne along the crowded quays of Venice, that his speechless body, lacerated by penance, attenuated by fasting, worn with vigils, and squalid with filth, might preach righteousness to the wondering people.

It was afterwards determined, with the sanction of the Pope, that the six associates should disperse themselves throughout Italy, to revive the tone of religion in the universities; and Xavier was stationed at Bologna, a seat of learning even then so famous as to attract to the foot of the Apennines the flower of the youth of Italy. During the three years so spent, the extraordinary devotion of the associates fascinated many to join their standard, unappalled by the terrors of the initiatory exercises, and Loyola formed these fervent spirits into an order, with the title of "The Companions of Jesus."

At that time Portugal possessed an empire in the East second only to our own, and King John III., partly from a sense of the responsibility of Christian rulers to the heathen ruled, and partly led by the propagandist spirit inherent in all devout Romanists, occupied himself in devising plans for bringing the "Indies" under the sway of the King of kings. Already the robes of priests of the Order of St. Francis were a familiar spectacle to the inhabitants of Travancore, Ceylon, and the Moluccas; and with a bishop at Goa, and vicars at Malacca and the Moluccas, at Guzerat, at Ormuz on the Persian Gulf, and at Mozambique and Sofala in East Africa, the Church of Rome was taking a prominent position as a missionary Church in the East. But King John, who appears to have taken the deepest personal interest in missions, was dissatisfied with the progress of the Franciscan missionaries, and besought the Pope to select men fitted to lead a new and more vigorous crusade against the religions of the East, intimating his desire that Loyola and the whole number of the "Companions of Jesus" should proceed to India.

The Reformation had crossed the Alps, and the Romish Church in Italy was threatened with the same fate which had befallen it in England and Germany. To the strategic mind of the far-seeing Loyola it had already occurred that Protestantism in Europe might be effectually weakened by a successful Romish enterprise against heathenism in Asia. But though a mission to Palestine had once captivated his imagination, India had no charms for him; nor had the Superior of the Jesuits any idea of abdicating the command-in-chief at home, or of seriously weakening the force necessary for aggressive and defensive purposes in Europe. Consequently he designated for foreign service two only, of the least eminent of his associates; and it was only when they fell ill of fever that he selected Xavier, whose singular capacities for devotion and obedience had long marked him out as a fitting leader in any enterprise which required a combination of self-

abnegation with heroism and zeal. In this summons to the Indies Xavier beheld the realization of his dreams and the fulfilment of his prophetic impulses. He had no ties to sever, save that one which bound him in intense affection to the dark-browed man, whose stern reiterated question, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" had brought him from the banks of the Seine to the Eternal City. He wept on his knees before Ignatius, kissed the Pope's feet, and bidding a last adieu to Rome, started for Lisbon on March 15, 1540, in the suite of the Portuguese ambassador—a gaunt man in a tattered cassock, with no earthly possessions but a breviary, yet the lightest-hearted member of the splendid cavalcade.

They crossed the Alps and Pyrenees, and passed near the Castle of Xavier, where the missionary's mother and sister still abode, all levity subdued, and all hearts attuned to something of that solemn enthusiasm which inspired the haggard priest. In three months they reached Lisbon, where Xavier was detained for nearly a year. Here he was introduced to King John, who not only entered warmly into his missionary projects, but encouraged him in his onset upon the carelessness and irreligion of the court. Before long the young Spanish noble had gained such an ascendancy in the palace, that the Portuguese court, in those days of its greatest splendour, wore the aspect of a religious house. The great officers of state, as well as the young nobility and pages of honour, attended the confessional of the Jesuit Fathers, and Xavier was often occupied all day and far into the night in hearing the confessions of members of the court. It then became a question of serious importance whether a man capable of wielding so powerful an influence in high places ought not to be retained in Portugal; but though Xavier, as bound by the oath of his order, held himself passive in the matter, the needs of the court never outweighed the claims of the heathen. His letters from Lisbon are full of his missionary projects, and bright with the hope of success. And, indeed, if royal influence and an intimate alliance with political power had ever speeded the cause of the Crucified among men, Xavier would have been justified in his happiest auguries for the future of his embassy. An undue reliance on the secular arm was one of his failings throughout his whole career. An exaggerated estimate of the value of the influence of Portuguese power pervades his last letter from Lisbon. But personal vanity was not an element in his character. He valued nothing for himself, but exultingly accepted all things for his work.

No missionary before or since has left European shores under auspices so splendid. The king, under whose powerful patronage he sailed, by means of a powerful navy maintained against all the powers of Europe the right of trading with the East by way of the Cape of Good Hope. The Pope had invested him with imperial rights over all the countries east of the Cape, and this empire of "the Indies" included East Africa,

Arabia, Persia, Hindustan, China, and the Indian Archipelago. A viceroy in vice-regal state resided at Goa, and each of the garrisoned Portuguese settlements on the coast had its local governor. The king directed all affairs, possessed all the revenues, and nominated to all appointments—civil, military, and commercial. The power of Portugal by land and sea had inspired the native princes with profound respect, and all of respect and authority that the crown of Portugal had won in the East was to be used by Xavier to bring "the Indies" under the sway of a higher sceptre. The king himself instructed him in the state of India, and in the methods in which he might avail himself of the royal authority in its evangelization. He also received from this prince four briefs which he had obtained from the Pope. The first gave him all the powers which the Church could bestow for the propagation of the faith in the East; the second commended him to the care of the king of Ethiopia; the third was addressed to all the princes and governors of the continents and islands between the Cape of Good Hope and the mouths of the Ganges; and the last conferred on him the rank of Papal Nuncio in Asia. The king also gave orders to his officers to provide him with everything sufficient for his maintenance, and to the new viceroy, Don Alphonso de Souza, to receive him as a guest at his own table.

Thus richly endowed both by Church and State with all that it was supposed could conduce to the success of his mission, Xavier sailed from Lisbon in the spring of 1541, at the age of thirty-five. As the troop-ship, with its precious freight of a thousand soldiers, dropped slowly down the Tagus, the plaudits which rung along the shores were neither elicited by this gallant regiment nor by the noble Viceroy of the Indies; but by the monk bound on an enterprise greater than all earthly conquest, poor to all earthly seeming, but rich in the good-will of king and people, and speeded on his way by the prayers of the whole Catholic Church. May we not add that he was rich in faith, sacramentarian as he was, and prepared to fight with some weapons which we deem carnal? Before sailing he had summed up his hopes in these words:—

"Those who are acquainted with India assure us, that as soon as the natives of India have for guides and teachers such as we are—that is, men whose whole conduct is above the suspicion of avarice—they will receive the religion of Christ. If we carry into that country the spirit of mortification, the absolute renunciation of worldly advantages, the perfect disinterestedness of which we here give a pattern, there is no doubt, they say, but that in a few years we shall have made the conquest of two or three kingdoms: that the natives will be induced to trust us in proportion as they clearly see that we are not moved by any temporal motives, but simply by the desire of saving their souls."

We trace the secret of failure in these earnest words; a failure which must have lain heavy on Xavier's soul as he lay dying ten years afterwards on the sands of

Sancion, at the threshold of the unopened gate of China. But all the future was bright to the "Apostle of the Indies," as the shores of Europe became dim in the distance.

He turned what might have been a voyage of comparative comfort into one of mortification and horror. He mingled perpetually with the crowd of soldiers, who were indulged in a license hardly credible in our day; he abjured the luxury of the viceroy's table for the refuse of the seamen's meals; his cabin-bed, for an uneasy lair on the ship's cordage; attended upon the diseased, ministered to the dying, and bore himself alike in the cultured society of the viceroy and his officers, and amidst the revolting profligacy of the main-deck, as a gentleman and a priest. Harder than missionary labours were the tasks to which he addressed himself. He devised games, exciting enough to win many of the common soldiers from gambling, fascinated them by his gay discourse, and when he could not altogether restrain the passion for play, he held the stakes for which they played, that at least he might moderate their excesses. His conduct on this and some similar matters has been much criticized; but if he followed unwisely and too daringly the footsteps of Him who was taunted with the friendship of publicans and sinners, the purity of his motives cannot be aspersed.

It was a protracted voyage, fruitful in sickness and death. In five months the ship had only reached Mozambique, where she was compelled to winter; and there, while himself prostrated with fever, Xavier crawled about among the beds of the fever-stricken, a "son of consolation," ministering alike to body and soul. In the spring of 1542, the ship sailed from Mozambique for the island of Socotra, at the entrance of the Red Sea, and tarried there for a short time. Many of the islanders were by profession Christians, and traced their Christian pedigree from St. Thomas the Apostle; but though they used incense, and kept rigid fasts, they were steeped in ignorance, knowing nothing of Christian doctrine, neglecting even the form of baptism, and worshipping formally in an unknown tongue. Xavier's spirit was stirred within him, and when the Socotrians urged him to reside among them, promising that the whole population would receive baptism, he desired to remain, to reap so great a harvest; and it required all the efforts of the viceroy to induce him to proceed to India, after baptizing only a few of the people.

At last the voyage of thirteen months terminated, and in May 1542 Xavier landed at Goa, a worn and ragged man, but rich in the reverence of the ship's company, and in the sublime force of concentrated will and enthusiasm. Goa—the centre of Portuguese power in the East, and the residence of the viceroy—was in those days a large and flourishing city, with a magnificent cathedral, a resident bishop, a full chapter of canons, a large Franciscan convent, and other religious houses. It was a city "wholly given to idolatry"—the idolatry of gold—though the whole population, native

and European, was Christian after its fashion. Xavier found as soon as he landed that he had not to encounter the darkness of heathenism, but the profounder gloom of a debased nominal Christianity, a Christianity which made Goa, as it made every Portuguese settlement along the coast, a centre of corruption to the surrounding heathendom. Through its crowded streets the indignant Jesuit passed, swinging a heavy bell, in words of no common power preaching righteousness to the mammon-worshipping inhabitants, and calling upon them to send their children to him to be instructed in the faith whose restraints they had cast aside. The population, civil and military, native, European, and half-caste, was startled and astonished, at the strange new cry in the streets, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" The children assembled round him; but not satisfied with such elementary work, he took up his abode in the loathsome hospital of Goa, where his whole time was spent in receiving confessions, catechizing children, and visiting the asylum for lepers. So five months passed away before he entered upon that work which won for him the title of the "Apostle of the Indies." Months of sorrowful disenchantment, in which the bitter lesson was stamped upon his soul, that the godlessness of Christians is the stronghold of idolatry. Xavier's feelings at this time are finely expressed in a letter which he wrote from Goa:—

"GOA, 1542.

"The miseries of a long voyage—the dealing with the sins of other people while you are oppressed with your own—a permanent abode among the heathen, and this in a land scorched by the rays of the sun—all these things are indeed trials. But if they be endured for the cause of God, they become great comforts, and the source of many heavenly pleasures. I am persuaded that those who truly love the cross of Christ esteem a life thus passed in affliction to be a happy one, and regard an avoidance of it, or an exemption from it, as a kind of death. For what death is more bitter than to live without Christ, when once we have tasted his preciousness, or to desert him that we may follow our own desires? Believe me, no cross is to be compared with this cross. On the other hand, how happy it is to live in dying daily, and in mortifying our own will, and in seeking not our own, but the things which are Jesus Christ's!

"I trust that through the prayers and merits of our holy mother, the Church, in which is my chief confidence, and through the prayers of its living members, to which you belong, our Lord Jesus Christ will sow the gospel seed in this land by my instrumentality, though a worthless servant. Especially if he shall be pleased to use such a poor creature as I am for so great a work, it may shame the men who were born for great achievements; and it may stir up the courage of the timid, when, forsooth, they see me, who am dust and ashes, and the most abject of men, a visible witness of the

great want of labourers. I will, indeed, cheerfully devote myself to be the constant servant of those who will come over here, and devote themselves to work in the vineyard of our common Lord. FRANCIS XAVIER."

Goa was but a type of the Portuguese settlements on the coast. All were at once sea-ports and garrison towns, and all consisted of a factory for trade, a military and seafaring population, baptized heathen, and half-caste children. Communication between the settlements was carried on by means of armed vessels of light draught, which also protected the commerce from the Saracen fleet, which was always hovering, and ready to swoop down upon any scantily defended town or rich galleon. Everywhere there was vice, godlessness, injustice, and occasional or chronic warfare between the warlike native tribes and the garrisons of the sea-ports. Missionary operations, properly so called, were impossible in the vicinity of such settlements; and Xavier, after five months' experience, turned his eyes over the whole East, to discover how he might best fulfil the oath of St. Denys. Not, surely, he judged, by visiting the courts of the native princes, or the seats of Hindu learning, though each of these projects came before him. At last, after much debate and much prayer, he came to a conclusion.

Christianity had been planted among the pearl-fisheries east of Cape Comorin by Michael Vass, and from the steadfastness of the neophytes under Saracen persecution, Xavier believed that he should "make many Christians." So he left Goa for the burning shores of Malabar, and lived for a year among their abject population, toiling for its evangelization for twenty-one hours out of the twenty-four, living on rice and water, and sheltering himself in a miserable hut from the fierce sun and tremendous rains. The sketch which follows—taken from his own letters to Ignatius Loyola—describes his usual mode of commencing missionary operations in India.

On his arrival at the pearl-fisheries, the two interpreters whom he had brought from Goa translated into Tamil the Ten Commandments, the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ave Maria. Xavier committed these translations to memory, and then itinerating through the villages, everywhere attracting crowds by the sound of his bell, he repeated the formularies until the boys had learned them by rote. On Sundays he assembled men, women, boys, and girls, and pronounced the Creed, Lord's Prayer, and Angelic Salutation in Tamil in a clear voice, the whole audience repeating them after him. Next, taking the Creed alone, and pausing on each article, he asked the people whether they believed. All, everywhere, with hands crossed upon their breasts, proclaimed their belief in confident tones. Then he inculcated the Decalogue as the law of Christian life, and the assemblage repeated after him the Creed and Ave Maria. Still further, the Creed was chanted again, with versicles to our Saviour and the Virgin Mary between each clause; and then the people went through the Com-

mandments, repeating appropriate versicles, a Pater-noster, and an Ave Maria after each one. Lastly, the General Confession and the Creed were recited, and after an exhortation in which Christian doctrine and discipline were stated, the rite of baptism was administered to the catechumens. The proceedings closed with a *Salve Regina*. The letter describing this mode of procedure is, like all Xavier's correspondence, simple narrative, free from the slightest suspicion of mis-statement or exaggeration. So great was the multitude brought within the pale of the visible Church, that it often happened that Xavier's hands failed with the fatigue of baptizing, and his speech with repeating the formularies. Thirty villages were brought over to Christianity; simple churches were erected, the cross took its place on the roof of every dwelling; and in each village Christian worship was held on festival days, under the presidency of persons appointed by Xavier, but who received among them from the viceroy 4000 gold rupees for their services.

It is painful to be compelled to come to the conclusion that the unwearied labours of this devoted missionary were not as fruitful as he believed them to be; indeed it is difficult to understand how the results could have satisfied a man of his intelligence and piety. We cannot say anything as regards the thousands of baptized infants, who died, as he says, "with the robes of their baptismal innocence unsullied," except that we believe that they would have beheld their Father's face in heaven without the sacramental rite; but the system which this pious man pursued, and which he himself likens to "grinding" men into becoming Christians, was much like building a great house upon the shifting sands. He obtained the assent of ignorant men to statements embodying facts which, if true, upset every one of their beliefs as to things spiritual and natural, and the profound bearing of which upon their personal history they were incapable of understanding, coming as it did through the lips of interpreters, themselves imperfectly versed in the meaning of the formularies. Long after these baptisms, Xavier wrote that these men had translated the first words of the creed "I believe" (*credo*) as "I will" (*volo*). To this day it remains a matter of doubt whether he ever acquired the languages of the peoples among whom he laboured; and between the statement of his worshippers, that the gift of tongues fell upon him at Cape Comorin, and that of his detractors, that his teaching was never anything more than mere outward seeming and unmeaning form, we are unable to ascertain the truth. Still, with all the deductions which we must make from the exaggerated estimate of his success on the fishing coast, and with our knowledge of the subsequent failure and decay of this and other missions, it remains certain that very large numbers embraced Christianity, and that hundreds of the converts clung to the new faith with a tenacity which enabled them to brave a furious storm of persecution, which swept over them after their teacher and father in Christ had returned to Goa.

For a merciless invasion of the Badages swept away the infant church of Comorin, and sent many of the babes in the faith to join "the noble army of martyrs." It is not possible to doubt that the members of this martyr-church who were faithful unto death, even under such imperfect teaching as we have described, had learned that which made them wise unto salvation. Amidst the twilight shadows they surely saw and embraced the Man of Sorrows, and the early crown of martyrdom was placed upon their brows by Him who hath "opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers." Six thousand horsemen and twenty thousand infantry swooped down upon these wretched fishermen, with the determination to expunge Christianity from the coast. Their simple chapels were destroyed, their crosses trampled under foot, their huts levelled with the earth, many of the converts were cruelly put to death, a large proportion were taken away as captives, some escaped to the barren shores of Manapur, and the rest, refusing with their brethren to abjure their faith, were driven into caverns overhanging the sea to perish of hunger and thirst.

No sooner was the news received at Goa, than Xavier, whose heart melted into the tenderest and most active sympathy for his beloved baptized flock, freighted twenty country boats with provisions, and started with them himself; but adverse winds, after buffeting him about for eight days, compelled him to land among the refugees at Manapur. But circumstances were powerless to thwart this heroic man. He went on foot to Comorin, a distance of fifty miles, and his own graphic pen describes the state in which he found his thirty villages of converts.

"COMORIN, 1544.

"Never did I witness a more wretched spectacle. Attenuated countenances, ghastly with famine; the foul carnage throughout the country—here unburied corpses, there the sick and wounded at the last gasp; decrepit old men fainting from age and want; women giving

birth to children on the public roads, their husbands unable to procure help; all in the extremity of one common destitution. If you could have looked upon such a sight as I did, your heart would also have been pierced to the quick by pity. I have provided for the transport of all the poor to Manapur, where already the greater part of this afflicted people is receiving from us the succour we can render. Pray our God that he will touch the hearts of the rich with pity for these most unfortunates withering away in destitution.

"FRANCIS XAVIER."

This thrilling letter produced such an effect throughout the wealthy Portuguese settlements, that liberal collections were made everywhere for those who had suffered the loss of all things, and Xavier was not only able to provide transport to Manapur for all the sufferers, but to furnish them with boats in which to escape at the first alarm by the enemy. He also took measures to prevent similar misfortunes falling upon other villages, by organizing a service of watchmen to give timely notice of the approach of assailants, by obtaining a gun-boat to protect the flight, and lastly by interceding with the King of Travancore to repress the violence of the Badages. But later in the same year, a like calamity befell Tuticorin, when the governor and crowds of all ages were driven to take refuge on some inhospitable rocks. Xavier's letter on this occasion, full of fire and gentleness, of remembrance and forgetfulness of wrongs, of delicacy and sympathy, is most honourable to his heart and his Christianity! Indeed, his living human sympathies, his deep capacity for loving, his tenderness for the sensitiveness of other men, and his boundless and uncalculating philanthropy, are utterly at variance with our conventional ideas of a Jesuit. With these noble deeds of succour, and the dispatch to Europe of an eloquent and stirring appeal on behalf of Indian missions, as stimulating and appropriate now as then, closes the first chapter of Xavier's missionary career. I. L. B.

THE CRY OF THE CHRISTIAN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF RACINE.



GOD, within my heart entwined,
I feel, in deadly, bitter fight,
One spirit striving after light,
To serve and keep thee still in mind:
Another, casting all behind,
Would revel in the darkest night.

The one, all heavenly, divine,
Fain would approach thy sapphire throne;
Thrilling with every angel-tone,
Counts all as nought but what is thine:
The other keeps me all supine,
Or leaves me desolate, alone.

EDINBURGH, 25th January 1871.

Alas! alas! my cruel fate!
The peace I seek I cannot find;
I will—but powerless is my mind;
I wish—alas! the direst strait!
I do the evil that I hate;
The good I love, cast to the wind.
O Sun of Grace, pour healing rays,
And make me with myself at one;
Make me all thine, and thine alone;
Kindle within this heart a blaze
Of love divine, to serve always,—
This slave of sin, this heart of stone.

W. R. H.

"THE ROOT OUT OF A DRY GROUND."

ISAIAH LIII. 2.

FOR he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him."

A well-known paraphrase thus renders this verse,—

"The Saviour comes! no outward pomp
Bespeaks his presence nigh;
No earthly beauty shines in him
To draw the carnal eye.

"Fair as a beauteous tender flower
Amidst the desert grows,
So alighted by a rebel race
The heavenly Saviour rose."

If attention be directed to the second of these fine stanzas, it will, we think, be evident that the sentiment expressed in the first two lines does not thoroughly harmonize with that conveyed by the second two. According to the former, the plant is so undeniably beautiful, that to be admired it requires only to be seen; but, unhappily, this is well-nigh impossible, since it grows remote from the haunts of men, possibly by some old watercourse in the desert wild. Had it sprung up in a garden, or on the roadside, or in some mossy dell to which people were accustomed to resort, it would have called forth expressions of the warmest delight. On this view there is nothing in itself and nothing in the minds of men to prevent its appreciation; all that stands in the way is the solitary nature of what botanists would call its *habitat*—the place where it grows. In short, the idea is quite the same as that embodied in the well-known lines,—

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

When, however, we turn next to the concluding portion of the verse in the paraphrase under consideration, we find clear reference made to a state of things far more serious in its character. The statement given forth is this,—

"So alighted by a rebel race
The heavenly Saviour rose."

The previous idea that man had no proper opportunity of judging respecting Messiah's claims has disappeared; and it is asserted, by implication at least, that convincing evidence on the subject had actually been afforded. But the minds and hearts before which this evidence was laid were those of rebels against God, whose prejudices prevented them from coming to a correct conclusion on any spiritual matter; and in consequence He was slighted who should have been welcomed as of priceless value. The other verses of the paraphrase

agree with this darker estimate of man's conduct to the Saviour. Such lines, for instance, as the following occur,—

"Rejected and despised of men."

"We held him as condemned by heaven,
An outcast from his God."

"Wronged and oppressed, how meekly he
In patient silence stood."

"With impious show of law condemned,
And numbered with the dead."

If we turn next to the authorized English rendering of the verse whose meaning we are now investigating, we may detect in it, though not at all so clearly as in the paraphrase, the two ideas which so ill harmonize. The second of the two is so obvious that it is sure to force itself on the notice even of the most casual reader. The first, however, requires closer attention to reveal its existence. To find it, let the effort be made to isolate from the context the single clause, "For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant," and then to give to the word *tender* its natural meaning. The idea suggested to the mind will in all probability be this: The Messiah shall grow up like a tiny, delicate, beautiful flower, which would be sure to become a universal favourite if men only stopped to examine it, but which is apt to escape notice and appreciation from its very delicacy and inconspicuousness. But statements very different from this are made in the remaining portion of the verse: "And as a root out of a dry ground: he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him." It is obvious that the word which introduces the want of harmony is *tender*, and suspicion arises that it may not be a perfectly accurate rendering of the original.

The primary Hebrew root from which the word here translated *tender* comes, literally means to suck. It occurs in the following, among other passages: "Why did the knees prevent me? or why the breasts that I should suck?" (Job iii. 12). "He shall suck the poison of asps" (xx. 16). "They shall suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasures hid in the sand" (Deut. xxxiii. 19). Identically the same word as that in the passage in Isaiah occurs in the following verses: "He is green before the sun, and his branch shooteth forth in his garden" (Job viii. 16). "For there is hope of a tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branch thereof will not cease" (xiv. 7). "The flame shall dry up his branches" (xv. 30). "Thus saith the Lord God; I will also take of the highest branch of the high cedar, and will set it; I will crop off from the top of his young twigs a tender one, and will plant it upon a high mountain and eminent" (Ezek.

xvii. 22). "His *branches* shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon" (Hosea xiv. 6).

When these passages and others of the same nature are viewed in conjunction, then it becomes apparent, we think, that two ideas enter into the signification of the word rendered *tender*. The first is the sucking characteristic, generally expressed by the botanical term succulence; and the second, that immaturity which we associate with "twigs," "branches" but recently put forth, and shoots which come up or "sprout" from the still living stump of a tree that has been shortly before cut down. These two ideas beautifully fit into each other, for the character of succulence attaches more to young shoots or twigs than to vegetable structures of more mature age. We would translate,—

"For he shall grow up before him as a succulent shoot,
And as a root out of a dry ground."

An interesting fact now clearly appears; namely, that at the time when men decided unfavourably on the plant, *it was not in flower*. In place of being "the beauteous tender flower" of the paraphrase, it was the root out of a dry or desert ground; or at furthest, the shoot which had just sprouted, and which the trained botanist, imbued with the humility of true science, would have refused at that initial stage of its development as a member of the desert flora to reject. But "fools rush in where angels fear to tread;" and those who knew little or nothing of vegetable characteristics dogmatically pronounced the plant the reverse of beautiful, without inquiring into its affinities, or making the smallest effort to forecast the nature of its flower.

Their method of procedure seems to have been a very sweeping one. Everything in the desert was hideous, plants included. Or if we do them wrong in supposing that they went no deeper into the case than this, at least they generalized so far as to say that succulence quite marred beauty among the not numerous desert plants. Such of our readers as are familiar with nature know that various succulent species in the British flora grow on the tops of dry walls, or among the sand dunes along the shore. It is so to even a larger extent in the actual desert. Turning to a standard work on systematic botany,* and selecting from it those families of plants which are the most succulent, we find the following statements made respecting the localities they inhabit:—

1st, *The Cactus, or Indian Fig Family*.—Affinities: "That remarkable distension or increase of the cellular tissues of plants, from which the name of succulent is derived, is no indication of natural affinity, but is rather to be considered a modification of structure common to all orders." Geography: "Hot, dry, exposed places are the favourite stations of Indian figs, for which they

are peculiarly adapted, in consequence of the imperfect evaporating pores of their skin—a circumstance which, as De Candolle has shown, accounts for the excessively succulent state of their tissue" (pp. 746, 747).

2nd, *Mesembryaceæ. Ficoids*.—"The hottest sandy plains of the Cape of Good Hope nourish the largest part of this order" (p. 525).

3rd, *The Purslane Family*.—"They are always found in dry parched places" (p. 501).

4th, *The House-Leek Family*.—"They are found in the driest situations, where not a blade of grass nor a particle of moss can grow, on naked rocks, old walls, sandy hot plains, alternately exposed to the heaviest dews of night and the fiercest rays of the noon-day sun. Soil is to them a something to keep them stationary rather than a source of nutriment, which in these plants is conveyed by myriads of mouths invisible to the naked eye, but covering all their surface, to the juicy beds of cellular tissue which lie beneath them" (p. 345).

Need we proceed further in the effort to show that the plants of dry and desert places are many of them succulent. The succulence of the shoot mentioned in the verse of Isaiah now under investigation was caused not merely by its immature condition, but also by its desert *habitat*. The clauses—

"For he shall grow up before him as a succulent shoot,
And as a root out of a dry ground"—

constitute the translation of a Hebrew couplet; and by the ordinary rules of Old Testament poetry, both lines of the couplet have nearly if not quite the same meaning. The plant is not merely immature, but it is a desert species; and partly from the one cause, partly from the other, it is succulent. This being the case, botanical science can throw light on the other clauses of the verse. The charge, at first sight startling, is made: "He hath no form;" that is, no form or shape that will fall in with preconceived ideas on the subject. This is a frequent characteristic of succulent plants. Take, for instance, some of the uninitiated into a greenhouse, and ask them to describe one of the more abnormal species of cactus, and they will be almost sure to regard it as a series of leaves fixed in a line end to end; while the structure really is—a stem with great compressed succulent joints. All the species of cactus are believed to have come originally from America; but there are plants undeniably of the Old World almost quite as formless as the cactus, visions of which may have been before the prophet's eye when he wrote. We have seen tropical *euphorbiaceæ* of this character in their native haunts in the East. At the same time, there is a reason why we cannot regard the plant Isaiah had in view as belonging to the *euphorbiaceæ*. It is, that the most notably succulent species of that great family have inconspicuous flowers; whereas the verse requires us, we have no hesitation in saying, to consider it to have been the very reverse with the desert plant. Here we are led on to mention a very important feature

* Lindley's "Vegetable Kingdom." Third edition. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1853.

about succulent plants. Many of them have beautiful flowers. Take, for instance, the little stone-crop (*Sedum acre*), with which we are so familiar, having so often seen it ornamenting the tops of walls, or enlivening with its golden hue the thatched roof of a cottage. How fresh it remains too after the botanist has brought it home, compared with plants framed on another model which soon wither and die! Or let us return again to the cactus. We took it as the most familiar illustration of the *formless* character of succulent plants. But will any one who, seeing it ere it has come into bloom, may have denounced it as uncouth in shape, and not particularly, if at all, attractive, retain his opinion unmodified after its splendid, though it must be admitted fugitive, flower comes forth? According, then, as one sees the plant of the wilderness in the earlier or in the later stage of its development is his opinion of it likely to be adverse or favourable. We refer solely to those unacquainted with botany. Those skilled in that science can in many cases forecast the nature of the flower ere yet it has appeared; and even if they cannot, they will suspend their judgment, and refuse, in the absence of evidence, to give forth an unfavourable verdict.

How wonderfully accurate the foreshadowing thus afforded of the reception men were to accord to the Divine Messiah! In the counsels of eternity it had been planned that there should be two well-marked stages in his history,—the one the state of humiliation, and the other that of exaltation. The verse under review refers solely to the former. During the period of humiliation Jesus resembled first the desert root—a lowly infant in a manger, left to lodge with cattle, because all dwellings properly fitted for human habitation were occupied by people regarded as of too great social status to be displaced. It was no better

when, from the desert root, a succulent shoot in due time came forth, and the plant passed into a second stage. "Can there any good thing come forth out of Nazareth?" (John i. 46) was the inquiry made. "Is not this the carpenter's son?" it was asked again. "Is not his mother called Mary? and his brethren, James, and Joses, and Simon, and Judas? and his sisters, are they not all with us?" (Matt. xiii. 55, 56.)

But in due time his "exaltation" began. It is in progress still. It is as if at the proper season a remarkable flower-bud appeared at the termination of the stem, or, it may be, a whole series of them peeped forth in the axils of the leaves which now clothed the once despised desert plant. Unfavourable opinions could no longer be maintained. And when the day comes that shall witness every flower-bud completely open, and the shoot which strangely grew up in a wilderness all gorgeous with bloom, burning shame shall be felt by those who once denounced it as "without form," and said that it had no beauty to make it an object of their desire. To dismiss the botanical comparison so long maintained, the unfavourable verdict passed on Jesus, when long ago he came to the world with glory veiled, shall be thoroughly reversed at his second appearing—

"Can this be he once wont to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway,
Oppressed by power, and mocked by pride,
The Nazarene—the crucified?"

Yes! it is even he. Unappreciated while he sojournd on earth, all worlds now acknowledge him; and his condescension in permitting himself to be rejected, and despised, and put to death, elicits the praises of numbers numberless, and is celebrated through all succeeding ages in ceaseless song.

B. H.

"CHEER HIM"

IN one of our large cities a fire broke out in a lofty dwelling. It was near midnight, and the flames had made headway before they were discovered. The fire companies rallied; the inmates escaped in affright; and the firemen worked with a will to subdue the flames. The smoke had become so thick that the outlines of the house were scarcely visible, and the fiery element was raging with fearful power, when a piercing cry thrilled all hearts, as they learned that there was one person yet unscathed within the building.

In a moment a ladder was swung through the flames and planted against the heated wall, and a brave fireman rushed up its rounds to the rescue.

Overcome by the smoke, and perhaps daunted by the hissing flames before him, he halted and seemed to hesitate. It was an awful scene. A life hung in the balance, and each moment was an age.

"Cheer him!" shouted a voice from the crowd; and a wild "Hurrah!" burst like a tempest from the beholding multitude. That cheer did the work; and the brave fireman went upward, amid smoke and flame, and in a moment descended with the rescued one in his arms.

Friend, brother, when you see a brave soul battling with temptation, struggling under the cross, rushing forward to rescue dying men, and yet faltering in an hour of weakness or a moment of peril, then "cheer him!" Give him a word of cheer to encourage his fainting spirit. Let him know that friendly eyes are watching his toils, and loving hearts are throbbing in unison with his. And as a pebble's fall may change a river's course, so your words of sympathetic kindness may uplift a drooping heart, and fix its faltering purpose for a noble life.—*American Paper*.

THE SPIRITUAL BODY ACCORDING TO LAW.*

[This is in several respects a very remarkable book. It is valuable both for its matter and for its method.

Its subjects are chiefly those which touch Revelation on the one hand, and scientific research on the other. Some of the objective results presented may, to most readers, seem new and startling; but, whether they accept these results or suspend their judgment, we venture to think that they will find it profitable, both intellectually and spiritually, to study them as they are set forth in this volume. The discussions tend to interest and elevate.

The work is valuable, however, as much for its method as for its matter. By method we do not mean merely the logical arrangement of its parts; we refer mainly to the refreshing freedom and boldness with which the author steps forth in his own path between Revelation and Science, equally at home in both, without any tinge of jealousy or dread of reciprocal encroachments. He accepts the Scriptures as the inspired Word of God with simple and unquestioning trust, and yet welcomes all actual or possible results of physical inquiry with a cheerful enthusiasm. For him opposition between the Word of God and the system of Nature is not conceivable; and he sets himself fearlessly to rectify mistaken interpretations on both sides alike. We consider that this book makes a valuable contribution both to science and theology by the absolute freedom with which it seeks to find the truth in both—its cheerful readiness to give up any preconception when evidence of its falseness is found in any quarter. He is not one of those who count the foundation of the Bible so feeble that they must run in between it and every speculation that threatens to become adverse. The author (anonymous) does not dread scientific discovery; neither does he admit it reluctantly, as one that cannot help it. He welcomes all that comes, and longs for more with a simple and outspoken enthusiasm. Believing that this Lighthouse is firmly founded on the rock, he sees with a smile the advance of the tide; exults to mark the sea-waves surging all around it. He has been so guided by its light himself, that he knows it will continue to direct into the haven all the tempest-tossed who steer by it, until the time come when "there shall be no more sea."—Ed.]



HE Bible bids us believe that, at the resurrection, we shall have bodies differing from our present bodies, not so much in their appearance † as in their capabilities. They are to be fashioned like to Christ's resurrection body and the bodies of the angels, which, though composed of "flesh and bones," were possessed of powers of which our natural bodies are altogether incapable. They could become invisible to the natural sight (Luke xxiv. 31). They could pass through material obstacles (John xx. 19; Acts xii. 7); and they could rise in the air in apparent opposition to the laws of gravitation, besides exercising other powers which we call miraculous, for no other reason than that they are supernatural; that is to say, they are beyond the power and capabilities of our natural bodies. It is usual to say that, in all such cases, the laws of Nature were suspended, and that what was done was contrary to law. This is a grievous mistake, and pregnant with mischief in whatever way we view it. For example, it gives a handle to the infidel to reject all testimony on the subject, because he tells you

that what you ask him to believe is simply an impossibility.

We ought not to throw unnecessary stumbling-blocks in the way of scientific men who believe in the inviolability of the natural laws.* We

* Even a miracle is not necessarily a violation or suspension of the laws of nature. Nowhere does Scripture represent it to be so; nor does the purpose of a miracle require that it should be so defined. A miracle is the supernatural act of a supernatural agent acting according to law—that is to say, acting according to the supernatural laws—and the purpose of a miracle is to prove the intervention of a supernatural agent, or (as is not at all impossible) that supernatural powers are exercised by a natural agent. It is a great mistake to suppose that God alone works miracles. We cannot even be certain that anything which Scripture calls a miracle was done without some intermediate agent. If, then, a miracle be defined to be the supernatural acting of a supernatural agent, according to law, then any supernatural agent can work a miracle. Miracles may, with God's permission, be wrought by Satan and other unclean spirits, as well as by angelic power; and we are informed that in the last times these miracles will be wrought (2 Thess. ii. 9; Rev. xiii. 14; xvi. 14; xix. 20). To suppose that Satan or any other creature has the power of suspending God's laws, which are God's special agency, is to suppose an impossibility. There may be some supernatural agents who have greater power than others; but in every case this power is limited, and must act according to law. We do not, and dare not, say that God cannot suspend the natural laws—we cannot even affirm that he never did. But as Scripture does not say that miracles are a suspension of these laws, no man is entitled to found an argument against miracles on the supposition that it does. It is nothing more than a supposition resorted to in order to explain what our present faculties cannot understand, and cut a knot which, in our present state of being, we feel ourselves unable to unloose. Analogy leads us to infer, that as vegetation is a super-inorganic effect produced by a super-inorganic agent, acting according to super-inorganic law, so may it be with the supernatural; and as the organic laws are *over and above* the inorganic, without violating or suspending them, so are the supernatural laws superadded to the natural, and co-operate with, without ever suspending them. It is for those who deny the possibility of miracles to prove the *non-existence* of supernatural agents, and the impossibility of any laws higher than those with which we are already acquainted. No true philosopher would ever attempt it.

* From "Primeval Man Unveiled; or, The Anthropology of the Bible." London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

† "Some have entertained angels unawares" (Heb. xiii. 2). They were unrecognized by Abraham, Lot, Manoah, and others; and the resurrection body of Christ was not observed to be different from a natural body. Mary at the sepulchre, and the two disciples at Emmaus, conversed with him without suspecting any difference.

should remember that their whole system is based upon it. Of what use would their observations, or their experiments, or their calculations be without it? There may be anomalies and apparent contradictions in Nature, and scientific men are often perplexed and disappointed in their expectations and experiments: residuary differences are left in their hands, where they expected all things to agree; but, they account for all such cases, either by the imperfection of their instruments, or by errors in their calculations, or, by what sometimes is found to be the true cause, the introduction of a new element of whose existence they were not previously aware; but they never allow even the shadow of a suspicion to rest on their minds as to the infinite perfection of God's physical administration. To ask them to believe in the instability of law and its occasional suspension, is to ask, not faith, but, *as they think*, the surrender of their faith in the very intuitions of their nature.

It is not necessary to suppose that the supernatural acts of supernatural agents are violations of law. They may be acting quite as much according to law in their spiritual bodies as we in our natural bodies. Their action may appear miraculous to us, but that is only because we do not understand the supernatural condition of the spiritual body, and the supernatural laws according to which it acts.

Approach them upon another tack, and you will at once observe a change. Tell them that there is another administration higher than any with which they are acquainted, and that that administration is also according to law; you at once engage their attention, and although they may not believe you, they will never say that it is impossible. In fact, to true philosophers there is not anything impossible, except the violation of law. This higher administration is the very thing of which they are in quest, and which all the analogies of nature would lead them to expect. They have found that above the inorganic administration there is the vegetable, above the vegetable there is first the animal, and above the animal may there not be the spiritual, with laws as truly distinct from those of the animal, as those of the animal are from those of the vegetable administration? Nor does it present itself

only as a possibility; even already they find that they have approached the confines of a mysterious region unknown to their philosophy, and from time to time are startled by the occurrence of phenomena which do not belong to any known administration. In the language of an eloquent writer, it may be remarked that "there exists in every human being a vast, dimly-lighted region, of unknown extent and unascertained resources, a world of which we as yet know too little even to define its boundaries.....Far off there is a murmur as of the ocean, and we hear, far inland, the rush and roar of a mighty cataract; dark untracked woods are around us, and through them the river of life flows down. All that we as yet know of our nature tends to awaken surmises as vague and wild as were those of Cortez when he gazed 'silent upon a peak of Darien.'"

In God's works of creation and providence there are what may be called different administrations, each of which has this in common, that it carries on its own government distinct from, and independent of, the others. It is the co-ordinate jurisdiction of these independent administrations that gives rise to what, to us, appears to be inconsistency and miracle; but that is only because our present natures are incapable of grasping the idea of a unity so grand, or appreciating the harmony of a chord so profound.

Some of these administrations we know, but who would be so presumptuous as to say that we know them all, or that those which we do not know must be intelligible to our present capacities. Might we not learn a lesson of humility from a review of those administrations which have successively appeared? For example, let us go back in imagination to the time when the earth was a stranger to either plants or animals, when the inorganic laws were the only administration which had yet appeared. Even then Nature was grand and lovely, and even then there were sciences which, in their height and depth, are not even yet perfectly explored. Astronomy, geology, inorganic chemistry, mineralogy, optics, electricity, and others, were all at that time complete, and independent of any creation which might yet be superadded. Already had the exhaustless resources of creative power been dis-

played in the glorious mechanism of the heavens ; and even our own world was at that time replete with beauty and grandeur, with its rolling ocean and its everlasting hills—now lit up with golden sunshine, and then quietly sleeping under the gentle radiance of the moon ; with the iceberg and the glacier, the avalanche and the thunderstorm, to give variety to its scenery. Let us imagine an intelligent being to have been introduced to the world at such a time, and told that a new creation was about to appear ; how would it have been possible for him to conceive or imagine the vegetable kingdom ? It is easy for us now to imagine and comprehend it when we have seen it, but it would have been utterly impossible for us to do so then. Now that we have a vocabulary of plants and trees, of roots and stems, of leaves and flowers, of fruits and seeds, of life and death, we can describe what vegetation and vegetable life might mean ; but before that vocabulary was formed, how would it have been possible to do so ? The nearest approach of inorganic to organic structure is the crystal ; and were we to attempt to describe the coming creation of the vegetable kingdom by the inorganic vocabulary, how very unintelligible would be the description ? We should talk of a whole kingdom of crystals about to be formed, in which the deoxidizing power of the sun's rays was to be turned to account in forming strange substances hitherto unknown to chemistry. We should say that systems of these crystals would secede from the catholic unity of Nature, and set up for themselves independent interests, forming each for itself a little universe of its own ; that presently existing substances would be absorbed into cycles of mysterious sequences, whence they would be again expelled in forms in which they could not be recognized. Water, without losing its power of gravitation, would ascend in microscopic streams, five, twenty, fifty, or even a hundred feet high, and there, spread out, would be decomposed, its oxygen dismissed, and its hydrogen united to carbon found in the air, forming a hydrocarbon ; and to complete the mystery, "force" would ascend into another and higher sphere, obey different laws, and form an entirely new administration. We ask, Could any creature have conceived such an idea before it was re-

vealed ? And when the actual realization was presented for the first time, how completely would any created being be lost in wonder and admiration at the new universe that had sprung up around him !

But we must allow fancy to take yet another flight, and consider how the same intelligence would be exercised if, upon the basis of the vegetable kingdom, he were called to expect another and higher administration to rise from this higher platform. The vocabulary is now enlarged, and plants, not crystals, must furnish the nomenclature of the new creation. He is told that an entirely new kingdom of plants is to be called into existence, having an equally luxuriant variety of form and character, but built upon an entirely different type. Instead of living by the direct power of the sun's rays, these new plants are to live by reoxidizing that which had been deoxidized ; that the plants, instead of being fixed in the ground, are to move upon their branches, or fly upon their leaves ; that they are to carry about with them their roots, gathered up into a sack filled with the juices ready made, intended to be absorbed into their systems. Again, we ask, Who could have conceived the existence of such an administration before the animal kingdom had been actually seen ?

We might continue the ascent from the beast to man, in which there are new elements, such as reason, science, conscience, and fellowship with God. The ascent in each case is so sudden, so great, so unimaginable, that in each case it requires a higher power of conception to receive them. New regions are discovered, where no region was suspected to exist ; and when wisdom and imagination had been overwhelmed by the exuberance of creative power, another height suddenly opens above our head where all had seemed immeasurably high, and another profound opens beneath our feet where all had appeared immeasurably deep. When God seemed to have exhausted creation's resources in the endless profusion of beauty and grandeur in the vegetable kingdom, suddenly there bursts forth a fresh eruption of magnificent conception and creative glory in the animal kingdom. And when above that again there rises into existence a moral universe displayed in the creation of man, in this, as in each

previous ascent, we appear to have acquired new faculties, in order to rise to its conception ; and after being lost in wonder, we are again doubly lost in our helpless incapacity to wonder more.

The effect of all this on the higher intelligences is to make them cover their faces with their wings, to say, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts ! the whole earth is full of thy glory." The effect upon other minds is—simply atheism. Not that their intellectual and moral perceptions are different, but one of the springs of their moral nature has been broken, and lost its hold ; so that their wonder goes round and round without ever finding a God.

Now, there are two things which inevitably press themselves upon our attention here ; the first of which is the extreme likelihood of the existence of another and higher administration beyond those of which we are already cognisant ; and the second is, that all analogy would suggest that this higher and unknown administration should be as unlike the present known administration, in its subjects and its laws, as the organic is unlike the inorganic, or as the moral and intellectual are unlike the vegetable and the animal. It is under these circumstances that the "supernatural" administration presents itself to our notice.

We might, perhaps, object to the word "supernatural," as not altogether a fair representation of that which the Bible reveals as spiritual ; as if, being supernatural, it implied a suspension or violation of the natural laws. But we accept the word as a convenient one, and not untrue, although, at the same time, we protest against the assumption that the supernatural is not according to law. The organic world is not one whit less subject to law than the inorganic, and the moral and intellectual is not one whit less subject to law than the organic. If there be, then, another administration called the supernatural, there is no reason why it should not be as subject to law as the others. It is true that the laws may be different ; but that is no more than is to be expected. The organic administration does not administer the inorganic laws, and the moral and intellectual administration does not administer the organic laws. Each administration has its own laws, and therefore we should expect that

the supernatural should possess a code of its own, and that these should be as inviolable as any of the laws of the administrations below. The word "supernatural" is not an unhappy word, not only because it expresses that which is popularly understood to be its meaning, but also because it has something like Scripture authority for its adoption ; and being indefinite in its application, and only relative in its definition, is well suited to express either one or more administrations which may happen to be above the "natural."

According to St. Paul's teaching, the resurrection body is called a *spiritual* body, and is distinguished from our present bodies, which are called "*natural*" bodies, by its supernatural powers and functions. Adopting, therefore, the phraseology of Paul, the laws and administration under which all our present experiences take place may most properly be called "*natural* ;" the laws and administration under which the resurrection bodies, corresponding with the angelic, will be placed, may most properly be called the "*supernatural* ;" and it is this the possibility of which is denied. Now, we affirm that the "*supernatural*" is not only *not impossible*, as some scientific men affirm, but, looking at the matter in the light of analogy, it is most probable and most likely. Of course, we admit that the possibility of a thing, or even its extreme probability, does not prove its existence ; and we also admit that very conclusive proof of the existence of the supernatural is required : but what we complain of is, that these men will not even admit it into court, because they say that it is "*impossible* ;" and, instead of collecting, examining, and weighing proofs, they first declare that the proofs *must be* false, and then exercise their ingenuity in trying to dispose of them. Loyalty to their creed demands that each proof must somehow or other be broken ; their only anxiety, therefore, is to find the point at which the fracture may most conveniently be made.

Is it the apparent mystery and miraculous nature of the supernatural administration that repels them ? We have seen how the phenomena of the vegetable kingdom wore an air of mystery and apparent miracle when the vocabulary of the inorganic kingdom was used to describe them ; and how the phenomena of the animal kingdom

wore an air of mystery and miracle when the vocabulary of the vegetable kingdom was used to describe them ; how then should we expect it to be otherwise when we rise from the natural to the supernatural ! Having to use the vocabulary of the natural administration (for we have no higher) to describe the phenomena of the supernatural, how could it be otherwise than that it should invest with an air of mystery and apparent miracle an administration in which there is in reality none ?

Why should we suppose that we are already acquainted with all God's administrations ? We detect, even in the theory of Darwin, an aspiration after, and expectation of, something higher than the present man. Even he sets no limit to development, because all analogy teaches him that there must be something higher. But he forgets that in previous elevations there were not only successive developments, as he calls them, but also successive platforms, rising one above another by abrupt and lofty transitions. Between the inorganic life of oxidation and the vegetable life of deoxidation there was an impassable gulf, because there was antagonism ; and between the de-oxidation of vegetable life and the re-oxidation of animal life there was a second impassable gulf, because again there was antagonism. These were not developments, but antagonisms ; and therefore the successive elevations were accomplished by successive platforms, not by gradual ascents. He must also acknowledge that not only the subjects, but the administrations are different. With each successive platform there arose a new administration, so that their substances and their immaterial forces were not more different than their laws.

As regards the present, therefore, even though everything were conceded to Mr. Darwin that he demands, he has only accounted for one-half of the phenomena, by his hypothesis of development without abrupt transitions, whereas Scripture accounts for the whole ; and in regard to the future, the Scripture theory of a higher platform, as that which is above the natural, has this advantage over Mr. Darwin's, that, besides being more conformed to the analogy of nature, its existence is supported by actual proofs and examples, whereas Mr. Darwin's is supported by none.

This higher platform, the SUPERNATURAL, is not a hypothesis, but a fact. It is a fact that is evidenced by a thousand testimonies ; and the superiority of its laws, and the independence of its administration, instead of being evidences of its incredibility, are corroborative of its truth. It would not be in accordance with analogy if its laws and administration were not higher than, and independent of, the natural ; and it is nothing more than was to be expected that we should not at present be able to understand them. The naturalist objects, that it is contrary to the law of gravitation that a body should rise from the ground and ascend into heaven ; but how does he know what the law of gravitation is ? It may be no more a miracle than the magnetic pendulum, which is attracted or repelled according as it changes its polarity ; for, although we have not as yet discovered any polarity in gravitation, it does not follow that no polarity exists. It may be of the very nature of spirit to dominate gravitation, and we actually have conclusive evidence that it is so.

Again, as regards the passage of the spiritual body through material obstacles, if you tell a philosopher that, upon one occasion, the laws of nature were suspended, and that a body of flesh and bones entered a room in the presence of eleven people, while both the doors and the windows were shut, he will tell you that it is impossible. But if Professor Poey, in the London Meteorological Society, mentions an instance of lightning falling down a chimney and passing into a trunk, in which was found an inch of soot, which must have passed through the wood itself,* he is listened to with most respectful attention. He might not convince his audience, and it is quite open to question whether the fact be sufficiently authenticated or no ; but so little do we know of the fundamental laws of matter that he would be no true philosopher who would say that the thing was impossible.

The only other difficulty in regard to the

* The following is a report of a meeting of the Meteorological Society in the spring of 1858 :—"PHOTOGRAPHIC EFFECTS OF LIGHTNING.—At the last meeting of the Meteorological Society there was read a paper on the Photographic Effects of Lightning. To corroborate this view, Mr. Poey mentioned an instance of lightning falling down a chimney and passing into a trunk, in which was found an inch of soot which must have passed through the wood itself."

spiritual body is, that it is immortal. We find that the natural body, like those of the lower animals, grows into maturity, and after that, decays and dies; and this is actually the case with the animal body after it has lost its original integrity; but if there be a higher sphere into which it is capable of ascending, we know of no law which would be broken were the body to be maintained in a state of perpetual youth or

maturity; and the only reason why we expect decay and death is, not because we see any necessity for it, but because we invariably find it so. Physiologists are agreed in this, that there is not a single action of the system necessary to produce immortality which has not been found to be already in existence in some portion or another of the animal economy.

PLANTS CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT SOME SUNBEAMS.

IN an inn in Berchtesgaden, Bavaria, where I dined every day for three weeks, the summer before last, I made the acquaintance of a little maid called Gretchen. She stood all day long washing dishes, in a dark passage-way which communicated in some mysterious fashion with cellar, kitchen, dining-room, and main hall of the inn. From one or other of these quarters Gretchen was sharply called so often that it was a puzzle to know how she contrived to wash so much as a cup or a plate in course of the day. Poor child! I am afraid she did wash most of them after dark; for I sometimes left her washing them at ten o'clock at night. She was blanched and shrunk from fatigue and lack of sunlight. I doubt if ever, unless perhaps on some exceptional Sunday, she knew the sensation of a full breath of pure air or a warm sunbeam on her face.

But whenever I passed her she smiled, and there was never-failing good cheer in her voice when she said "Good-morning." Her uniform atmosphere of contentedness so impressed and surprised me that, at last, I said to Franz, the head waiter,—

"What makes Gretchen so happy? She has a hard life, always standing in that narrow, dark place washing dishes."

Franz was phlegmatic, and spoke very little English. He shrugged his shoulders, in sign of assent that Gretchen's life was a hard one, and added,—

"Ja, ja. She likes because all must come at her door. There will be no one which will say not nothing if they go by."

That was it. Almost every hour some human voice said pleasantly to her, "Good-morning, Gretchen;" or, "It is a fine day;" or, if no word were spoken, there would be a friendly nod and smile. For nowhere in kind-hearted, simple Germany do human beings pass by other human beings, as we do in America, without so much as a turn of the head to show recognition of humanity in common.

This one little pleasure kept Gretchen, not only alive, but comparatively glad. Her body suffered for want of sun and air. There was no helping that, by any amount

of spiritual compensation, so long as she must stand, year in and year out, in a close, dark corner, and do hard drudgery. But, if she had stood in that close, dark corner, doing that hard drudgery, and had had no pleasure to comfort her, she would have been dead in three months.

If all men and women could realize the power, the night of even a small pleasure, how much happier the world would be; and how much longer bodies and souls both would bear up under living. Sensitive people realize it to the very core of their being. They know that often and often it happens to them to be kindled, strengthened, positively recuperated, to a degree which they could not possibly describe, and which they hardly comprehend, by some little thing—some word of praise, some token of remembrance, some proof of affection or recognition. They know, too, that strength goes out of them, just as inexplicably, just as fatally, when for a space, perhaps even a short space, all these are wanting.

People who are not sensitive also come to find this out, if they are tender. They are by no means inseparable—tenderness and sensitiveness; if they were, human nature would be both more comfortable and more agreeable. But tender people alone can be just to sensitive ones; living in close relations with them, they learn what they need, and, so far as they can, supply it, even when they wonder a little, and perhaps grow a little weary.

We see a tender and just mother sometimes sighing because one over-sensitive child must be so much more gently restrained or admonished than the rest. But she has her reward for every effort to adjust her methods to the instrument she does not quite understand. If she doubts this, she has only to look on the right hand and the left, and see the effect of careless, brutal dealing with finely-strung, sensitive natures.

We see also many men—good, generous, kindly, but not sensitive-souled—who have learned that the sunshine of their homes all depends on little things, which it would never have entered into their busy and composed hearts to think of doing, or saying, or providing,

if they had not discovered that without them their wives droop, and with them they keep well.

People who are neither tender nor sensitive can neither comprehend nor meet these necessities. Alas! that there are so many such people; or that, if there must be just so many—as I suppose there must—they are not distinguishable at first sight, by some mark of colour or shape or sound, so that one might avoid them, or at least know what to expect in entering into relation with them. Woe be to any sensitive soul whose life must, in spite of itself, take tone and tint from daily and intimate intercourse with such! No bravery, no philosophy, no patience can save it from a slow death. But, while the subtlest and most stimulating pleasures which the soul knows come to it through its affections, and are, therefore, so to speak, at every man's mercy, there is still left a world of possibility of enjoyment, to which we can help ourselves, and which no man can hinder.

And just here it is, I think, that many persons—especially those who are hard-worked, and those who have some special trouble to bear—make great mistake. They might, perhaps, say at hasty first sight that it would be selfish to aim at providing themselves with pleasures. Not at all. Not one whit more than it is for them to buy a bottle of Ayer's sarsaparilla (if they do not know better) to "cleanse their blood" in the spring! Probably a dollar's worth of almost anything out of any other shop than a druggist's would "cleanse their blood" better—a geranium, for instance, or a photograph, or a concert, or a book, or even fried oysters—anything, no matter what, so it is innocent, which gives them a little pleasure, breaks in on the monotony of their work or their trouble, and makes them have for one half hour a "good time." Those who have near and dear ones to remember these things for them need

no such words as I am writing here. Heaven forgive them if, being thus blessed, they do not thank God daily and take courage.

But lonely people, and people whose kin are not kind or wise in these things, must learn to minister even in such ways to themselves. It is not selfish. It is not foolish. It is wise. It is generous. Each contented look on a human face is reflected in every other human face which sees it; each growth in a human soul is a blessing to every other human soul which comes in contact with it.

But here will come in for many people the bitter restrictions of poverty. There are so many men and women to whom it would seem simply a taunt to advise them to spend, now and then, a dollar for a pleasure. That the poor must go cold and hungry has never seemed to me the hardest feature in their lot; there are worse deprivations than that of food or raiment, and this very thing is one of them. This is a point for charitable people to remember, even more than they do.

We appreciate this when we give some plum-padding and turkey at Christmas instead of all coal and flannel. But, any day in the year, a picture on the wall might perhaps be as comforting as a blanket on the bed, and, at any rate, would be good for twelve months, while the blanket would help but six. And I have seen an Irish mother, in a mud hovel, turn red with delight at a rattle for her baby, when I am quite sure she would have been indifferently grateful for a pair of socks.

Food and physicians and money are and always will be on the earth; but a "merry heart" is a "continual feast," and "doeth good like a medicine," and "loving favour" is "chosen" "rather than gold and silver."—*The Independent (New York).*

WHERE IS YOUR PLACE?

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.



PLACE for every man, and every man in his place! This motto is as good for Christ's Church as it was for the army during the war. But what is every Christian's right place?

We answer that it is the one for which God made him, and for which the Holy Spirit converted him. To mistake it is a sad blunder; to desert it is a disgrace. The Bible acknowledges that God made his servants for some especial "niche;" for it says, "Having then gifts *differing* according to the grace that is given us, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth on teaching; or he that exhorteth on exhorta-

tion; he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness." The principle here laid down is, that every man or woman who loves Jesus should select, and should fill that post of duty for which his or her gifts have fitted them. But "let no man *neglect* the gift that is in him."

Some men—like Spurgeon, and Newman Hall, and Bishop Simpson—were created for the pulpit. God gave them clear heads, warm hearts, strong lungs and eloquent tongues, and a hunger for saving souls. To possess such gifts is a clear call to the ministry. And thousands of humbler

preachers, who cannot attract Spurgeon's crowds, are yet as clearly called to the ministry of the Word as the London Boanerges was himself. But the vain-glorious creature who cannot attract an audience except by sensational "clap-trap," or by Barnumish advertisements, was certainly never called of God to the sacred ministry. He may *draw* auditors; but he commonly draws them *away* from places where they would be more profited.

Suppose a man feel, after deep prayer and self-examination, that God has not called him to the pulpit; what then? Must he be silent? Are all the *speaking* gifts of the pious lawyer, or doctor, or merchant, or mechanic to run to waste? No, verily! Let such proclaim the glad tidings of Christ, and the story of their own Christian experience in the prayer-meeting, or the mission-school, or the cottage conference meeting, or wherever they can find souls to plead with. How successfully this lay-labour may be made, let such men as Harlan Page, and George H. Stuart, and D. L. Moody, and Uncle Johnny Vassar bear witness. Let the powerful lay-preaching heard every day in "Fulton Street" answer. Some of the best discourses I have ever heard were but five or ten minutes long, and were delivered in my own prayer-meeting. Christian *lawyers* ought to do more of this tongue-work. As a class, they are too silent in our meetings and Sunday schools. God is opening a wide field for laymen to act on "picket duty," and as skirmishers and sharp-shooters, in the spiritual warfare.

What our churches most need (next to the baptism of the Holy Ghost) is the *development of all the members*. So much is thrown upon the ministry, that some of us can hardly catch a spare hour for our own family and fireside. The Spurgeons, and John Halls, and Guthries are being ground to death by overwork. A city pastor is often expected to prepare three sermons or lectures, to visit the flock, to see the sick, to bury the dead, and to act on a dozen committees and to make two or three speeches, all in a single week! The church becomes Dr. Tyng's church, or Mr. Beecher's church, or Dr. Crosby's church, or some other *man's* church, instead of being the

people's church, with some gifted man as its overseer and pastor.

Now, I love to work exceedingly; but not one whit more than I love to see my congregation work. And no man in my flock has any more right to turn his spiritual work over upon me than he has a right to send me to market for him, or to cook or eat his dinner for him. He *needs his work* as much as I need mine. In revival times the whole Church is alive and busy. But where and when did the Master ever give a "*furlough*" to three-fourths of our people to quit the ranks just as soon as a revival campaign is over?

A Christian who is keen for work will soon find his place. If he is "apt to teach," he or she will soon gather the Sabbath-school class, and will be there, Bible in hand, every Sunday, even though the rain is spattering on the pavements. Commend me to the teacher who wears a "waterproof," and always consults *conscience* sooner than the barometer!

Whoever has the gift of song should join God's great choir, and sing at *every* religious service. The owner of a good voice must give account for that voice at the day of judgment. We never shall have genuine congregational singing until every redeemed child of Christ *sings from duty*, and consecrates the gift of music to the Lord. Those who expect to sing in heaven had better *practise here*.

Tract distribution is going too much out of fashion. It is a blessed and heaven-honoured agency for doing good. Every one who has some spare time, and a tongue, and a little pious *tact*, can go out with a bundle of tracts to the abodes of ignorance and irreligion.

Those who cannot exhort, or teach in a Sunday school, or distribute tracts, can at least *live for Jesus* at home, and come and *join* in the prayers of the prayer-meeting. The oldest, the timidest, the least gifted can do surely as much as this. Every one, too, can *give something* when the contribution-box is passed. The gift of a "cup of cold water" in Christ's name has its reward. *Every one whom Jesus saves* has a place assigned to him in the vineyard. An idle Christian is a monster!

Friend! have you found your place?

The Church in the House.

BY THE EDITOR.

X.

THE USE OF MIRACLES.

ACTS III. 1-13.



HE healing of the lame beggar at the gate Beautiful, as narrated in verses 1-11, needs no comment. There the picture stands, full-bodied as in the stereoscope. Our business, like Peter's, lies mainly, not with the fact, but with the use to which the fact was applied in the progress of Christ's kingdom.

These Galileans were not alone. The words of the Lord, "Lo, I am with you," were still sounding in their ears. The Master puts forth the power, and they yield themselves as his instruments. This is the footing on which the work proceeds. Here, in the ministry of the apostles, as also in his own, the Lord employs power to cleave a path for grace. When the mountains close in and block the way, a miracle will rend them, that the Word may burst the barriers and spread through the land.

Those who refuse to believe in anything supernatural do not gain much at this point. They only shift the difficulty from one spot to another. The fact remains patent to the whole world and undeniable, that in the hands of these Jewish missionaries the religion of Christ, with its self-denying doctrines, made way against the culture of Greece and the might of Rome,—made way until it obtained supremacy. This fact, if it is not based on miracles, is itself a miracle greater than all.

The effect of this cure upon the public was a great and general amazement. Now was Peter's opportunity; and he improved it with promptitude and skill. The Master in calling him had promised to make him a fisher of men; and here the tact and energy of the fisher appear. He knew the favourable juncture. When Peter plied his trade on the lake of Galilee, he did not think it enough that he spread his net and drew it, in the approved fashion, so many times every day. His business was, not to spread his net in an unexceptionable manner—in the very manner that all the ablest fishermen in those parts had uniformly followed—his business was to catch fish; and toward that end he bent all the energy, not only of his stalwart arm, but also of his inventive mind. Peter would fish as his forefathers had fished, if their method seemed to him best; but he would fish as nobody had ever fished before, if he saw that by a new method he could obtain greater success.

So, now that he has become a preacher of the gospel, Peter is not content with delivering, at the proper time, an evangelical sermon. He does not think of the sermon or the preacher. He thinks of men in their need, and of God's grace in their offer now. He rushes in,

and strikes home, to win souls. He waits and watches till he sees the multitude moved and susceptible. As soon as he perceives some movement on the gathered waters, he follows quickly the angel's steps, lest his opportunity should slip away.

The commotion took the form of a reverential regard directed upon the apostles personally. The wonder that the people had witnessed drew their eyes to the immediate instruments. At that moment the apostles, taught by the Spirit, recognized accurately and promptly the precise place and use of mighty works in their ministry. Such works could not convert the people, but such works then held an important place among the means of conversion. The miracles broke up the hard ground, and these faithful watchers were ready to run in and cast the living seed into the open furrow. From this timely sowing a great harvest sprang.

Peter, as usual, is spokesman. I think the modest and meditative John would not take a prominent public place when Peter was present. Whatever he may have contributed by private suggestion, he left public work to his more forward and more fiery colleague.

Mark how skilfully the speaker begins. It is no longer the affectionate blunder, "Far be this from thee, Lord;" it is no longer the cowardly falsehood, "I know not the man." He has now obtained both wisdom and strength. By this time the Holy Ghost had come upon him, and he had "received power" to be a witness of Christ. He has courage to confess his Master now, and skill to arrange his argument aright.

In presence of the healed cripple the people were overawed; and their veneration, after quivering awhile uncertain, like a ship's compass in a broken sea, began to settle down steadily upon Peter and John as the authors of the miracle and the objects of praise. Observing the current flowing in a devotion which would soon have developed itself into idolatry, Peter ran in, and seized it, and bent it aside from the servants that it might flow full upon the Lord. "And when Peter saw it, he answered and said unto the people, Ye men of Israel, why marvel ye at this? or why look ye so earnestly on us, as though by our own power or holiness we had made this man to walk? The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of our fathers, hath glorified his Son Jesus," &c. The servants, when they saw worship springing up in human hearts, hastily retired, and presented Jesus alone to receive it.

It is eminently instructive to compare and contrast with this the conduct of the Lord himself in similar circumstances. When he had read the prophecy in the synagogue at Nazareth (Luke iv. 16-22), and all eyes were turned in eager expectation toward him, he did not intercept the stream, or divert it into another

channel. He accepted it in full. He closed the book and removed it; then he presented himself to the people as the fulfilment of the prophecy, and the expected Messiah. The absolute contrast between his method and that of the apostles in such a case is peculiarly valuable, as showing incidentally the divinity of Christ.

In the meantime, Peter's fidelity affords a fine lesson both to preachers and hearers of the gospel in all times. Through the ministers, if possible, as earthen vessels, let the word of life come; but let the ministers present, and the people receive, only the Lord himself as the bread of life.

It is said that when Leonardo da Vinci had finished his celebrated picture of the Last Supper, which still stands on the wall of a convent in the city of Milan, he introduced a friend to inspect the work privately, and give his judgment regarding it. "Exquisite!" exclaimed his friend; "that wine-cup seems to stand out from the table as solid glittering silver." Thereupon the artist quietly took a brush and blotted out the cup, saying: "I meant that the figure of Christ should first and mainly attract the observer's eye, and whatever diverts attention from him must be blotted out." Here is a devotion which, in a more enlightened age, we should do well to imitate.

It is an aim of the ministry to get listless people aroused and interested. It is a great point gained when a multitude are gathered together round the preachers in Solomon's porch, greatly wondering at the word or the work of the Lord. But woe to the preacher who lacks the wisdom or the will to lead the aroused and interested listeners at such a crisis direct to Christ.

XI.

WOUNDING TO HEAL.

ACTS III. 14-26.

When Peter observed that his audience was becoming tender, he hastened forward to them with the Word; but it is not in the first instance a word of comfort that he administers. His first effort is to wound. He brings a sharp accusation; he heaps coals of fire on their heads, when he sees these heads already beginning to droop. Not that the apostle takes pleasure in putting his countrymen to grief. He is glowing all over with love to these men of Israel, bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. Seeing them already quivering, he deals another blow, in the hope that thereby he may break altogether the already yielding heart; for as soon as the cry, "What must we do?" shall burst from broken hearts, the healing balm is ready. God "hath glorified his Son Jesus; whom ye delivered up, and denied him in the presence of Pilate, when he was determined to let him go." Pilate, the Roman, from a natural sense of justice, desired to save the innocent; but ye, the Israel to whom he came, denied him, and compelled the governor to

put him to death. Never was a sharper sword pointed at naked breasts; and never did a mightier thrust send the weapon home to the marrow: "Ye killed the Prince of life." But it is the physician and not the enemy who is piercing here. He wounds in order that the distressed may seek the Healer. At verse 17th he changes his voice. He withdraws the weapon as soon as its work is done. As soon as the preacher sees that the dividing Word has taken effect, he begins to give consolation. I think it was Whitefield who, when his audience of coal-miners was so large that he could not read in the distant faces the emotions of their hearts, perceived by certain white streaks, like African tattoo, made by coursing tears on sable cheeks, that the Word had cut into the conscience. This was for him the turning-point. The strokes for wounding may now safely cease, and the healing work begin.

Changing his voice, Peter the preacher begins to insinuate a tender consolation. He will present the truth on another side. He had said, "Ye killed the Prince of life:" but now he informs them that it is of God that Christ should suffer, the just for the unjust.

There are two opposite ways in which the blood of Jesus may be upon men: "His blood be upon us, and upon our children!" exclaimed the Jewish leaders, when they had hemmed Pilate in, and extorted from him the sentence of death. Ah! that was not the blood of sprinkling for the pardon of sin. It was the blood of Christ upon them, but it did not cleanse. It was the blood of the curse, not the blood of blessing. At first, and for a specific purpose, Peter speaks of the blood of Christ in that evil sense. He takes it and pours it on the murderers' heads, a scorching flood. But when the work of conviction is done, he addresses himself to the work of saving; he takes that same blood in his other hand, and pours it out for blessing. The blood of Christ, although shed by them, is presented now as the blood shed for them—is presented now not as their sin, but as their redemption from sin.

It was a great transition; and it was suddenly made. But the same transition all the new-born make; and most of them make it quickly. It is like a leap from Christ crucified by you, into Christ crucified for you. From trampling under foot the blood of the covenant, they pass over to take shelter, like the Hebrews in Egypt, under the besprinkled lintel, safe from the angel of death, and ready to march out free towards the promised land.

"Now, brethren, I wot that through ignorance ye did it": and so he opens up to the convicted a door of hope. The drift of the discourse changes to tenderness. So, when the frost has congealed the ground into rock, the sun and rain beating on it make it broken and contrite ground—a fitting soil for the seed of the kingdom.

Then in verse 18th the preacher carefully engrafts his gospel upon the Scriptures of the Old Testament: "But those things, which God before had shewed by the mouth of all his prophets, that Christ should suffer, he hath so

fulfilled." The New Testament grows upon the Old, like branches in the root and stem. If you undermine Moses, Christ, as far as you are concerned, will fall. Chaos will return. Darkness will again be on the face of the deep, and no Spirit of God will move upon the waters.

Those who eat out, by acid drops of criticism, the authority of the Old Testament, intending to hold fast by Christ and his gospel, are victims of a delusion. These blessed flowers and fruits cannot grow on a dead root.

When I was young, I took pleasure in ornamenting the front of my father's cottage with flowers. One particular effort was eminently successful, and attracted the notice of every visitor. By budding, I inserted several fine kinds of roses on one common root. For two or three years the flowers of various hues, flourishing simultaneously on one stem, became a spectacle to the rural neighbourhood. But, alas! the original stem, not chosen as suitable for the purpose, but adopted as it happened to be there, was not a hardy species. There came a night of severe frost. The plant that sustained my beautiful branches died, and all my beautiful branches died with it. Alas! for men in whose hearts the divine authority of Moses and the prophets is withered by the frost of a hard, cold, earthly philosophy. Faith cannot grow upon Kant and Hegel, when God has departed from Moses and the Psalms!

That is not the first of Christ when the Babe is born in Bethlehem. Before the foundation of the world he took his people's place in the eternal counsel. As soon as men needed a Saviour he appeared for salvation in the promise spoken at the gate of Eden. Christ interpenetrates the Scriptures of the Old Testament through and through. The Plant of Renown that appeared in man's sight in the fulness of time, has a root that goes down to the beginning. If you cut away the word which holy men of old spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, you cut through that root, and your own hope withers in your breast.

XII.

THE FIRST PERSECUTION.

ACTS IV. 1-4.

The persecution has begun. Peter's discourse was rudely interrupted. The preacher was speaking very winsome words (iii. 26) when his mouth was closed. He was making Jesus—that new name—sound sweetly in the people's ears. He was making offer of redemption to Israel in the clearest words and in the most tender spirit; but, "as they spake unto the people, the priests, and the captain of the temple, and the Sadducees came upon them." So it has happened from the beginning hitherto: persecutors are blind. In all lands and all generations they endeavour to extinguish the light, because they love the darkness.

The first persecution of Christ's disciples exhibits, in its main characteristics, the type of all that have followed. A corrupt and cruel priesthood, in possession of office, gave the word, and led the way; and they were never at a loss to find some "captain of the temple"—some person who nominally held a civil office, but might be employed as a willing tool.

Whether the high priest at that time was personally a Sadducee is not certainly known; but it is evident, both here and in verse 17th, that the sect of the Sadducees supported the officials with all their influence. These men of the short creed were at that period either in or out of office. If they were in power, they wielded the machinery of the hierarchy to suppress the preaching; if they were not in power, so zealous were they in the work, that they entered into alliance with their rivals to make it quick and sure. Those who were at daggers drawn against each other, combined to put this doctrine and its preachers down. Herod and Pilate become friends in order that Christ may be again crucified in his members. Those who believe very little may become persecutors as well as those who believe very much. Sadducees and Pharisees combined against the gospel of Christ.

We obtain here a clear glimpse of the work which these apostles were engaged in when they were thus interrupted: "They taught the people, and preached through Jesus the resurrection of the dead." The infant Church was charged with grand lessons, and she did not keep them secret. From the first the apostles made it their business to publish all they knew. The resurrection of the body, although not first revealed, was illustrated and confirmed by the gospel. After the Lord had risen, it became so much clearer and surer that it seemed to be a new revelation.

This doctrine they taught "in Jesus." Accustomed as we are now to assume the resurrection without reasoning, we cannot well conceive how great the fact of Christ's resurrection seemed when it was thrown upon the world. After the darkness that had covered the nations, and the comparative dimness of the light that shone in the Old Testament record, it seemed in this respect a new world for human kind when Jesus first raised Lazarus and then himself from the grave. When the apostles desired to teach the doctrine, they presented the fact.

These new teachers addressed their lessons to "the people." The gospel, wherever it is preserved pure, exhibits a broad and hearty sympathy with the mass of the community. This was given by its author as a mark of his mission: "to the poor the gospel is preached." It does not overlook "the people;" it does not oppress or hoodwink them; it does not keep them in ignorance in order to make them docile to authority: it teaches them. It appeals to their understanding while it wins their hearts. "The common people heard Him gladly:" and well they might then; well they may now. "If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed:" there

ASKET.

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prophets; 2nd, A plain, piercing charge, laying the guilt of crucifying Christ to the door of his audience and judges; and, 3rd, A tender and pressing offer of mercy, through the blood of Christ, to his murderers.

Like his three confessions, Peter's three denials also were all conceived in the same strain. With circumstantial differences, they were substantially the same: "I know not the man; I know him not; I know not what thou sayest."

How like each other, too, were the Lord's three questions addressed to Peter in order to complete his restoration! Thrice the question pierced the repenting disciple's ear, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" and thrice the answer echoed from the repenting disciple's burning heart, "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." By the same spirit this apostle, strong now by faith, emits the threefold confession of his Lord.

These were not the only occasions on which Peter bore testimony to Christ in the beginning of the gospel. Both he and his fellow-labourers did much that has not been recorded; but I think it is of the Lord that at the outset of his public ministry three successive confessions of Peter's faith have been recorded in full. He had fallen more than any of the faithful eleven; and correspondingly fuller evidence is given that he had not fallen away—that through the intercession of the Lord his backsliding had been completely healed.

After this period, although Peter appears as a performer of miracles, an exhorter of believing Jews, and a messenger to a Gentile family, he does not come forward again in this history as a public preacher. He gives place first to Stephen, next to Philip, and ultimately to Paul and his missionary associates.

The most remarkable feature in the three successive examples of Peter's preaching is the indictment, charged directly home upon the consciences of his hearers, that they were the crucifiers of Christ (Acts ii. 23; iii. 14, 16; iv. 10). He found that this sharp method was successful the first time, and therefore repeated it. It was thus that Nelson's victories were won. When the enemy's ships were extended in a line before him, he formed his into a column, pierced their line with its point, and fought them from the other side. Finding this method successful, he always followed it.

The boldness of Peter as a witness here is amply accounted for by the intimation that he was "full of the Holy Ghost." The Master had fulfilled his promise, and the servant was thereby enabled to execute his task. Cause and effect are as clearly connected in this experience as in the processes of Nature. Wanting the Spirit, Peter was not able to bear witness for the Lord in presence of a serving-maid; with the Spirit, Peter held his judges fascinated by the glance of his eye, while he pierced them with his Word. This apostle experienced the truth of Paul's paradox on both its sides: "When I am weak, then am I strong; and when I am strong, then I am weak."

Peter interprets the prophecy about the Stone rejected

by the builders as Jesus had interpreted it in his hearing (Matt. xxi.). He applied it directly to the Messiah whom the Jewish priests had slain; and added, "Neither is there salvation in any other." There has been at various periods much foolish disputation on the question whether there be any salvation beyond the pale of the Pope's Church. Away with all these profane babblings! It is not out of this Church or out of that; it is, Out of Christ there is no salvation. This is the only limit that God has set: it is blasphemous as well as foolish to suggest any other.

Behold the arraigned and accused man! He arraigns and accuses his judges—convicts his judges. Nay, more, he stands at their bar and offers them mercy; he proclaims to them the free pardon of their sin through the blood of Jesus whom they crucified; he warns them, with tenderness and calmness which must have struck terror into their hearts, that unless they accept mercy by this channel, no mercy will ever reach them. This Name, this manifestation of God, is given among men. It comes from heaven to earth. It comes to save, not to destroy; but it will not save those who reject it. By this Name we must be saved, or perish.

The judges were amazed at the boldness of Peter and John. But as they wondered, some one recognized the two men as having been seen in company with Jesus; and this accounted for their courage. Companionship with Jesus makes a hero, the enemy being judge. But is there any need or room for heroism in our plain, prosaic days? Persecution for conscience' sake has, indeed, in its grosser forms long ceased in our country. We have no opportunity of displaying precisely that form of courage which the Sanhedrim observed in Peter and John. But heroism is needed yet in the world. A Christian needs the boldness which is attained only through companionship with Jesus.

Many fall miserably in life's battle for lack of courage—fall before ignoble foes. It were less discredit to show the white feather in presence of the prison and the scaffold; but our youth strike their colours to meaner terrors. And yet, let me do justice to men of my own generation. The adversaries are, indeed, softer individually, but they are mightier in the mass. The sword, indeed, does not penetrate the flesh; the fire does not wrap itself round the living body. But the world's course, like a river composed of many soft drops, rolls downward in a vast volume, and carries even strong swimmers away. When acts are weighed in the balance of the upper sanctuary, it may possibly appear that as much boldness is needed to stand in our day, and withstand all our days, the constantly-sucking stream of vanity and earthliness, as it required at the beginning of the gospel to be faithful unto death against principalities and powers. But the conclusion of the whole matter is, that near the Lord—consciously enjoying his favour and leaning on his love—near the Lord we shall be able to resist the greatest of our enemies; far from him, we shall fall before the least.

The Children's Treasury.

LITTLE SNOWDROP AND HER GOLDEN CASKET.

CHAPTER VII.

LITTLE ELsie.

"A maiden mild and beautiful
And grave beyond her years,
With eyes of dreamy sunshine full,
But not too bright for tears."

LITTLE Elsie Gordon had been an invalid almost from her birth. Left an orphan at the early age of two years, she remembered nothing of either father or mother; but the fondest love and care had been lavished on her by her only brother, who was many years her senior. Douglas was father and mother to little Elsie. "I leave her to you!" were his mother's last words to her only son; and young as he was he accepted the trust, and up to the time we write of has nobly fulfilled it. And the strong love he bore his little sister, and the thoughtful care he bestowed on her, had softened and ennobled his whole character. Their means were small; but the lad struggled boldly on, studying hard, denying himself that he might obtain some little delicacy for Elsie; and his affection was warmly returned—the pale cheek of the child flushed with pleasure as she heard his step, and her eyes sparkled with delight when he entered the room.

Impulsive by nature, and sensitively alive to every impression of joy or sorrow, little Elsie was no easy character to rear; it needed much patience, wisdom, and firmness to rear her aright. To do so was her brother's greatest desire, and in part he had succeeded. Yet there was something lacking. What that was Douglas Gordon knew not till, when Elsie had reached the age of ten years, he himself was for the first time led to the feet of Jesus. Then all things became new, and he saw that the love of Jesus, the bright hope of the world beyond, were the things which alone could brighten up Elsie's sick-bed, and these he could not give her. He spoke to her of Jesus, told of his new-found joy; but Elsie heeded not, or, if at all, grieved at the thought that her so much loved brother should have a joy she could not share. Yet when she noticed the light in her brother's eye, saw how happy he was in this new love, the child wondered, and even at times wished she too could get it. And her brother prayed on; he remembered that when the one sick of the palsy was brought to Jesus, it was written, when he saw their faith, he said to the sick one, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." And though he knew it not, as months passed on the words of holy counsel were taking root in little Elsie's heart, and waiting but the breath of the Holy Spirit to spring up and bear fruit.

It was when Elsie was twelve years old that Douglas Gordon heard of the opening for a medical man in the Strath of S——, and resolved to go there, resigning his chance of obtaining a town practice, in hopes that the bracing air in the Highland village might strengthen his little sister. And so, having got an aunt to consent to accompany them, and remain for six months at least, they set off, and settled down in the neighbourhood of Birken Farm.

Mrs. Macgregor was warmly welcomed by little Elsie and her aunt, and ere she left it was agreed that Snow, Rob Roy, and one of the little girls should come soon and spend the day with Elsie. As she was preparing to go home, the doctor entered, and hearing who Mrs. Macgregor was, greeted her heartily and spoke warmly of her son's evident abilities and love of study, adding, "We mustn't let such a clever lad throw himself away here, but get him to college, and let him make himself a name."

Little did the young doctor know what a storm of indignation his words were to call forth. "Throw himself away!" said Mrs. Macgregor; "what do you mean by that, young man? Is it throwing himself away doing his duty in the calling where the Lord has put him? Is tilling the ground, sowing the corn, and raising the food which keeps thousands of his fellow-creatures from starvation, throwing himself away? Is acting in obedience to the wishes of his father and mother throwing himself away? If such are your ideas, they are not mine. And it's those who counsel my Angus to spend hours in study, and poking about among old stones, that in truth are teaching him to throw himself away."

Douglas Gordon, though taken by surprise, bore the storm undaunted. He saw how the ground lay. Calmly he met the mother's angry glance. "Still, Mrs. Macgregor, if your son has, as I believe, talents given him by God which fit him for a different calling from that of his fathers, is it right that he should not if possible have a fair chance of exercising it? But we won't quarrel on the subject; and some day, who knows, you'll come to my way of thinking."

There was something in Dr. Gordon's pleasant manner that made it very difficult to be offended with him, and so Mrs. Macgregor and he parted in outward peace; but when Angus asked his mother how she liked the

new doctor, she replied, "Oh, he's well enough; but like all your college-bred lads, uppish and conceited."

Yet, despite Mrs. Macgregor's desire to keep them aloof, Dr. Gordon and Angus spent many of their spare hours in study together. True, these were few in number, but when the heart is in the work, it is wonderful how much can be accomplished; and whilst Angus profited much by the doctor's assistance in classics and his favourite study of chemistry, Douglas Gordon on his part obtained much interesting information on antiquarian subjects from his young friend.

And so time passed on. Not one fault could the farmer find regarding Angus's attention to his work; no order was neglected, no work slovenly executed. He was truly his father's right hand, and bid fair to prove the best farmer of the two. Yet the farmer's mind was ill at ease. Strive as he liked against the feeling, he was beginning to be proud of his boy's cleverness. Book learning he had little or none of himself, but like most of the Scotch farmers he had a great respect for it in others; and when Dr. Gordon spoke to him of his son's "talents," and urged him to give his consent to his going to college, though his heart sank at the thought of his wife's opposition, he thought over the matter, and almost wished it could be brought to pass. But then, again, the fate of his clever, book-loving Archie came to his remembrance, and he would say to himself, "No, no; it canna be. 'Twould break his mother's heart." And Angus expressed no wish on the subject, but worked steadily on, assured the way would be made plain, should it be the right path for him. One thing he had made up his mind to—not one step would he stir in the matter, till his parents of their own free will bade him go.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ILLUMINATED CARD.

"Yes, since God himself hath said it,
On the promise I'll rely;
His good word demands my credit—
What can unbelief reply?
He is strong and can fulfil;
He is truth, and therefore will."

A strong friendship had sprung up between Elsie Gordon and Snowdrop. Elsie's aunt had been a governess for many years of her life, and now taught Elsie regularly. The child, despite bad health, was already, under the careful painstaking teaching of her brother, well advanced for her years, and studied with eagerness. Only, one thing her brother was desirous of obtaining, was a companion to study along with her; and having heard from Angus that Snowdrop's parents had wished her to be brought up as a teacher, but as yet she had had few opportunities of advancing in her education, he at once went to the Birken Farm and asked Mrs. Macgregor to allow little Snowdrop to study along with Elsie, dwelling on the great advantage it would be to his little sister to have a companion in her studies.

Mrs. Macgregor offered no resistance to the plan; indeed, she was glad of it. Snowdrop's parents had wished her to make her living by teaching, and so she would not stand in the way of her getting more learning; and, by way of compensation, it was agreed that Snow, who was a clever needlewoman, should teach that department to Elsie, who was very deficient in it.

After that day Snowdrop went regularly for so many hours to Dr. Gordon's to study with Elsie, and made rapid progress. Truly one felt her heavenly Father was fulfilling his promise—going before her, and making crooked things straight. It was a pleasant thing to see the two girls at lessons, both eager to gain knowledge; and then when school hours were over, the children would go down to the lovely glen and revel in the beauties around them. But, despite all, there were days when no smile came on Elsie's countenance, and even the beauties of Nature failed to cheer. Snowdrop noticed the change, and wondered if her little friend were suffering more than usual pain. Once even she ventured to ask the doctor if such were the case. He said he thought not; but he watched her closely, and felt certain that it was sickness of soul, not increase of pain, that was the matter. Fain would he have sought her confidence, but he thought it better not. He would bide the time till the child would freely tell him all. Once or twice he fancied she looked as if longing to speak to him, then suddenly stopped short, and his "What was it, Elsie darling?" only elicited a "Nothing, Douglas; nothing at all; only I'm weary to-night;" and she would rest her head on her brother's shoulder, and say no more. Seeing her so dispirited, little Snowdrop thought she would show her the golden casket, and perhaps tell its history.

"Elsie," she said, "is there anything you would like to get very much, and yet don't know how to obtain it?"

"Yes, oh yes," said Elsie. But what it was she did not disclose.

"Because, if so, here is a promise that you shall get it, and it is given by One who never breaks a promise."

Then she told her the story of the Golden Casket, and how rich some of the stories had made Angus, herself, Morag, and others. One beautifully illuminated one she put into Elsie's hands, saying, "Is not that a very rich one?" Elsie looked at the words, "Ask, and ye shall receive." As she read, a hopeful smile was seen. True, the words were not new to her; but formerly she had thought of them as only implying some general promise; now, they seemed different. She had an urgent request to make. She had begun to pine after the Saviour her brother loved, and longed to have him as her Saviour too. She had never ventured to ask this, never dared hope he would care for a little helpless girl like her; but now, with these words of promise before her eyes, she could doubt no longer, and that very evening found Elsie praying in faith to be made a child of God through faith in Christ Jesus.

Need we write she did not pray in vain. Soon, very

soon, the answer came, and the little crippled weak child found rest and peace where alone any immortal soul can find either of them—at the foot of the cross. And in the calm light that shone in the fair face, Douglas Gordon read, ere her tongue had told him, that his little sister had found the Friend who sticketh closer than any brother; and when she told how the light had arisen through the instrumentality of the promise card, in his heart he blessed the divine guidance which had led him to the Highland village, and brought little Elsie into contact with the precious gem contained in little Snowdrop's Golden Casket.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BLACK HORSE.

"The father hides the quick alarms
That hurry o'er his helpless face;
Carry him to his mother's arms,
That is the safest place."

Time passed quickly at the Birken Farm, each day brought its own duties, and in quiet monotony the seasons glided on.

"Father," said Angus, as they set out together for their work one bright April morning, "have you seen the splendid new black horse the young laird has got? He passed me yesterday riding along the road. He has a capital seat; for the horse was very spirited, and only a good rider could have managed it." Angus spoke with animation. All envious thoughts regarding young McDonald had long ago left his breast.

"Ay, ay," answered his father; "I have seen the horse, and, to tell the truth, wasna overpleased with the look o' the creature. I grant that the lad rides well; but it would take a man's hand, and a strong one too, to manage yon beast if its blood was up. 'Deed, I've thoughts o' saying a word about it to the laird himself this very night."

Some hours after this conversation, when Mrs. Macgregor was busy in her dairy, she heard a loud cry of distress, and little Rob Roy rushed in, crying out, "Mother, mother, Angus is killed, and they're bringing him in at the gate. O mother, mother!"

To say that Mrs. Macgregor's heart seemed suddenly to stand still is no mere figure of speech. In an instant all colour left her face and lips; but she did not faint nor scream. Speak she could not; but not a moment was lost. Quietly putting Rob Roy aside, she ran to the gate, and there, carried by his father, one of the farm servants, a groom in livery, and the young laird himself, she saw the idol of her heart lying, as she thought, lifeless. One heartfelt wail of grief broke from her lips, but she quickly suppressed it on seeing that at the sound Angus opened his eyes. He was alive, then, and she wasted no time in idle questioning, but hastened to have a bed made ready to lay him down on.

Then she heard what had happened. Angus had been at work in a field on the slope of an adjacent hill,

when he was attracted by the sound of horse's feet, and the young laird, mounted on the black horse the farmer had spoken of that morning, dashed past. In an instant Angus saw that the lad had lost all control over the fiery creature, which was dashing at full speed straight in the direction of a steep quarry, and unless it was checked or turned aside before reaching it the young laird would be killed on the spot. With the quick presence of mind for which Angus was famed, he remembered that the quarry could be reached by a short cut, and darting off, he arrived just as the horse was reaching the brink by a longer road. Young McDonald saw the danger, and strove in vain to turn the course of the infuriated beast. Suddenly a strong hand caught the bridle, and forcing back the creature from the quarry compelled it to stop. Rearing and plunging, it backed and fell. Its rider was safe, but Angus, to all appearance, lifeless. The groom rode up in frantic haste, the wild creature was secured, and help obtained for poor Angus. The distress of the young laird at Angus's state was unbounded, and was increased by witnessing the grief of the father, who came up to them immediately. A messenger was sent for Dr. Gordon, asking him to come with all haste to the Birken Farm.

That day, and many following ones, were days of grave anxiety and sorrow at the farm. Angus's leg was broken, but further and more serious injury was feared to have been done. Great quiet and watching were enjoined. Dr. Gordon tended the poor lad as if he had been his brother, and beside that sick-bed Mrs. Macgregor's prejudices against the young doctor were all swept away. Every moment he could spare from his other patients was given to Angus, and when a crisis came and the danger was pronounced past, the first real prayer that ever rose from Mrs. Macgregor's lips was poured forth in unison with Dr. Gordon, as together they returned thanks to God for his mercy in blessing the means tried, and for the prospect of health to the much-loved son and friend.

But Angus's recovery was a tedious one. For long weeks he was confined to a couch of weakness, and even after bodily health had returned he had to abstain from active work; but through all he was kept in perfect peace, and even by this very trial he could see that God was working out in his way the fulfilment of the promise, "I will go before thee, and make crooked things straight."

There were changes at Birken Farm ere the next autumn after Angus's accident. Snowdrop, pretty Snowdrop, was away, having obtained a place as pupil-teacher in the Normal School in Edinburgh. Much was she missed at the farm. Not in vain had been her sojourn there; her gentle influences had told on all, and the precious treasure left to her by her mother in the golden casket had brought greater riches to many than any earthly gold could have done. Just ere leaving, when once more she had strolled off in the direction of the moor, her old friend Book Willie ac-

coated her. It was the first time they had met since that morning on the hill long before; but Willie knew all about the changes at the farm since then. Gently he saluted her in Scripture words: "He is faithful that promised. Hath he not blessed his own word, and caused it not to return to him void? Hath he not made the darkness light before thee, and crooked things straight?" And Snowdrop—little Snowdrop no longer—looking up with a heart full of gratitude, bore testimony to the truth and faithfulness of a promise-keeping God; and now, as she was going out again amongst strangers, bearing her precious little casket with her, she could do so in faith, knowing that he who had blessed could bless again. Together on the heathery moor they knelt, the middle-aged man and the young girl, and returned thanks to the great hearer and answerer of prayer for help in times past, and sought grace and strength for the future before them. Then the colporteur laid his hand on the fair young head, and said, "Thus saith the Lord, 'Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness.'" And then these two parted, never to meet till their pilgrim path on earth was over; but then to be for ever together in the Father's home above.

Yes, Snowdrop was off, and Angus was once more strong and well, and hard at work—mental work now, for field-work was forbidden yet for a while. And Angus had gained by the time of trial he had passed through—gained in the firmer control of his strong passions, gained in having had time for quiet communings with his Father in heaven; and he had gained in another way also—he had gained an unflinching friend in young M'Donald. Gratitude first led the young laird to interest himself in Angus; then, when he became able to converse, and the powers of his mind began to show itself, the highly taught lad wondered, and almost envied the evident talent and originality of thought possessed by the farmer's son. Soon they commenced to read and study together, and Angus was not long in discovering how helpful the well-trained mind and no small talents of the young laird were to himself.

There were no murmurs about waste of time spent over books from Mrs. Macgregor now. No; by Angus's sick-bed she had learned some new lessons, and her devotion to him was assuming a more unselfish form. The farm work was well looked after, for Mr. M'Donald had insisted on the farmer allowing him to put a competent person in Angus's place. Surely, he urged, as his son had been the cause, however innocently, of Angus's accident, he might be allowed to make some small compensation.

It was a lovely day at the close of autumn, the sun shone on the various tinted leaves which were now fast hasting to decay, and Birken Farm looked its very best in the golden setting of its rich background of trees. A group were gathered around the door—father,

mother, brother, and sisters—to bid farewell to Angus, as, with the full consent of his parents, he set off for college. Dr. Gordon was there also to bid him God-speed. And the young laird of Benvoirloch sat, reins in hand, in his dog-cart, come on purpose to drive the young lad to the nearest station. The last words were spoken, the last greetings given, and Angus was off, his heart too full for words; but before his eyes he seemed to see an illuminated text, and to read the words, "I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight. I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron." Yes, in his own time and way, the Lord had done all these things, and bending his head in gratitude, Angus said to himself, "He is faithful who promised."

CHAPTER X.

THE YOUNG FACTOR.

"A very hero: though thy name
Rings faintly in the courts of fame.
Where battle sits with gleaming eye;
A master in the only strife
That bears, into eternal life,
Glory and immortality."

YEARS have passed since the events narrated in the last chapter took place, and the scene changes to a street in the west end of London.

A small party are seated at a dinner-table, and a brisk, animated conversation is being carried on. The lady at the head of the table with a pretty intelligent face is unknown to us; but, if we look attentively, we will recognize in the gentleman of the house the features of our old friend Dr. Gordon, whom we last saw as he stood at the door of the Birken Farm and bade adieu to Angus Macgregor. Dr. Gordon is in good practice now as a London physician, and has been for three years the husband of the lady who sits opposite to him. And Elsie, gentle Elsie, does she yet live? or is she still confined to a couch of pain? Yes; Elsie lives, and there she sits not far from her brother: she has a sweet, thoughtful face, and no trace of bad health is visible in it; though, if we saw her walk across the room, we would remark that she is slightly lame. But Elsie Gordon is a character of no small beauty and worth, one on whom those who know her love to lean and confide in, for she possesses a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize. Yes; the light from heaven which fell on Elsie's heart, through the instrumentality of the promise card out of Snowdrop's golden casket, is shining brightly there now. She has asked for the best of all boons, and obtained it—she has sought and found; and she, too, can set her seal to the faithfulness of that God whose promises in Christ Jesus are all yea, and amen.

A lull in the conversation at the dinner-table was broken by a gentleman addressing Dr. Gordon, saying, "Doctor, have you seen the article on the ancient ruins and sculptured stones in the neighbourhood of B—

which has appeared in one of the principal monthly magazines? It is highly interesting, and cleverly written. The writer is a countryman of your own, by the way, one whose papers on all antiquarian subjects, and also on many scientific ones, are held in great and deserved repute; but, canny Scotchman as he is, he withholds his name, though there is a pretty good idea that he is a farmer in the north of Scotland, and rejoices in the famed name of Macgregor."

Yes; it had come to that—the dream of Angus Macgregor's young life was fulfilled, the knowledge he had thirsted for was obtained, the valley of ignorance was long ago left behind him, and he was well up the hill, and one day would even reach that summit in it known by the name of fame. And all the while he climbed on steadily, without going out of what seemed to be, for him, the straight path of duty; for, with all his talent and fund of information, Angus was a farmer still. He had had tempting offers to enter other paths, but he had hearkened to none, but brought much of his knowledge to bear on what he considered to be the marked out department of his life; and though at first many of the old-fashioned laughed at Angus Macgregor's new-fangled ways of farming, by-and-by they had to acknowledge that there must be some sense in plans which produced such crops as those now grown on Birken Farm.

Two years have passed since the conversation above related took place, and once more the glorious summer season has come round. The warm, blue June is spread upon the earth. The graceful tresses of the birches are swaying to and fro under the influence of the gentle breeze, and the corn-fields are rippling all over in their green beauty. The larks are soaring heavenwards, warbling forth their hymns of praise, and the merle and the mavis are filling the air with the sweet melody of their ever changeful notes. Who that can get away from it would now remain pent up within city walls? Not we. The sound of mountain streams, as they bubble along, is in our ears, and we long to tread once more the rocky dens and woody glens, and to see again the heather-covered hills. So we propose to take a peep at our old friends at Birken Farm, and see how time has told on them.

Yonder are the grand old mountains, with their look of quiet repose—

"That like giants stand
To sentinel enchanted land;"

the everlasting hills, which speak so plainly of the power and wonderful handiwork of the great Creator. We pass the Birken Farm, for we have just heard that Angus Macgregor no longer lives there, but has been made factor to young M'Donald, and resides at Benvoir farm-house. Here it is, a substantial building situated in the most lovely spot imaginable. It stands at the head of one of the grandest of Highland passes, and the eye at a glance takes in a wide prospect of rare beauty. The peaks of the stately mountains rear their forms high above the pass—the rich verdure of its tree-

covered sides contrasting with the crimson of the heather-covered hills; whilst, just in front of the house, a lovely cascade dashes over the high rocks, and falls foaming into the water below.

At the gate stands Angus, a lad no longer, but a tall, handsome, well-proportioned man, with a high forehead, and the thoughtful look of a student; beside him is a young woman whose face we seem to have seen before, though it takes us some time to recall exactly where. She is above the middle height, with a dark complexion, with black eyes of great beauty, and dark wavy hair; she has a very intelligent face, and seems listening eagerly to her husband (for such he is) as he draws her attention to the various lights and shadows which are falling on the pass below. Angus turns quickly as the figure of a gentleman approaches the gate, and with a cry of delight exclaims, "Dr. Gordon—is it possible? Heartily welcome, my kind friend; come in, and let me introduce you to my new home and to my wife."

We, too, though invisible, enter at the open gate, and discover that Mrs. Angus Macgregor is no other than the "Morag Menzies" of other days. Truly in the quiet-mannered, well-educated, thoughtful-minded matron we fail to recognize the sullen Morag of former years. From the time of little Snow's visit to the school-house years ago, the change in Morag had been most marked. The many prayers offered on her behalf by her dead mother were fully answered, and ere long her father discovered that Morag's talents were of no ordinary kind, and set himself to call forth, as far as he could, her latent powers. Her application and perseverance, as well as her acuteness and depth of thought, amazed him, and he resolved to obtain for her a thoroughly good education. She and Snowdrop had gone through the same course of training at the Normal School, and afterwards Morag had been retained as a teacher there. During her holidays she had accompanied Snow more than once in her visits to the Birken Farm, and almost imperceptibly Angus and she became attached to one another—Angus rejoicing in the society of one able to enter into his favourite pursuits.

Dr. Gordon and Angus had much to say to one another; but as the doctor left the house the next day, in his heart he returned thanks to God for having so faithfully, in the case of his young friend, fulfilled the gracious promise, "I will go before thee, and make the crooked places straight; I will break in pieces the gates of brass, and cut in sunder the bars of iron." Yes; he was content now. Angus's talents could no longer be said to be thrown away, but were usefully employed for the benefit of his fellow-creatures; and even as regarded the farming, it had come to be confessed that M'Donald of Benvoir's estates were better managed than any in the country. Farewell, Angus Macgregor! You have taught us the lesson that the path of duty is in the end the path of blessing, and that a firm trust in the promises of God is sure to obtain a full reward.

But Dr. Gordon has other friends to see in the Strath;

and his last visit is to be to the Birken Farm, where we also purpose to go. Here we are; yonder stand the birch trees, waving their branches, as if caressingly, over the old house; and at the door, stocking in hand, sits Mrs. Macgregor. A little boy is playing near her, the last of the young nestlings that still remain under the parental roof; for the two girls are out in the world, and Rob Roy—a fine, clever lad—is in Aberdeen, attending college in winter, and assisting his uncle there in holiday time. Mr. Macgregor still superintends his farm, but his portion of work is small. An efficient foreman is kept, who carries out many of Angus's new modes of farming, to which the farmer himself has at last become a convert.

When we draw near the house, we see Mrs. Macgregor is engaged in conversation with a man who bears a pack of books on his back. We catch the words, "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

"Ay, ay," said the farmer's wife; "and the Lord gives us something better than gold and silver—even life everlasting, through Jesus Christ. It was long though ere I sought for the gold tried in the fire, that I might be rich, and the white raiment, that I might be clothed. Nay, I never would have sought, had not Christ himself anointed my eyes with eye-salve, and caused me to see my sin and my Saviour."

"Blessed be the name of the Lord," said the man; "he has indeed, for you and yours, opened rivers in dry places, and made the wilderness a pool of water. And how goes it with Angus, the young factor?"

"Angus," said the mother, her face lighting up with joy at the name of her favourite son—"Angus is the happiest man in all the country-side; and clever—so clever—that even your learned men in foreign lands write to him and ask his opinion on many subjects; and there's mony a nobleman comes here to see Angus's model farm, which the young laird has put into his hand. And yet there's no pride about Angus. He's married a wiselike lass in his own station—no a grand lady as he might have done, who would have looked down on his father and mother, and been, as we read in Scripture Esau's wife was to his father and mother, 'a grief of mind' to them. No, no; the blessing promised to those who honour their father and mother may well be fulfilled to our Angus."

"I'm glad to hear you say so, Mrs. Macgregor," said the colporteur; "I always thought that Angus would prove a 'son who maketh glad his father,' for he was early led to 'choose the better part;' and you know the wise king said 'that she that bare a wise child shall rejoice.'"

How long this conversation might have continued, we cannot say; but Mrs. Macgregor was suddenly called in-doors, and "Book Willie"—for he it was with whom she had been conversing—went on his way.

Ere long the stars were twinkling in the summer sky, and a crescent moon had arisen, silvering the mountain tops, and lighting up the dark pine-trees, and as we gaze

on her, the lines so often said in our childish days rise to our lips, and we say,—

"The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes in every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

"Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth."

And now, with the calm moonshine falling on all around, we bid farewell to Birken Farm and its inmates; but ere we close our story we must take a peep at the owner of the golden casket, the contents of which proved of greater value than gold—yea, much fine gold—to those amongst whom, by the providence of God, little Snowdrop was sent.

CHAPTER XI.

SNOWDROP'S NEW HOME.

"Little children in her way
Furtive lilies cast;
Rugged lips unused to pray
Blessed her as she passed."

We must go back some years in our story, and trace the history of little Snow from the time of her leaving school at the age of seventeen. A sweet, lady-like girl she is, one fitted to gain the affections of all who know her. So we do not wonder that the superintendent of the school grieved at the prospect of losing her favourite scholar, whose steady behaviour and Christian example had proved so useful to many of her companions. But Snowdrop—or Miss Macgregor, as we must now call her—felt that it was time she was trying to obtain a situation as governess. And after a short time she succeeded in doing so. A lady in Manchester, the wife of a highly respected merchant there, wished a young governess to superintend the education of two little girls of seven and eight years old. Snowdrop applied and was engaged; so, after a short visit to her friends at the Birken Farm, she set off once more alone into a strange country, bearing with her as her chief riches the golden casket, the precious legacy of her dead mother.

The going among strangers was a trial to the sensitive girl, but she had too early been thrown on herself to shrink back now; and though at first she felt lonely in her Manchester home, she soon got accustomed to it, and became attached to her gentle mistress, Mrs. Allen, and her warm-hearted little pupils, Fanny and Kate. They, on their parts, soon came to love their young instructress, and in play hours never wearied listening to her stories of life at the Birken Farm. And the town-bred children loved to hear about the sweet wild flowers, and the purple heather-covered hills—the bramble-berrying expeditions in the autumn, and the snow-houses and skating in the winter season. Then they became quite familiar with the names of little Rob Roy, and baby Willie, and the two girls, and the clever Angus, and the

thoughtful student, Joe McCallum; and often they would ask to be told again about the little cripple girl, Elsie Gordon.

Yes; Snowdrop was happy. She had heard plenty (as who has not?) about the unhappiness of governesses, and how they are treated with neglect and oppression; but all she could say was, it was not so in her case. Everything was done to make her feel happy and at ease, and her little pupils sought in every way to promote her comfort. Oh, if little children would only remember that a great deal of the happiness and comfort of those who devote their time to teaching and taking care of them depends upon the way they act towards them, I believe there would be far fewer true stories of unhappy, discontented governesses.

"Evil is wrought by want of thought
As much as by want of heart."

The thoughtful action, the loving caress, the gentle word, how much they do to lighten a heavy heart, or cheer a sad one!

Only one thing grieved Snowdrop in her new home, and that was, that God was not honoured there. I do not mean that the children were not instructed in Bible truths, or allowed to go to bed without repeating a form of prayer. I do not mean that they were not taken regularly to church by their parents, and taught to keep, in a certain degree, the Sabbath holy; but, in spite of these things, God as a real living God, Jesus as a risen, present Saviour, was unknown in the Allens' home. And yet Mrs. Allen was the child of godly parents, and could look back to a time when solemn impressions of the reality of the unseen world pressed upon her, days when she was almost persuaded to be a Christian—days when, as she saw the holy lives and marked the peace and joy enjoyed by her parents, she could say from her heart, "Blessed are the people whose God is the Lord;" and even more when she stood by the death-bed of those loved ones, who, lovely in life, were not long separated in death. She had said, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." So far she had gone, but had looked backward. The care of this life, nay, even more, the love she bore to one who cared for none of these things, turned her back; and in her married life, step by step, she "forgot God." But he never forgot her. By the hands of love he sought to win her to himself. Three lovely children were granted to her, and she received the gift with joy; but, alas! remembered not to thank the Giver. Then affliction was tried. Her youngest child—her only boy—was removed by death.

"Oh, not in anger, not in wrath
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the earth,
And bore the flower away."

And Mrs. Allen did look up to heaven, where her babe had gone. A cloud had fallen on earthly things, and the brightness seemed for a while to come all from above; but time passed, and the shadow-cloud gradually rose from earth and ascended, but only to shut out the

gleam of light which had come from heaven. Yes; the earthly path brightened, and the cloud hid the heavenly. But our God is a God of love, who willeth not the death of a sinner, and condemns reluctantly; and while the voice of justice said, "She is joined to her idols, let her alone; she is an unfruitful tree, cut her down—why cumbereth she the ground?" a greater voice was saying, "Let it alone till I dig about it and dung it, and then if it bear fruit, well." And the digging and the pruning came thus:—

When Snowdrop had been about three years with the Allens, she observed with sorrow that a great change had come over the joyous spirit of her mistress; an anxious look clouded her face, and her bright smile was seldom seen. Nor was the change in her alone. Mr. Allen looked grave and oppressed; and once as he sat with his children on each side of him, she saw his eyes filled with tears as he looked at them. Snowdrop hoped it was only some passing trouble that had caused the change—some anxiety about business matters, such as often troubles a merchant; but as weeks passed on the truth came out. It was the year of the great mercantile pressure, and the house in which Mr. Allen was partner gave way, and left all concerned in it ruined men. The blow fell heavily on Mrs. Allen, even although it had been anticipated; riches had taken to themselves wings and flown away, and she was a stranger to the true riches which endure for ever. Oh, it was a time of darkness and dread! Mr. Allen, strong man though he was, gave way as he thought of his wife and children, accustomed to every luxury, now left penniless. Snowdrop did indeed prove a blessing in those days, and faithfully did she strive to repay the kindness she had received. Young as she was, Mrs. Allen consulted her on many things connected with their change of life. It was to her that the little girls, bewildered with the grief of their parents, clung, hardly understanding more than that mamma and papa were sad, and that they would have to leave their nice pleasant home, and perhaps have fewer dolls and toys to play with; and, above all, it was to Snowdrop that Mrs. Allen told all her grief and anxiety. And in those days the gentle God-fearing girl found many precious opportunities of speaking a word in season for her Lord and Master. Eagerly Mrs. Allen listened. Oh, how God's own words seemed to fall like cooling balm on her fevered heart! How they soothed! how they comforted! True, they pierced also, whispering of a God forgotten in her days of happiness, rejected in her hours of ease; but a God of mercy still, long-suffering and slow to anger—a Father, willing to forgive for Christ's sake. True, those words of peace and love brought with them memories of the past, but they brought also counsels of love and truth, spoken as only loving parents can; but it was through the riches contained in the "golden casket" that the blessing fell.

One day, when Mrs. Allen's grief was becoming morbid—when, instead of exerting herself for the sake

of her husband and children, she had given way, and lay weary and helpless on the couch, Snowdrop slipped quietly into the room. Mrs. Allen lay as if asleep, and Snowdrop, fearing to disturb her, went out of the room; but before doing so, she put one of her illuminated promise cards on the small table which stood beside the couch. Presently Mrs. Allen awoke, and seeing the card, almost unconsciously took it. Listlessly her eyes rested on the words, "Call upon me in the day of trouble. I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." The day of trouble!—surely that was the day in which she was living now. Over and over she read the words. Might she make the promise her own—she who had lived so long afar off from God, who had forgotten the Saviour she once loved? Yes; there was no word saying who only were to call. If a soul was in trouble and called in faith, there was no reason to doubt the answer would be to them. And she did call as a little child who is in sore trouble because it feels it has offended a kind father. She called. The earthly trouble seemed for the while forgotten; for the first call was, "Father, I have sinned, and am no more worthy to be called thy child. Father, forgive, for Christ's sake." That was the first call, and the answer—who can doubt?—came in the Lord's own time. From the burden of sin he did deliver her, by directing her eyes to him who bore her sins in his body on the tree. God's promise, we dare not doubt, was faithfully fulfilled; and in due season the result of that free forgiveness, "Thou shalt glorify me," was seen in the holy walk, in the Christian life of the wife and mother. And when, in after years, she spoke to her children of that day of trouble, she never failed to relate also the story of the Golden Casket, and the blessing one of its precious cards brought to her own soul.

CHAPTER XII.

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN THE BUSH.

"They spent their lives for others,
Yet the world knew them not:
It had not known their Master,
And they sought no higher lot."

THE scene changes. Our last peep at Snowdrop leads us far away from the Birken Farm across the sea to the far-off land of her birth. Yes; little Snow is once more in Australia; she has visited her old home, shed tears over her father's grave, and scattered flowers on it; and now she is living in the bush, the happy wife of a young Scotch minister, whose chief work is going from

station to station preaching the gospel among his fellow-countrymen. And Snowdrop is happy, very happy in her new home; truly the Lord hath been mindful of her, and hath blessed her. The lines, she says, have fallen unto her in pleasant places. She came to Australia with the Allens, who, obliged to leave Manchester, sought to obtain at least a livelihood in that country, and Snow went with them. They could only give her a small remuneration; but she could not leave them in their time of trial. She saw them comfortably settled, then sought another situation; but ere that was obtained, she had met and been asked in marriage by an old Scotch friend, no other than Joseph M'Callum, now a preacher of the gospel. His health had got good, though he was not robust, and the Australian climate suited him well. The wish of his heart to preach Christ had been granted unto him. He had committed his way unto the Lord, and he had brought it to pass.

It was the evening of a New Year's Day, and Mr. M'Callum and his gentle wife sat on the verandah which ran round their little home. The excessive heat contrasted strangely with their remembrances of Scottish New Year's Days. And lovely as all was around them—the flowers grew in profusion, and bright-winged birds flitted past—still they gave a quiet sigh for the snow-capped hills and the bright ingle-side of the old country. But Snowdrop held in her hand the precious casket, and once more Joe M'Callum's eye rested on the promise card with the words, "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." As he read, in spirit he was once more at the Birken Farm, sitting, cast down in spirit, watching the thick clouds on the mountain summits. Once more he seemed to feel the glow of joy and peace that filled his heart as he was enabled there and then in faith to commit his ways unto the Lord. Once more he saw the wonderful sun setting, which had succeeded that cloudy day, and which had so powerfully engraved itself on his "mental eye;" and half wonderingly he learned, for the first time, the history of the promise card and the Golden Casket. And as he and Snowdrop knelt together that night in prayer, they returned thanks to the great answerer of prayer, who had made the darkness light before them, and crooked things straight; who had broken the gates of brass, and cut the bars of iron in sunder; and who had fulfilled his promise that his own word should not return to him void, and had so richly blessed the precious promises contained in little Snowdrop's Golden Casket.

M. H.





Sketches in the United States.

BY THE EDITOR.

III.—THE CHURCHES, AND THEIR WORK.

AMONG the great educational institutions of the States, the Girard College in Philadelphia affords a good illustration of the rule that the character of an establishment depends more on the living men who manage it to-day, than on the dead founder who prescribed its laws in his last will. Stephen Girard, an American citizen of French descent, left a large sum for the purpose of building and maintaining in Philadelphia a college for the education of boys. Knowing no ministers of religion except Popish priests, and having contracted an intense antipathy to them and their system, he made it a fundamental law that no minister of religion, or missionary, of any class or name, should ever be permitted even to set a foot within the gates of his college. That law is observed rigidly in its letter; for I was kept outside the gate, while the laymen and ladies of the party were led over the premises by one of the directors. But the intention of the testator has been signally frustrated. He has not succeeded in keeping Christianity out of his college. He bound the directors in all time to keep the ministers of religion out; but religion itself has come in. "The word of God is not bound" by the will of an unbelieving millionaire any more than by the dungeons of a despot. It was necessary to place the institution under the management of respectable citizens; and it appears that a corps of respectable citizens who will administer the affairs of such a college without the gospel is not to be had in Philadelphia. The gospel accordingly is frequently preached to the students by the directors themselves; and some of them, as I know, preach the gospel with force andfulness.

The buildings, all of white marble, are spacious and elegant. The endowment is ample.

Girard's will incidentally illustrates one leading peculiarity of the Popish system—that it makes religion an affair of the priests. The testator imagined that by keeping priests out of his institution he would keep out religion. He did not know that the love of Christ constrains every one who tastes it to be, in some sphere, a missionary. This ought to give a strength to the Protestant Church which the priestly system of Rome can never know. When this privilege comes to be generally realized, the world will be won. By right there are in the world as many propagators of Christianity as there are believers in Christ. The rule of the Church should be, Every man his own missionary.

For my own part, I don't think it was creditable to the legislature and the laws of Pennsylvania to permit the Girard College to be instituted at all, with a stigma against a whole class of honest citizens imbedded in its constitution. That is their own affair, however; and Providence has done what the State Legislature failed to do—secured that, in point of fact, the intention of pouring upon society a continuous stream of educated youth untinged by Christian ideas should prove abortive. Happily the condition of the country seems to be such that you may still say regarding the faith in Christ, as Horace said of Nature, Though you push it out with a fork, it will come in again.

On the whole, the United States stand pre-eminent among the nations for the number and the grandeur of their benevolent and educational institutions. The Christian Church, though the greatest and most widely spread, can hardly be

reckoned as one of the number : it is rather the root on which they grow—the source of their life and power. It is the Tree of Righteousness, the planting of the Lord in the wilderness, which has covered the land with its fruitful boughs.

One of the first things that arrests the attention of a stranger when he is introduced to the society of Christians in the States, is their comparative freedom from mutual jealousies. Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, Methodists mingle on terms of perfect equality. No man holds up his head on account of the Church to which he belongs ; and no man on that account holds down his head. No sect either seeks or gets precedence of another. Your place in society or your prospect in life is not affected by the shade of your religious profession. No Church is established. All are equal in the eye of the law and in the favour of the government. It happens that the President and Vice-President are worshippers in a Methodist church. The predecessor of the President was a Presbyterian.

Nor do the government and legislature find it necessary to exclude religion from their sphere. How they contrive to define the boundary-line, or whether they prefer to leave it undefined, it would not be suitable here to inquire or explain. My business is to state the fact for general information. The Houses of Legislature begin their work every day with prayer. A day of thanksgiving was appointed by the President in the autumn of last year, which was universally observed. You might have read, for example, in the Irish newspapers, an advertisement to the effect that the office of the United States Consulate in Belfast would be closed on a certain day of a certain month on account of the national fast.

Any one who visits the country may perceive at a glance that there is no lack of means to provide for the support of Christian ordinances, although all depends on voluntary liberality. The money expended on church and Sabbath-school edifices is enormous. Forty thousand pounds is not an uncommon estimate for the erection of a church in one of the great cities. The modern ecclesiastical edifices surpass in elegance and costliness anything that can be seen in this country. If the distribution of their re-

sources is not equal—too lavish in rich places, and too spare in poor—the people of America confess and lament, and endeavour to cure the evil. Besides, this is a weakness common to them with all others, whether endowed or unendowed.

I confess that, with all my affection for the men, and all my admiration of their liberality, I had some misgivings regarding the present prevailing tendency among them to rear gorgeous temples at immense cost. In Philadelphia, a Methodist church in course of erection, and nearly finished, is of polished white marble from the foundation to the pinnacle, steeple and all. Another, lately completed, belonging to the Baptists, is built of a beautiful green stone, brought from Nova Scotia. The other denominations were not behind in the race. I feared that this taste might be carried too far, and I frankly expressed my fear, both in public and in private ; for (it may be noted in passing) I never found it necessary to conceal my opinions from my friends in America.

On one occasion I gave to a very large representative meeting of the Baptists the reproof that a child long ago gave to me. Soon after 1843, while Free churches were springing up everywhere in Scotland, a Christian lady, in her own house, took an opportunity of reading me a lecture on the too great costliness of many churches that were, at that time, in the course of erection for our use, especially in the cities, intimating that each of the unnecessary steeples which the rich were rearing might have been exchanged for a comfortable edifice in some poor district. I felt that there was some force in the lady's reproof ; and the only defence I could suggest was, that if the lavish expenditure were in the givers' hearts a real offering to the Lord, a hosannah to the Son of David, the gift would be accepted as a true service. Whereupon her little daughter, sitting at her feet, interposed to say sharply, "Ah, but it is a hosannah to the Free Church."

There the matter lies. Both we in Scotland and our brethren in America are in the hands and under the eye of the Church's Head. No man can judge his neighbour. Certainly to build a cheap church, while the worshippers dwell in houses of cedar, is neither pleasing to God nor

credible in the sight of men. On the other hand, if splendid ecclesiastical edifices are the expression and the food of human pride, the savour of them is not sweet to the Lord. But to his own Master every man stands or falls. It is not only the most charitable, but probably the most correct view of the subject to suppose that the gorgeousness of American ecclesiastical architecture at present is a part of the immense expansiveness and liberality of a great and prosperous nation. On every side they expand and expend. If they had made their churches an exception, the fact would have been taken as a proof of penuriousness rather than of humility.

The most prominent feature in the recent history of the Christian Churches in the States is the now consummated union of two long-separated branches of the Presbyterians. So far from this junction that increases the strength of one denomination stirring jealousy in the rest, it has become the occasion of increasing the brotherly kindness and charity that previously prevailed. At an advanced stage of the negotiations for union, the Evangelical Episcopal Church, represented by some of its highest dignitaries as well as its most esteemed members, held a fraternal meeting with the Presbyterians, in which all sections were carried away in the enthusiasm of their charity. All who participated in their love-feast speak of it as a privilege to be remembered and relished for a lifetime. At the first meeting of the United Assembly in Philadelphia last summer there was a similar conjoint meeting with the Baptist Church, which happened to be holding its National Assembly in the same city at the same time. The Churches have obtained grace from their common Lord to rejoice both inwardly and publicly in each other's prosperity.

I fraternized with all the Churches as I had opportunity; but on account of the errand on which I was sent, I was thrown for the most part among the Presbyterians. In particular, I watched with much interest the proceedings of the General Assembly, held in Philadelphia.

The Assembly, consisting of about six hundred delegates—ministers and elders—conducted their business with energy and precision, and entire charity. No man was allowed to waste his neighbour's time and his own with an ocean of unne-

cessary eloquence. For the most part, the business was in substance reconstruction in a Committee of the whole House, and a term of five minutes and no more was allotted to each orator. By a general rule, any speaker might obtain a prolongation of the time by an express vote of the House asked and given. Sometimes the favour was asked and emphatically not given. Brother B——, from Ohio, was arrested by the Moderator at the termination of the legal five minutes. The time was done, but not so the matter that still stirred in Brother B——'s brain. Will the House grant him an extension? Those who agree to give Brother B—— an extension will please to say "Aye;" a few scattered "Ayes" respond. Those who are of a contrary opinion will please to say "No;" when a "No" from several hundred throats roared like Niagara. The House momentarily smiled at its own unanimity; Brother B—— resumed his seat, and another speaker caught the Moderator's eye. The whole was settled with the most perfect good humour in less time than I have taken to tell the story. Neither time nor temper was lost in the transaction.

Although in this way the members of the Assembly showed sharply their appreciation of the value of time, they were abundantly lenient to us who were foreign deputies. They sternly curbed any tendency to prolixity among themselves, but they threw the reins absolutely loose when the strangers were introduced. We were in all six from Great Britain and Ireland, besides others from Canada; and the Assembly gave itself up to us without imposing the least restraint, or giving any indication of weariness. Whether we spoke to the point or wandered from it they never swerved, but listened with patience and marks of interest to the close. And this contrast did not seem to cost them any effort. It came easily, and, as it were, unconsciously. I saw in it, as I thought, an example of beautiful courteousness—a courteousness that sat easy on them, and was not the result of a special effort. But I saw more in it than merely the politeness displayed by an assembly of gentlemen. I saw a deep, complacent love of the parent race cherished in the hearts of all the good in that great offsprings-nation. They loved us because they recognized us as deputies of the Churches in Britain, sent to

inquire how they did, and bid them God-speed in their great mission.

A curious illustration of their desire to husband the precious treasure of time appeared in a motion submitted at an early session by a member, himself a doctor of divinity, to the effect that the clerks, when called to read lists of names in the appointment of committees, or other branches of the Assembly's business, should omit the letters D.D. wherever they might occur, and so shorten the process. The motion was lost on a vote. I was only amused with the proposal when I heard it made; but afterwards, when I observed that, for the most part, the members of committees were entitled to the distinction, and that their method is to read out in clear tones the two significant capitals after every name, I came to the conclusion that the motion, if it had been adopted, would have sensibly abbreviated the procedure of the House, and reduced the fatigue of its officers.

Much energy and perseverance are exhibited both by the Presbyterians and the other sections of the Church in the prosecution of their home evangelistic work. From the quantity and the kind of immigration that the country is obliged continually to receive and absorb, a great deal of home mission work is needed. It is both instructive and reproving to us on our side of the sea to watch the skill and liberality with which that work is prosecuted. Speaking chiefly of the cities of Philadelphia and New York, in which I had the best opportunities of observing it, I shall explain their method of procedure.

A congregation fixes on a spot in the city or the suburbs where the population is increasing and the provision for Christian ordinances scant. They buy a rectangular building lot with streets on three of its sides. On the part of the front next the narrower street they build a mission-house, which in size and cost and beauty is quite equal to one of our good city churches, the best half of the lot standing meantime bare. They now set to work with schools, Sabbath schools, Sabbath-day worship, and district visiting, using the mission-house, which is conveniently divided, for all the purposes of the mission. A minister is obtained; and while he devotes all his time to the station, some men of energy and skill from

the parent congregation devote to it all the time that they can spare from their ordinary callings. I preached on a Sabbath evening to a congregation of two thousand five hundred in such a mission-house. When the work has advanced to a certain stage, a fine church is built on the best portion of the site, and the secondary structure, in which the congregation was nursed, becomes the sphere of its schools and all its evangelistic operations.

Every church has its large hall, with many other rooms of various dimensions, for the prosecution of its work; and these auxiliary structures are in all cases handsome, commodious, convenient, and elegant. In this respect the American Churches go far ahead of all that I have seen or heard of at home. They do their work thoroughly. They spare no labour and no expense. They act on the principle that a thing which ought to be done, ought to be done well. Sabbath schools, adult classes, evening prayer-meetings, are not shuffled into any out-of-the-way sort of place that can be borrowed or hired. Accommodation substantial, convenient, and beautiful is in all cases provided for the purpose at the expense of the Church. The Sunday-school work is conducted with great energy and perseverance by all sections of the Christian Church in the States. The children of the members seem to get much more attention from the Church than in our country. This is a department in which we are specially called at present to examine their methods and follow their example. Now, more than ever, in our own country the Church is bound to see to the religious education of the young. Whatever amount of scriptural knowledge may be communicated in the national schools of the future, it behoves the Christian parents, in their capacity of Church members, to make provision in a combined and organized form for the training of their families in that branch of instruction which lies at the foundation of all true success.

I enjoyed many opportunities of observing the systematic energy with which this work is conducted in the States. In some cases the classes meet in the morning; but, for the most part, the early afternoon is devoted to it—between the forenoon and evening diets of public worship.

In Chicago the Sabbath-school teachers meet

in a body every Saturday at noon for the purpose of considering the lesson for the following day, and giving to each other suggestions as to its meaning, and the best method of illustrating and enforcing its lessons. I enjoyed the privilege of attending and addressing that meeting. Upwards of two hundred teachers assemble. I am not aware of any similar institution here on so large a scale. I looked with great interest on that large and lively meeting, not only on account of the positive benefit that each teacher may derive from the exercise of the day, but also and chiefly as a symptom of a great and sustained zeal in Sabbath work already existing in the Christian community. Much of the benefit is, I fear, lost by a habit among many teachers of going to the class unprepared, mentally or spiritually, and counting that what is uppermost and comes easily may do well enough, especially for the children of the poor. Unless the teacher's mind has fully entered into the meaning of the lesson beforehand, and his heart felt the power of the saving truth, there is no glow of earnestness when the hour arrives, and the attention of the children cannot be caught and held. The noonday meeting of the teachers in Chicago remains on my memory, a bright spot of hope for the future of the Church in that great and bustling mercantile community.

Unfortunately for myself, I enjoyed very few opportunities of listening to the ministrations of the American ministers. As I was a stranger, and in good health, and intending to remain only a very short time in the country, I consented, at the request of my friends, to preach wherever I went, and thus I lost the privilege of being a hearer. I enjoyed, however, a great deal of intercourse in private with many Christian ministers whom I learned to love and admire. I saw in their congregations a reflection of their characters and influence. The Churches in America, I think, have been remembered by the Head in his distribution of preachers and missionaries. Much prayer has ascended in the States for the special gift of pastors and teachers, and in large measure their cry has been heard.

The crowds that throng the streets in motion towards the house of prayer in the morning of the Lord's-day, and the great assemblies congre-

gated within the churches, contribute to hold up the hands that hang down and to strengthen the feeble knees in regard to the future of Christ's kingdom in the land. In regard to the manner in which religious worship is conducted in the States, it seems to differ very little from the prevailing habits in evangelical communities among ourselves. I observe that some who have lately published their impressions in this country have stated broadly that the congregations sit silent, and permit the choir to sing the praise of God in the sanctuary. This does not accord with my experience. Instrumental accompaniments are, indeed, almost universal; and in that respect their mode of worship presents a contrast with the custom that has hitherto prevailed in Presbyterian churches here. But as far as I had an opportunity of observing, both in Presbyterian and Congregational churches in the States, the whole body of the worshippers took part in vocal praise. The only thing that really grated on my sense of propriety, or my habits and associations, was an occasional solo or duet at the commencement, artistically performed, in which the congregation fulfilled only the part of listeners. I would have disliked it less if anybody had told me what were the words or sentiments that served as the animating spirit within that body of sweet sound; but although, I suppose, the ordinary worshippers knew what it was all about, I was left in every case in utter ignorance, for I could not detect articulation in the distant and swelling music. Even in this case, however, I judge only for myself. For aught that I know, these elaborate musical performances may be a costly ointment poured out in the praise of God; and if offered in devout simplicity by operators and listeners, the incense may be accepted by the Hearer of prayer. I am bound also to confess that the portions of praise in which the congregations could not, or did not, take part, were a very small fraction of the whole.

In the United States the weekly newspaper has become an important organ of the Church. There is in Christianity a development that is true and beneficent. New doctrines do not grow in modern times, but new branches of varied effort grow on the ancient roots. As society advances, the methods and ministries of the Church

are improved. One of the most remarkable of those agencies, unknown in ancient times, which Christians are at liberty to employ now, is the periodical press. The American people have seized and adapted this engine for Christian uses to a much greater extent than any other people.

The number of weekly broadsheets that contain an outline of all ordinary news, while they devote their energies mainly to the advancement of Christian faith and practice, I have no means of ascertaining—they are legion. Many of them are conducted with great energy and consummate skill. They are a power in the country: The quantity and variety of original writing in these weekly volumes is astonishing.

Besides the direct power exerted by these newspapers, there is an incidental benefit of no mean significance. A large proportion of the pastors and professors in the seminaries are exercised and experienced in writing for the press. In almost every case the author's name is prefixed to his article. In every issue, not one or two, but a series of thoughtful essays appears, written by men of character and eminence, on all subjects that concern revealed truth or human duty. In this way every man exercises a duplicate ministry. And the two ministries work to each other's hands in more ways than one. Many a valuable mind is saved from a state of stagnation, by getting an outlet for all its energies; the Church universal more fully reaps fruit from all the talents distributed among its members; and men fitted for

special work in any sphere are better known, and more easily found in time of need.*

Alongside of a paragraph in the American papers announcing a call to a minister from a smaller to a more important pastorate, you may frequently see one intimating that an eminent minister in some large city has been invited, and urged by the promise of a handsome salary, to desert his church and undertake the charge of a newspaper. Such an invitation is viewed by the Christian community simply as a proposal to remove a man from one sphere to another in the service of the Lord and in the work of our common faith. In some cases the minister prefers to remain in his pastorate; in others, he leaves his pastorate to become an editor. In either case, and in both alike, he is held in esteem by his brethren, and obtains their sympathy in the act of judging according to his light in what specific sphere he may most effectually serve God and man.

On the whole, the weekly religious newspaper is a very powerful engine, born of modern human progress, skilfully and energetically employed by the Churches of America to spread the knowledge of the gospel, and mould the nation to righteousness and truth. It would scarcely be correct to say that in this department—the use of the newspaper press for directly Christian and moral objects—they are far before us; for that would imply that, though far behind, we were somewhere following their steps. In this particular species of Christian effort we are “nowhere” in the race.

ONLY!

I.



ONLY a small white rose!—

But it came to me in a weary hour,
And I felt a love for the little flower
That a lonely sufferer knows.

II.

Only a hawthorn-tree!—

But it told of a summer long ago,
When we shook the blossom, and called it snow:
And I love the memory.

III.

Only a kindly voice!—

But it spoke to me in a loving tone
When my heart was weary—my heart was stone,
And it made that heart rejoice.

IV.

Only the word “Forgiven!”—

But it came to me as I knelt to pray,
And I knew and felt I had found the way
That would lead me safe to heaven.

A. F.

* In this Number, at page 218, a specimen of these papers will be found, from *New York Independent*.

THE BROTHERS BEFORE STRASBURG.

FROM THE GERMAN OF A. VOLLMAR.

CHAPTER III.

"The king, how went he to the Rhine?
Was war to him as gladsome wine?
Or marched he forth to strife and blood
In wild ambition's heartless mood?—
Oh no; the tears were in his eyes,
Nor hate, nor vengeance, bade them rise:
He thought of all his children's woe;—
He knew how soon their blood must flow;
With sympathetic, yearning throbs
He heard the wife's, the mother's sob.
He thought of all—the sick, the weak;—
He thought, and tears were on his cheek!

"The king, how went he to the war?
Led on by some vain-glorious star;
And trusting only in the might
Of men and guns to win the fight?—
Oh no; he thought of righteous laws,
And armed himself in justice' cause.
Behold, his aged, kingly brow,
The laurel-twined, he bendeth low.
All boastful pride away he flings,
And stands before the King of kings;
From his, and only from his hand
He craves the palm for Fatherland."

TWO precious flowers of wondrous beauty were brought forth in these hot July days. The one could only be plucked on the field of battle, when red blood had been poured upon it; but it bloomed so sweetly that thousands of young warriors strove to pluck it, and plant it on their breasts: it was called the Iron Cross. On the anniversary of his mother's death King William founded this Order, which represents in very truth an honour and a glory. The other was the flower of Forgiveness: the king, rejoiced at the unanimity of his people's uprising, granted to all who had offended him a full pardon. And then, after he and his counsellors had received the holy Sacrament, after the whole land had bent its knee before Heaven—then the king set out from Berlin.

It was on the 31st of July, about six o'clock in the evening, that once more an enormous gathering of people filled the streets which the king must pass through in going to the railway. The station was hung with fresh flowers and evergreens; and in the middle were the words, so simple, and yet so full of meaning, "God-speed!" What could the people add to that on the departure of their king?

He came with an earnest countenance, the queen by his side with tearful eyes. Whoever saw the royal couple together on that day will never forget it as long as he lives. At the station were already assembled the princes, and the three close friends—Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon. Like master, like servants. Long would the cheers have lasted, rising over and over again, but sobs choked the voices. No; there was nothing more that could be said. "God-speed!" were the words of confidence and of consolation.

Deeply touched, the Elzings returned home. The mother felt as if it would be wrong to wish her sons to stay when all were parting with their nearest and dearest. She could not desire to be behindhand. In this spirit she awaited the summons for their departure.

It soon came, and for both together. "This evening all will assemble at the barracks, and set out early to-

morrow morning." So ran the order. Perhaps it might be to the borders of the Palatinate; perhaps, by-and-by, to Strasburg, suggested the soldiers.

"Strasburg!" said the father, when they were together for the last time; "we have not got to that yet. Nevertheless it has always been a sad regret to me that Strasburg should remain French. I always look upon it as a child of Germany whom France had stolen, and whom we ought to win back."

"But what if it will not return? if it had rather belong to France?" asked Martin.

"Let us try, at least. The child remains a child, be it ever so long away from home. Parents, too, do not give up trying to get back a lost one: they must seek it out if it comes not of its own accord; and then they must make home so attractive that there can be no doubt of its being the best place."

Mrs. Elzing wept, and said, "It is just as if you were speaking of our Elizabeth."

Ay, Elizabeth!—all wept at the thought of her.

Next day the soldiers were at the station ready for their journey. It was delightful to see young men so full of zeal and warlike enthusiasm. Nevertheless it did not prevent their feeling very hungry. Mrs. Elzing ran home and had everything brought from the house that was eatable. This motherly care lightened for her the sad leave-taking. Before she was aware of it, the signal for starting was given. "Mother, from this time forth all famished, way-worn soldiers that come to thee are thy children," said Martin.

She nodded her head in silence.

"Give us a cheer for our mother, who hast fed us all," said Walter in a gay voice, but two great tears stood in his eyes.

A hearty cheer followed: quickly was it drowned by the whistle of the train. One hiss, and the engine roars as it carries away with it all those beloved beings.

Childless stand the old couple on the empty spot. Will they ever again behold them?—and when? and how?

When the king was travelling through a Westphalian town, on his way to the army, a laurel wreath was presented to him. He took it with thanks, broke it up, and gave the separate twigs to the gentlemen of his suite, and to the soldiers who were about the station. "Not I only," said he; "we must, every one of us, earn the laurel."

And they did earn it, all of them, Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons, Wurttembergers—in a word, the Germans. "The army is noble," said the king in a dispatch to the queen, in which it was customary to state merely the bare facts in their driest form. "The army is noble;" and, like a trumpet-blast, through the land went the words which the king had not refrained from uttering in the fulness of his heart.

Every one of us remembers the fearful weight of anxiety that we felt during those first days. Would the French cross the Rhine? Saarbrück was evacuated. We did not despair—we knew it must be endured; yet it was so dreadful, so inexpressibly sad, if the old familiar soil should become the theatre of war. Then came the news of the victory of Weissenburg; and on the heels of it, the victory of Woerth. Afterwards the strife was carried into France ever further and further. The German eagle spread out his feathers, and the rustle of his wings was heard afar: he drove away the ravens which had so long hovered round the Kyffhäuser, and announced to Frederic Barbarossa* that the hour had struck, and the great, united, noble German people had arisen.

The intelligence of these victories came across our friends on their journey; but soon they had to see the sorrow that accompanied the joyful news with closely following steps. So extensive, so dreadful they had not pictured it to themselves. The villages through which they now passed had become mere hospitals; almost from every roof floated the flag with the red cross on its white ground, which announced the presence of wounded and dying men. Immense activity was everywhere to be seen, doctors and field-deacons all exerting themselves to the utmost. Here the thirsty were refreshed, there healing bandages were applied; limbs underwent the necessary amputations, and corpses were buried. Those who had slight wounds were laid on carriages, that they might be removed to distant places, where better assistance could be given. The sufferings of the poor fellows might be guessed from their groans; but when one saw the deacons everywhere

helpful, encouraging, active, soothing the multitude of sufferers, one's heart could not but swell with thankfulness that, even in such wretchedness as this, love and mercy could find a path, and make themselves felt.

The regiments in which Martin and Walter were made but a short stay in such villages. Walter shuddered when he saw scenes like these; but his heart bounded only the higher with indignation against those who had been the cause of such unspeakable misery by first occasioning the outbreak. Martin, for his part, had no thought but to come forward and help. Whenever he could obtain leave he was at the side of the deacons, making a bed for some wounded creature, as tenderly as a mother could have done, upon the straw of the field-waggons: he gave them his own wine, his own cigars—in fact, all he had to give. The other soldiers followed his example; and thus the whole company, while they halted, were fully occupied in rendering active assistance.

Things were going on prosperously, and all was prosecuted with vigour; every one was anxious to keep his limbs sound, as they might be useful against the enemy.

Towards the end of the month of August our friends stood in front of Strasburg, which the army was confining within ever lessening limits. They were right glad to have been ordered hither. Here they had a different feeling altogether from what they would have had elsewhere. There was the longing to get back one's own again. Besides, their father's tales, the songs and stories about Strasburg they had always listened to, the Minster,—all this exercised magical influence over the minds of the young men, and they felt it a happy destiny to be allowed to wrestle for this ancient German treasure.

The siege of the place went on in bitter earnest. It was hoped at first that the capitulation would not be so long delayed; but its gallant commandant declared he would defend it to the last man, and he did his utmost to keep his word. The citizens supported him in his resistance. Incited against Germany, the town opposed itself to those who had come to deliver it from the French yoke. Now were to be fulfilled the words Arndt had sung fifty years before,—

"Now listen, my Germany, gallant and free,
A song to thine ears we are bringing;
It tells of how cunningly stolen from thee
Were Strasburg, and Metz, and Lothringen!
But he shall repay us; yes, he shall deliver,
Though we fight him a lifetime, the cunning deceiver!"

After Strasburg was fairly surrounded by our troops, and cut off from communication with the outer world, all proceeded according to the rules of a regular siege. Trenches and earthworks were dug, cannon were brought up, and the town was bombarded in the most formidable way. That during this time the gravest events were taking place before Metz and Sedan nobody in Strasburg could be made to believe. Meanwhile they put their trust in a French army with which M'Mahon

* This allusion, readily understood in Germany, will be made intelligible to English readers by the following quotation from "Friedrich Rothbart auf dem Kyffhäuser":—"Of this emperor many legends are current. He is said not to have died, but to be alive to the present day; and that there has never since him been a true emperor. He dwells ever enclosed in the hill of Kyffhäuser. A shepherd once piping a tune that pleased the emperor, found himself led into the mountain by a dwarf. There sat the emperor. He asked the shepherd whether the ravens were still flying round about the mountain. And on the shepherd answering in the affirmative, the emperor said, 'Then I must sleep here for another hundred years!'"

was to fall upon the Germans in the rear; at the street corners were posted up accounts of French victories, which contained not one word of truth. By degrees the condition of the town became fearful; the besieging shots fell upon houses, riddling them through, or setting them on fire. Death and misery prowled through the streets, and found a rich harvest.

Yet the brave garrison held out. At the top of the Minster the commandant had his outlook; and wherever a breach was espied in the ranks of the besiegers, there he directed his attacks, which, though fortunately repulsed, cost the Germans many a valuable life. It was at the beginning of the siege, when one day a large number of French troops sallied out. The cannon by which Walter was posted stood, with one other, on a small elevation; on these guns the French seemed to have fixed their attention particularly. While the Germans, in their efforts to rescue the threatened cannons, were overpowered by the enemy's numbers, the artillerymen were able to take aim at them so effectually that man after man fell smitten to the earth. Walter's gun was doing prodigious execution; and though balls were flying thick about his own head, he regarded them not—he had too much else to do: he did not even recollect that his own personal safety went hand in hand with that of the battery. The French saw the few gunners who constantly fed the brazen throat that threw death and destruction on its assailants;—scarcely did a band come forward before they were mown down by the fearful implement. Suddenly Walter felt as if his heart was struck; he recoiled. "If it is death, then, with thee, my God!"—the thought passed like lightning across his mind; but quicker even than this was the lightning that came, flash after flash, upon his post. Still he fell not—he stood his ground, and presently help came; for, mounted on horseback, a small troop of cavalry arrived, who drove back the remainder of the enemy right under their guns. The thunder ceased; the attack had been victoriously repulsed.

Some officers rushed to the cannons that had so valiantly maintained themselves, and addressed to Walter warm words of praise. He looked round him like one in a dream. What meant the silence after the dreadful roaring? Mechanically he wanted to fire again. But no; all was over. There lay the dead bodies of the enemy; he was surrounded by comrades. "You are wounded," said one of the officers, seeing Walter's white face.

The latter shook his head; but, on being examined, it was seen what a wonderful preservation had been vouchsafed him. A ball had carried off part of the covering from his head; another had grazed his arm; a third had struck at his heart, but had left there only a blue mark, which testified to the violence of the shock. His uniform was pierced through, so was the Testament which he wore in the breast of his coat; the latter, indeed, had just saved his life.

At last, after many hours, Martin was able to join

his brother. He had suffered great alarm on his account: he saw at how dangerous a post Walter stood—he could not render him any assistance, for the infantry had received no orders to move forward; so he commended him to God, and his prayer was heard.

Now, for a long time, nothing extraordinary befell the brothers; they shared joy and sorrow, heat and cold, food and hunger with the rest of the soldiers, only they were more frequently gladdened by letters from home than most of the men were. Their father wrote almost daily, and many a true word from his mother Martin read aloud to those who were not so favoured; but, in consequence of all this active correspondence, the two Elzings were nicknamed by their comrades the "Letter-shooters."

The siege of Strasburg went on uninterruptedly. The sufferings of the inhabitants awoke the deepest compassion in the breasts even of the assailants. All night long the flames of the burning buildings reddened the sky, and everywhere the cathedral stood out as a rock in the midst of a fiery ocean. Nowhere were the people secure of their lives—even in cellars they were sometimes buried by the falling buildings; but still the town would not put an end to the misery—it would not yield to the Germans.

"In sable robes of mourning,
The widow stood apart;
Her husband, now returning,
Reclaims her hand and heart;"

but in nearly two hundred years she had forgotten, yes, forgotten, that she was Germany's own flesh and blood.

It was towards the end of September that Martin and Walter took a ride with a few companions into the country. The beauty of the rich province was visible even under the horrors of war. They saw few peasants; the inhabitants had mostly fled, and the infamous freebooters, who plundered friend and foe alike, were here having it all their own way. After a while our friends came to a village that lay much concealed; but here, as elsewhere, the houses were void of people. They went forward cautiously. One of the first buildings they came to was a small but prettily built church. It seemed that a wild rabble must lately have been here; for, as Martin and Walter entered it, they were shocked at the horrid desecration which had befallen it. The crucifix lay on the floor, together with the flowers from the altar; the chalices had been carried away as booty. Pictures were torn, and everywhere lay dirt and rubbish. Walter did not delay a moment. He raised and restored the venerated objects to their places; arranged everything as well as he could; then hastened to the first house where he could find a broom, with which he swept away the rubbish. Martin stood by him; and the brothers had the satisfaction of seeing the church rendered decent again. At this moment the sun shone brightly in at the windows, as if to cheer their hearts for having done a good deed. Walter stood

by, full of emotion. He saw that something was yet wanting. He went to a neighbouring garden, where the flowers were blooming as sweetly as if no war were going on in the world. Walter hastily plucked two bunches;—what a fine chafer was in the middle of the rose! “Martin, a chafer!” he called out, and there stood his brother behind him, laughing heartily; but he caught hold of him instead of the chafer. While Martin arranged the flowers, Walter went up to the organ; he felt his heart was so full he must play a chorale. He did not stop to think what it should be, but starting with full force, played and sung,—

‘My life is like a vapour
Exhaling quickly from the dust;
Or like a burning taper
The wind puffs out with sudden gust.
But slow or sudden take me death,
Lord Christ, receive my parting breath.’

Other voices from below fell in, which seemed quite natural, and a matter of course. But Walter had not perceived that his comrades, attracted by the sound of the organ, had entered the church. Still less did he see that a field-preacher, with a white and violet band on his arm, had, with a few gentlemen, taken their places near the altar. Now the preacher raised his voice, and the powerful words of the 90th Psalm sounded through the building, followed by a prayer from the heart. Yes; here was God’s service, simple and sincere. A striking scene ensued when Walter, coming up to the pastor, knelt, and begged that the Sacrament might be administered to those assembled. Down knelt the other soldiers; the minister was ready; and thus, within hearing of war’s thunder, was administered the pledge of peace.

Walter’s face glowed. “I have such a happy feeling,” said he; “more happy than I am able to express.”

Martin looked at him with anxiety, there was so peculiar a radiance about his brother’s expression. On the way home he spoke much of his parents and Elizabeth, and that she would certainly return to her home, and that they must all be very tender to her.

“Should I perish,” continued he, “then do not lament me beyond measure. Remember there can be no death more welcome than to die for something we hold dear, and at peace with Heaven; and the dearest things to me are King and Fatherland. If, in death, I could only know Elizabeth restored to her parents, I should have no desire unfulfilled.”

Martin himself felt grave. He well understood his brother’s feelings. All the soldiers knew that in the next few days the storming of Strasburg would commence, and that it would be of the severest description could be doubted by no one. Add to this the rumour that the commandant intended at the final moment rather to blow the citadel into the air than to surrender; and if he had sufficient powder he would lay Strasburg and the surrounding district in ruins. Well might one feel, in a time like this, “In the midst of life, we are in death.”

CHAPTER IV.

“O Strasburg! O Strasburg!
Thou city wondrous fair!
The hour that gives thee freedom
Is pealing through the air.

“Loud roaring, loud roaring,
Hear the cannon night and day;
’Tis a greeting that they bring thee,—
And the foe-man, he shall pay.

“We greet thee, we greet thee,
Thou pearl of sunny light!
The united German people
Now restore thee to thy right.

“And rising, uprising,
Like the sun at break of morn,
Comes the nation’s love towards thee—
Love that ne’er shall be forsworn.”

THE white flag floats over the citadel of Strasburg—nay, it cannot be!—yet it is even so. The long-beleaguered, hard-pressed city utters, at the hour of extremity, the word “mercy,” and opens her battered gates to the besiegers. She gnashes her teeth; but the principal feeling, nevertheless, is one of relief. After forty-five weary days can the inhabitants now, for the first time, creep forth to breathe the air, to see the blue sky above their heads, without the fear of being struck down by some deadly missile.

Among the besiegers reigned the utmost joy. The conquest of Strasburg was an important step in the career of the German army. “Now Metz and Paris, then we are complete!” cried they in joyous confidence.

But the pleasure of victory was mixed with compassion. Was it actually a German town that had struggled in this desperate way? and had it not lost more already than could be seen by the eye—namely, its German loyalty? Now it must call to mind its true descent—must learn to belong again to its own German race: just one hundred and eighty-nine years it had been in the hands of the French.

But these are not the thoughts that are making Martin’s heart heavy; he does not see the white flag flying, he hears not the sound of triumph. In this moment, at the very attainment of the desired object, the saddest thing has happened to him that he can picture to himself. A single stray shot of the enemy has pierced the right breast of Walter, the brother whom he loves better than his own life. The wound is severe, but not mortal. The physician says the upper part of the lung is injured; he has endeavoured to extract the ball, but in vain. The invalid must be kept quiet; he will try his best to remove the ball.

Martin sits on the couch by his brother, and thinks how and where he can best provide for him. Of all that is passing around him he has understood little; but the word is now given that the troops enter Strasburg. Then a thought occurs to him. There are houses, and in the houses people; perhaps somewhere he will be able to find those who, for money and

civility, will take in his dear Walter. Martin begs permission to supply his brother's needs. In recognition of the praiseworthy conduct of the two brothers, this is granted him by his kind officer. He now prepares everything. Walter is laid on an easy stretcher, the physician himself helps to lift him, for he must be disturbed as little as possible; and while the noise of the conqueror's entrance is subsiding, Martin enters the town with his dear burden.

He looks around to see where he may beg a shelter for Walter. Many houses indeed are destroyed and burned, yet many remain standing safely. But they are for the most part shut, the windows covered; seldom a face to be seen, still seldomer a friendly one—not one that says to the seeker, "Come in hither."

Martin is just turning down a side street, when a window-shutter is removed, and a pale woman, her head covered with a black handkerchief, looks forth. Seeing German soldiers, she is about to close the shutters hastily again; but Martin steps forward in a moment. In his haste, forgetting his French, he says in German,—

"For God's sake, if you have any room in your house, take in a wounded man. You shall not be a loser by us."

The woman seems much shocked; but perhaps fearing that in case of refusal force will be used against her, she replies, in the same tongue, "Come in hither."

The door of the little house is opened; the bearers cautiously set down Walter. Martin bends over him, uttering tender words. The woman seems fearfully moved and alarmed; but when Martin asks her kindly to prepare a bed for his brother, she does it willingly. As she steps into the next room a white dog darts forth, barking loudly. It reminds Martin of Bello, and he instinctively tries to quiet him with "Bello! Bello!" The dog becomes quiet. Martin has thoughts only for his brother.

Now he lies softly bedded—ah, so soft and warmly as he had not been for weeks past. He sleeps. Martin looks around the room. Does he dream?—he is in Strasburg, in France, in a house he had never entered before,—and yet there hangs a portrait of his parents! Heavens! what does it mean? how came that picture there?

He quits the room. In the kitchen he finds his hostess seated on a low stool; her face is covered, and she weeps.

"How came you by that picture in the room?" asks Martin.

The woman does not answer; she sobs louder. Martin suddenly stands buried in thought. No, no; it cannot be—and yet, and yet—

"Elizabeth!" he cries.

The woman glides from the footstool to the floor; a violent sobbing convulses her.

"Elizabeth!" cries Martin once more. But there is no further doubt; it is certainly. He raises her up,

takes her in his arms, and draws the handkerchief from her head. He folds her to his breast, and covers her face with kisses. He knows it is true now: she is his long-lost sister.

"Thou here, Elizabeth!—thou here! Since when?"

"For years. And Walter, will he die?"

"I trust not," answered Martin; "but let him not hear us. He must not be excited. We must break it to him by degrees."

"Do our parents live?" inquired Elizabeth, in a low voice, seeming as if life or death for her hung upon the answer.

"They live, and love you dearly, Elizabeth. And Danville?"

"Dead."

"When?"

"Four weeks back," replied she, softly.

Walter called. Martin went to him, but could scarcely manage to speak to him in his usual tone. The doctor is seen coming. Martin steps out, and tells him in a few hasty sentences what has happened, and the kind doctor takes it upon himself to be the medium of communication. First, he visits Walter, and says the course of matters is satisfactory. A healing process has begun, which will be perhaps able to keep the ball from sinking into the lung. But, for the present, he enjoins the utmost quietness on the patient. He must lie as motionless as possible, and on no account move the right arm; for any such movement would prevent the healing, and let the ball sink deeper. As far as human skill is concerned, life or death for Walter depends on perfect quiet. The doctor now, with extreme caution, approaches the subject of Elizabeth's having been restored to them. Martin has been so afraid of his discovering the fact by some little accident. The object is attained. As Martin leads the timid Elizabeth to Walter's bedside, his heart beats strongly, and his eyes sparkle; but he lies perfectly still.

"There! and now nurse the patient with all a sister's care." With these words the doctor at last departs and leaves the three together.

Elizabeth well fulfills her office of nurse. It seems as if all the love she had been owing to her family for years past was now to be paid in full. She is much changed; for since she left that bright home at Orlitz, she has seen few happy days. Danville proved to be an unprincipled man, who hoped to pay his own debts with her father's money. When this was refused he was much embarrassed, and became embittered against all the Elzing family. He made poor Elizabeth feel his vexation; for though he loved her after his fashion, it was only as men usually do love when they are selfish in character, and care not for right or wrong. Danville fled from Germany, went to different places in France, and at last to Strasburg, where he engaged in various concerns. He forbade Elizabeth, on any pretext whatever, to hold correspondence with her family; but she besought him so earnestly to allow her this consol-

tion, that he at length consented. She accordingly wrote several times, but never received any answer. It was not till after her husband's death that she discovered her letters in his writing-desk. He had kept them back.

Thus had the years passed. Elizabeth had often tried to adopt the same frivolous tone as her husband, but she had felt wretched in doing so; for a better voice within told her that Danville's conduct was not just, and that he did not behave uprightly in his business. Her courage, however, was not equal to telling him this, and so she lived on without peace or joy.

Then came the summer of 1870. After Strasburg, for upwards of three months, had been so thoroughly beset by the German troops that it was more cut off from the outer world than a distant island, then followed the fearful bombardment;—oh, Elizabeth shuddered at the memory of it! The commandant declared he would not yield until the first breach had been carried, and the last loaf devoured. Mean-time reports were circulated without the smallest regard to truth. One day an army was marching from Rome; another, M'Mahon was coming on the Germans from the rear. Through all this the firing went on. Some houses fell in ruins, others were burned to ashes. There was no chance of extinguishing the fire, for water was not to be had; and even if any one had tried to put out the flames, he would most likely have been shot while so doing. The fire surrounded the Danvilles on every side; the windows could not be opened, as the smoke was almost suffocating. Thus they sat for long days, with their mattresses piled against the windows, hearing the horrid shots whistling through the air, and fearing every moment they might find their own house a victim to the fire. Danville was even more frightened than his wife. One day he ventured forth, and a few hours later he was brought back a corpse. He had been struck by a shell, and a man who knew him slightly had carried his body home.

Elizabeth was broken-hearted; she wished for life no longer. Yet she feared to die, for she felt that she had no loving father either in earth or heaven.

She dug a grave in her garden, and there she buried the man who had brought her to so great grief, but for whom she now wept sorely.

She was alone; she did not care even to take off her clothes, lest the house should fall upon her ere she could fly. Fly?—and whither?

Many inhabitants, with bundles in their hands, left the place of misery when the Austerlitz Gate was opened for half an hour at a time to allow them to escape.

Elizabeth remained. Where could she go? All had become indifferent to her.

The firing ceases. Strasburg has capitulated.

And before long Elizabeth saw her brothers in her house. She had not at once recognized Martin; but when she observed his tenderness with the sick man, the truth dawned upon her. Yet she knew not whether

or not to accost him. She thought herself cast off by those at home; and when she looked at her own life, and knew how different it was from theirs, she felt she had deserved no better.

It was like a dream that she saw here her beloved brothers receiving her again to their arms; and when they spoke of all the love and longing her parents still cherished towards her, she marvelled at the kindness God had shown her. How she wished her husband were living now! She felt so sure that he would have become a different man; for she would never have let him rest till he and she together were pardoned, and they would have begun a new and honourable course of life.

Poor Danville! for thee such wishes come too late. Thou, Elizabeth, hast still time. Use it to the utmost.

With Walter the progress was but slow. He lay very, very still. The doctor was satisfied. The healing daily advanced, he said, and the wound would close up.

"And when shall I be ready to join my regiment again?" asked the young hero eagerly.

"Softly, softly; we must get you well first, then we shall be better able to speak."

But he told Elizabeth aside that this was a lost hope. "I do think, if your brother goes on as he is doing, he will get through; but of his ever being a sound man again there is not a chance. He may live for years. As to his being a soldier, or ever undergoing any kind of exertion, it is not to be thought of for a moment."

However the great wave of war outside might roll to or fro, this was the doctor's verdict inside that little house at Strasburg. "Thus, weak and languishing, will this dear brother continue to the end of his days," thought Martin. "Ah, it had perhaps been better for him if death had come, than that he should linger on for years in a living death." For inactivity was to him a sort of death, as Martin well knew. Yet he could not resist the feeling of thankfulness for every little step of amendment. What grief would their parents suffer if this dear lad, their youngest child, should never return to them more! Martin felt deep in his heart the words he did not speak: "How gladly would I, if I could, in thy place die or languish!"

Eight days passed thus; Martin resumed service, Elizabeth tended Walter. One day there is a knock at the door. She hurries out; a lieutenant stands before her, who, in a loud voice, asks for the volunteer Walter Elzing. Elizabeth begs of him to speak lower, and says she is his sister.

"I come, by desire of the commandant, to present him with the Iron Cross."

Elizabeth takes charge of the precious treasure; she speaks softly with the officer; then she hides the Cross, in order to prepare her brother for its reception. But what is her horror, on opening the door, to see Walter sitting up in bed, his eyes glowing, and his right hand stretched out to take the much-prized emblem, the mark of honour. Elizabeth is obliged to give it him;

he presses it to his breast, while his face beams with joy. Oh, this moment is worth all the toil, all the suffering! Then he lies down as quietly as a child, with flushed cheeks and kindling eyes; he seems happy beyond expression.

When Martin comes home, his first sentiment is joy, his next is dread. If Walter should have taken any harm? But he looks so happy, and feels better than he has done for a great while.

"I can breathe quite well to-day," he said; "the Cross has cured me. God bless the king—my king!"

Martin sews the decoration on to the uniform.

"What will father and mother say, the first Sunday in Berlin, when I go to church with this on?" Walter is excited; he grows feverish. Martin goes for the doctor, but does not find him at home. Towards evening Walter falls asleep with a happy expression on his face.

"See, Martin! Walter looked like that when he was a child in his little cot. Do you recollect that evening when he was telling us his fable of the flying stag?"

Martin smiled sadly. "I cannot shake off the fear that he himself may be the flying one who is soon to go up higher."

"Nay, nay, that does not suit the story," cried Elizabeth; "for you know God said, 'Go hence; I am holy.' He may verily say so to me, but he will not to Walter."

The latter at this moment awakes. He looks full at his brother and sister. "I feel so strangely," said he quickly. "I think I am going to die—O mother, darling mother!" he cried in an eager voice. Then a shade came over his face. Suddenly he folded his hands, and softly said,—

"Christ's love is all my robe and crown;
My pride and joy be this alone!"

The last syllable is quite indistinct; the lips open, a stream of blood issues from the mouth, then a gasp for breath, and—Martin holds a corpse within his arms.

The doctor came soon. "The healing has been broken in upon by some violent movement," he said; "the ball has sunk into the lung—sad, sad!—the young, brave life!"

Martin cannot believe it that Walter, his dear Walter, from whom he has never been parted, is no longer in the same world with him. "In a better, a fairer, the true Father's house," he says; but he cannot stop his tears.

Elizabeth's grief is more violent. "He, his parents' joy, he must die!" cried she; "while I—I—he should have returned home, and I should have been here in his place."

"You must make up for Walter's loss to our parents. Thank God, I do not return alone!"

Martin had received an order to conduct a large party of war-prisoners into Germany. So the brother and sister are to start in a few days. Yet one sad duty remained—to bury Walter.

"Well, the lad will rest in German soil," says the captain; "for Strasburg is and will continue German."

It was an October morning when the body of the young hero was committed to the earth. His comrades, high and low, accompanied him; and even at this time, when so little store was set upon the lives of individuals, one could see how much Walter's loss was felt. The minister prayed at the open grave, and commended the dead to a joyful resurrection. Then the soldiers fired a salvo of honour over the grave—and all was over.

Martin and Elizabeth remained long standing at the spot; it was as though a trumpet were sounding in their ears, and a voice from the grave seemed to say,—

"Ye that do love me, stand not weeping here;
Know that the land is free, the morning clear,
Though I through death have passed to find it."

CHAPTER V.

"Homeward! homeward! oh, the spell
Of that word 'homeward' who can tell?"

On a pleasant day in this same October we enter once more the Elzings' home. The mother comes towards us clad in black—the mourning garb is now not rare in Berlin, in Prussia, in Germany. Father and mother are anxiously watching: it appears that they have grown much older since we last saw them. Yes, they are older; they have lived through much. Their sons have indeed written with great regularity, and yet the mother could never shake off the dread of receiving back one of her own letters with the word "Dead" written upon the cover.

Instead of so sad a packet there came, about a fortnight since, a joyful letter from Martin, relating how marvellously they had met with their sister. He told, of course, how seriously wounded Walter had been, but wrote in full hope of his recovery. In such good hands he *must* recover. While thus the parents stood between joy and anxiety, joy being uppermost, there came a second letter from Martin, telling them that their dear son had died a hero's death.

Truly a glorious death!

"He has fought a good fight," said the father, "and shall receive the crown of righteousness."

But it was hard, very hard to bear. "If we could have nursed him, if we could but have closed his eyes," wailed the mother.

It is in grief and sorrow that faith shows its power; though their tears flowed, the Elzings sorrowed not as those who had no hope.

To-morrow Martin and Elizabeth are to be here; the son only for a few hours, the daughter, it is hoped, for ever. The mother has prepared for her Walter's little room; she wishes to make home as fair and attractive as possible to the lost child. Now the cups of coffee are being made ready. They clatter one against another, the hands that hold them tremble so.

The parents do not go to the railway-station; such a

meeting must be nowhere but at home. At length the hour named had come and gone without its bringing the travellers.

"It surely cannot be some fresh misfortune!" cried the mother, fearfully.

"Do not be afraid," said the father; "perhaps the train is late, or Martin may have been necessarily detained at some place where the prisoners are to alight."

Hour after hour went by. The expected ones were to have come at four o'clock, and now it was ten; and as the evening grew ever darker, so did the hearts of the waiting couple. Even over Elzing himself came such a shadow of fear as he had never felt before.

"Father, go and rest; I will sit up," said Mrs. Elzing. "They may arrive early in the morning."

"Nay, I will wait and watch with thee," said he. So the old couple sat up together.

God's Word was still their comfort, as it always is to those who seek to draw forth its power and use it.

"What though I wait until the night,
Or till the morning tarry;
My heart will own His judgments right,
His word shall not miscarry."

So whispers the mother's heart; she hears a sound. Through the silent street comes the sound of carriage-wheels. It approaches; is it going past? No, it stops before the house. The parents rush to the door. "'Tis they! 'tis they!"

Silently they lie in each other's arms. Not a word can any one utter—sobs and embraces alone speak.

But at last they are tranquilly sitting together, those four. How thin, yet how strong Martin looks!—the youth has become a man.

As for Elizabeth, she looks into those dear old faces, and cannot understand how there can ever have been a time when she loved them less. In her heart, if not

with her lips, she makes the sure promise that from henceforth she will be their true and loving child.

She folds her hands. She has tried, and found that without God we are nothing, and can do nothing; that all true love and faithfulness has its root in him.

In a soft voice Martin talks of Walter. It is not a grief, it is joy, pure, noble joy, to speak of him.

"Mother," said Martin, "dost thou remember how he used to sing the fine song that has been so truly fulfilled in his own case?"

"To thee I am plighted;
With heart and with hand,
I'll strive to see thee righted,
My German Fatherland."

"A torch we have lighted;
It warms heart and with hand,
Until by death benighted,
We will fight for Fatherland."

And, believe me, he died happy—my dear, beautiful Walter; and he rejoiced so unspeakably over Elizabeth's return!"

The parents take Elizabeth's hand, as if to realize that she is indeed there, and never to leave them more.

"Oh, help me," cried she, "that I may be ever a dutiful child!"

"And God will help thee," answered her father.

"May He, the Ruler of the mighty battle, rule our hearts, and give us peace in the land, and in our home!"

It strikes two. Soon a new day will dawn. Martin and Elizabeth are weary. How sweet will it be to rest again beneath a father's roof! Good-night!—good-night!

"Rest, weary ones! in safety sleep—
The careful watchmen call;
The stars their peaceful courses keep,
And God is over all!"

B.

PULL AT THE OAR.



HE servants of Jesus are like rowers in a boat. They sit with their backs to the bow, and cannot see what lies ahead. But the helmsman at the stern is on the lookout, and he steers the boat whithersoever he wills. So in our godly undertakings we sit with our backs to the future. It is all unknown, untried, impenetrable. We know not what the morrow may bring forth. But it is our business to pull at the oar of prayer and earnest labour. There is a divine Helmsman who sees the future, and who holds the rudder in his hand. We have only to commit our way to him, and to pull at the oar of duty. This is *trust*. This is *faith*. This is the way

that Paul pulled his boat towards Rome—not knowing or caring what stripes and imprisonments, or what triumphs of the gospel, were awaiting him there. What a blessed thing it is that we *cannot* foresee the future! We might be so paralyzed by the perils, or the difficulties, or the sufferings before us, that we would drop the oars in despair. What a mercy it is that a mother does not know all that shall befall the child of her bosom! What a mercy that we ministers do not know what failures we have to encounter during the year of labour on which we have entered! Every true Christian toiler is continually "saved by *hope*." He pulls at the oar, and *trusts*.—Rev. T. L. Cuyler.

DANIEL'S VISION OF THE FOURTH EMPIRE.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BINNIE, D.D., STIRLING.



THE prediction in the seventh chapter of Daniel is very much a repetition of the prediction in the second. In each of them, the Spirit of prophecy unfolds the magnificent procession of the Empires predestined by God to exercise dominion, in succession, over the civilized nations of the earth. First, the Babylonian Monarchy is seen moving across the stage; then, the Medo-Persian and Grecian Monarchies pass before the view, each having its season of rule; lastly, the Roman Empire is seen bringing the world into subjection to its iron sceptre. The procession does not end here. When the four *secular* empires have completed their appointed times and passed away from the face of the earth, their place is found to be occupied by a kingdom of another order. The God of heaven is seen to have established in the earth a kingdom of meekness, and truth, and righteousness, which abides for ever and ever.

This panoramic view of universal history, which we have entitled the Procession of the Empires, would have been sufficiently striking had it occurred only once: the *doubling* of it in the book of the statesman-prophet imparts to this very impressive portion of the Scripture its most impressive feature. The repetition is, in several respects, exceedingly significant. One cannot help thinking of the explanation that was given of a similar circumstance in the case of Pharaoh's dream: "For that the dream was doubled unto Pharaoh twice; it is because the thing is established by God, and God will shortly bring it to pass" (Gen. xli. 32).

In one notable respect the doubling of the vision in Daniel differs from the doubling of the dream which led to Joseph's exaltation. Pharaoh's two dreams came in one night; and the second added nothing to the information conveyed by the first. The doubling of the dream could therefore import nothing but the certainty and imminence of the events foreshadowed. In Daniel the case is very different. The vision

which in its first form came to Nebuchadnezzar, came in its second form to Daniel himself. And it is important to observe—what is not so obvious on the surface of the story—that an interval of not less than fifty years separated the two. When *Nebuchadnezzar* dreamed his dream, Daniel was in the bloom of youth, and the interpreting of the dream marks the first occasion on which he was moved by the Spirit of prophecy. When *Daniel* dreamed his dream, and the procession of the Empires passed before his sleeping eye, the bloom of youth had long fled from his cheek, his brow was wrinkled, and his hair was gray. Moreover, the second form of the vision is very far indeed from being a naked repetition of the first. After his half century of public service, Daniel must have been capable of penetrating more deeply into "the depth of the riches of the knowledge and wisdom of God" than his inexperienced youth could possibly have done. We are not surprised, accordingly, to find that the vision which came to him in his old age throws light on many particulars which were either passed over or indicated in the vaguest way in *Nebuchadnezzar's* dream.

These obvious differences between the predictions in the second and seventh chapters indicate the order in which it is expedient to study them. When the object aimed at is to get a clear conception of the general scope of the prophecy, without incurring the embarrassment which is apt to befall the mind when a multitude of minute details crowd in upon its view, the better way is to begin with the simple form in which the prediction appears in chapter second. It was for this reason that we devoted the whole of the former paper to "*Nebuchadnezzar's* Dream of the Empires." One who has made himself thoroughly familiar with the general scope of the prediction—who has got a clear conception of the four monarchies, and the outstanding features of each—if he wishes besides to become acquainted with the particulars respecting some of them which were made known to Daniel, must pass on to the

seventh chapter. This is what we propose to do in the present paper.

The first thing which strikes a thoughtful reader, in passing from the one chapter to the other, is *the change of symbol*. To the sleeping eye of the proud king, the secular empires appeared in the form of a golden-headed image, that dazzled the eyes of the beholder. To the eye of the aged prophet, the same empires appeared in the form of four wild beasts—beasts which, however they might differ from one another in other respects, each having a character of its own, had this in common, that they were ravenous and cruel, and that they came up from the great sea when the four winds of heaven strove upon its heaving bosom.

Ravenous beasts rising out of a stormy sea,—these are the creatures selected by the Spirit of God to represent the genuine character of the secular empires. The selection is surely very remarkable; and we are by no means sure that it has received from the commentators the consideration it deserves. On the one hand, it will not do to dismiss the subject with some trivial remark about the brutality of the pagan empires; for, not to mention other considerations which will occur immediately, the vision takes in, along with the old Roman Empire, the modern European system which is its continuation. Nor, on the other hand, will it do to put a stigma on the institution of civil government. No doubt, this institution has for its proper weapon and emblem the sword: in a sense it may be said, therefore, to rest upon force. But this does not make it cruel and brutish. It is one of God's best gifts to men, and no wise man will lightly speak evil of it. Almost any government is better than none. As long as the world lasts there will be magistrates bearing the sword. We believe that when the long-expected reign of righteousness shall be brought in, as the fruit of the general diffusion of the gospel, society will be found to rest on two main pillars, of which the one will be an evangelical ministry and the other a godly magistracy. Whatever may be the meaning of the symbol of the beasts in Daniel, it certainly cannot mean any disparagement of God's ordinance of civil magistracy—magistracy wielding the sword.

What the prophecy puts its note of ignominy upon is, not God's ordinance in its integrity, but that ordinance as it has been depraved in the hands of ungodly men. Daniel is admonished that the secular empires, including the one in which he had been so long a chief minister of state, were far from realizing the beautiful and beneficent ideal of civil government. The Babylonian Empire originated in unrighteous violence: it was founded on no right but the so-called right of conquest. And the same judgment must be pronounced on those that followed. It was without any plea of justice and right that Alexander compelled the nations to coalesce into his Macedonian Empire. It was never deemed necessary at Rome to adduce some claim of right, before letting loose the imperial eagles on any nation of the East or the West which it was deemed expedient to absorb. A change in this matter is slowly forcing its way in modern Europe. One can perceive in the general conscience a certain echo of God's law, which begins to brand as a public scandal the subjugation of a nation without just cause shown. But hitherto this has been by no means a dominant principle even in Europe. Statesmen and nations have, for the most part, refused to do homage to any right but "the right of the strongest." And this, we have no doubt, explains the symbolism in question. It was with an eye to the predominance in them of brute force—of power divorced from equity—that the secular empires were represented to Daniel as beasts which had come up from the storm-vexed sea.

It is right to add, that in cases of this sort it is the *predominant* character, and nothing more, that is denoted by the symbol employed. It would assuredly be doing great injustice even to the pagan empires to speak of them as if they had been mere incarnations of brute force. The violence which was their characteristic feature was in every instance tempered with less or more of justice and human kindness. There may be an allusion to this in the circumstance that, while the emblem in Daniel's vision was four *beasts*, the emblem in Nebuchadnezzar's dream was the figure of a *man*; for although this difference may be partly explained by the very different light in which things would naturally present

themselves to a heathen king and a holy prophet, we must bear in mind that both of the visions came from God. At all events, no well-informed person will deliberately pronounce an unqualified condemnation on any one of the great secular empires. The case of Daniel himself reminds us that Providence raised up, in connection with every one of them, men who laid the nations under deep obligations by their wisdom, and justice, and clemency. So long as the government of Babylon was presided over by Daniel and his Hebrew brethren, we may be sure that it would be by no means an affair of mere force and unrighteous violence. Facts could easily be adduced to warrant a more sweeping assertion ; for it can be shown in regard to each of the four empires that, besides the intermixture of humanity which tempered its government at the time, it bequeathed something to the common stock of civilization. The truth of this is universally acknowledged in the case of the Greek and Roman Empires. The modern world owes to both of them a debt that is incalculable. It is plain, therefore, that care must be taken not to press too far the dark view of things suggested by the symbolism of Daniel's vision.

Another remark, before passing from this point. We have just spoken of Daniel's vision as opening a *dark* view of things with regard to the nations. Without retracting these words, we might well affirm that the vision, if it holds forth a dark view of the ages that are past, suggests a very bright and hopeful one of the ages that are coming. It seems to us that there is something wonderfully hopeful in the fact that the great empires, after all that can be truly alleged in their favour, are pronounced in God's Word to have come so far short of God's ideal that they are only worthy to be described as ravenous beasts. We repeat, there is something hopeful in this. If the Macedonian Empire, which gave such a mighty impetus to civilization, and contributed in a hundred ways to make the world ready for the gospel and the Christian Church—if such an empire is described in Scripture by the opprobrious emblem of a winged leopard ; and if the Roman Empire, which was mightier still, and was honoured to be yet more signally subservient to the Church of Christ, is deemed

likewise unworthy to be symbolized by anything human ;—how beneficent will the government of the nations be, when at length they shall be accounted worthy of the more honourable kind of symbol, having become the kingdoms of God and Christ !

It would serve little purpose to expound in this place the symbols by which the three monarchies which preceded the Christian era are represented in the vision : the LION of Chaldee, with its eagle's wings ; the Medo-Persian BEAR ; the four-headed LEOPARD, which denoted the fourfold Greek Empire of Alexander's successors. These symbols seem to have presented no difficulty to Daniel. They are very briefly despatched, accordingly, in the interpretation given him when he "asked the truth of all this." All that is said about them is comprised in the short explanation given of the scope of the vision as a whole, in verses 17 and 18 : "These great beasts, which are four, are four kings, which shall arise out of the earth. But the saints of the most High shall take the kingdom, and possess the kingdom for ever, even for ever and ever." It is easy to see that this explanation, far from satisfying Daniel, simply whetted the edge of his curiosity. It told him no more than he had known for the past fifty years. That it was God's purpose to suffer four secular empires to have dominion, one after the other, and then to supplant them with his own Kingdom of Righteousness—how could Daniel fail to know all this, since he had himself been honoured to expound it to Nebuchadnezzar long ago ? It was the new particulars held forth in the vision regarding the Fourth Beast that rivetted the prophet's attention ; precisely the features of the vision which possess the chief interest for us also. He is very urgent for more information about these. His petition is thus reported by himself :—

"Then I desired to know the truth of the Fourth Beast, which was diverse from all the others, exceeding dreadful, whose teeth were of iron, and his nails of brass ; which devoured, brake in pieces, and stamped the residue with his feet ; and of the ten horns that were in his head, and of the other which came up, and before whom three fell ; even of that horn that had eyes, and a mouth that spake very great things, whose look was more stout than his fellows. I beheld, and the same

horn made war with the saints, and prevailed against them; until the Ancient of days came, and judgment was given to the saints of the most High; and the time came that the saints possessed the kingdom" (verses 19-22).

These inquiries are remarkable, as showing how accurately, and with what intelligence, Daniel had noted, as they passed before his eye, the new particulars found in this vision. He must have meditated much and to excellent purpose on the former vision, or this one would not have found him so well-prepared to appreciate its additional disclosures. His inquiries, as we have said, touch precisely those points in regard to which modern students of prophecy are most concerned to ascertain the meaning.

We do not think it necessary to enter into a long discussion as to the precise Empire symbolized by the Fourth Beast. Both in the former paper and in the remarks already submitted, we have assumed that it is the ROMAN Empire that is meant; the empire first in its pagan and undivided state, and then as continued in the European system which emerged after the irruption of the Barbarians. This interpretation is certainly the most ancient. So early as the first century, it seems to have been universally accepted among the Jews. There is a curious passage in Josephus's "Antiquities," which plainly shows, not only that he knew of no other interpretation, but that he felt it might, for a man in his position, be a ticklish thing to speak very plainly about this one, inasmuch as it implied that the Empire of the Romans (who were his masters) was, after a while, to be smitten with a stone cut out of the mountain without hauda, and so to perish for ever. This interpretation having been the current one at such an early date, we need not be surprised to find that Jerome, in his Commentary on Daniel (about the beginning of the fifth century), sets it down as a thing quite obvious and certain that the Fourth Empire is that of the Romans.* In truth, there are few points in the interpretation of Old Testament prophecy about which there was, till recent times, such a near approach to universal consent. It is only since Grotius led the way, that a certain number of expositors have begun

to reject this view. Shrinking from certain unwelcome inferences which seem inevitably to follow from the usual interpretation, they labour to show that the domination of the Four Beasts must have come to an end at the beginning of the Christian era; and that the last of the four is to be identified with the Greek Empire. In order to make out three antecedent empires, some divide the second into two, making the Median and the Persian separate monarchies; while others, taking a hint from old Porphyry, choose rather to divide the third, making Alexander's empire one, and that of his successors another. This last seems to be the favourite device of the more recent rejecters of the received view. But it is liable to the fatal objection that, if you separate from Alexander's own empire the four kingdoms into which it was divided at his death, you destroy the only bond which entitles you to reckon these as not constituting four contemporaneous empires, but as being truly one. And there are other insuperable objections to both hypotheses. To name only one: it is expressly declared that "the ten horns" out of the fourth kingdom are "ten kings that shall arise." Now it is certain that nothing corresponding to this ever found place in the Greek Empire. Neither contemporaneously nor in succession did ten kings arise in that empire. It is easy to start difficulties in connection with the old and generally received view. But, after having looked with what care we could into the rival theories, the result has been simply to confirm our impression of their utter untenableness. The majority of the more recent writers, whether German or English, abide by the belief that Daniel's Fourth Beast is the Roman Empire; and in so doing they are simply yielding (as it seems to us) to the force of truth.

Assuming this, therefore, as a fixed point, let us take rapid note of the facts regarding the Roman Empire which were signified to Daniel. Among these the foremost place ought, perhaps, to be given to the "exceeding dreadfulness" of this Fourth Beast, and to the circumstance that it "was diverse from all the others;" so diverse that no beast could be found in all the forest after which it might be named. These traits arrested Daniel very much, but they require no comment now; for every one knows how surpassingly

* "Regnum autem quantum quod perspicue pertinet ad Romanos."—Opp. v., fol. 255 z.

inexorable were the Roman wars ; and the points to be immediately noticed will sufficiently prove that the Fourth Empire, in the later stages of its long history, developed itself in forms totally unlike anything ever witnessed in the old Pagan times. The facts which claim particular attention seem to be the following :—

1. The Fourth Empire, after subsisting for a while in an undivided condition, is seen breaking up into ten kingdoms. The ten horns, like the ten toes of Nebuchadnezzar's image, are expressly declared to denote "ten kings ;" that is to say, ten kingdoms or principalities that shall arise. This authoritative explanation is supplemented by the analogous event in the Third Empire. The monarchy founded by Alexander, after subsisting during the short remainder of his reign as an undivided State, was divided at his death into the four Greek principalities, which possessed the world till the Romans swept them away. These four principalities appear in the vision simply as the continuation of the Greek Empire. With this parallel instance before us, the interpretation of the ten horns of the Fourth Beast need present no difficulty. The Roman Empire, we know, after subsisting for rather more than four hundred years as an undivided State, was broken up into many kingdoms. These, although distinct, were from the first bound by many ties both to one another and to the old empire. They were certainly bound together by as many ties as the Greek kingdoms that succeeded Alexander. In laws, in institutions, in language, they borrowed largely from old Rome ; and although distinct, and to a large extent mutually independent, they were always felt to constitute a political system by themselves.

What, then, it will be asked, are the kingdoms that you suppose to be meant in the prophecy ? What ten kingdoms or principalities do you identify with the ten horns of the Fourth Beast ? The question is a perfectly fair one ; and those who have at hand any good exposition of Daniel, or any of the standard works on Prophecy, will find, on turning them up, that the authors have been able to make out groups of ten principalities that have at different times divided amongst them the "Latin earth." It must be admitted that the lists drawn up by the various expositors differ

a good deal ; so that the identification is anything but certain. For our part, we do not think there is any reason for disquiet in this. Whatever perplexity may attend the explanation of the details, the general fact remains, that as Alexander's monarchy was divided into four Greek kingdoms, in which its life and dominion were prolonged for centuries ; so the empire of old Rome was divided into many distinct kingdoms, constituting a system by themselves—the European system, which arose in the Middle Age out of the ruins of the old empire, and in which the life and dominion of that empire have been prolonged to our own age. As for the number *ten*, may it not be used in the prediction as a *round* number ? It is sufficiently remarkable that, while the European system has been from the first in a state of continual flux and change, and while the number of states has never remained exactly the same for many years together, it has always been somewhere about *ten*. With such a fact before us, we surely need not be distressed although we should find ourselves unable to draw up a list of ten kingdoms, of which we can affirm with confidence that they are the very ten foreshadowed in the vision. We hold that the broad outstanding feature of the European system, from first to last, to which we have called attention, furnishes an ample demonstration of the fulfilment of Daniel's prophecy, and of the interpretation that has been most commonly put upon it.

It may interest some to know that devout students of the Book of Daniel in the early centuries of the Church looked forward—we will not say to the modern European system, but to an approaching dismemberment of the Roman Empire into ten parts ; such as that which, in fact, took place. Jerome mentions that it was the opinion of all the ecclesiastical writers "that in the end of the world, when the dominion of the Romans shall be destroyed, there shall be ten kings who shall divide among them the Roman empire" (Tom. v. 261 D.)

Before passing from this, it is to be observed that a change took place in the Latin world, when the Gothic tribes broke in like an overflowing deluge, which answers very exactly to the prediction in the second of Daniel. The toes of the image were part of iron and part of clay ; an

incongruous mixture, which was explained in this way: "Whereas thou sawest iron mixed with miry clay, they shall mingle themselves with the seed of men; but they shall not cleave one to another, even as iron is not mixed with clay." The invaders, after a while, accepted to a great extent the language and institutions of the empire, so that in the kingdoms they founded the life of the empire was prolonged; but they put an end to its perfect political unity, so that it was no longer strong for distant conquests as of old.

2. Nothing is plainer in Daniel's vision than that the Fourth Empire is to be the last. This was clearly signified even in Nebuchadnezzar's dream. The smiting of the image signified that "in the days of these kings [the four empires] the God of heaven shall set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed;" and the circumstance that the stroke which destroyed the image was aimed, not against the head or the breast or the thighs, but against the feet, intimated that the destruction of secular and unsanctified empire on the earth was to take place in the time of those ten kings who are the representatives of the Roman Empire in the modern world. This is surely a cheering thought! Although we should be unable so much as to frame a conjecture regarding our exact place in the chart of prophetic chronology, it might well suffice to fill us with bright hope, in looking forward into the future, to be infallibly assured that the political system of the world, in so far as it is divorced from righteousness and human kindness, is approaching its ultimate limit; and that its cessation is to usher in the kingdom of the God of heaven. Now, more than ever, we are encouraged to lift up the ancient prayer of the Church, and say, "Arise, O God, judge the earth: for thou shalt inherit all nations. In thy majesty ride prosperously, because of truth and meekness and righteousness."

3. We have left ourselves little space to speak of what is, in some respects, the most remarkable feature in Daniel's vision of the Fourth Empire—the little horn which rose up among the ten, upon the beast. However, this is precisely the feature which has been most abundantly discussed, and in regard to which it may be safely assumed that most readers are tolerably well informed. More-

over, after going over the ground afresh in the light of recent discussions, we have found ourselves shut up to the conclusion that no other interpretation is half so feasible as the one most commonly received in all the Protestant Churches. This being so, a few notes will suffice for all that we feel ourselves called upon to say.

The interpretation is briefly this: That the little horn denotes *the Papal power*; either the temporal power of the Popes, or, more generally, the power, partly spiritual and partly temporal, which so long enabled the Papacy to exercise a real domination over all the kingdoms of Europe. The interpretation is not without its difficulties. For example, it is difficult to understand what can be meant by the three horns which fell before the little horn. The ordinary explanations do not seem quite satisfactory. But difficulties far greater attend the rejection of this interpretation. Some eminent commentators—like Keil in his *Commentary on Daniel*, recently published—betake themselves to the notion that the little horn denotes some unknown mystery of iniquity that is yet to be revealed. But that is a very untenable supposition. The Papacy, on the other hand, exhibits features that correspond most wonderfully to those which arrested Daniel's attention in the little horn. Take these two, for example: (1.) The little horn, although really a horn of the Fourth Beast, and growing up among the ten, has attributes that seem as if the Principdom denoted by it ought to be deemed a human and Christian, rather than a brutal and earthly power. It had "eyes, and a mouth that spake very great things," and its look was more stout than its fellows. How remarkably has this been fulfilled in the Papacy! It is essentially an earthly and secular power. Yet there is something unearthly about it too. It rules by false doctrine even more than by brute force. Knowledge and craft have been its weapons even more than the sword. It carries a certain plausible resemblance to the Church of Christ, whose symbol is not a flaming sword, but tongues of fire. It has the eyes and the tongue of a man; but it is a beast's horn after all. (2.) It is thoroughly anti-Christian in character. For it is blasphemous—"speaking great words against the most High;" it is full of cruel hatred against Christ's

people—"wearing out the saints of the most High"; and it invades the province of Him who alone is Lord of the conscience—for "it thinks to change times and laws." No one needs to be told how all this has been fulfilled in the Papacy. The fulfilment is as remarkable as anything to be found in all prophecy. And it is interesting to remark, as furnishing a fresh proof of the soundness of this interpretation, that the explanation given by Jerome, prior to the rise of the Papal domination, reads almost as if it had been written in view of the recent proclamation of Infallibility, the crowning blasphemy of Rome. "Antichrist" (these are Jerome's very words in commenting on Daniel vii. 25) "shall even make war against the saints, and overcome them. He shall be so lifted up with pride, that he shall think to change the laws and ordinances [or ceremonies] of God, and shall be lifted up above all that is called God, *subjecting all religion to his own power.*"

Are we near the end of these things? Is there any reason to believe that the culmination of the Papal blasphemy is to be immediately followed with the destruction of the Papal domination? Many writers of good name have long looked forward to the present decade as likely to witness the expiry of the 1260 days—"the time, and times, and the dividing of times"—set down in Daniel as the period of the little horn's dominion. Whether their interpretation of that famous period is correct or no, we shall not take it upon us to say. One thing is certain, that the Papacy has within these few months been smitten with the sorest blows it ever received. Not only has the temporal power been taken away, but (what is far more serious) the Papacy, for the first time in its history, finds itself unable to exercise its cruel domination in a single principality in all Europe.

The concurrence of these changes with the political changes going on upon the Continent, adds not a little to the interest attaching to both. The vision in Daniel seems plainly to imply that the destruction of the little horn will herald the removal of the Fourth Empire, of which it forms a principal and characteristic member.

Things such as those we have been touching upon, are not to be handled without reverence and fear. The statesman-prophet gives us a much-needed example of this. It would seem that when he received the *first* revelation of the Lord's far-reaching purposes regarding the nations, he received it with an unruffled soul. But that was in his inexperienced youth. The *second* revelation came to him in the maturity of his age, and it affected him after a very different sort. The terms in which he describes his feelings are uncommonly strong:—"I Daniel was grieved in my spirit in the midst of my body, and the visions of my head troubled me" (vii. 15). Nor was the tremor of his spirit allayed by the explanations afterwards given him. Having told us what these were, he adds: "As for me Daniel, my cogitations much troubled me, and my countenance changed in me: but I kept the matter in my heart" (verse 28). Loud and bold talking about the disclosures in the Vision of the Empires is anything but a token of having profited by the study of them. In proportion as we grow in the sanctity and wisdom which shone in Daniel's old age, we shall sympathize with the dread and trembling which he felt. Instead of being inclined to take part in the frivolous and irreverent way of discussing the mysteries of Providence foreshadowed in the prophecies of Scripture, in which some take pleasure, we shall be moved rather to retire to our secret chambers to meditate upon them before the Lord.

"DOING WHAT OTHERS WILL NOT DO."

BY REV. F. A. NOBLE, PITTSBURG.

WHY do you worry yourself, and well-nigh wear the life out of you in these things?" said one man to another, not long ago, whom he found engaged in what would ordinarily be accounted an irksome, thankless task.

"Because," was the prompt reply, "I have trained myself into the habit of *doing what others will not do.*" It was a rare answer. And it made my eyes swim to think how there had been poured into those few words the very essence of all genuine Christian love.

There are two classes of duties which it is very hard to get done.

One is the little things which are so insignificant as to attract no attention and win no recognition, and which are, nevertheless, so important that the machinery of life is set ajar, and clogged in all its movements, if they are not carefully attended to.

The other is the repulsive, disagreeable services, from which most men shrink, and from which all would shrink were they not impelled to them by a well-trained spirit of self-denial and fidelity.

And "the rarity of Christian charity under the sun" is nowhere more marked and lamentable than in the absence of this disposition from the world. After all these long centuries of the "God with us"—after all this leavening of the heart of humanity with the sweet influences of the gospel—after all this studying of the precepts and of the life of the Son of man—after all this experience of the blessedness of sacrifice,—it is still the customary and pleasant and easy and noticeable things which men and women are most eager to do. If there be hard tasks to perform, and unostentatious services to render, and thankless duties to discharge, excuses are sought, evasions are practised, and the whole, if possible, is turned over to other hands. The struggle is to find the smooth, crossless ways of life. There is little willingness to do the obscure, unpleasant, and outwardly unrewarding offices of affection and faith. Selfishness rules.

What is wanted is, more of the considerate supplemental love, indicated in the phrase "doing what others will not do." The love which holds itself ready to repair damages—the love which watches, and hurries to supply deficiencies; that replenishes the oil in wasted, flickering lamps, whose needs others do not observe; that binds up bruises which else would be neglected; that whispers comfort in hearts whose desolateness the most overlook; that carries light into souls where some secret doubt, unsuspected of the many, overclouds and glooms, into rooms where some unpublished sorrow has brought darkness; that stands back until others have chosen the service which accords with inclination, and then, with true heart and hand, takes up the unpopular work and does what otherwise would be left undone;—this is the kind of love for which the hour pleads; for it is of the Master's own infinite love, and one who walks in the grace of it, and breathes its atmosphere, and lives a life which witnesses to its regnancy in the soul, knows what it is to have "the kingdom of God within."

Of the kind of love that is conspicuous on parade-days; that will smile complacently so long as it can sit in the highest seat in the synagogue; that clamours for acknowledgment, and straightway turns into something quite other than love if it does not get acknowledgment on the spot; that will press the cup fondly to the lips so long as its contents minister a delight to the senses, but dashes it hastily down so soon as there is any taste

of bitterness in it; that will go out into the beautiful sunshiny fields to gather flowers, but, when it is suggested that they be borne away to lend cheer and fragrance to sick-rooms, politely declines the overture in favour of somebody else; that stretches out the hand to take, rarely ever opens it to give; that will yield assent to any teaching of duty so long as it can sit with clean hands and slippered feet, and be played upon with dulcet strains; but, when hard, grimy work is to be done, and rough, thorny ways are to be trodden, has that very convenient gospel in which all is liberty and nothing is self-denial—of this whimsical, spasmodic mock love there is altogether too much. Better that every vestige of it were turned over to that remorseless fate which sooner or later awaits all shams and pretences whatsoever.

Real, dutiful love, however, can never be in excess. And the reformation and evangelization of the world will linger until there are many, instead of few, who are willing to do what others will not. There must be less crowding about and scheming for places of honour and reward and ease. The lowly places, where good deeds done stand but small chance of securing trumpeting from house-tops, and where toil must consent to go without any earthly emolument—the places where seeds are to be scattered, though it is morally certain that only other hands can reap the harvest—are the ones which need to be filled, and which are very hard to get filled.

Here is visiting to be done. It is not very trying to go into homes where the appointments are elegant, and the manners are cultivated, and the children are sweet, and the welcomes are courteous. Any number of people stand ready to cross such thresholds. But who will go into the straitened homes where everything wears the air of the daily toil by which the daily bread is earned?—into the homes where there is rudeness, it may be uncleanliness, possibly the repulsiveness of dissipation? *Who will do what others will not?*

Here is money to be raised. One after another, in a group of ten, will say: "I will give," and "I will give," and "I will give," and they will all give. But who of the whole number will say: "I will solicit." No. The "begging," as it is contemptuously called, is the thankless, disagreeable part of the service. And whole circles will join in chorus and say: "We will not beg." "You must find somebody else to do the begging." And, sure enough, somebody else has to be found. *Who will do what others will not?*

Here is a call for the ministration of a charity. "Draw on me," says one; and "I will do something," says another; and "I will help you out, if there is any lack," responds a third. And so it runs. It is not difficult in instances of actual distress to find open purses. I have yet to have my first experience of the failure of an appeal of this sort to awaken practical sympathy. But who will wind his way through dark alleys, and climb rickety stairs, to chambers where weary, helpless invalids lie? Who will go and sit down and for a half-

hour patiently breathe the stifled air of the narrow room where the sick widow watches over her sick children, and hear her sad plaint; and, in return for her story of sorrow, give her, along with material aid, the cheer of brave, encouraging words, and the strength of a stout, warm heart? Ah! What a multitude of finely-dressed ladies and gentlemen are seen suddenly shaking their heads! What is the matter? Why, this giving of personal sympathy, this actual imparting of something out of one's own life to another life, is the most trying and costly of all giving. There is no possible giving, indeed, that is at all comparable to it. When kindly-hearted people say, "You may have our money, all of it that you wish, for these benevolent objects," they are entitled to much credit, and they shall have it. There are so many who will not even give of their wealth to help the needy. But giving has in it the marrow and merit of sacrifice only when it involves something of one's self. And the hardest of all giving is that in which time is surrendered, and natural reluctance is conquered, and the warm, healthful sympathies of the heart are laid down at the feet of the poor and despondent. *Who will do what others will not?*

Alas! in these and many other particulars of loving self-devotion, and with hardly more exceptions in proportion than existed when he wrote to the Philippians, that awful indictment of the apostle still holds good: "For all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's." Not the spirit of the Master, without which no man can be his, in this.

It is true of *him* that he did what others could not for poor, struggling men. It is also true that he did what others would not do. These are amongst the lustrous facts of his earthly career. To those from whom the high and the cultivated and the rich turned away in proud disdain, he went with tenderest pity. It was the lost whom he sought out. It was to the helpless and neglected that he gave his divine care. It was over the weak that he threw the shelter of his divine protection. Many of the finest sayings which have

come down to us out of his mouth are those in which instruction and forgiveness were imparted to the out-cast. Publicans and sinners found open refuge in his love, and his strength always took on helpful forms. Men in his day, as in ours, thought all associations must have their secret in "taste." And they marvelled at the vulgar inclinations which could lead one like Jesus into such strange fellowships. In his great love he was "doing what others would not do." He took his place and exercised his ministry at the bottom. Only "afar off" do we follow him. The feet-washing is a simple lesson we have not yet learned. Yet there always have been, and there still are, illustrious exceptions to this general self-seeking. In nothing was Paul more eminently a disciple of his Lord, than in the generous way in which he lavished his life for the good of those who were in chiefest need. When he could be "offered upon the sacrifice and service of" man's "faith," it was a "joy" to him. All through the centuries there have been choice souls who were animated by the same divine purpose. Some of the generations have been prolific of them. And the nations are where they are to-day, in progress and civilization, because of the heroic self-abnegation with which such have flung themselves down on the altar of humanity. Such spirits exist to light up our land and time. Verily, one and all, these souls shall have their reward. "He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life, for my sake, shall find it."

May there not be added just one word of pleading for a more perfect consecration to the obscure and disagreeable and irksome tasks which confront us in our Christian life? In this direction the life of the Divine One beckons. In this service, more easily and frequently than we think, shall the soul mount into the ecstasies of rapturous communion.

Happy the man! happy the woman! on whose memorial tablet it can be written: "Here sleeps one whom Love had trained into *the habit of doing what others would not do.*"

Palestine.

BY THE REV. ANDREW THOMSON, D.D., EDINBURGH.

III.—OUR ASCENT TO JERUSALEM.



OUR landing at Joppa had no spice of adventure about it; for though our ship cast anchor about a mile from the shore, the sea was comparatively calm, and we had none of the agony of conscious danger, which makes the next moment's sense of safety doubly sweet. We had time, therefore, as

the jabbering Arab boatmen rowed us to the landing-place, to realize the main features of the picture that lay before us.

That narrow sandy beach stretching far southward from Joppa is the shore-line of the country of the Philistines, who were alternately the persecutors and the tempters of the people of Israel

—thorns in their eyes, and snares to their feet. The waves of the sea at certain places still dash up to the ruins of their crumbling castles, and to the long desolate temples of their idol-gods. Those sandy downs, again, stretching northward to the Bay of Acre, which remind us of the dunes of Holland or of our own Lincolnshire, and which are the haunt of many a graceful gazelle, conceal behind them what was once the exuberantly fertile valley of Sharon; and those mountains which bound our view inland are the hill country of Judah, rich alike in reminiscences of peace and of war, of bannered hosts and of quiet "loop-holes of retreat." And that Joppa itself, to which every stroke of the oar is bringing us nearer, built upon a conical mountain, and rising in tiers of streets to its summit, which is crowned with a half-ruined Turkish citadel, looks imposing and even picturesque as beheld from the sea. But what an entrance to the landing-place! A strip of water, apparently not more than forty feet wide, with jagged rocks on either side, as if eager for the work of destruction, is your only passage. What must be the danger in a rough sea, when one unskilful stroke of the oarsman might impale the boat on either rock, and send everything to the bottom? Hundreds have perished in this way within a few yards of land, with no newspaper to record the catastrophe. This treacherous port, with its usually foaming surf, has been well described as the "true sea-monster which has devoured many an Andromeda for whose deliverance no gallant Perseus was at hand." Even in calm weather, like to-day's, there was a swell here; and the mischievous boatmen kept us tossing for a time between the points of the two ugly rocks, hoping that our fears or our impatience to land might perhaps better their bargain. But we looked stolid and were inexorable, and the disappointed rascals allowed us at length to plant foot in Palestine.

Experiences like these, as well as care for our luggage, which many in that swarthy, bare-legged multitude had an unpleasant fondness for handling and lifting, as well as the miniature Babel in the midst of which we found ourselves, were by no means favourable to sentiment, and indeed made us for the time very prosaic and matter-of-fact. It was only when, passing through an

ancient archway, and ascending by blind alleys and narrow steep lanes incredibly filthy, we were welcomed into the house of the English Consul, that we became gratefully awake to the fact that the desire and the dream of a lifetime had begun to be realized. As we looked forth from the consul's house, which stood high on the crest of the mountain, the Biblical associations connected with Joppa passed rapidly before us. Without going so far back as Pliny, who would make this place antedate the Deluge, we are safe in regarding it as one of the oldest towns in the world. When the land was first divided among the tribes by Joshua, it was granted to Dan under the name of Japho—"Why did Dan remain in ships?"—and all down through nearly three millenniums it has been the sea-port of Jerusalem and the chief western sea-port of Palestine. Cedars and pines which had been felled on the slopes of Lebanon for the building of both temples were borne on floats to this place, and carried up on waggons to Jerusalem. It was here that the rebellious Jonah found the ship about to sail for Tarshish, in which he took flight from his unwelcome mission; only to be pursued, however, by the storm as God's angry messenger, and cast on shore as God's prisoner by the sea-monster. Here in the earliest Christian times Dorcas plied her nimble needle, and made coats and garments for its widows and orphans "whilst she was with them," for "the lantern of men's good deeds cast the best light when carried before them, and done in their lifetime." And here also, when her useful life was cut short too soon, she was restored by miracle to her weeping beneficiaries. And down somewhere on that shore, where the white surf is now playing with the sand, Peter once dwelt in the house of Simon the tanner, and was favoured with that teaching vision which told him that, under the new dispensation, the Gentile was to stand on an equal platform of privilege with the Jew. And historical associations mingle with and succeed these sacred recollections. For Joppa has seen the prowess of Maccabean patriots, has stood the brunt of Roman assaults, has shuddered and bled under Saracen domination, has risen to fresh life under the more humane rule of the Crusaders, and, after sinking almost out of notice for ages, has in later times startled the

world by those wholesale massacres, of which it became the scene under the first Napoleon, which have left stains upon his character which no chemist's or sophist's art will ever wash out. A traveller, writing two centuries ago, records that "of this great city at this day only two old towers do survive." But its soap manufactories, its cultivation of silk in the neighbouring gardens and in mulberry orchards that stretch northward for some miles, the abundance and unrivalled excellence of its fruits, and, above all, the fact that it is the gate of entrance for pilgrims from the west to Jerusalem, have once more gradually raised it from its ruins, so that it is now supposed to number a population of six thousand. Of these by far the greater number are Mohammedans; more than a thousand are Christians of the various Eastern creeds; there are a few Jews, and an unusual sprinkling of those adventurous vagabonds who abound in all sea-ports.

We were told that at the northern gate of Joppa, which is its only entrance landward, there might still be seen, amid the noise of braying donkeys and wrangling Arabs, the *cadi* or native judge, surrounded by white-bearded elderly men, hearing causes and dispensing a kind of rough summary justice, such as was seen in the gate of Bethlehem in the days of the sorrowful Naomi and the manly Boaz. It was one of those sights which we should have specially enjoyed, but we arrived too late in the day for witnessing it.

By the help of the consul, however, we found a trusty guide to the traditional house of Simon the tanner; and we lost no time in visiting it, as we had arranged to proceed in the afternoon on our way to Jerusalem so far as Ramleh. There is a fountain near the house, which is affirmed to have been useful in Simon's craft; and we saw a solitary fig-tree beginning to send forth its buds along the gable-wall. We ascended by a well-worn stair through a succession of stories, and emerging from the half-darkness by a kind of open trap-door upon the flat roof, looked forth upon the deep blue Mediterranean spreading, as if illimitably, to the west. And was this the actual house of Simon the tanner? Of course not. But it may just as probably be standing on the site of the hospitable craftsman's house as any other. Suppose, as some have suggested, that

his tan-work must have been outside the town, still his residence may have been in it. And to some such roof as this in Joppa Peter must often have ascended to pray; from some such point as this he must have looked out on that very sea; on some such spot as this he must have beheld that vision which so enlarged his mind, and was to him as a newly-written page in the volume of revelation.

And there was a divine fitness in the choice of such a scene for such a communication. His back was turned upon Judea; he was looking in the direction of "the isles of the Gentiles;" and doubtless his thoughts far outstripped his natural sight when the heavenly message, wrapped in symbol, told him that those Gentiles were now to be "fellow-heirs and partakers of the same promise in Christ by the gospel." The Dean of Westminster has wrought out this idea with much ingenuity and beauty. But he has stopped short in its application half-way. There was a double communication from the skies. Simultaneously with that to Peter at Joppa was that to Cornelius the centurion at Cesarea, the one Roman sea-port of Palestine, which also looked out towards the far west. And there was a marked felicity in the arrangement that the key which was to open wide the door of the Christian Church to the Gentile world should be put into the apostle's hands at the one place, and that the door should actually be opened by him at the other.

Few things, indeed, more strike the mind of a traveller in the Holy Land than the way in which the events recorded in Scripture, and the scenery in the midst of which they are said to have occurred, fit into each other. The locality and all the minuter outward incidents perfectly tally. The fact ever recurring in new forms, at once startles and delights you, and you receive a deepened conviction that the record must be true. We had noted this impression more than once in our journal; and since our return home, we have been gratified in finding it so strongly expressed in the pages of the German Ritter. Speaking of the Sinai Peninsula, he says, "We have also discovered a remarkable correlation between the events which are said to have transpired there, and the scene where they transpired. And it is just as strikingly the case," he adds, "in Pales-

time; and the geography of the country, as we find it to-day, is the strongest testimony of the truth of that history which purports to emanate thence. The natural scenery of Palestine speaks with but one voice in favour of the Bible; every word of the sacred narrative receives its best interpretation by being studied in connection with the place where it was recorded. No one can trace, without joy and wonder, the verification which geography pays to the history of the Holy Land. So strong is the argument drawn thence, that the most subtle dialectician is baffled by it, and is entrapped in the net which his own sophistry has spun." We shall see more of this as we proceed.

It was some hours yet before sunset when, having engaged a temporary dragoman with horses and mules, we left Joppa, intending to spend the night in one of the convents of Ramleh, about nine miles distant. We slowly steered our way among multitudes who were keeping holiday outside the walls, and had extemporized bazaars erected for the sale of nuts and fruits, nondescript confections and cooling drinks; and we were soon down on the level path. Our way then led through the midst of the famous gardens behind Joppa, which were fenced in on either side by lofty hedges of the prickly pear. The fig-tree was sending forth its tender buds. The orange, the citron, the lemon, the apricot, the pomegranate, the almond, were all in their vernal glory. The air was soft and balmy with more than "Sabeian odours." Much of the wealth of Joppa is obtained from these gardens, and much of their produce is exported to Europe, and reserved for royal banquets. The light sandy soil is favourable to the growth of the trees and to the size and delicacy of the fruits, and the trees are kept under perfect irrigation by the constant working of hundreds of Persian water-wheels, which bring up water in abundance from what many believe to be a vast subterranean river which percolates silently beneath into the neighbouring sea. The conditions of culture must be exceptionally favourable, for when trees from these gardens are transplanted to other places and subjected to the same treatment, the fruit speedily degenerates.

As we were riding along at a moderate pace, a young man, gaudily dressed after the native

fashion, rode furiously past on a fiery steed, whom we were to meet with again in other circumstances before our day's journey was ended. We have spoken of a road, and there are fragments of the way up from Joppa to Jerusalem which have some claim to be so described. The Pasha has made his first attempt at road-making on this route. But, like all his other attempts in the direction of civilization, it has been spasmodic, fitful, reluctant, and has stopped short whenever his exchequer threatened to become a little shallow. You have, therefore, road-making in all its degrees on this first journey—some places finished, many more half-finished, and therefore intolerably rough and impassable, and others little more than marked off, and scarcely touched as yet by the spade or the mattock. We understood that an omnibus of rude construction and without springs had once or twice attempted the journey on this abortive road to and from Jerusalem, and that it had done its work with difficulty in the course of a week. The passengers must surely have been bribed to travel by it. One day on it might have served as a severe penance for any refractory monk in the Ramleh convent, where we were hoping to spend the night. But this is the only road within the boundaries of the Holy Land, as that wonderful omnibus is its only wheeled conveyance. After to-morrow we must be content to ride on paths that owe everything to natural causes: upon hard, uneven rocks; among boulder stones and scraggy bushes; upon mountain ledges with deep ravines far beneath, on which a false step would be destruction; in the dry beds of mountain torrents; and sometimes even in gravelly channels where the water is yet flowing. Alpine passes are child's play to some of those giddy rides which await us on the way down to Jericho and in the region of the Dead Sea. Nervous people of either sex had better satisfy themselves with donkey rides in Egypt, or with the luxuries of a Nile boat up to the First Cataracts.

But how delightful to us was that first afternoon in the Holy Land! The air was wonderfully exhilarating. Then everything was new, and seemed to have a hue of sacredness upon it. Keeping generally aloof from the Pasha's unfinished path, we rode briskly along on the green

sward, and by the banks of sparkling streamlets, making their sweet music, with wild flowers of every form and colour rising above the knees of our horses, even to our stirrups. No wonder at this luxuriant herbage; for we were skirting along the valley of Sharon—the name in Scripture for abundance and beauty—and it was fertile and joyous yet, even after centuries of neglected culture and consequent decay. Looking around, we could see braided fields in some places, ploughmen turning up the soil in others, and here and there villages glittering on commanding eminences, with the ever-present palm waving in the afternoon breeze above the loftiest houses. It was impossible, with our recollections of Egypt so fresh in our memories, not to be reminded of the contrast between the two countries traced so many thousand years before, in a few bold touches and yet with so much discriminating accuracy, by the pen of Moses, when Canaan was still only the land of promise to the Israelites. “The land, whither thou goest in to possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a garden of herbs. But the land, whither ye go to possess it, is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh water of the rain of heaven. A land which the Lord thy God careth for: the eyes of the Lord thy God are always upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year.”

But our enjoyment was suddenly interrupted by seeing the horse which had passed us less than an hour before feeding riderless on the green-sward, and its rider lying on the ground, at no great distance, motionless, and apparently dead. His eyes were closed, blood was oozing from his mouth, and it was only after the repeated application of stimulants that we could discover any signs of remaining life. The poor lad had been dreadfully stunned. But what struck us most was, that although several natives passed quite near us while we were doing our best to restore him, none of them could be induced to stand and help us. There was a glance of curiosity from a safe distance, and then a “passing by on the other side.” It was like shadows from the great parable. It was impossible to guess whether they were afraid of being complicated in some

way with the accident, or whether all humanity had been driven out of them. We were sadly at a loss what to do. We could not leave the man alone, perhaps to perish from want of care; and yet, if we delayed much longer, the chances were that we should not only be benighted, but should find the convent full. At length we saw two men approaching with a donkey, and drew their attention by signs to the helpless youth, whose head was meanwhile held gently up by our faithful dragoman, Giuseppe. We used every measure short of physical force to make them stop, and the sight of money which we offered them to “take charges with him,” had a wonderful effect in charming their somewhat dubious humanity into action. The half-dead man was placed by us on the back of the donkey, held on by one of the natives on either side, and borne away to the nearest village. The episode did not encourage us to attempt “feats of noble horsemanship.”

We had an experience this afternoon which was more than once repeated in subsequent parts of our travels,—the mortification of leaving unvisited districts of Biblical interest which were out of the common route of visitors. From elevated points in the finely undulating region through which our path now lay, it was possible to look into the border of the Philistines; but every step was meanwhile bearing us further away from it. We should have liked to wander for a few days in a territory whose older memories were so interwoven with the exploits of Samson and with the history of the ark of God, and to have visited the seats of those five satrapies, and those homes of giants and men of renown, whose energy and military prowess scarcely succumbed before any power but that of David and his mightier son. We should have liked especially to visit the busy market of modern Gaza, with the sturdy independence of a border city; and to have passed to Ashkelon, once the proudest city of the lords of the Philistines, and now with its ruined walls inclosing ruined houses and tangled gardens, its lofty theatre a desolation, its columns of gray granite that had given a look of grandeur to its formerly busy harbour lying prostrate and lashed by the invading sea, and all for many a past age abandoned by every human being as if it were an accursed thing;—and in the two

places to have seen the prophecy of Zechariah accomplished to the letter in both its parts, that "the king should perish from Gaza, and Ashkelon should not be inhabited." And, beyond this, we should have liked to verify by personal observation the remarkable statement made to us by an eminent traveller in respect to the average height of the modern inhabitants of Philistia. It is understood that the average tallness of a native of Syria or Palestine is five feet eight inches. Can it be true that the height of the modern Philistine is considerably above six feet? This is a fact fertile in matter for speculation, and curious in reference to the inhabitants of a land which boasted of its giant races so early as the entrance of the Israelites into Canaan.

While we are endeavouring to digest this mortification, our notice is turned to a village towards the north-east, on which the slanting rays of the descending sun are shining brightly, and to which a road had forked off some little time before. It is the Lydda of Scripture, and the Diospolis of Jerome and Eusebius as well as later writers. It was great and important in the times of the Crusaders. It is now a very poor village, embosomed in the midst of rich gardens, whose undying fruitfulness no neglect can entirely repress. It is an object of Christian interest from the fact that it was here that Peter cured the palsied Eneas of his long malady of eight years; and that to this place the sorrowing messengers from Joppa brought the intelligence to the same apostle of the death of Dorcas, which bore him as with winged feet across the intervening miles to her death-chamber, and ended in her resurrection to life. It is interesting to contemplate together those two early Christian disciples, who were almost simultaneously the subject of the apostle's miraculous power. Does not the one represent the service of suffering, and the other the service of action? We are apt to prefer the working disciple before the patient one enduring in silence. But the golden balances of heaven are not in our hands. Who can tell by which of the two God was most glorified and Christ best served?

To Englishmen this little Sharon village has, besides, another kind of interest, as being the birth-place, and containing in the corner of a

half-ruined mosque the tomb, of St. George, the tutelary saint of England; whose famous legend as trampling on the dragon has, after an interval of some reigns, been restored on certain of our English coins. Old Fuller lets out his wit, and perhaps also some of his wisdom, on this popular legend, when he adverts to the coincidence between it and the story of Perseus and Andromeda, of which the neighbouring Joppa is the scene: "All I will add is (I hope without offence) this ensuing parallel. In Joppa the valour of Perseus is celebrated for freeing Andromeda, daughter of King Cepheus, tied with chains to the rocks, from the fury of a sea-monster to which she was exposed. In Lydda the puissance of St. George is remembered for delivering the nameless and only daughter of a certain King of Libya from a fiery dragon, to whom she was tendered by lot to be devoured. It is pity," he continues, slyly, "these two stories should be parted asunder, which will both in full latitude be believed together. Hard to say whether nearer, the two places or two reports. He that considers the resemblance of their complexions will conclude Fancy the father, Credulity the mother, of both; though we need not presently reject all the story of St. George for fictitious for some improbable circumstances appendant thereto." Reland and others, in their eagerness to separate the germ of fact from the drapery which poetry has woven round it, as is well known, have gone much further back in their speculations, and have thrown out the idea that the story about Andromeda and Perseus originated from some confused account of Jonah and the whale which had reached the Greeks through sailors of Tarshish. If any one will look into the pages of Faber, in his "*Horæ Mosaicæ*," he will find that imagination has played quite as wildly with some of the traditions of the Deluge.

We were benighted before we reached the convent-gate at Ramleh. Our efforts at surgery with the unhorsed rider had delayed us much longer than we had counted on; but this inconvenience was not to be measured against the satisfaction of having helped to save the life of a fellow-man whom we had found wounded and half-dead. The courtyard of the convent was crowded with pilgrims, many of them of a very

unpilgrimlike appearance, and representing more than half the nations of Europe; and they scanned with staring curiosity the last arrived. The mules and horses stamping in the court made it difficult for us even to move. It was a new thing for us to be served at dinner by barefooted and tonsured monks, girded with ropes, and as speechless as if they had been under a vow of silence. But those travellers are not to be envied who arrive at these houses with a keen appetite, especially when it is late in the evening, and the locusts that have preceded them have dined. We had a truly lean and lenten fare, which did not make us in love with ecclesiastical cookery or monkish larders. There was a pleasure, however, in thinking that the dronish, monotonous life of these poor men was broken in upon during some weeks of the year by a stream of restless spirits from the outside world. It is not the first time that we have seen a monk in some remote nook of a hospice like this, devouring a newspaper with more than the *gusto* with which we had vainly tried on that evening to devour our meagre, ill-cooked dinner.

We wonder whether those monks keep a journal; for, if so, they could have recorded that, a few weeks before, in the court of that same convent, a certain rich and amiable Scottish nobleman, the latest and most splendid pervert to Romanism, might have been seen walking up and down for hours, stripped to the waist and barefooted, evidently performing some severe penance. We acknowledge to have felt intense mortification at this description, received from a friend and eye-witness: for this penance implied a confessor and a soul-director behind it all; and it seemed studiously imposed for the purpose of breaking the spirit of a man of rank and education into unquestioning obedience, not to Christ, but to the Church, and of crushing out of him the last embers of that holy fire of true Protestantism which makes us "call no man Master upon earth."

We contrived, before turning into our stifling dormitory, to walk out into the solitude and

darkness and look up into the midnight sky. How glorious seemed those many mansions of our great Father's house! It was a purifying, soothing, soul-enlarging sight. Those southern latitudes favour the star-gazer, and, as it were, increase and brighten the revelation made by the visible heavens. No wonder that such a vision kindled at once the soul of poetry and devotion in the soul of the boy-poet watching his father's flocks by night upon the hill-sides at Bethlehem. We had stood in the gardens around Geneva, and looked up into its evening sky mirroring itself in the noble lake beneath. We had leaned on one of the bridges over the Arno at Florence, and wondered at the silvery glory of the Italian firmament,—

"Bespangled with those tales of light
So wildly, spiritually bright."

But that sky of Palestine has a diviner glory still. Not only do the orbs seem far more numerous, and new constellations beam down upon you, but the whole impression is different. We have seen it noticed by some travellers that the stars appear to be more separated from the sky, and not to be so much like lights fixed upon a solid pavement as like golden lamps suspended from the blue canopy, or floating in ether, under the guidance of a hand that is invisible, but omnipotent. This is true. And therefore we could well understand how mightily such a vision must have helped the faith of Abraham, and given an imperishable distinctness and reality to the promise when Jehovah "brought him forth abroad" from his tent at midnight, "and said, Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars if thou be able to number them: and he said unto him, So shall thy seed be." The old habits of the student came back strongly upon us, as we lay awake on our bed that night, and mused on the many analogies between all true believers and those lights of heaven. And we glided gradually into sleep over the unsolved question, "Is this Ramleh indeed the Arimathea of Joseph, the honourable counsellor?" We shall see.



FRANCIS XAVIER.

CHAPTER II.



HE mission to Travancore forms a new episode in the great missionary's career. He crossed the peninsula of India to this powerful kingdom in the hope of converting the rajah and his courtiers, and of opening thereby a great door and effectual among the people. His first attempts to gain access to Iniquitribimus, "the great King of Travancore," were rendered unsuccessful by some iniquitous acts perpetrated by Portuguese officials upon some of the king's subjects; and on this occasion Xavier (as he had done more than once before) pleaded eloquently against the violation by Europeans of the just rights of natives, and scrupled not to denounce the highest authority in India to John III.

The Jesuit ultimately succeeded in pacifying the king, and his subsequent success in the kingdom of Travancore appears to have been far greater than elsewhere, even from his own sober narrative, in favour of which we have discarded the statements of the Romish annalists. The plan he pursued was the same as at Comorin. He passed from town to town, and from village to village, this haggard evangelist, in a ragged cassock, swinging a heavy bell—everywhere gathering crowds, to which he repeated the same formularies, founding on them the same instructions. He wrote that he had baptized 10,000 converts in one month,* so that his hands once more failed from weariness, and his speech from exhaustion, though the unwearied spirit was filled with a rapture not to be uttered in words. Yet it finds some vent in a passionate paragraph, which breaks in upon the sober tenor of his letter narrating these labours to his Society. "I have left myself," he writes, "nothing to add on this subject, except that so intense and abundant are the delights which God is accustomed to bestow on those who labour diligently in his service in the vineyard in this barbarous land, that if there be in this life any true and solid enjoyment, I believe it to be this, and this alone." He frequently overheard himself saying: "Overwhelm me not, O my God! with such happiness in this life; or if, in thine infinite beneficence and mercy, thou shalt be pleased still to bestow it upon me, then take me home to the abode of the blessed; for he whose inward sense has once tasted of these delights must needs regard existence as a heavy burden, so long as it is passed without the beatific vision of thyself." His belief in the efficacy of the waters of baptism must have been strong indeed, to give him not only content, but

rapture in wholesale conversions obtained by the methods which he adopted.

The rajah and his courtiers remained uninfluenced by Christianity. Xavier's success was solely among low-caste natives, to whom he almost invariably addressed himself; but on one occasion he visited a temple which supported two hundred Brahmins, and entered into a long discussion with them on the mysteries of their religion, and the articles of the Christian faith. There he came into contact with the subtle Pantheism of the higher caste, and formed a very low impression of the morality with which it was associated. He characterizes the Brahmins as ignorant, covetous, tyrannical, and deceitful. One only nominally embraced the Christian faith, and that for the purpose of obtaining the stipend of a teacher. Another was willing to be baptized if the fact might be concealed; but the Jesuit, to his honour, refused to administer the rite on these terms.

An event occurred shortly afterwards which led to the departure of Xavier from India. In the summer of 1543 the fishermen of Manaar, an island adjacent to Ceylon, sent a deputation to invite him to visit them. He was unable to accept a call so congenial to his spirit, but sent another priest, who baptized many of the natives. A rumour of this apostacy reached the ears of their ruler, the King of Jaffnapatam, and he despatched an armed force, which put six hundred men, women, and children to the sword. In this case baptism and martyrdom were almost simultaneous. At the time of this massacre, Xavier was endeavouring to protect his converts on the borders of Travancore from the ravages of the same foe which had swept away the poor fishermen of Cape Comorin; but on hearing of the bloody tragedy of Manaar, he hastened to Cochin, thence to Goa, and thence to Cambay, in search of the viceroy. It appears that the persecuting sovereign had an elder brother, who promised that if the viceroy would place him on the throne, he and all his princes would become Christians. The transaction does not approve itself to our modern notions, though we have made and unmade sovereigns for far less worthy considerations; but Xavier caught at it as a magnificent opening for Christianity, and the viceroy had hardly heard his narrative, when he ordered the equipment of a powerful fleet to carry out the design. So dazzled was the Jesuit with these splendid prospects, that he wrote to the King of Portugal: "In Jaffnapatam and the opposite coast more than 100,000 will easily be added to the Church of Christ." But if "the kingdoms of this world" are to become "the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ," it is not by such carnal weapons

* This statement, by Mr. Venn, one of his biographers, is supposed to be an interpolation, but the evidence against its genuineness is purely conjectural.

that they will be won. It was an unholy alliance between the Church and the sword, and as neither the counsel nor the work were of God they speedily came to nought; for the invading fleet, though blessed by the "Apostle of the Indies," and impelled to victory by promises of triumphs temporal and eternal, failed for the most sordid and miserable of reasons. A Portuguese vessel, bound from Pegu to India with silks, ran ashore on Jaffnapatam, and the king, who appears to have been a very high-handed potentate, seized the cargo. The Portuguese cared far more about recovering the silks than about opening a door for the gospel, so the king was left unpunished, to Xavier's intense disgust. He had been so confident of success, that he had gone to Negapatam, the nearest port to Jaffnapatam, to be ready to seize the first opportunity of entering in to possess the land.

He had previously been very sorely tried by the apathy of those in authority; and presuming upon the deference due to him as the envoy of the King of kings, he had written to John III., not only requesting, but demanding the recall of De Soza, the viceroy. The demand was complied with; but it does not appear that the greater subservience of Castro really aided the cause of Christ in India. On several previous occasions Xavier had made a noble protest against the injustice of Portuguese rule in the East, and in most solemn terms had pressed upon the conscience of the king his responsibility before God's bar of judgment for the atrocities committed by his representatives in India. Such was his influence with the Court of Lisbon, that along with the new viceroy he obtained the very mandate which he sought, signed by the king's own hand.* While deprecating the high-handed action of the State towards the religions of India, and Xavier's reliance upon it, we must admire the sense of justice which he had succeeded in awaking at Court, as shown by some of the orders which were sent out regarding the treatment of the natives.

The mortifying failure of the Jaffnapatam expedition, and rumours which reached Xavier of a great opening for the gospel in the Indian Archipelago, decided this restless and fiery evangelist to turn his back on India, and commit his infant churches to other teachers. But before sailing for Malacca he visited the reputed shrine of St. Thomas the Apostle, near Madras, in search of divine direction. Legend has been fruitful in miraculous

stories of his conflicts and deliverances on this occasion, representing him at one time as wrestling with a visible Apollyon, and at another struggling against the influences of the soul-subduing harmonies of malignant demons in the guise of the ever-blessed seraphim. One thing is certain, that he went to St. Thome resolved upon leaving India, and that a circumstance occurred which appeared to indicate the Divine approval. A merchant named Peyro came to him for confession, and was so wrought upon, Xavier tells us, by "divine influence," that he decided the very next day to sell his ship and merchandise and all that he had, and to bestow the proceeds on the poor, devoting himself to the evangelization of Macassar as the companion of Xavier. Another merchant supplied him with an outfit and a free passage to Malacca.

He arrived at this crowded emporium of Eastern commerce in October 1545, and finding that he could not get a passage to Macassar for some months, he began without delay, as was his wont, to labour diligently for the good of the people around him. As at Goa, he took up his abode in an hospital. On the Sundays and festival-days he preached and gave Christian instruction to the neophytes. On the week-days he adjusted quarrels between the soldiers and the citizens; and spent many hours daily in hearing the confessions of the sick, and in relieving their distresses, often in the intensity of his sympathy mingling his own tears with those of the penitents. But each evening after sunset, ringing a large bell, he passed through the crowded streets of a city abandoned to every form of refined and degraded sensuality, calling on its pleasure-loving inhabitants to pray for the souls of those who were tormented in the flames of purgatory. A crowd of catechumens followed, repeating the words after him. Awe fell upon the city in presence of that solemn visitant; but awe soon changed to ridicule, and then Xavier, re-assuming the long discarded manner of a Spanish knight and noble, by his courtly address and brilliant speech foiled the satirists with their own weapons. Ridicule became dumb; a temporary reformation ensued—altars rose in the open streets, devout books were translated and multiplied, and the confessional was thronged. But the revival was but the fashion of a day; and, in the midst of all Xavier's hopes, the guilty city reeled back to her wallowing in the mire.

Compelled to abandon his projected visit to Macassar, he proceeded to Amboyna. He had hardly begun to baptize, when a fleet of Spanish corsairs, whose marauding expedition in the Indian Seas had been disavowed by Charles V., threatened the island. But a terrible pestilence broke out in the ships, and Xavier, abandoning his scarcely commenced missionary operations, took up his abode in the midst of the infection, ministering to the stricken, and obtaining from the islanders everything that could tend to the recovery of the sick or the alleviation of their sufferings. The pirates' hearts were

* This mandate contained the following provisions:—That no "superstition" was to be tolerated in the islands of Goa and Salsette; that all the idols found there should be broken by the authorities; that they should search for such as were concealed in the houses of the heathen; that they should punish the makers of them; that they should punish every Brahmin who opposed the preaching of the gospel; that they should not confer any more public offices on pagans; that they should not sell any more slaves to the Mohammedans or the heathen; that the pearl-fishing should be entirely in the hands of Christians; that the pearls should only be taken from them at a fair valuation; and that the King of Cochin should not be suffered to maltreat the baptized Indians.

melted, and they retired peacefully from Amboyna, leaving Xavier to the adoration of the rescued multitude, and to the rare glory of having repelled an invasion by no other weapon than the self-denying exercise of Christian charity. Passing on to the Moluccas, where he made some royal converts, he visited Ternate, occupying himself there in preaching to the Europeans, instructing the neophytes, and in holding classes for the native wives of the Portuguese traders. Here, as elsewhere, he attracted unbounded personal devotion. To escape the sight of the grief of the neophytes and his friends in parting with him, he embarked by stealth in the night; but his device failed, and his departure was discovered. "Then," he writes, "I was so deeply affected by the thought of my nocturnal flight from these children whom I had begotten unto Christ, and I began to fear lest my departure might imperil their salvation." So at the last moment, amidst cries and tears, he blessed them, and gave them directions as to how they might best advance in Christian holiness and unity. It is evident that his power of loving was a part of the secret of the boundless love he attracted. He was a father as well as a teacher.

From Ternate he sailed for the barbarous group of the Mauriceae, hurling from him the timid counsels of friends who sought to dissuade him from the perilous venture, and rejecting the antidotes for poison which were pressed upon him; exclaiming indignantly, "If those lands had scented woods, and mines, and gold, Christians would find courage to go there, nor would all the perils in the world prevent them. They are dastardly and alarmed because there is nothing to be gained there but the souls of men; and shall love be less hardy and less generous than avarice? They will destroy me, you say, by poison. It is an honour to which such a sinner as I am may not aspire; but this I dare to say, that whatever form of torture or of death awaits me, I am ready to suffer it ten thousand times for the salvation of a single soul." In writing at the same time to the Society at Rome, he showed that he was by no means unaffected by a sense of the dangers which he was about to encounter. He writes: "It is, in general, easy to understand the evangelical maxim that he who will lose his life shall find it. But when the moment for action is come, and when the sacrifice of life for God is to be really made—oh then, clear as at other times the meaning is, it becomes deeply obscure! So dark, indeed, that he alone can comprehend it to whom, in his mercy, God himself interprets it! Then it is we know how weak and frail we are!"

The Mauriceae group was inhabited by savages who lived in constant jealousies and wars. Great numbers of them were annually destroyed by poison. There was no written language, and every island had a different dialect. Certain trees furnished the natives with bread and an intoxicating drink; and the bark of another species supplied them parsimoniously with clothing. But even among those degraded savages there was a

thirst for immortality. The race of the Javars believed that they made themselves immortal by slaying as many persons as came within their reach; and when there was a lack of other victims, they slaughtered their own wives and children. This tribe had made a great massacre of those who had become Christians during the residence of a priest on one of the islands; and no Christian teacher had since dared to risk his life by visiting them. This inhospitable archipelago was perpetually rocked by earthquakes, and liable to volcanic eruptions. A less enthusiastic man than Xavier would have been appalled by all he heard in Amboyna of the lawless savagery of the Mauriceae group. To our thinking, the enterprise of advancing single-handed against those strongholds of a rampant heathenism with no other weapons than a few scraps of Malay appears almost Quixotic; but Xavier was strong in faith.

No trace of the weakness and frailty to which he had alluded was apparent in his mien as he reached the goal of his desires. In hunger and thirst, braving the perils of assassination, torture, and poison, serene in a trust which has never yet been betrayed, the Jesuit appeared in Moro—a messenger of the most high God, a solitary herald of peace and reconciliation. True, he was a follower of Ignatius Loyola—he was a Sacramentarian and a Mariolatrist; but the whole East offered no sublimer spectacle on the feast of St. Michael, 1546, than Francis Xavier standing alone before a reeling altar, with the terrified worshippers in full flight, the earth quaking and yawning, while he, all calm and undismayed, completed the offering of the "Sacrifice of the Mass." It does not, however, appear that in these islands he was able to do more than "baptize very many infants," and after searching for the Christians who had escaped the massacre, "to bind them anew to Christ." Yet he was sanguine of the future of these savage regions. He wrote of them: "Though they be destitute of all remedies for disease, and even of all safeguards for life itself, yet they appear to me rather to deserve the name of the 'Isles of Divine Hope,' than the Region of the Moor." His residence in the Mauriceae only lasted three months, and, by way of Malacca, he returned to Goa. On the voyage he encountered a tremendous storm, which he describes with considerable graphic power, and also reveals the state of his spirit, and the grounds of his confidence. This revelation of himself is too important to be overlooked. While the tempest was at its highest, and the merchants were throwing their treasures into the sea, and the passengers, huddled together in terror, were bewailing their fate, Xavier fortified his spirit by the considerations which are here given in his own words:—

"As to myself, in my supplications to God I availed myself of intercessors. First, out of those upon earth, the men of our Society, and those who are friendly to us; afterwards, the whole company of Christians, hoping that I was being most fervently commended to the King of Heaven by the spouse of Christ, whose prayers

are heard in heaven though she dwells upon the earth. Then I supplicated all those in the world above, and especially Peter le Fèvre of our Order, that I might employ departed as well as living intercessors to appease the Divine wrath. Afterwards, I went through all the orders of angels and saints, naming each, that I might more surely obtain pardon for my innumerable sins. I took for my patroness the most Holy Mother of God, the Queen of Heaven, who obtains without difficulty all that she asks of her Son. Lastly, all my hope being placed in the infinite merits of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, while fortified with so many and powerful safeguards, I enjoyed far more pleasure in the midst of that horrible tempest, than afterwards when I was delivered from the danger." He proceeds to describe powerful emotions of joy, and concludes by writing: "Very often has God showed me, by a certain internal instinct, out of what great perils of body and soul I have been preserved by the intercessions of my associates, part of them being below, and part above." This narrative is painful. Xavier, like the mediæval saints, seemed half uncertain whether the "divine" wrath had been appeased, and whether he had obtained pardon for his "innumerable sins." There is a dreary toilsomeness in the way in which, in his extremity, he ransacked his memory for names of saints and angels for whose intercessions he might plead. There was none of the filial spirit which would have expressed itself in the words, "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit;" and little boldness in entering into the holiest by the new and living way. It seems as if that Saviour, who, we believe, really reigned supreme in his heart's affections, was mainly presented to his conception as a being, on a far-off throne, fenced round by a triple rank of intercessors more benign and sympathizing than himself.

On Xavier's arrival at Goa he found himself famous. Rumour had magnified his perils and his triumphs, and had invested him with supernatural powers. It was reported that he could speak with tongues, cure diseases, and raise the dead; that he could live without food, control the elements, walk on the water, poise himself in mid-air, and that the angels of God ministered to his common needs. A charlatan or a fanatic might have taken advantage of the popular belief; but Xavier, disclaiming the marvels attributed to him, addressed himself quietly to the organization of missionary operations in India. He showed extraordinary administrative abilities; and if his plans had been carried out by men of his own spirit, the fate of Romish missions in India might possibly have been altered.

His labours lasted for fifteen months, and one important and immediate result was, that nearly the whole work of evangelizing the East fell into the hands of the Jesuits. At that time, in addition to the constant supply of missionaries from the college at Coimbra, one hundred native students of divinity were receiving their

education in the Jesuit college at Goa. All these, and all the Jesuit missionaries in the East, were under Xavier's control; and the authority which he exercised was altogether absolute. It is doubtful, however, whether it was ever used in such a way as to wound the feelings of a single brother of his Order. In cases in which it was necessary to exercise it, Xavier tempered all that was peremptory with so much that was tender, and showed such genuine humility and Christian courtesy, as to win our sincere admiration. The "Instructions" which he wrote at this time deserve our attention, as they go far to elucidate his teaching as well as his character, and serve to show the nature of the rock on which he proposed to build his Church.

Among these "Instructions" are directions to all Christians for holy living; and they include advice as to self-examination and religious meditation, and a short course of prayers, in which the Virgin Mary, Michael the Archangel, and the "Saint Guardian Angel," are recognized as intercessors alongside of Him "who ever liveth to make intercession for us." The "Manual of Instruction for Neophytes" was translated into several languages, and its use was enjoined upon all missionaries. The amount of Scripture truth in this paper is small. Various statements of merely human authority bulk more largely than those concerning faith, repentance, and the atonement. It concludes with a sweeping affirmation of implicit faith in the canons of the holy fathers, the decrees of Councils, and the edicts of the Popes, propounded by cardinals and other dignitaries of the Church; all to be dutifully received with deep veneration, sure faith, prompt obedience, &c. The style throughout is simple; but it is surprising that a man of Xavier's sagacity should have burdened the understanding of converts by imposing upon them as articles of faith so much beside the leading truths of revealed religion. One example of Xavier's unscriptural teaching will suffice. The doctrine of man's restoration after the fall is taught in the following form:—

"There was no hope of escaping damnation, till the holy Michael, our true friend, and with him the angels who had persevered in obedience, and received as the reward of their constancy the fruition of eternal glory in heaven—all united in compassion for the calamity of human nature—fell down as suppliants before God, and endeavoured to obtain some remedy from him of the great evils which had so widely overspread the progeny of Adam and Eve. This was the form of their prayer: O gracious God! most merciful Lord and Father of all men! the time is at length arrived, and the long-expected day from the beginning of ages dawns, which in thine eternal purpose thou hast appointed for the exercise of mercy towards miserable mortals. Behold, we see the morn of the day in which the gates of heaven are about to open to the sons of Adam restored to favour through divine adoption, since the Virgin has been born of holy Anna and Joseph, without the original sin of Adam—the most blessed of all women, Mary by name, whose

virtue and holiness infinitely excels all which is beneath God. Since there is now such a pure and illustrious Virgin, it seems a work not unworthy of thy wisdom and omnipotence to deign to form a human body from her substance, as formerly, O Lord, thou didst form the body of Adam," &c.

To those who believe in the infinite compassion of the Father, and that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, and in the joyful alacrity with which the Son became obedient unto death with the words, "Lo, I come; I delight to do thy will, O my God," upon his lips, there is something most repulsive in this representation of the holy angels as suggesting the plan of the redemption of the human race. Grievous is it likewise to observe that the dogma of the Immaculate Conception in its most startling form was imposed upon the neophytes of the infant Church of the Indies, who thus found themselves confronted in the new faith with

complications as marvellous as those which they had cast aside. Neither the beauty of Xavier's character nor his apostolic zeal could counteract his corruption of the simplicity which is in Christ. He built his Church not upon the rock of Scripture truth, but upon the shifting sand of human authority—a foundation of wood, hay, and stubble, long since swept away by the resistless power of the old faiths of India. There was no central figure in the system which Xavier presented. The interest of the converts was frittered away upon hosts of intercessors. Jesus was not lifted up as the sole light of men, the supreme object of love and worship; and, for lack of personal devotion to a living Saviour, Christianity withered away. Its traditions were feeble and uninfluential against the mightier traditions of the old heathenism; and when Xavier's spirit died out among his followers, the spouse of Vishnu displaced the Queen of Heaven, and the attenuated Christ of Romanism vanished before Siva the Destroyer.*

L. L. B.

France and its Reformation.

IV.—CALVIN: HIS BIRTH, EDUCATION, AND CONVERSION.

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLLIE, LL.D.

Greater champions—Calvin—His birth-place and lineage—His appearance—Sent to La Marche at Paris—Mathurin Cordier, his teacher—Charmed with the great Latin writers—Becomes the pioneer of modern French literature—Enters the college of Montaigne—Assiduity in his studies—Discussions with Olivetan respecting the new opinions—Doubts awakened in Calvin's mind—Great struggles of soul—Goes to the Bible—One of the great battles of the world—Victory, and its fruits—The work of Paul resumed.



HE young vine just planted in France was bending before the tempest, and appeared on the point of being uprooted. During the absence of the king, who was still the prisoner of Charles V. in Madrid, the enemies of the gospel did as it pleased them in Paris. Beda and Duprat were planting stake after stake, and soon not one confessor would remain to tell that the gospel had ever entered France. The Reformation was already as good as burned out before it had begun its career. But those who so reasoned overlooked the power of Him who can raise up living witnesses from the ashes of dead ones. The men whom Beda had burned were comparatively feeble. Mightier champions were about to appear, whom God would so strengthen that all the power of France should not be able to put them down; and the Reformation would come forth from the midst of the stakes and blazing fires with which its enemies had encompassed it,

to fill Christendom with disciples, and the world with light.

The great leader of the Reformation in Germany stepped at once upon the scene. No note sounds his advent; no herald ushers him upon the stage. Luther comes forth from the seclusion of his monastery at Erfurt—startling the world by the suddenness of his appearing, and the authority with which he speaks. But the coming of the great reformer of France and of the world was more gradual. If Luther rose on men like a star which suddenly blazes forth in the dark heavens, Calvin's coming was like that of day—sweetly and softly opening upon the mountain-tops, gilding the horizon with its streaks of silver, and steadily

* The number of Romanists in Travancore and Malabar appears to be about 140,000 at the present time. Of this number, about 80,000 are Romo-Syrians, descended from a very ancient Syrian Church, claiming to have been planted by St. Thomas. Xavier's dealings with this Church were not altogether to his credit. After his death, it was induced by force and fraud to profess the creed of Rome and to acknowledge the Pope's authority, receiving permission to retain the Syrian ritual and language.

waxing in brightness, till at last the whole heavens are filled with its splendour.

CALVIN, whose birth and education we are now to trace, was born in humble condition, like most of those who have accomplished great things for God in the world. He first saw the light on the 10th of July 1509 at Noyon, in Picardy. His family was of Norman extraction.* His grandfather was a cooper to his trade. His father, Gerard, held a higher position in society, being apostolic notary, and secretary to the bishop, through whom he hoped to find one day a door for his son John's advancement in the Church, to which, influenced doubtless by the evident bent of his genius and studies, he had destined him. Yes! the Noyon boy was to rise high in the Church—higher than his father's highest dream; but in a greater Church than the Roman one. No mitre was ever to sit on his brow; but a halo brighter than that of a hundred mitres was to encircle it, and that for ever.

Let us sketch the young Calvin. We have before us a boy of about ten years. He is of small and delicate form, with pale features, and a bright burning eye, indicating a soul of singular richness, emotionally and intellectually. There hangs about him an air of timidity and shyness—a not unfrequent accompaniment of a mind of great sensibility and power lodged in a somewhat fragile bodily organization. Thoughtful he was beyond his years. Devout, too, up to the standard of the Roman Church, and beyond it: punctual as stroke of clock in his religious observances. Nor was it a mere mechanical devotion which he practised. The soul that looked forth at those eyes could go mechanically about nothing. As regards his morals, he had been a Nazarite from his youth up: no stain of outward vice had touched him. This made the young Calvin a sort of mystery to his companions. By the beauty of his life, if not by his words, he became unconsciously their reprovcr.

From his father's home he soon passed to the

stately mansion of the Mommors—the lords of the neighbourhood. The hour which saw Calvin cross this noble threshold was a not uneventful one. True, he shrunk from the grandeurs to which he was now introduced, and he was not much at home in these stately halls; and often, as he tells us, he was fain to escape the observation of the brilliant company that filled them by hiding in some shady corner. But this was a needful step in his preparation for his life's work. Here he was educated along with the young De Mommors, and thus received a more thorough classical grounding, and acquired a polish of manners, to which he must ever have remained a stranger had he grown up under his father's humble roof. He who was to be the counsellor of princes, a master in the schools, and a legislator in the Church, must needs have an education neither superficial nor narrow, and it must be begun by times.

The young Calvin mastered with incredible ease what it cost his class-fellows much labour and time to acquire. His knowledge seemed to come by intuition. Even when a child, he gave proof of the expansiveness of his soul. He loved to pray in the open air. While the age could think of God only as dwelling in "temples made with hands," Calvin conceived of him as filling the universe, and he resembled in this the young Anselm, who thought that, could he climb to the tops of the great mountains which guard his native valley of Aosta, he would be nearer the throne of the Creator. At this time, the chaplaincy of La Gésine fell vacant, and the Bishop of Noyon conferred it upon Calvin. He was then only twelve years of age; but it was the manner of the times for even younger persons to hold even higher ecclesiastical offices—to have the bishop's crozier or the cardinal's hat given them—and so the young chaplain of Gésine had his head shorn. By this symbolic act he became, although not yet admitted into holy orders, a member of the clergy, and a servant, in a sort, of that Church of which he was to become the most terrible opponent.

Two years longer did Calvin live at his native town of Noyon. Then came the *black death*. Its terror caused many to flee from the place; and the occasion was taken to send the young Calvin

* As we don't recollect to have seen this fact stated elsewhere, we give our authority for it: "La famille Cauvin était d'origine normande; le grand-père du Réformateur habitait Pont-l'Évêque; il était tonnelier."—"Les Protestants Illustres," par Ferdinand Rossignol. Paris. 1862.) M. Rossignol adds in a foot-note: "Chauvin—dans le dialecte picard, on prononçait Cauvin—le Réformateur signa ses œuvres latines *Calvinus*, et, faisant passer cette orthographe dans le français, se nomma lui-même Calvin."

to Paris to complete his studies for the priesthood, the small salary attached to his chaplaincy being continued to him. "Flying from one pestilence," says his Romish historians, "he caught another."

At Paris, Calvin entered the school or college of La Marche. This brings before us a man who demands our notice. There was at that time in that college a very remarkable man, MATHURIN CORDIER, who was renowned for his exquisite taste, his pure Latinity, and his extensive erudition. These accomplishments might have opened to Cordier a path to brilliant advancement; but he was one of those who prefer the nobler gratification of pursuing his own tastes, and retaining his independence, to occupying a position where, to some extent, he should have to sacrifice both. He devoted his whole life to the teaching of youth. His fame has come down to our day, and one of his books is used in our schools under the title of "Cordier's Colloquia." Cordier taught the first or highest class in La Marche; but the teachers who conducted the classes below his, being at little pains with their pupils, Cordier found the boys miserably grounded in the Latin tongue, and but wretchedly prepared to profit by his instructions; and so he stepped down and assumed the duties of the lowest class, that he might have it in his power to lay a thorough foundation for the subsequent instruction of the youth at La Marche.

He had just entered on his duties as master of this class, when, one day, he saw a scholar, about fourteen years of age, fresh from the country, enter his school. His figure was slender, his features were sallow, but his eye lent such intelligence and beauty to his face that the teacher could not help remarking him. Cordier soon saw that he had a pupil before him of no ordinary genius, and after the first few days the scholar of fourteen and the man of fifty became inseparable. At the hour of school dismissal, it was not the playground, but his loving, genial instructor, who grew young again in the society of his pupil, that Calvin sought. Such was the great teacher whom God had provided for the yet greater scholar.

Mathurin Cordier was not the mere linguist. His mind was fraught with the wisdom of the

ancients. The highest wisdom, it is true, he could not impart; for both master and pupil were still involved in the darkness of superstition. But Cordier initiated Calvin into the spirit of the *Renaissance*, which, after the winter of the Middle Ages, was freshening the world with the verdure and the blossoms of ancient civilization. The severe yet copious diction and the noble thoughts of Cicero, and of other great masters of Roman literature and philosophy, the young Calvin soon learned to admire. He saw that if he aspired to wield influence over men, he must first of all perfect himself in the use of that instrument by which the human heart is touched—language, to wit, and especially written language. He began now to ingraft upon his own native tongue of France those graces, those felicities of expression, those delicate shades of sentiment and feeling, that purity, that flexibility, and that energy and fire, which distinguished the great writers of Greece and Rome, and which have given to their productions an influence that is world-wide, and a fame that will never die.

It is remarkable surely that the two great reformers of Europe should have been the creators of the language of their respective countries. Calvin was the father of the French tongue, as Luther was the father of the German tongue. No doubt, both French and German existed before either Calvin or Luther was born, just as the steam-engine existed before James Watt was born. But it is not more true that Watt was the inventor of the steam-engine, by making it a really useful instrument, than it is true that Luther and Calvin were the creators of their respective tongues as now spoken. Calvin found French just as Luther found German, a coarse, meagre speech—of narrow compass, of no adaptability, and the vehicle of none but low ideas. He breathed into it a new life. He gave it a vastly wider compass, and an infinitely finer flexibility; and sanctified it by pouring into it the treasures of the gospel, thus enriching it with a multitude of new terms, and imparting to it a celestial fire.

This was not the least of the gifts which Calvin conferred on France, though it is not often thought of. He was the father of French literature as well as of French Christianity. The great statesmen and orators, the great philo-

sophers and poets, that came after him, and made France illustrious, employed the tongue which he had so largely helped to make fit for their use. If he had not preceded them, they would have found no scope for their genius, and would have died unknown. This shows us how much the gospel and civilization are bound up together. Language is a most powerful instrument for civilizing men, but to the gospel it belongs to fashion and perfect this instrument.

Calvin fulfilled his course under Cordier, and in 1526 he passed to the college of Montaigu, one of the two seminaries in Paris—the Sorbonne being the other—for the training of priests. To his dying day the reformer spoke with affection of his old master of La Marche, and of the benefit he received from his instructions.

When Calvin crossed the threshold of La Montaigu, he felt a new air around him. Unlike that of La Marche—which was sunny with the free ideas of ancient Rome—that of Montaigu was musty with the dogmas of the schoolmen. But this student, with the pale features and serious looks, did not fail to satisfy the monkish professors at whose feet he now sat. His place was never empty at mass; no fast did he ever profane by tasting forbidden dish; and no saint did he ever slight by failing to keep his or her fête-day.

The young student was equally assiduous in his studies as in his devotions. The world of philosophy, such as it then was, had just been opened to him, and with bounding steps did he traverse the new fields. So athirst for knowledge was he that the hours of meals often passed without his eating. While others were asleep, he was poring over the page of schoolman or father; and the inhabitants of that quarter of Paris were wont to point out to one another a tiny ray which might be seen to issue from a certain window of the college when it was long past midnight. A youth of so fine parts, and a piety so ardent, was sure to rise in the Church: so did his teachers prognosticate. No mere country curacy or city diocese was in store for him; for such a scholar there could be nothing less than the purple of a cardinal. The pride of their college, he was sure to become in time one of the lights of Christendom. Yes! one of the lights of Christendom

this student with the pale face and the burning eye would indeed become. And not the nations of Europe only, sitting in the shadow of Rome, is Calvin to enlighten, but tribes and nations afar off, of which the Christendom of that day knew nothing, because inhabiting islands and continents of the sea which no keel of navigator had yet explored.

But he who was the chosen instrument of God for bringing the nations of the earth out of darkness must himself first be brought out of it; and his emancipation must needs be accomplished in such a way as to show how great is "the power of darkness"—how helpless the captive who lies immured in this dungeon—and that an omnipotent hand only can break the fetter that binds the soul. The Bible describes this as one of God's wonderful works, for which the sons of men are bound to praise him: "He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder."

The Reformation was in the air, and Calvin could not breathe without inhaling so far the new life. But he was doubly armed against "the infection," as some called it. His head had been shorn; he lived in the orthodox atmosphere of the Montaigu; and, besides, he daily fortified himself with the precepts of the schoolmen and the rigid observance of all prescribed rites. Where in the armour of Calvin, we ask in almost despair, shall opening be found by which the arrow of conviction may enter? Providence had prepared the means.

Calvin is visited by his cousin OLIVÉTAN, also of Picardy, and who by some means had come to the knowledge of the truth; and the cousins, as was natural, talk together about the new doctrines which were agitating Paris, and beginning to find confessors in the Place de Grève. Their debates wax eager and warm. Olivétan boldly assails, and Calvin as boldly defends, the authority and dogmas of the Church of Rome. We see in this little closet a great battle-field. There are but two single combatants, it is true; but there hang on this conflict far greater issues than have sometimes depended upon mighty battles in which numerous hosts have been engaged. The old and the new times have here met in this small apartment, and they

struggle the one with the other. As victory shall incline, so will the new day rise or fade on Christendom. If Olivétan shall be worsted, and bound again to the chariot-wheel of an infallible Church, the world must forego that beautiful version of the New Testament in the vernacular of France which did so much to spread the light. And if Calvin shall yield to the arguments of his cousin, what a blow to Rome! He on whose sharp dialectic sword she is leaning in prospect of coming conflict will have passed over to the camp of the enemy, to lay his brilliant genius and vast acquirements at the feet of the Reformation.

The controversy between the two cousins is renewed day by day. And these are the battles that shake the world, and bring in new times: not those noisy affairs which are transacted with cannons and sabres, but those in which souls struggle to establish or overthrow great principles. "There are but two religions in the world," we hear Olivétan saying—enunciating a truth which is not fully understood even in our own day. "The one class of religions are those invented by men: in these man saves himself by ceremonies and good works. The other is that one religion revealed in the Bible; according to which man is saved by the grace of God." "I will have none of your new doctrines!" we hear Calvin sharply exclaim. "Think you that I have lived in error all my days?" But Calvin is not so sure of the matter as he looks. The words of his cousin have gone deeper into his heart than he is willing to admit even to himself; and when Olivétan has taken farewell for the day, scarce is the door shut behind him when Calvin falls upon his knees, and bursts into tears and prayers.

His soul now began to be shaken with great doubts; and these grew upon him with every renewed discussion between himself and Olivétan. To forsake the Church appeared to him like casting himself into the gulf of perdition; yet his doubts he could not master. His agitation grew anon into a great tempest. He felt within him "the sorrows of death," "the pains of hell." His closet resounded with sighs and groans, as did Luther's cell at Erfurt. It was all very well so long as Calvin came only to the

images of the saints or of Mary. They were creatures like himself—a little holier, he possibly deemed them; but their terror could not make him afraid. But when he essayed to come before God—nay, even when he thought of God—he was oppressed by an awful sense of sin and villainess: he trembled under a foreboding of wrath, feeling in his conscience the sentence of death. And it was well that he saw his malady, and was made to feel how deep-seated and how incurable by himself it was; for no sight less painful could ever have vanquished his self-righteous pride, and brought him to the feet of the divine Physician.

But meanwhile, like King Joram, he went to physicians "who could not heal him of his disease:" mere empirics, who gave him beads to count and relics to kiss, instead of the "death" that atones or the "blood" that cleanses. "Confess!" cried the doctors of the Montaignu, who could read in his wasting form and his dimming eye the agony that was raging in his soul, and too surely divined its cause. "Confess! confess!" cried they, in alarm, for they saw that they were on the point of losing their most promising pupil. Calvin went to his confessor, and told him as much as he durst; and the father gave him a few anodynes from the Church's pharmacopœia to relieve his pain. He strove to think that his trouble was somewhat assuaged; and so he would turn his face again towards the schoolmen, if haply, engrossed with their subtleties, he might forget for a while the great realities with which he had been struggling. But straightway there would come down upon him a new outburst of the tempest; and then louder groans than ever echoed in his chamber, and tears more copious than before watered his couch.

One day he went to the Place de Notre Dame, where he found a great crowd of priests, soldiers, and citizens gathered round a stake at which a disciple of the new doctrines was calmly yielding up his life. He stood till the fire had done its work, and a stake, an iron collar and chain, and a heap of ashes, were the only memorials of the tragedy he had witnessed. "These men," said Calvin to himself, "have a peace which I have not found. They endure the fire with a rare courage. The fire I too might brave; but were

death to come to me, as it does to them, with the dreadful sting of the Church's anathema in it, could I face it as they do? Why is it that they are so courageous in the midst of terrors which are as real as they are dreadful, while I tremble simply at my own apprehensions? I will take my cousin Olivétan's advice: I will search the Bible, if haply I may find a better way than I have yet discovered—deliverance from the great burden that is pressing upon me." He opened that Book which no one should open, says Rome, unless the Church be by to interpret. He began to read, but the first effect was a sharper terror. His sins had never appeared so great, nor himself so vile, as now. He would have shut the Book, but to what other quarter could he turn, for on every side of him abysses appeared to be opening? So he continued to read, and by-and-by he thought he could discern dimly and afar off what seemed a cross, and One hanging upon it, and his form was like the Son of God. He looked again, and now he thought he could read the inscription over it: "He was wounded for our iniquities, he was bruised for our transgressions; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." A ray of light shone into his darkness, and by its help he thought he could see a haven into which, could he enter, he would find peace. "O Father," he said, "his sacrifice has appeased thy wrath; his blood has washed away my impurities; his cross has borne my curse; his death has atoned for me." This is the language of one who is standing at the foot of the cross, and who ventures to lift up his eyes and fix them, in confidence and love, on him who is hanging upon it—"the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world." In the great waters into which he had come Calvin now began to feel the bottom, and to know that it was good.

But one great obstacle has yet to be surmounted, and it occasioned to Calvin, as it had done to Luther, the greatest conflict of all. One single word expresses that difficulty—the Church. The Church rose before his eye a venerable and holy society, coming down from ancient times, covering all lands, embracing in her ranks the martyrs and confessors of primitive times, and the great doctors of the Middle Ages, with the Pope at their

head, the vicar of Jesus Christ. What an august fabric! It seemed truly a temple of God's own building. With all its faults, it was a glorious Church, divine and heavenly. Must he leave this glorious society and join himself to a few despised disciples of the new opinions. This seemed like a razing of his name from the Book of Life. He recoiled from the idea as a horrible temptation. It was to invoke excommunication upon his own head, and write against himself a sentence of exclusion from the family of God—nay, from God himself. This was the great battle Calvin had now to fight. How many have commenced this battle only to lose it: they have perished within sight of the harbour; they have been beaten down and beaten back by the imposing magnificence, the assumed divine authority and pretended holiness of "the Church;" by the array of her great names, great councils, and, though last, not least, her anathemas. It was not possible for even the strongest minds, all at once, to throw off the spell of the great enchantress. Nor would even Calvin have conquered in this battle had he not had recourse to the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Ever and anon he came back to the Bible; and in proportion as the glory of divine revelation shone out before him, so did the fictitious and earthly glory which had been thrown around the Church of Rome dissolve and vanish. There can be no Church where the truth is not, we hear Calvin saying to himself. I cannot find the truth here; I can find only fables, silly inventions, manifest falsehoods, idolatrous ceremonies. The society which is founded on such things cannot be the Church. If I shall come back to the truth as contained in the Scriptures, will I not come back to the Church? and will I not, in that case, be joined to the holy company of prophets and apostles, martyrs and saints? And as regards the Pope, the vicar of Jesus Christ, let me not be awed by a big word. If, without warrant from the Bible, or the call of the Christian people, and lacking the holiness and humility of Christ, the Pope place himself above the Church, and surround himself with worldly pomps and magnificences, and arrogate lordship over the faith and consciences of men, is he therefore entitled to homage, and must I bow down and do obeisance?

The Pope, said he, is but a "scarecrow" dressed out in magnificences and fulminations.

In short, Calvin saw that the mere term "Church" could give neither unity nor authority to the society which it designated. Unity and authority, he reasoned, can come only from the truth; and that society alone which possesses the truth is the Church; and so he abandoned the "Church" that he might enter the "Church"—that of the Bible, to wit.

The victory was now complete. The last links of the chain which bound him to Rome had fallen from his soul, and he stood up in the liberty wherewith Christ had made him free. Here truly was rest after a great fight—a sweet and blessed dawn after a night of thick darkness and tempest!

Thus was fought one of the great battles of the world. When we think of what was won for mankind on this field, we would rather have con-

quered upon it than have won all the victories and worn all the laurels of Caesar and Alexander. The day of Calvin's conversion is not known, but the great historian D'Aubigne has determined the year 1527, and the place, Paris—that city where some of the saints of God had already been put to death, and where, in years to come, their blood was to be poured out like water. The day of Calvin's conversion is one of the memorable days of time. No event so big with blessed consequences to the world had taken place since the conversion of Paul. And Calvin, like Paul, would have been a great persecutor if he had not been changed into a great preacher. The work of Paul, which had stood still for ten centuries, Calvin was to take up and carry forward. Without Calvin the Reformation of the sixteenth century would not have been completed; and if not completed, Christendom would have fallen back under the old yoke.

A GREAT SIEGE AND ITS LESSONS.

BY THE REV. JOHN GIBB.

CHAPTER I.

THE SACK OF ROME.

WHEN Christ said to the Pharisees, "The kingdom of heaven is within you," his design was to teach them that the children of the new covenant were to look for the presence of God in the hearts of men, now the true temples of the Holy Ghost, not in an outward ritual, nor in any external events, however striking these might appear to be. It is never unreasonable to repeat this lesson of our Saviour's in the ears of men, for there is a constant tendency to look to the visible rather than to the invisible, and to give more heed to that which the senses perceive, than to those things which the spirit alone can discern. We must not, however, in our anxiety to avoid the common error, push our Saviour's precept to a false extreme, and fancy that it is religious to deny that the outward events of God's providence have an influence upon the spiritual life of mankind. Nothing could be farther from the truth; and surely no one who has read the Old Testament prophets and the Revelation of St. John can seriously entertain such a thought. Every religious man, in looking back upon his own past life, can recall incidents, trivial enough perhaps in the eyes of others, which nevertheless exercised an important influence upon the thoughts of his mind and the feelings of his heart towards God. They

were the memorable occasions, although not the causes, of bringing him consciously into the immediate presence of God, and he cherishes recollections of them with feelings not far removed from reverence. As it is in the life of individuals it has been in the life of the world. Certain outward events in history have marked for mankind epochs in religious life. Such pre-eminently are those recorded in Holy Scriptures regarding the history of the nation of the Jews; for in these narratives the cloud which generally conceals the hand of the Eternal Worker is removed, and we see whose are those great marvels which are wrought upon the earth. But in addition to the events thus recorded by inspired historians, there are others which have connected themselves in a manner scarcely less memorable with the religious life of mankind. The capture of Jerusalem by the Romans, although no inspired historian, only worldly, wicked Josephus, has put upon record how the prophecy of Christ became history, was unmistakably such an event; and scarcely less important as an epoch in the life of the Christian Church was the capture of Rome by the Gothic armies under Alaric in the fifth century. It was indeed likewise an epoch in the history of men's thoughts regarding the empire of the world; for from the day, or rather night, on which the northern

armies under a northern king took possession of imperial Rome, it was impossible for its citizens any more to blind themselves to the fact that the proud phraseology which had made Roman and barbarian terms synonymous with master and servant was founded upon an illusion, and that the northern races must henceforth be acknowledged as nations equal to themselves. A like lesson was given to the Christian Church by the fall of the queen of nations, especially to that portion of it more immediately connected with Rome. Like the rest of their fellow-countrymen, the Roman ecclesiastics, with some honourable exceptions, had been accustomed to regard the nations beyond with a cold, distant gaze, and prejudices of race had too often hindered the outflow of Christian love and missionary zeal. But now, by a necessity which could not be evaded, the Roman clergy were compelled to face the question, What influences can be furnished by our holy faith to soften and subdue those terrible guests whom Providence has sent from the shores of the northern seas into the very sanctuaries and strongholds of Rome?

The story of the fall of Rome before the Gothic armies is therefore an event full of interest to the student of Church history, and fortunately we are possessed of ample information regarding the manner in which the Church was affected by it; for two writers who were at once among the greatest men of their time, and pre-eminent as fathers of the Christian Church—Jerome and Augustine—have told in their writings at some length what feelings moved them, and what men said around them, when the terrible rumour reached Palestine and Africa that Rome had been stormed and sacked by the Goths under Alaric their king. The object of this and the following paper is to show by the light of the sayings of Jerome and Augustine the effect which the fall of Rome produced upon the Christians of the age. In order to understand the significance of these sayings, it will be needful to realize with some distinctness the circumstances of the catastrophe which called forth the lamentations of Jerome and the earnest arguments of Augustine; and often as the tale of Rome's fall has been told, it will bear, we believe, yet another repetition.

It was late in the summer of the year of grace 410 that the Gothic army, led by Alaric, turned its course southward from Ravenna, where the emperor lay securely entrenched behind morasses and fortifications, and marched towards Rome. The forbearance of Alaric was at length exhausted, and he resolved to avenge on the imperial city the injuries which he had received at the hands of Honorius. Other feelings, it was said, drew him with something like fascination towards Rome. As has been the case with many great conquerors, a trait of fanaticism entered into the character of that remarkable man. He believed in destiny, and his destiny, so he said, was to destroy proud Rome. On a former occasion, when he was hanging round it with his armies, a hermit of great reputed sanctity entered his

presence and threatened him with the Divine displeasure if he persevered in his purpose. "I act not," replied Alaric, "by my own will, but some one within is ever tormenting me, saying, Up, up, destroy Rome." The story goes on to say that the hermit went out from the presence of the king silenced, and almost convinced by the tone of conviction in which the words were spoken.

As the northern armies drew near the unfortunate city, they were made aware of the dismay and confusion which reigned within by the multitude of fugitives in the surrounding country. Many of these were Christians, who were fleeing, not so much from the horrors of the siege, as from the hatred of their fellow-citizens, who, in their unreasoning terror, were reviving all the old calumnies, and accusing the Christians—those contemners of the gods of Rome—as being the authors of the calamities which were now befalling the city. As soon as his army arrived before the gates, Alaric summoned the city to surrender. It was well understood within that no ransom, however large, would on this occasion turn him from his stern purpose. Emboldened by despair, the senate and people sent back a firm refusal, and adopted measures of defence with a courage and vigour which probably astonished the Gothic king, who knew their character well. In the first instance, he did not attempt to make himself master of the city by storm, but encircled it by strict investing lines; he also blockaded the Tiber, to prevent ships and boats from passing up from Ostia with provisions. His own headquarters he placed opposite to the Salarian Gate, probably because there the fortifications were weakest, and in this position awaited for some time the effects of famine and disease upon the 1,200,000 living beings shut up within the walls.

Many thoughts are suggested by the spectacle of the two nations who were thus looking at one another with hostile intent from either side of the walls of Rome. The people within the city was the great military nation of antiquity. The historian of the later Empire has made us familiar with their character at this period. Never, during the course of its long history, had Rome possessed more wealth and outward grandeur than in this moment of agony and shame. It was scarcely an exaggeration on the part of the poet when he said that the palaces of the Roman nobles were cities in themselves, and these vast mansions were adorned in a style of lavish magnificence possible only in a city into which the wealth of the world had been flowing for centuries. When we turn, however, from the splendid palaces to the men who dwelt in them, we meet with an order as contemptible as ever dishonoured the high places of a land. Bearing names which recalled associations of courage, honour, and sacrifices for the common weal, these nobles were effeminate, cowardly, and false as the worst Asiatics whom their fathers subdued. Selfish love of pleasure had extinguished every noble sentiment, and the pursuits which in old times had been considered alone worthy of Romans had all been abandoned as too

dangerous or too laborious by the patricians of the fifth century. The field of battle had been forsaken, the libraries bequeathed to them by their fathers were secluded like "dreary sepulchres" from the light of day, and they spent their time in theatres and baths, or reclined at home on their luxurious couches tended by troops of trembling slaves. The only serious passion which remained in their minds was the lust of gain. They were shamelessly greedy of money, and would submit to infinite degradations and even labours to fill their money-bags. To such a condition had the descendants of the old Roman houses fallen.

If we turn from the patricians to the mass of the people, the spectacle is not more encouraging. The lower orders in the state had entirely forgotten the traditions of courage and of thrift handed down to them from their fathers. An idle, abandoned mob, they were terrible, not to the hardy barbarians outside the walls, but to the state. The patricians might ill-treat individuals among them, but they often trembled in their gilded chambers when they heard in the streets the angry seditious voices of the Roman populace. Every endeavour was made by the government, as well as by wealthy citizens, to keep this "dangerous class" in good humour. As they were too indolent to work, monthly distributions of corn were made to them; and later, daily allowances of bread were baked for them in the public ovens, when the preparation of the corn had become too heavy a burden. But they were not satisfied with the mere necessities of life; they likewise demanded to be allowed to share in those luxuries which the classes above them lived to enjoy. Wines were supplied at a nominal price, and feasts often spread for them by wealthy citizens who desired office or popularity. Thousands of female singers and dancers were maintained at public expense, who performed nightly in the vast theatres to amuse the idleness of the Roman people. The baths built by the emperors for their use were palaces in outward form as well as in the elegance of their internal arrangements—the walls were of Egyptian granite and Numidian marble, and the water which was to wash the dirty ragged plebeian flowed into the bath through mouths of massy silver. Gambling was prevalent, and the numerous low taverns of the city were filled till the morning dawn with dissolute revellers and gamblers. Much more might be added regarding the moral degradation of Rome at this period, but we forbear to lift the veil any further. Enough has been said to suggest the question, Where was the moral influence of the Church amid this scene of terrible sin? Had the Church exercised no regenerating influence upon the morals of Rome? Was Christian Rome no better than pagan Rome, or must we even confess that it was worse? We might reply to this question by saying that the term "Christian Rome" is scarcely correct, even in the loose sense in which such expressions are usually employed; for paganism was still strong in Rome. The sympathies of multi-

tudes—probably of the majority—were with the old faith; and all the associations of the city, as well as the connection between idolatry and the national amusements, tended to make Rome a stronghold of paganism. But after giving all possible weight to this consideration, candour compels us to own that it was not the strength of paganism, but its own internal corruption which rendered the Christian Church so morally imbecile at this period. "I doubt," says an eloquent French writer, when speaking of it, "if the Church ever stood nearer the brink of that precipice down which God has promised it shall never fall." The fires of persecution were quenched, "the tree of cursing and shame sat upon the sceptres, and was engraven and signed on the foreheads of kings;" but, alas that it should have been so! the children of the cross had, to a large extent, become dead to that which the cross signifies, and were selfish, ambitious, and luxurious. An ostentatious profession of Christianity, even the office of a Churchman, was no guarantee for holiness of life, nor even for the ordinary decencies of conduct. A picture drawn by the pen of Jerome will illustrate forcibly the condition of Roman Christianity and of the Roman clergy at this time. He introduces us into the chamber of a noble Roman lady of the period, clad in widow's weeds. With painted cheeks, she lies upon a splendid couch, in her hand a copy of the Gospels bound in gold and purple; for she is very religious. Her chamber is filled with parasites, who amuse her with gossip and scandal about things secular and things ecclesiastical. It is her special pride to be a patroness of the clergy. When any of them enter her chamber, after respectfully kissing her head, they stretch out their hands, and receive an alms from this Lady Bountiful. Some accept it with an appearance of coy reluctance, none of which is manifested, however, by the barefooted monks in dirty cowls, whom the domestics serve at the outer door. But the gates are thrown wide open by the eunuchs when a deacon, in a fashionable chariot, drawn by fiery and elegant horses, comes to pay his visit. His silken garment smells of perfumed waters, his fingers glitter with rings, and his whole attire bespeaks the finished exquisite. "To see him," says Jerome, "one would take him for a bridegroom rather than a Churchman." Churchman nevertheless he is; but his morals are as dissolute as his manners are unbecoming his profession. The houses of the fine ladies of Rome are his resort, where he is regarded with mingled feelings of admiration for his handsome person, and fear of his mischievous gossiping tongue. If, in the course of his visit, he expresses admiration for anything which he sees, that is to be taken as a hint that the article must be presented to him; and woe to the lady's reputation who should dare to treat such a hint with neglect. Need we wonder that a Church with such ministers, and who could tolerate and even encourage such men, did little for the morals of Rome? It is true all were not unfaithful. There was a faithful minority in the Roman Church who mourned over the sin and luxury of those

who bore the Christian name, and honestly aimed at holiness and self-denial. They endeavoured, as earnest people always must do in such times, to form a Church within the Church; and to a certain extent they succeeded. Many noble Roman ladies belonged to this stricter party, the head-quarters of which was the ancestral palace of Marcella, on the Aventine. There was religious life, real nobility, in this "Church in the house;" but the extravagant ascetical notions they had imbibed—a not unnatural reaction against the luxury and self-indulgence of the age—considerably weakened their influence. At the time of which we speak, they had almost abandoned the idea as impracticable of working any reformation in wicked Rome; and were departing in great numbers out of "Babylon," to the Holy Land, there to give themselves to meditation and to prayer.

If we turn from Rome and its defenders to the camp of the besiegers, a very different people engages our attention. Originally inhabitants of Scandinavia and Prussia, the Goths, like other northern nations, migrated southward, in obedience to those impulses which at this time brought the dwellers of the northern seas into the vineyards and cities of the south. This special nation, the Goths, had been at one time in alliance with Rome, having besought Roman aid when hard pressed by another victorious tribe. The memories of this Roman "protection" had, however, only left feelings of anger and bitter revenge in the minds of the Goths; for they had experienced nothing but falsehood and cruelty at the hands of their protectors. Brought into close contact with Roman civilization, they had, however, learned from their masters the arts of civilized warfare; and now they were not only brave but trained soldiers, led, too, by one of the most skilful generals of the time, who had contended on equal terms with the great Stilicho. The name of Christ was not absent from the barbarian camp. They too, like the Romans, were a Christian nation. First among the northern peoples they had been taught the blessed truths of Christianity. Good Bishop Ulphilas had laboured among them, speaking words of counsel and warning to those wild forest children, translating the Scriptures into their barbarous tongue, and doing all in his power to instil into their bosoms the lessons of humility and Christian forbearance. No doubt, with regard to individuals his labours had not been without their pure and perfect work; but, as a whole, the Goths seemed to have remained very much what they had always been; and those who were now gathered around Rome, Christians as they were called, seem to have been very nearly as fierce and cruel, about as fond of carousal and pillage, as their forefathers, who believed in Odin, and in a Walhalla for the souls of departed heroes. The luxurious Romans had reason to tremble when they thought of the character of the warriors before their gates. Nor was it likely to render their disquietude less that, on the last occasion Alaric invaded Rome, forty thousand barbarian slaves

had been delivered up to him and incorporated with his army, who had now returned, their minds full of bitter memories of the treatment which they had experienced as Roman slaves.

How long the investment of the city lasted we cannot say exactly—long enough, at all events, to inflict upon the unfortunate city the last extremities of famine. The defenders of the walls became, we are told, so wan and wasted with hunger, that they looked to the besiegers more like skeletons in armour than soldiers of flesh and blood. The people were reduced to the most desperate straits: horrible and unnatural food was eagerly devoured, and even mothers slew their own offspring to feed upon their flesh. The dead were left on the streets unburied; and this, in the hot unhealthy autumn weather, led to fearful sickness within the doomed city.

On the 24th of August these horrors were brought to a close, only, however, to be succeeded by sufferings of another kind. On that night the Gothic troops burst into the city by the Salarian Gate. The shrill sound of Gothic trumpets, mingled with wild war-songs, announced to the startled inhabitants that the enemy had at length gained admission. Conflagration was added to the horrors of the scene; for some Gothic soldiers tossed the torches which they were carrying into the adjoining houses, which were speedily wrapped in flames. The fire thus kindled spread rapidly, for the wind was blowing, and destroyed the beautiful palace and gardens of Sallust, which had long been the pride of Rome. If we are to believe certain Christian writers, at the same moment a terrific storm of thunder and lightning burst from the midnight sky, by which several public buildings were destroyed, but especially the statues and temples of the heathen gods—an incident regarded by them as a manifest judgment of Heaven. Some caution must be observed in accepting all the legends handed down by Christian writers regarding these and similar circumstances in the capture of Rome. As we shall afterwards see, they were under strong temptations, from the state of public sentiment at the time they wrote, to endeavour to vindicate to their countrymen and to the world the justice of God in the destruction of Rome. This feeling led, we believe, to a considerable exaggeration of those features of the story which seemed best to lend themselves to that purpose; and they were specially anxious to leave the impression that the God of the Christians had interposed in behalf of the faithful in this great era of the history of the world. But while we cannot accept all they have told us, it would be equally a mistake to reject all. It is a fact, fully established by concurrent historical testimony, that in this pillage of Rome the Goths showed a reverence for the name and faith of Christ, and that some horrors were by this means spared the Romans. We are told that when Alaric stood on the threshold of the city, he was filled with awe by the thought that the city he was about to abandon to plunder was the city where rested the bones

of St. Peter and St. Paul. "I war with Romans," he said, "and not with apostles;" and accordingly he issued strict orders to his army that all who took refuge beside the tombs of the martyrs or in the churches should be spared; and especially did he enjoin that the two Basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul should be regarded as inviolable asylums. These two large rich churches were religiously respected, all accounts concur in saying, through the days and nights of horror which succeeded, and were "like two islands of peace and havens of rest in the midst of the raging sea." Thither multitudes of trembling fugitives betook themselves; and as all were required before obtaining admission to declare themselves Christians, many pagans made then a profession of faith which they afterwards renounced. The story told so graphically by Gibbon, of the reverence shown by a Gothic soldier, and afterwards by the Gothic king, to certain golden church vessels found in the custody of an aged virgin, is too familiar to need repetition; and it was not a solitary instance of such conduct.

But if we turn away from the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul, and a few isolated acts of reverence and pity due to the power of Christ's name over wild spirits, the scene presented by Rome is one of unrelieved horror. Inside the city, as well as among the wretched fugitives outside who were endeavouring to escape, murder and pillage went on without interruption. The Goths were greedy for plunder, and furious at the thought that their victims might possibly escape them, either by flight or by concealing their treasures. The rich and noble, as was to be expected, were the chief sufferers, for the hovels of the poor afforded no temptation to the plunderer; but they rushed eagerly into the splendid mansions of the patricians, and demanded from the unhappy dwellers their gold and their jewels. If less was produced than was expected and the Goths thought that there were still treasures in concealment, they tortured their victims in order to force them to reveal the hiding-place of what often had no existence. It is needless to enlarge upon the scenes enacted in Rome during this terrible time, as it is well understood what for the vanquished the pillage of a city signified in those times, and indeed in much later days. The cruelties on this occasion were probably greatly increased by the number of former Roman slaves in the Gothic armies, who may often have acted as guides to the plunderers. Worthless and cruel as the Roman patricians had shown themselves in the day of their power, it is impossible without the deepest compassion to think of the fate which befell them, tortured and insulted by those cruel barbarians. The Christians came in for their share of these sufferings. The fate of the aged Marcella, the friend and correspondent of Jerome, forms one of the saddest tragedies of the whole siege. A band of plunderers entered her mansion on the Aventine, in hopes of finding a rich booty. The rooms they entered were almost bare of furniture, and not a single article

of value was to be found in the house. The only individuals within were Marcella and a young girl whom she had adopted, who was, like herself, devoted to the service of the Church. They had nothing to offer to the barbarians, for all Marcella's possessions had been distributed among the poor. She showed them her garments of sackcloth, and endeavoured to explain the motives of her poverty. Enraged at what they looked upon as a mere device to conceal her wealth, they struck the poor lady to the earth by a blow of a club, and having stripped her, they scourged her cruelly. She uttered no cry during the torture, except a prayer that they would have mercy upon the young girl her companion. When she fainted, her tormentors left her, and friendly hands carried her fainting form to the church of St. Paul, where she expired some days afterwards. In this manner, and sometimes in a fashion far more terrible, did the Christian women, as well as their heathen sisters, suffer in the sack of Rome. For three days and three nights—for night brought no respite—the Goths wandered like hungry wolves through the city, murdering and pillaging wherever they went. At the end of that period Alaric gave the signal for movement, and at the head of his army marched southwards, where he was to be laid in his mysterious grave. The Goths took along with them an immense booty—gold and jewels, rich ornaments, and even furniture, were piled upon their waggons. But something more precious to Rome than gold and gems abandoned the city when the Gothic troops defiled through the streets, and left it a conquered city. The idea of eternity and inviolability, which had been a shield stronger than armies, was gone, and gone for ever, when the Gothic soldier entered its gates.

CHAPTER II.

LESSONS DRAWN BY CONTEMPORARIES—JEROME AND AUGUSTINE.

No sooner were the investing lines broken, by the entrance of the Gothic armies into Rome, than a multitude of Romans of both sexes fled from the city. These fugitives belonged, for the most part, to the higher classes, who had more to fear than others from the violence of the invaders. Even after the Goths had left, and all immediate danger was at an end, this emigration continued. The *émigrés* scattered to all parts of the Roman world, as inclination or former acquaintance led them; but it was to Palestine especially the Christian fugitives betook themselves. According to the religious ideas of the age, a peculiar blessing was enjoyed by those who dwelt in the land of the Redeemer. The opinion, too, had long been current among Christians, that when Rome fell, Antichrist would come, and the end of the world not long tarry; and many Christians turned their steps towards Jerusalem, in the expectation that they would be witnesses of the coming

of Christ in the Valley of Jehoshaphat. Yet another reason drew Roman fugitives to the soil of the Holy Land. There were living there at that time many Roman men and women, especially of the higher ranks, who had left Rome for Palestine, for the purpose of living lives of devout retirement amid scenes consecrated by sacred recollections. These pious persons were in the habit of sending invitations to their friends in Rome, to join them in a life which they uniformly described as full of peace and blessedness. The invitations were often neglected, even by those who believed that they were thus neglecting the call of God. By such, the calamities which had overtaken them in Rome were regarded in the light of divine judgments, sent because they had lingered so long in the city of destruction. Awakened by these judgments, they hastened to obey the Divine call; and as much of the glory and attraction of Rome was gone, and in many cases friends and possessions were lost, it required less effort than before to set out on the pilgrimage. Jerusalem, or *Aelia Capitolina*, as it was then called, was soon filled with a crowd of Roman fugitives, who, although often persons of the highest rank, arrived in beggary. Fortunately, many of the devotees of Jerusalem were rich as well as generous, and the poor strangers were well cared for in the numerous charitable institutions of the city. A second place scarcely less resorted to than Jerusalem was Bethlehem, where for many years Jerome had been living, and which was quite an ecclesiastical colony. Some of those who now went to Bethlehem, attracted by the reputation of Jerome, had probably known him formerly in Rome, if not in his youth, when he mingled in the gaieties and vices of the capital, at least during that later residence when, as ecclesiastical secretary to Damasus the bishop, he was one of the most prominent men in the city. During that time he had been the acknowledged head of that stricter Christian party of whom we spoke, and had wielded great influence, not only over the devout ladies who met in the *Aventine* palace of Marcella, but in Rome generally. But his keen sarcasms and bitter reproofs of their sloth and follies excited against him the rancour of the Roman clergy. A bitter polemic ensued between them, which did not cease until Jerome, wearied with the strife, perhaps somewhat disappointed in seeing his influence waning, indignantly left Rome—"Babylon," as he termed it—as a place where a Christian could not live. "Fool that I was," he writes, "to think to sing the Lord's song in a strange land!" He went to the East, and at length made choice of Bethlehem as his new home; mainly, no doubt, on account of its sacred associations, but partly also because its quietness and rural simplicity formed a striking contrast to the grandeur and stir of Rome, which he had latterly learned to hate. In a letter to one of his Roman friends, he thus describes Bethlehem: "In the village of Christ all is quite rural, and the deep silence which reigns is only broken by the sound of psalms. Wherever

you turn, you hear the ploughman singing his *Halleluiahs* by the side of his plough; the reaper rests with a psalm from his harvest labour; and the vine-dresser, as with crooked sickle he prunes the vine-stock, sings a psalm of David. Let us, then, since we have already passed a great portion of our lives upon troubled waves, hasten as soon as possible to spots of rural seclusion, as to a haven of rest. Here are bread and herbs which we have watered with our own hands, and delicious country milk—a simple and innocent diet. In such a way of life sleep does not hinder prayer, nor surfeit divert from the reading of the Holy Scriptures. In the summer season, the shadow of a tree forms an over-arching roof; in harvest, the soft air and the falling leaf invite to repose; in spring, the field is covered with flowers, and with the cheerful song of birds mingles sweetly the singing of psalms." Much as Jerome was enamoured of the sweet and sacred retreat to which he had betaken himself, he was never able to cease from taking an interest in the life of the great city of which he had once formed a part. Rome, as the centre of the Church as well as of the Empire, was still the quarter to which many of his thoughts were directed. For some time before its capture, no letters had reached him from his friends there, and his mind was filled with anxious forebodings. When at length the terrible tidings came to Bethlehem, no feelings of gratified revenge, or of satisfaction in predictions fulfilled, mingled in the overwhelming emotion with which he learned that the glory of Rome had been quenched in fire and blood. He was engaged at the time in writing the Commentary on the Prophecy of Ezekiel, which he had promised to his deceased friend Paula, "when suddenly the death of Marcella and of Pammachium, the siege of the Roman city, and the decease of many brothers and sisters, were made known to me. And so stupified was I with consternation, that for days and nights I could do nothing but think of the general safety." In a letter written to a friend about the time he says: "A terrible rumour from the West speaks of Rome besieged, its safety bought with gold, and again those thus pillaged surrounded, to the loss not only of property but of life. My voice falters—sobs stifle the words I dictate; for she is a captive, the city that made the world captive." After an allusion to the nocturnal capture of Rome, which reminds him of the nocturnal capture of Moab, he exclaims, in the language of the Hebrew psalm, "O God, the heathen are come into thine inheritance; thy holy temple have they defiled, and made Jerusalem a heap of stones. The dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the air, and the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the land. Their blood have they shed like water on every side of Jerusalem; and there was none to bury them." Again the thought of Rome a captive brings back to his mind the recollections of the famous siege of which he had so often read in the Roman poet, and he quotes the words of Virgil:—

"What witness could recount aright
The woes, the carnage of that night,
Or make his tributary sighs
Keep measure with our agonies?
An ancient city topples down
From broad based heights of old renown."

Jerome was unable to continue even his beloved scriptural studies, so overwhelming were his emotions when he learned that Rome was taken, and another cause made this interruption of his work longer than it would otherwise have been. The crowd of starving fugitives who had come to Bethlehem made him feel that it was a time to translate the Scriptures into holy deeds rather than into holy words; and to do Jerome justice, he never was slow to obey such calls. All the men of ecclesiastical character who arrived were received by him in the monastery over which he had long presided, and the women were received by the youthful Eustochium, who, since the death of her mother, Paula, had been the head of the Bethlehem convent. Although Jerome and his friends were by this time much impoverished by their lavish almsgiving, they seem to have ministered with a generosity and tenderness truly noble to the poor sufferers who had thus come in their misery to the birth-place of Christ. All the fugitives, however, were not so fortunate as to find such refuges as the Hospices of Bethlehem and Jerusalem. The slave-markets of Africa and of the East were filled, we are told, with Roman ladies, who had fallen into the hands of barbarians or unscrupulous provincial governors. The good suffered with the bad; not only the proud and luxurious ladies of Rome, but holy and devoted souls, whose days had been given to works of charity, and their nights to prayer, fell into the hands of these furious Goths, and no angel came from the un pitying heaven to deliver them. On the soil of the miseries of the time there grew up a whole crop of murmuring and unbelieving thoughts against God, even in the minds of Christian men and women. The old pagan party, as was to be expected, repeated the old tale, that Rome had fallen because the gods of the Capitol were neglected, and pusillanimous maxims introduced by the Christians. But many Christians were scarcely more reverent in their language. That judgments should descend upon the unbelieving they regarded as perfectly proper, but that they should fall, as from the hand of a blind deity, on the righteous as well as on the wicked, did not at all agree with the system of government which they had imagined for God. Christian teachers found that the calamities which had happened were tempting men to unbelief and despair, and it was felt that an antidote was needed; for when the minds of men were thus possessed by one dark terrible thought, which seemed to hide from view "the God of all the earth," and to give over the world to blind chance, it was vain to exhort to Christian graces or to Christian service. Jerome died not long after these calamities, and did not do much more than lament over them, although he recognized in them the hand of God. On his younger contemporary,

Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, in Africa—the most gifted and energetic mind of the Western Church—the task devolved of vindicating for his generation the ways of God. The complaints we have spoken of reached him in his African bishopric, and he resolved that they should not pass unchallenged. "Burning with zeal," he writes, "for the house of the Lord against these blasphemies or errors, I began to write the books of 'The City of God.'" The book which Augustine thus commenced, although a part of it seems to have been published early, engaged his pen for many years, and developed into a complete theodicy, which, in spite of its mistakes, is perhaps the most magnificent vindication of the ways of God ever written by uninspired men, and a splendid monument to the genius of its author. Still, in its essential features, it is accepted by Christian thinkers, and lies at the foundation of many philosophies of history. Our object at present is merely to give some idea of the manner in which it served its purpose as a temporary *brochure* intended to meet the wants of the men of the fifth century.

To the pagan party, who ascribed the fall of Rome to a neglect of the old gods, Augustine replied that it was surely absurd to say so when so many instances were on record, in histories, of cities which had religiously honoured their national divinities having experienced precisely the same fate as Rome. Had they never read in Virgil of the fall of Troy, or, in their own historians, of the capture of Rome by the Gauls? So far from the calamity of Rome being unexampled, as their argument would require, it was a fate which, sooner or later, overtook every city. Instead of complaining of Christianity, they ought rather to be grateful for the mitigations of the horrors of the pillage, which they owed to the regard the barbarians entertained for the sanctuaries of the Christian faith. Many wars had been chronicled, he said, but he would boldly challenge his adversaries to produce from the histories in which they were recorded any instances of a victorious general having given orders that those who fled to the temples of the gods should be spared. Did not Aeneas see Priam slain before the altar, staining with his blood the very flames himself had hallowed?

To the Christians, who were complaining that calamities had befallen the good as well as the evil, he replied that such was God's method in the present world. The common blessings of life descend upon the evil as well as upon the good, for He maketh his sun to shine on the just and on the unjust; and in like manner do the ills of this present world come alike upon saint and sinner. Will the saint complain? But do not the best of men sin, and more than merit the transitory afflictions of this present life, and stand in need of them likewise as means of purification? Even the worst that could befall Christians here was but little when compared with the blessings which are theirs as the heirs of Christ and citizens of heaven. Some had said complainingly, "The saints lost all they possessed."

"What!" he exclaims, "their faith? their piety? the goods of the inner man, who is rich before God? These are the true possessions of Christians." Some, again, had not only lost their possessions but their lives, and had been tortured in their last moments by the cruel barbarians. All this was no doubt very terrible to contemplate; but we must distinguish between the trembling terror of sense and the judgment of thoughtful reason. According to the latter, no death can be considered a bad death which has not been preceded by a bad life; for nothing can render death truly evil except that estate which followeth after death.

Another calamity on which Augustine touches, and to which more importance seems to have been attributed in that age than we should perhaps give it, was the fate of those whose dead bodies were left unburied. This he endeavours to persuade his readers was not so great an evil as men imagined; for these bodies were not removed from the presence of Him who filleth all things, and who shall without fail know from whence to recover that which he created. It is true that, in the Book of Psalms, it is spoken of as something terrible that "the dead bodies of thy servants have they given to be meat unto the fowls of the air, and the flesh of thy saints unto the beasts of the land: their blood have they shed like water on every side of Jerusalem, and there was no man to bury them." But this is said rather, he says, to show the cruelty of their enemies than the misfortune of the saints; for although such a fate may appear hard in the sight of men, "precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints." Funeral ceremonies are indeed intended not to benefit the dead, but to comfort the living. If a costly sepulchre were of any advantage to an evil man, it would follow that a poor tomb or the want of one inflicted an injury on the pious. "A crowd of servants celebrated splendid funeral obsequies for the purple-clad Dives in the sight of man, but far more beautiful in the sight of God were those which the ministering angels gave to the poor man covered with sores when they carried him, not to a marble tomb, but to Abraham's bosom." An interesting chapter is added to that regarding the unburied Christians who had perished in the siege of Rome—a passage in which the tender imaginative humanity manifests itself, which not all the ascetical notions of the age were able to extinguish in Augustine. "But not on this account," he continues, "are the bodies of the dead, specially of the just and the faithful, to be despised and cast out, those bodies which the Holy Spirit has used as organs and vessels for all good works. For if a father's garment or ring is dear to his children in proportion to their affection towards him, surely the bodies are not to be despised, which are undoubtedly much more familiar and more part of ourselves than any garments which we wear: they do not relate merely to ornament or assistance afforded from without, but pertain to the very nature of man. For this reason were the funerals of just men of the old time cared for by ministering piety,

their obsequies celebrated, and their sepulchres provided; and they, while they lived, gave commandment to their sons regarding the burial or even the transferring of their bodies; and Tobias, according to the testimony of the angel, obtained the approval of God by burying the dead. Our Lord himself also, about to rise upon the third day, publishes the good work of the religious woman, and commends it as a thing to be published, that she had poured precious ointment upon his limbs, and done this for his burial. And those are mentioned with praise in the gospel who, having received his body from the cross, carefully and honourably committed it to the sepulchre."

The case of Roman captives, led away by the barbarians into strange lands, was another sad subject of lamentation. But even their case, says Augustine, although, by placing it last, he perhaps means to imply that it was the most terrible calamity of all, was not hopeless, not without its alleviations. Their enemies could not lead them to any land where their God would not be; and in their exile they could cheer themselves by the thought of the three children, and of Daniel in Babylon, and of other prophets in similar circumstances. He who did not desert his prophet in the belly of the whale, would not desert his faithful ones even in the midst of a barbarous people.

The language of Augustine, in "The City of God," regarding the calamities which befell Rome, has been contrasted with the lamentation of Jerome, as an evidence of the larger views and the more earnest faith of Augustine in a Divine world-government. Augustine, it has been said, saw the beginnings of a new world-order, where Jerome only could see the signs of the end of the world. The Christian civilization of Europe was foreseen by Augustine, and it was no accident that "The City of God" was the favourite book of Charlemagne, the founder of the empire which rose on the ruins of that of the Caesars. In this view there is a measure of truth. Augustine did see, as will be evident to those who read his historical surveys in "The City of God," the hand of the Governor of the world in the planting and uprooting even of heathen nations. It was God, he says, who gave to the Roman people their power and majesty, because they were a brave and honest people; and it was he who cast them into the dust, when they lost the virtues of their forefathers. Of the early Romans Augustine speaks as follows:—"To such as we have spoken of God did not purpose to give life eternal in the celestial City along with the holy angels, to whose company that true piety alone conducts which offers that true Divine worship which the Greeks call *latreia*, to the true God only; and if he had not granted to them the earthly glory of a most lordly empire, no reward would have been given to them for those virtues by which they aimed after so much glory. But the Lord saith of those who do good that they may be glorified by men: 'Verily I say unto you, They have their reward.' Those who neglected their private affairs

for the sake of the Republic and the common treasury, thus resisting avarice, showed a generous care for their country; neither sinning against their own laws nor abandoning themselves to lust, they endeavoured by all these arts, as by a true way, to reach honour, empire, and glory. And honoured they have been in almost every nation; on many peoples they imposed the laws of their empire; and to this day in almost every nation, in writings and in history, are they reckoned honourable: thus they have no reason to complain of the supreme and true justice of God,—*“they have their reward.”*

In the power given to Constantine, and the fortune allotted to him that he should build a new city, and in his long and prosperous reign, Augustine perceived an evidence that God designed to show men that the possessions and glories of this world were not necessarily given to those who worshipped devils; but lest any emperor after him should adopt Christianity as a gainful trade, the Christian Jovinian was cut off sooner than the pagan Julian, and Gratian slain by the sword of his enemies.

While, however, Augustine shows in these and other passages that the present government of the world by God was not a question which he was afraid to face, and which he fully acknowledged, it is nevertheless, as it appears to us, a mistake to represent “The City of God” as a sort of philosophy of human history. The main lesson of the book is indeed this, that the citizens of “The City of God” have other possessions and other hopes than the citizens of the earthly city. Some earthly blessings indeed they enjoy; but they are not to be looked upon as the Christian’s reward. The book is, indeed, a protest against that semi-carnal conception of Christianity which had made the Christians of the fifth century murmur against God when tribulations came upon them. The Church had been so long in prosperity that it had forgotten the words of the Divine Master: “In the world ye shall have tribulation;” and it had come to be counted as a strange thing that calamities should visit the disciples of Christ. Augustine endeavoured to recall men to the more spiritual conceptions of the early Church, and to teach them that it is by faith, not by sight or sense, that Christians are blessed here. They are citizens of a city whose glory is future; and if some blessings visit them here, they are only slight tokens of the glory that is to be revealed.

The blessing of peace is shared, for instance, by Christians with the citizens of the earthly city, when its benignant form visits a distracted land. For this reason Jeremiah exhorted God’s ancient people to pray for the peace of the land to which they were to be carried into exile, *“because its peace will be yours;”* but is such peace the true, perfect Christian peace? By no means. Our peace is that which we have here with God by faith, and that which we shall enjoy in eternity by sight. But all the peace we have here, whether public or personal, is rather a solace for our misery than the joy of happiness. Our righteousness, also, although true on account of the good end to which it points, is nevertheless such in this life as to consist rather in the remission of sins than in the perfection of virtues. An evidence of this is the prayer of that whole part of “The City of God” that is sojourning upon earth. In all its members it calls to God,—*“Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.”* For in this mortal condition, in a corruptible body, although subject to God, reason does not perfectly restrain sins, and therefore is such a prayer just and necessary. But in that final peace to which righteousness has reference, and for obtaining which all righteousness here is valued, nature, being healed by immortality and incorruption, shall have no vices any more, reason will no longer have to command sins which shall have no existence. God will command man, and the mind the body; and the sweetness and easiness of obedience will be as great as the felicity of living and reigning. And this shall be in all men and in each eternal, and it shall surely be eternal; and therefore the peace of this blessedness, or the blessedness of this peace, shall be the highest good. By words such as these did Augustine endeavour to convince the murmuring Christians of his generation of the unreasonableness of their complaints; and we cannot doubt that by his words many were led to a deeper and truer conception of the position and vocation of Christian men and women in this present life, and new meaning was given in many minds to the words of the apostle:—“For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.”



CHURCH FOR THE YOUNG.

IN the *Elgin Courier* of the 3rd instant we have read an interesting account of what is called the "Church for the Young," and an outline of which will give a good idea of such services. This church was established in September last, by the Rev. D. E. Macphail, of the Free High Church, Elgin, and meets in the City Hall. In October the average attendance was 225, while last month it had increased to 343. At first it was intended to provide for the children of his own congregation, but now it is attended by many from other congregations; and they all not only look upon but call it "their church." The meeting is held at the same time as that for morning services in the churches of the town. On a child applying for admission, it is provided with a card, to be presented by it each Sabbath for four weeks, and on which a mark is put denoting its attendance, and whether it came in time or was late. At the end of the month the new comer is admitted as a member, and gets another card, with spaces on it for a year, which has also to be presented by the holder each Sabbath to be marked. The boys and girls sit separately, arranged into sections according to age; and each pew has its "monitor," who, in addition to seeing that each child

occupies its allotted seat, has to keep a roll, look up absentees, and report the cause of their absence to the superintendent of the section. Each pew has its collecting-box, and through them the services are self-supporting. Hymn-books, &c., are sold, and in order to encourage a feeling of independence, it was decided that none should be given gratis. The staff to carry out this work consists of a superintendent, or chairman; treasurer; secretary; four superintendents of the "monitors," and through them of sections; a stamper to mark the cards; and a precentor. The chairman conducts the service, giving out the hymns, and explaining the portion of Scripture set apart for study. Singing forms a prominent feature in the worship, and, in order to make this more effective, the precentor has a training-class on a week evening. Every one is supplied with a Scripture Text-book, containing fifty-three lessons on Christ, and is required to join in repeating the text at the service. The chairman reads and explains a passage relative to the text, and a short sermon, of about ten minutes in length, is preached from it by another of the staff—the two addresses being separated from each other by singing and prayer. The whole service occupies about an hour and a half.—*London Weekly Review.*

"POOR JOHN FRY."

BY MARY E. WILLARD.

A POOR New York city boy died about a week ago, whose story has caused many tears and prayers among those who never saw his face or heard of him until he was almost home. He was the first person who attracted my attention in commencing an attendance at the Wilson Chapel. He was always in his seat, looking earnestly at the preacher's face, and seeming to drink in every word. When the sermon ceased and the singing began, the same cheered, glad look came into his eye, as he turned toward the choir at the side of the pulpit, as if the sacred music had touched some hidden chord in his being.

He was apparently about twenty-one years of age, with a well-formed head and kind-beaming eye. Upon asking his name, I was told: "It is Poor John Fry. He is always here in that seat at every service, and has been for several years. No one can find out how much he understands. When he joined the church he said, in half-incoherent tones—'I love to hear about Jesus; I love to hear them sing in church about Jesus. I want to come.' And with this simple, touching profession of his faith, he became a communicant of the church."

His right side had been paralyzed, which gave him a limping gait and helpless arm. His brain was so injured by convulsions from which he had suffered in childhood,

that, with a face that seemed intended by nature to express intelligent thought, he sat in apparent darkness and silence. His ruling passion was love for God's house. With no one to assist or encourage him, and everything to hinder, he has been known to borrow raiment when he had not what he needed; and for an hour before the church-time he would often stand patiently leaning against the railing, waiting for the doors to open. He sat where I could not look at the speaker without encountering his face, almost immovable in its attention.

All through the burning heat of last summer, when the best and wisest excused themselves from encountering the sun's rays in attending church, John was in his seat drinking in each word, and occasionally wiping the tears from his eyes. At such times I would ask him after service,—“Do you love to hear about the Saviour? Have you enjoyed the meeting?” His head would nod with a grateful, childish smile, and a “Yes, ma'am,” issue from his lips. No more could be learned of the Holy Spirit's work so evidently going on in the heart of the afflicted boy. The hard-earned pennies that he dropped in the contribution-box, and the reputation for strict honesty that he acquired, and his love for God's house, spoke loudly of the sanctifying work within.

I was drawn to pray for him constantly; and almost

unconsciously "poor John," whose image was inseparably associated with my Sabbath home, lived in my prayers beside the dearest objects of my heart. The pleased, glad look with which he regarded the evergreens on Christmas morning, as he glanced slowly about the church on taking his loved seat, still lingers in the memory of many who saw him then for the last time in this life.

One Sabbath John's seat was empty. A little girl met the pastor in the street, and said, "My brother wants to see you." He had said—"I want to see the minister. He used to make me cry in the church about Jesus. He will pray with me, I know." He was found sitting on the floor by the stove, leaning against the wall, in the little rear basement-room that supplied home and workshop to a family of five persons. His feet were wrapped in pieces of old carpet, and the blood was oozing through the wrappings. The pastor learned from his mother, through a child interpreter, that he had wandered from home and lost his way, and, after being absent several days, had returned with his paralyzed feet frozen. He could give no intelligible account of his fatal wanderings. His pulse was feeble, his face pale; but he exhibited great joy at seeing "the minister," and expressed his firm trust in the Saviour by the beaming eye and the old words, "Yes, sir." He was conveyed to the hospital for better care. His ruling passion—love for the house of God and members of the church—still possessed him. After his toes had perished, and he was told that his feet must be amputated, he said, as he lay in utter feebleness, sustained by stimulants, "I can go to church on crutches."

He rejoiced during his last days on earth in the visits of the Bible-reader and fellow church members. Prayer

was requested for him at a meeting of the Ladies' Christian Union during the Week of Prayer. There were few dry eyes in that large assembly as a blessing was asked on "Poor John Fry," of whom they knew nothing but that he had a clouded brain and withered arm—one of the kind our Saviour loved to stop and bless. To the tender mercies of that Divine loving heart he was committed. Many took his case home to their closets, and inquired for him with tears of pity from day to day. He was told that he had been prayed for in that meeting "up-town," and that stranger ladies had wept for his sufferings. He seemed to understand and receive real pleasure from the recital, though he was unable to express his emotions.

When his last hour came he asked to be buried from the church he had loved so well; and his wish was granted. He lay in his coffin close by his empty seat. Few members of the church at death would have brought together a larger and more tearful assembly. Yet perhaps not one, unless his mother, had offered a prayer to detain that poor maimed boy, with his bewildered brain and homeless life, from his seat among the ransomed, where

"Congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end."

He is "Poor John" no longer. "He won't feel strange up there; he will feel at home, he loved the church so well," said a fellow-worshipper, on returning with tear-dimmed eyes from his funeral.

May those of us to whom God has given health, brains, and active limbs, so consecrate those gifts that when called to exchange worlds we may "feel at home up there."

February 2, 1871.

THE SPICES IN GOD'S GARDEN.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.



HE true believer's heart is the "King's garden." It is described in the Canticles as a "garden enclosed." The

Orientalists were accustomed to fence in their gardens with hedges of prickly shrubs; sometimes a stone wall was built, as in the case of the hallowed enclosure around Gethsemane. Outside the garden was often a barren waste. So is the believer's heart, kept apart from a world lying in wickedness. "Come out, and be ye separate, saith the Lord Almighty."

What are the products of this heart garden? The singer of Solomon's Song tells us that they are "pleasant fruits, with all trees of frankincense, and myrrh, and aloes, with all the chief spices."

These spices are the *graces* of a Christian's soul. As spices were not native to the Oriental garden, but were planted there, and required careful cultivation, so the fragrant graces of Christian character are not natural to the human heart. They do not spring spontaneously in any man before conversion. They are the blessed and beautiful results of regeneration. What a vast deal of watching and watering do they require! What constant need there is of that remarkable prayer, "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south wind! *Blow upon my garden, that the spices may flow out!*"

Look at the meaning of this prayer a moment. Its root is found in the fact that as delicious

odours may lie *latent* in a spice-tree, so graces may lie unexercised and undeveloped in a Christian's heart. There is often a plant of profession; but from the cumberer of the ground there breathes forth no fragrance of holy affections or of godly deeds.

As long as any member of Christ's Church lives a hollow life of mere profession; as long as he aims to please himself, and not his Saviour; as long as he is grasping, and self-seeking, and self-indulgent and covetous, and a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God,—so long there is no practical difference between a cinnamon bush and a Canada thistle. A church full of such professors, whether they swear by the Westminster Confession or by the Thirty-nine Articles, is only a patch of weeds.

But even in genuine Christians there are latent graces which require to be drawn forth. And this prayer is for the coming of a "north wind" and of a "south wind," that the fragrance of the soul's spices may *flow out*. Anything rather than a scentless, formal, fruitless religion. Let the north wind come, even though it be a cutting wind of conviction! Christians need to be convicted of sin as much as impenitent sinners. Peter was under conviction of sin when he went out into the garden to weep bitterly. Perhaps the Apostle Paul felt a terrible uprising of the "old Adam" when he wrote that tearful seventh chapter to the *Romans*. Dr. Beecher once told me that one of the most powerful seasons of awakening he ever knew was in a theological seminary! The "north wind" of the Spirit's power was so keenly felt that students for the ministry gave up their "hopes," cried for mercy, and dug down deeper for better foundations to rest on! The most powerful revivals in churches are those which bring professing Christians to repentance and tears, and to the cutting off of "right-hand" sins. Awake, O north wind of conviction, and blow upon our dull, odourless hearts, that the spices of penitence may flow out!

Sometimes God sends severe blasts of trial upon his children to develop their graces. Just as torches burn most brightly when swung violently to and fro, just as the juniper plant smells the sweetest when flung into the flames, so the richest qualities of a Christian often come out

under the north wind of suffering and adversity. Bruised hearts often emit the fragrance that God loveth to smell. Almost every true believer's experience contains the record of trials which were sent for the purpose of *shaking the spice-tree*.

"Who bears a cross prays oft and well;
Bruised herbs send forth the sweetest smell:
Were plants ne'er tossed by stormy wind,
The fragrant spices who would find?"

Trials are of no profit unless improved. We need the Spirit's work at no time more than in our hours of trial. A graceless heart is none the better after affliction. The same wind blows on the thistle-bush and on the spice-tree; but it is only *one* of them which gives out rich odours. Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south! Blow upon my heart, that the perfumes of sweet graces may flow out!

There are *two* winds mentioned in this beautiful prayer. God may send either or both, as seemeth him good. He may send the north wind of conviction to bring us to repentance, or he may send the south wind of love to melt us into gratitude and holy joy. If we often require the sharp blasts of trial to develop our graces, do we not also need the warm south breezes of his mercy? Do we not need the new sense of Christ's presence in our hearts, and the joys of the Holy Ghost? Do we not need to be melted, yea, to be *overpowered* by the love of Jesus? When I look into my own scanty little heart-garden, when I go into the prayer-meetings of my flock, and when I think how feeble are the spiritual influences we are shedding out upon the world, I am ready to cry out: "Awake! O north wind of the convicting spirit! Come, O south wind of melting, subduing love, and blow upon these odourless plants!"

Every genuine revival of religion has a divine side and a human side. Every such revival is the gift of God; yet it is also the work of free agents—the quickened activity of good men and women. When the winds blow upon the cinnamon-bushes, it is *from the bushes themselves* that the odours flow out. The softest of zephyrs cannot draw fragrance from a pigweed. Faith is the gift of God; but it is also your act and mine. Love is kindled by contact with Christ; but we must come up close to him. The Holy Spirit may waft odours from a true Christian life; but

the *Christian must do the living*. Dead trees yield no spices. What was the secret of the success and tremendous power of the Apostolic Church? *Every tree was a bearing tree*. Paul in his pulpit, Lydia in her cloth-store, Dorcas with her needle, John amid his flock at Ephesus, —each and all were "always abounding in the work of the Lord."

Brethren, how shall our spiritual gardens attain to such beauty and fragrance? There are three pithy answers. Let each one look well to the tillage of his own or her own heart. The measure of a Christian's power is the measure of that Christian's *piety*. Grace must be *in* the soul before it can come out of the soul.

Secondly, be the Christian *everywhere* and *always*. When Jacob came into his father's presence, the odour of the barley-ground and the vineyard was in his garments; it was the "smell of the field which God had blessed." So, wherever we go, let us carry the Spirit of Christ within us; then the spices will flow out.

Finally, let us cry fervently, and frequently, and inopportunately for the breath of the Holy Spirit. With one voice let us cry, "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south! Blow upon our garden!" Then shall there be a shaking-down of fruit from the branches, and the outflow of the sweet spices shall fill and perfume the atmosphere in which we dwell.

"THE COMMON PEOPLE HEARD HIM GLADLY."



HE prince of preachers was Jesus Christ; and one reason why the common people heard him so gladly was that they understood him so thoroughly. His language was plain, modern, direct; and his illustrations were not mere repetitions of Old Testament types, but were taken from every-day events and objects with which all were familiar. Right well did the farmer understand when he spoke the story of the sower and the fourfold fate of his sowing; when he told of the grassy darnel and the true wheat growing side by side, so alike that you could not always tell the difference. Right well did the gardener understand about the barren fig-tree; and the tiny pin-head, the mustard-seed, expanding into a great globe of golden blossom, with shadow for himself and shelter for the birds. Right well did the trader understand the parable of the talents and the pounds. And quite as well did the boatman understand about the net cast into the sea. And thus, tying heavenly things to earthly things, it was hardly possible for Nicodemus ever after to hear the soft rush of the midnight wind without thinking of the way of the Spirit. The village maiden could hardly look on that lily without feeling that such clothing as God gives—a meek and quiet spirit—is finer array than Solomon's. And to the veriest boor it was as good as a vesper-bell, the clangour of the birds fed without store-house and flying home to their nests—a call to thank that Father in heaven who had given to himself his daily bread. And if new times do not need new truths, they at least require fresh applications, and suggest new topics and new types. Not that the beautiful emblems of the Bible can ever grow obsolete; but it is well that fresh ones be added, so that we, who seldom see a fig-tree or a fishery, but who live amidst telegraphs and tunnels, gas-lamps and photographs, may not become wholly secular-

ized, but have a good thought now and then suggested by our new and non-Biblical surroundings.

May I not add, that an erroneous impression of the spirit of Christianity is sometimes conveyed by the tone of its teachers? Can the clerical mind, as a rule, be claimed by the party of progress? Or is there not a tendency to deprecate change, whether it be the march of intellect or the upward progress of the masses? Now, freely granting that the great conservator of society is religion, it must also be remembered that society is preserved by improving its institutions; and these it is the continual tendency of Christianity to alter and expand. Itself the biggest novelty, the boldest and strangest idea, that has ever dropped into this world of ours, wherever the gospel comes it sets mind in motion; and whilst under Buddhism, and similar systems, Chinese mind is stereotyped and Indian mind is stagnant—whilst, in somnambulistic procession, one sleepy age follows another, and none is sufficiently aroused to awaken its successor—the voice from heaven has so awakened Christendom, that no man there can sleep; even those who are not fleeing to the hope set before them are unable to sit still; and as they run to and fro, discoveries are made and knowledge of some kind increases. There never was such an innovator as Jesus Christ; and while his religion is perfect, its applications are endless, and its outgoings more than any mind can predict. And although it may be perfectly true that the agitation for political power is often conducted by those who would be better employed in seeking personal reformation; and although it may also be true that scientific research is often carried forward by men of infidel minds, and whose first use of a new discovery is to flaunt it in the face of the Bible,—faith is courageous, and can never forget that all truth is from God, and that all true progress is Christian.—JAMES HAMILTON.

The Church in the House.

BY THE EDITOR.

XIV.

EVERY CREATURE AFTER ITS KIND.

ACTS IV. 14-22.



A SECRET, mysterious, reciprocal attraction drew Peter and John together, although the two men were by no means similar in character. They were companions in their visit to the empty sepulchre, and companions in the dangerous duty of preaching Christ in Jerusalem immediately after the Pentecost. Perhaps the difference, or even the contrast between them in natural disposition, rendered them more suitable to each other for mutual help. As a man's strength and a woman's gentleness bind two into one in married life, the robust, impetuous Peter clung to the calm, self-possessed tenderness of John; and John, in his weakness, was fain to lean on Peter's strength.

This noble pair of brothers, when their own love was warm, and the hatred of their enemies sharp, stood side by side in the courts of the temple and in the streets of the city, charging home upon the Jewish rulers and people with the terrible indictment, "Ye have crucified the Lord;" ready, whenever the sword of the Spirit should pierce the conscience of the hearers, to run in and apply for healing the blood of atonement.

Grieved that these two witnesses should teach the people, through the risen Jesus, the resurrection of the dead, the Sanhedrim had arrested Peter and John at the close of their day's labour, and shut them in prison for the night.

How the two prisoners spent the night we are not informed. Perhaps they sang praises; like Paul and Silas at a later date; or perhaps they were not yet so far advanced. It may be they could not do more than secretly cast their burden on the Lord, without being able as yet to glory in tribulation.

Next day the Council called the prisoners and examined them. Having heard from Peter more of plain truth than was pleasant to their taste, they ordered the panels to be removed from the bar, and consulted privately regarding the case.

The aim of the judges was not to arrive at the truth, but to crush the witnesses. There was not much debate, and their resolution was quickly taken. They recalled the prisoners, and straitly threatened them that they should speak thenceforth to no man in the name of Jesus. *Lame and impotent conclusion!* They omitted the main element from their calculation. They knew not the fire that the love of Christ had kindled in the hearts of those two men.

Suppose that some savages have seen a cannon charged and discharged. Suppose that when they saw it charged a second time, dreading the consequences, they should gather stones and clay, and therewith ram the cannon full to the muzzle, by way of shutting in the shot, and securing the safety of the neighbourhood. They know not the power of gunpowder when it is touched by a spark. This is the sort of blunder into which the Sanhedrim fell. They thought they could stifle the testimony of the apostles by ramming a threat of punishment down their throats. They knew not the power of faith in Christ, when it is kindled by a spark from heaven.

Peter and John did not deceive their judges. With beautiful simplicity and sublime courage they answered, "Whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than unto God, judge ye." These Jewish rulers have committed a blunder. They have summoned the sea into their presence, and proclaimed to it, *Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further!*

"We cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard." It is by no means a universal rule that every man is bound to proclaim all that he has seen and heard. Many things that we see and hear it is both our inclination and our duty to conceal. It is the peculiar nature of the message which these men have received that lays an obligation on them to make it known. The condition on which any one receives mercy in the covenant is that he should hasten to publish the glad tidings abroad. When a polished gem receives a sunbeam on its surface, it is under a natural necessity of spreading out the light in all directions; and so a human soul that receives the light of life from the face of Jesus is under law to let that light shine before men: "*Freely ye have received, freely give.*"

After another interdict against preaching Christ, the prisoners were dismissed from the bar. It is intimated that the Court would willingly have adopted a severer measure, but were restrained by a fear of the people. This is an illustrious specimen of special providence. When God has given out his decree, "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm," he has suitable instruments always at hand to execute his will. The people, as such, would be a broken reed for any persecuted witness to lean upon. At the next turn of the tide it might become necessary that a military chief should rescue an apostle from a mob that were ready to tear him limb from limb. This is the doing of the Lord. The shields of the earth are his: now with one, and now with another he covers his servants' heads in the day of battle.

Accordingly, the two apostles were dismissed; "and being let go, they went to their own company." Behold a particular fact occurring under the operation of a general law. Like draws to like. When an evil deed was about to be done, the persecutors assembled and laid their heads together: when the Christian mission was about to issue from Jerusalem upon the world, the disciples of Christ congregated in an upper room for prayer. Birds of a feather flock together; and if one bird has been for a time imprisoned—separated from its companions—it is beautiful to see, when the cage is at length opened, how straight and quick is its course through the air to the place where it left its mates and expects to find them again. On this principle proceeds the pigeon-telegraph, which has been long known in the world, but never attained the magnitude of a great national institute till the necessities of the siege forced it to the front in Paris.

The instincts of animals are like the laws of inanimate matter—perfect in their kind. When one lamb is caught and kept for a time separate from the fold, it submits only to superior force. As soon as it regains liberty, it bounds across the plain, and never halts till, with beating heart and panting breath, it has pressed into the midst of the flock again.

With equal exactness in an opposite direction, the sow that was washed returns to wallow with her fellows in the mire. Thus suddenly and surely did a worldling, who had for a time been arrested by the discourses of Jesus, leap back into his element of filthy lucre. As soon as a pause in the sermon let him go, he went to his own. When the Lord had finished one of his lessons in the midst of a promiscuous audience, one of the company cried out, "Master, speak to my brother, that he divide the inheritance with me." The word of Him who spake as never man spake had fascinated even this man, and for a moment separated him from his chosen company and conversation. But the word that arrests attention does not always renew the heart. As soon as the voice of the preacher relaxed, and let go the momentarily entranced listener, he bounded back into his element. He rushed after his covetousness, as water flows down when some interrupting barrier has been removed.

An example of the opposite tendency in a renewed heart is exhibited in the experience of the possessed man whom the Lord delivered at Gadara. Satan had bound him soul and body, and separated him from all good; but when the chain was broken by the Redeemer's word, the liberated man ran to his deliverer, and sat at his feet, clothed and in his right mind. Being let go, he too went to his own—to his own Saviour and his own fellow-disciples. It is good when the spring in the heart is sound, and a Christian, by a strong instinct of the new nature, as soon as he is freed from alien entanglements, bounds back into congenial company and congenial employment.

XV.

THE PRAYER OF THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH.

ACTS iv. 24-29.

Peter and John, providentially delivered from the hands of the persecutors, plunged into a meeting of their fellow-disciples, and forthwith reported all that had happened. The company, as soon as they heard of the danger that had threatened, and the deliverance that had been wrought, forthwith "lifted up their voice to God" and prayed. They were neither cast down nor uplifted. They did not propose to try this method or that method of improving their circumstances. They proposed no plan. They lacked wisdom and strength, and in their need applied to God by prayer.

Prayer is not the origin of a movement. It is the result of one that preceded. You stand on the margin of a Highland lake, and hear a mysterious but distinctly articulate sound coming from the dead wall of a gray, ruined castle that stands on a miniature island not far from the shore. The sound, however, was not generated in that ruin. It could not generate a voice. The words of a living man on the shore, wafted over the still water, struck the old silent keep, and its wall gave back the echo. If that living voice had not struck the wall, the wall would have remained dumb.

Prayer—man's cry to God—is the second of a series of vibrations. The voice of prayer, on earth, is an echo awakened in ruined, dumb humanity, by God's sweet promise coming down from heaven. In general, prayer is the echo of a promise; in particular, we may discover the specific promise to which this prayer replies (Isa. xl. 26, 27).

What a sublime position these supplicants occupy! They are admitted into the divine counsel. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." They knew that all these events were foreseen, and would be overruled for good. They were able to mark in the Scriptures the precise spot they had reached in the scheme of Providence, as a shipmaster marks his latitude on his chart. In the quiet confidence of faith they realize and confess that the combination of princes and people—of Jews and Gentile—to put to death the holy child Jesus, only accomplished the gracious purpose of God. These principalities and powers of the world imagined that they were quenching the kingdom of Christ in its infancy; whereas they were the unconscious instruments of laying its foundations deep, and spreading its influence through the world.

Now, in verse 29th, comes the most important of all their requests. Petitions sent to Parliament are sometimes of considerable length. There may be a narrative of facts, long and intricate; there may be the citation of precedents; there may be arguments and pleas; but it is common to pass over all these when the document is presented, and read only what is denominated "the prayer of the petition"—that is, the clause at the end which declares articulately what the petitioners want—

what they wish to be done for them, or given to them. Verse 29th contains the prayer of the petition. It expresses what the petitioners desire—what they would be at, if they had their will.

It is most interesting and instructive to mark what they really crave. Not a word of vengeance upon their enemies. In the recital they have clearly described the cruel injustice of their adversaries; but they do not follow up that recital by a request for punishment. Neither do they plead for immunity from danger for themselves. There is a recital of their danger; but not a petition for safety. The request is, not that they may be shielded from persecution, but that they may have grace to be faithful under it. "Grant unto thy servants, that with all boldness they may speak thy word."

It is a beautiful example of distrust of themselves and confidence in God combined. They feared lest the danger which threatened their persons should intimidate them in their work. Their anxiety was lest their natural shrinking from suffering should tempt them to conceal the pungent parts of their testimony in order to shield themselves from persecution. They were jealous over themselves with a godly jealousy. They were conscious that nature within them shrank instinctively from pain and shame. They knew that to proclaim the whole counsel of God would gall the men who had the power of life and death in their hands. They feared, accordingly, lest they should be tempted to make the gospel more pleasant for the sake of peace.

The application of this scriptural example to our own circumstances is attended with some difficulty; and yet it may be made with certainty and success. It is difficult to clear our way here, but not impossible.

The circumstances of our place and time seem to be so diverse from those of the first preachers, that no direct lesson from their experience can be transferred to ours. No persecutor dare raise a hand against a minister here and now, to prevent him from declaring the gospel in all its fulness. We are free: and yet the pressure which tempts to timid unfaithfulness is only removed from one side and applied to another. The fear of man bringeth a snare; and ever since Peter said, "I know not the man," the feet of even true witnesses have, in all generations, been often entangled miserably in its toils. But snares are not all of one shape or of one material—either the bodily snares of the fowler, or the snares set for the spirit by the wiles of the wicked one. They may be of iron or of silk. They may be varied indefinitely in matter, form, and position, according to the character of the victim, and the opportunities of the ensnarer. A force that is diffused and soft, may exercise a greater pressure than one that is sharp and hard, as the atmosphere over a man's body lies heavier on him than a millstone.

To threaten a witness for Christ with the prison or the scaffold is one way of turning him aside from faithfulness; to set before him the favour of a polished but worldly circle is another. You may, if you please, pro-

nounce that the man who should weakly yield to these soft seducements is a far less noble specimen of humanity than those men who quailed before a scaffold, and held their peace to save their lives; although, even here, something might be said on the other side. But the distinction is of no practical importance. If the seductions of modern society do, in point of fact, deflect the compass of the witness as far aside as the ancient persecutions, the difference in the character of the instrument makes nothing in the result.

If two ships are lost at sea by the false pointing of their compasses, it will make no difference either as to the loss of property or the loss of life that the compass of the one ship was prevented from pointing truly by a nail that fastened it to the deck, and the compass of the other ship secretly drawn aside by a mass of iron concealed in the hold. In both cases, and in both alike, the compass failed to declare the truth, and that faithlessness caused the loss of the ships. Thus an ancient minister of the gospel who held back the truth for fear of the dungeon, and a modern minister who softens and disguises the truth because a gay, worldly, critical congregation listen to the Word, must stand side by side, repenting and pleading for the pardon of their unfaithfulness. On the other hand, an ancient minister who proclaimed the whole truth with a halter round his neck, and a modern minister who, fearing God and having no other fear, declares the whole counsel of God to every class and every character, will stand together at the great account to hear the approving sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servants: enter ye into the joy of your Lord."

XVI.

THE TRUTH IN LOVE.

ACTS IV. 29.

The request is simple, specific, and full: "Grant unto thy servants that with all boldness they may speak thy word."

1. That they may *speak*, and not be dumb. Speech is a chief gift of God, a chief prerogative of man. Where there is a living spring, it finds or makes a channel through which it may flow; and where there is a living soul, it finds or makes an avenue of egress. A soul cannot be imprisoned in a body of flesh, as a spring cannot be imprisoned among the mountains. Either life, according to its nature, must have a means of outflow. On the other hand, where there is no spring, no channel is needed, and none is found. Among living creatures, accordingly, where there is not a soul, there is not speech; but in that one creature who was made in the image of God—into whom God breathed a living soul—there is speech, the open channel for its forthgoing. Reverence human speech. It is the mark of a being who has been made, and may be re-made, a child of God. Reverence human speech, for it is a divinely formed capacity for a

divinely prescribed use. Dread false speech, proud speech, impure speech, profane speech,—for these are the bright weapons with which the king has accoutred us wielded against the king. High treason!

"That they may speak;" for why should they be silent who have tasted that the Lord is gracious? Let them tell to all who are willing to listen what the Lord hath done for their souls. Let the compressed love which glows in renewed hearts find utterance in spoken praise. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!

In another aspect it behoves all who hear to speak. Silence is sin, if your cry might prevent a neighbour from stumbling over a precipice. Silence is sin, if neighbours are treading the broad path that leadeth to destruction, and your word might lead their steps into the way of life. Silence is sin, if a believing brother is sliding back, while your loving reproof might become to him a healing balm. Silence is sin, if a believing brother is oppressed with doubts and fears, while your lips might pour the consolations of God into his weary heart.

The prayer points mainly to a public ministry, and yet nothing is said about sermons—nothing said even about preaching: "Grant unto thy servants that they may speak." Whether the address be long or short, whether the audience be many or few, whether the style be eloquent or stammering, the pith and marrow of the whole matter is, that one man, hoping in Christ and loving his neighbour, speaks to that neighbour about Christ's redeeming love. All preaching may be reduced to this. Out of this, as the germ, all true preaching springs. If its whole mass were by some chemical process reduced to its elements, this would be found the essential residuum remaining indestructible after all ornaments and accessories had been melted away. I suppose Philip preached pretty fully to the anxious Ethiopian in the desert; but the Spirit in the Word performs that chemical analysis which we have imagined, and retains only that ultimate and indestructible essence of the discourse, which is small in bulk and easy of transmission—Philip "*preached unto him Jesus.*"

2. The prayer of these primitive Christians is "that they may speak *thy word.*" The word of God supplies alike the authority and the material of preaching. The seed is the word; the sower need not scatter any other in his field. This alone is vital—this alone will grow.

3. Their ambition is to speak the word of God "*with boldness.*" Let no man assume too readily that he has attained this qualification of a witness. In this department, all is not gold that glitters. Beware of counterfeits in these payments, for a considerable quantity of base coin is in circulation. To rasp like a file on other people's tender points, because you have no tender points of your own, is not the boldness for which these disciples prayed. In that species of courage some of the inferior creatures greatly excel us.

An essential constituent of courage is tenderness. In feudal times, when military valour held the supreme place in universal opinion, the prevailing conception, although disfigured by some foolish and grotesque features, contained a basis of truth. Battle courage was held to be only one half of a knightly bearing; the other half consisted of a tenderness, in some cases almost feminine. Tenderness is as essential to spiritual as to secular heroism. The boldness of speech which costs the speaker nothing is neither beautiful in itself nor successful in its object. It is like a stroke on hollow wood; instead of penetrating the beam, it rebounds in the face of the operator.

Paul was a bold man, but he was not an unfeeling one. It was a bold word that he addressed to certain professors at Philippi, and he spoke it once and again—"Ye are enemies of the cross of Christ;" but he wept as he spoke. These tears did more to make a way for the reproving word into the joints and marrow of the culprits than all the sharpness of the reproof itself. Observe a mechanic boring through a bar of iron. He has a properly formed instrument of steel. This he turns quickly round, under a strong pressure, upon the bar which he desires to perforate. But this is not enough. If only on the hard beam of iron a harder point of steel were pressed and turned, they would set each other on fire. But the skilful operator quietly drops oil on the point of contact, while he plies his task. This anointing keeps the instrument from heating, and carries it through. These tears of Paul served the same purpose for the Philippian backsliders that the mechanic's oil-drops served for the iron beam. Human tenderness baptized by the Spirit poured on the point of contact, when the sharp sword of the Word is pressed against a brother's heart, prevents the pressure from begetting a burning heat, and carries the weapon home.

To my mind there is hardly a more melancholy spectacle in this world than that of a man, orthodox in faith but coarse in the natural grain, who rattles out his censures on all and sundry who differ from himself without an effort and without a pang; looking down, meanwhile, with contempt on men of greater modesty as unfaithful to the truth. The stream of words that condemns a neighbour, without scalding the speaker's own skin as it flows, is like the clack of a windmill set up to frighten birds—as hard and as wearisome, and as powerless. The greater the boldness any man ventures to exercise, the greater tenderness he needs to attain. The boldness which those primitive confessors asked and obtained was saturated with a sanctified human tenderness; and this was the secret of their power.

4. In their eagerness for effective work, they desire to speak with *all* boldness. Even courage may be partial and one-sided. This virtue vanishes whenever it begins to show respect of persons. That is not true courage which is severe to the poor but quails before the rich. As the water of a reservoir will be com-

pletely lost unless the circle of its lip be kept whole on all sides, all the dignity and power of boldness vanishes when it fails on one point.

Perhaps the weakest point of all the circle for every man is himself. If courage is needed to speak the truth to a neighbour, it is still more needed in dealing with ourselves. A surgeon needs firmness. If he faint at the sight of blood, he has mistaken his profession. He needs a stout heart when he is called to operate on other men; but he is much more liable to flinch if he need to operate upon himself. Alas! we lack courage to press the sword of the Spirit home to the root of the ailment when it is seated in our own souls. Strike, and spare not for the patient's crying. This old prayer is a word in season still: grant unto thy servants boldness. Nerve this arm to strike this blow.

XVII.

POWER TO BE WITNESSES.

ACTS IV. 31-35.

These feeble Christians in the upper room moved the Hand that moves the world. The place was shaken, but not the people. The ground trembled, but they had found another resting-place. God is our refuge.

"When they had prayed, the place was shaken." It is after, and in answer to the prayers of his people, that the Lord arises to shake the earth. Quick and strong vibrations have of late been felt in the political sphere. Some mighty thrones have fallen under the shock, especially the anomalous throne of Peter's pretended successor at Rome. The supports of the Pope's temporal power in Austria and France were successively undermined, and the kingdom that leant on them has accordingly fallen. Prayers have long been ascending to the Lord of hosts for the downfall of that great tyranny, and at last the sword that has often been stained with the blood of saints has been wrenched from the usurper's hand.

The shaking of the ground after the prayer of this persecuted company was a sign that their prayer had been heard. They had expressly acknowledged God as the maker of heaven and earth. In answer to this portion of their prayer, he gives them a token that almighty power is at hand for their protection. The commotions of our day are encouraging rather than otherwise to the disciples of Christ: "He that believeth shall not make haste." Hollow hypocrisies are shaken down, in order that the things that cannot be shaken may remain erect (Heb. xii. 27).

But besides this symbol of power, a more specific answer was given to their request; for "they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word with boldness." They did not fear their enemies, but they distrusted themselves. They dreaded not danger, but they dreaded lest danger should shake them from their steadfastness. Now they have obtained what they

asked, and they are at ease—at ease as is the magnet of the compass on board ship in a surging sea—steady when all else is moving—fixed because loose—fixed to its pole in the distant heavens, and all its holds slackened from below. The steadiest thing on a shaking world is a disciple whose life is hid with Christ in God, and whose heart is loosened from its cleaving to the dust. His weight hangs on heaven, and the shaking of the earth under his feet does not imperil his position, or disturb his repose.

The apostles stood forth as leaders. They were endued with great power; and yet all that was required of them was to be witnesses of a fact. Their power was exerted in giving "witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus." Christ had specially promised them power to be his witnesses, and now that promise was fulfilled. Peter has recovered from his weakness now. It is no more "I know not the man."

The main characteristic of their witnessing was not great eloquence, or great learning, but great power. When you travel by night through a mining district, you see mighty volumes of flame throbbing fitfully from the mouth of lofty furnaces, and illuminating for miles around the nocturnal sky. This phenomenon is the ordinary accompaniment of power, but it is not the power. You must approach the bottom of the furnace, and examine whether miniature streams of white hot lava are coursing forth in prepared channels along the smoking ground. This—this is power. The heat in the heart of the furnace is melting the ore, and the metal, separated from its dross, is flowing out pure. The great flickering flame is not by itself the proof of power. In like manner there is often a blaze issuing from a really effective ministry of the gospel, which attracts the gaze of a miscellaneous multitude; but there is also sometimes such flame flung up against the clouds where there is no melting heat below. We should not despise the conspicuous and dazzling accompaniments, for they may be the sparks that naturally and necessarily rise from a melting heat; but neither should we trust in them, for they may be the pithless flash from blazing straw. God grant the great power in secret, with or without the visible demonstration.

The power seems to have been a special gift bestowed upon the apostles, but a suitable portion was imparted also to the whole company,—“great grace was upon them all.” A specific example of the grace displayed by the disciples is immediately recorded—the grace of liberality and brotherly love. This is a great grace, and, like other great things, rare.

They abandoned themselves at that time to a ruling passion. They did out-of-the-way things; they were singular people. If they turned the world upside down, they had themselves first of all undergone the same change. Instead of the native and habitual greed of the old man, gravitating to self as matter gravitates to the ground, there appeared the self-sacrificing love of the new man—the man created anew in Christ Jesus for

the very purpose of producing fruits like these. In this new appetite the new man takes after Christ. Every creature after his kind, and the new creature too. It is good to be singular in the world, when the singularity consists in greater conformity to the Saviour's will and way. Not singularity for its own sake—that is a contemptible thing; but the courage to obey the law of Christ, although obedience should make you singular.

The disciples now experienced the truth of the Master's prediction,—“In the world ye shall have tribulation.” No promise had been given of exemption from danger. The world was not so changed that the disciples should not need defence; but they were so changed that they possessed within their own souls a complete defence against the world's assault. Their protection consisted of these two woven into one—namely, courage to bear witness of Christ, and brotherly love among themselves. Towards those who were without, unflinching courage; towards those who were within, open-handed charity. The world had cause to say two things with equal emphasis regarding them—*first*, behold how these Christians defy us; and, *second*, behold how these Christians love each other.

Alas for the Church in our day! Surely we are weak on the two points where they were strong—courage to bear witness for Christ, and fervent charity among ourselves. The atmosphere of the society in which Christians live seems to have grown thicker in these last days. It is like a frozen sea, in which all things grow hard and cold. The breath of life seems to freeze. A melting is needed—the baptism of fire.

XVIII.

A SON OF CONSOLATION.

ACTS IV. 36, 37.

Another outburst of generous love occurred in the form of selling their property and distributing the proceeds. This law and its limitation were noticed in connection with an earlier example. But now, besides the general intimation, two specific examples are submitted—a true and a false. Barnabas and Ananias are photographed in the Word, that all generations may learn, by specimen as well as by description, the difference between genuine and counterfeit charity.

The name of this good man was Joses, and the name Barnabas, by which he is now universally known, was attached to him by the apostles, in order to express the character which he displayed. This name was given to indicate a nature. They called him the Son of Consolation because he was a succourer of many, and a comforter of the downcast.

He was a Levite, and yet he possessed land. This is contrary to the old economical law in Israel; but probably at that period, on account of frequent and great political changes, it was found impossible to maintain the ancient constitution in its integrity.

Barnabas is indeed a good name when you learn what it means. Alas! how rare is its opposite—the Son of Complaint—of gloom. To such a man everything appears in its darkest colours. He looks at the earth and the sky through a yellow glass. He sees no green on the earth, and in the heavens no blue. It is not so easy to remove the jaundiced glasses from the eyes of the mind as to take away the coloured medium which impeded your enjoyment of the landscape. Functional derangements of the body through disease sometimes also supervene to tinge still further the atmosphere through which the spirit looks.

Barnabas, we may be well assured, did not grudge his gifts. He was not grieved when a call for another contribution came. He was a great giver, and yet he was a cheerful giver. The Lord loved Barnabas.

I conclude that Barnabas had much comfort himself, for he had much to bestow on others. If we see streams flowing from the well's brim to refresh the neighbourhood, we may be assured that the well itself is full.

The great contributions which he made did not embitter his spirit. The flow of bounty from that man's hand acted as the flow of water from the drain on the ploughed field—it sweetened and made fertile the whole breadth of his life. It is the gorging up of the water for want of outlet that makes the land sour, and leaves it barren; and it is the habit of holding in all for self that spoils the pleasure and profit of a life.

A Son of Consolation is a fine character. He who has consolation gives it; and he that gives it, has it. The more of it you have, the more you give; and the more you give to others, the more you retain for your own use. This is not one of the things that perish in the using. Like the bread in the hands of Jesus, it multiplies as it is given out. It increases by expending, and diminishes by hoarding. In the matter of comfort, or consolation, “there is that scattereth and yet increaseth; but he that withholdeth more than is meet, it tendeth to poverty.”

To possess consolation is to give it, and to give it is to possess it. This circle, when it is set agoing, moves perpetually, like the sea giving out its waters to the sky, and the sky sending back the boon by the rain and the rivers to the sea again. Nor is the consoler cut short in his labours for lack of supply. As the trouble grows greater, the corresponding comfort increases. However deep the distress may be, he has a heaven above his head deeper than the abyss below, to fill it all with joy. His resources consist of “the fulness of the God-head bodily,” and in that ocean he will never touch the ground.

Barnabas was a Levite;—but why take note of his pedigree, since all are one in Christ? There is a reason. In estimating character and giving each his due, there are two opposite extremes, into one or other of which human judgments, under the influence of various prejudice, continually tend to fall. Men err sometimes on this side, sometimes on that: the Word of God marches

in the midst and holds the balance even. It throws out an arm to uphold him who is ready to stumble, now on the right side, now on the left.

The priests and their order, supported by the Pharisees, counted themselves righteous and despised others. Speaking for their reproof and instruction, the Lord, in the parable of the Good Samaritan, represented the priest and the Levite as self-pleasing and unloving—consulting their own ease, and refusing to help one who was ready to perish. This he did in order to show them that a sound creed and a scrupulous ritual could not compensate for the neglect of charity. He taught them that although they were of the family of Levi, and enrolled in the ranks of the hereditary priesthood, if they had not charity, their privileges profited them nothing—their profession was as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal.

But the Lord did not teach that all the Levites were hard-hearted; for here, by the pen of the same historian, Luke, the hedge is planted on the other side of the path. There were then, and there are to-day, certain persons and classes who entertain strong prejudices against all ministers of religion. They seem to have persuaded themselves, or, at least, try to persuade themselves, that ministers as a rule are hypocrites. Accordingly, they delight to tell or to hear stories in which ministers of religion are represented in an odious or ridiculous light. This result is extremely natural: we have no reason to expect that it should be otherwise. The hypocrites, of course, deserve to be so treated; and the true cannot altogether escape, because their testimony really gives discomfort to people who do not yield to it. To put the witness in the wrong feels like putting themselves right, as the sight of a train running backward on

a near and parallel line of rails, beguiles you into the belief that your train is running forward.

Barnabas was a Levite—a religious teacher. The profane of his day would have been comforted if they had been able to quote the parable of the Samaritan to show that the Levites were all sneaking, selfish fellows. But the Lord comes in to protect the innocent. Barnabas was a Levite, but he was not cold and cruel. The opposite graces grew in his life, thick and fruitful like wheat in a harvest-field. This passage is the counterpart of the parable—the hedge on the other side of the road.

He was of the country of Cyprus, an island in the Mediterranean. Even at that date the Jews were dispersed; yet they endeavoured in their exile to maintain the distinction of tribes. In respect of his birth-place, he came out of a bad nest. Cyprus was occupied by Greeks, and latterly had been subdued by the Romans. But as it lay near the eastern shore, its people partook of the Phœnician and Oriental character. They were heathen, and more. The worship that prevailed was abominable even among heathen systems. Their religion consisted in the consecration of vice. As a Jew, Barnabas in his youth must have been carefully kept apart from these profligate rites; but still he was brought up in an atmosphere of extreme and exceptional wickedness. Can any good thing come out of Cyprus? In the Master's experience, the servants may obtain ground of hope. Nothing is too hard for the Lord. He can bring a clean thing out of an unclean. As the sun draws up pure water to the sky out of stagnant pools, cleansing it in the act of drawing it out; so the Lord by the beaming of his love can bring a bright witness to himself from amongst the most degraded population. Barnabas was of the country of Cyprus.

The Children's Treasury.

LITTLE MAY'S TROUBLE.

CHAPTER I.

IF you were to see little May, the last thing you would expect to hear about her would be that she had ever had any trouble.

She was a merry, sunny little pet, just four years old, with bright blue eyes, and a round, fat face, and such a clear ringing voice; and, better still, her temper was as sweet and bright as her face. Then she had everything to make her happy. Her papa and mamma loved her dearly, and tried to help her to do right; and May's best days were those when she was most with them. She was not their only child; no, there was little Rosie, who was nearly two years old, and the wee baby-brother, who was the darling of the whole house.

One day Mrs. Campbell, May's mamma, called her into her room, and said, "May, I want to tell you that this evening papa and I are going to Brighton to grand-mamma's; she is not very well, and wishes to see us. We shall, perhaps, be away several days; and I hope you will be a good girl, and mind all nurse tells you, and be very kind to Rosie." May said she would try; and, although she felt very sorry that her papa and mamma were going away, she soon forgot all about it in the pleasure of helping her mamma to pack her box—for there was nothing May liked so well as being useful. So she trotted about, first into the dressing-room for her papa's slippers, then down-stairs for a book, then into the nursery, and I can't tell how many errands besides.

At last Mrs. Campbell said, "There is nothing more you can do for me now; so, if you like, you can write grandmamma a letter, and I will take it to her." So the child found a pencil and a piece of paper, and began to write. A funny letter it was, to be sure: there were some round o's, and a few straight strokes, and a great many crooked ones, and a lot of dots where May was putting the kisses on; but grandmamma would be quite pleased with it, because she would know, when she got it, that her little May had not forgotten her, but loved her, and tried to show her love by writing a letter.

Just as May was folding it up, Phoebe, the nursery-maid, came in to say it was bedtime; and the little girl said "Good-night," and ran off. About an hour afterwards, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell went up for a last look at the children before starting. They found them all fast asleep in their little beds; so they kissed them softly, and Mrs. Campbell gave nurse a paper-bag of buns for them; and then they went away. New nurse Jane was very neat and tidy; so as soon as her mistress had left the room, she rose and emptied out the buns into a plate in the cupboard—one—two—three—four—five—six—seven—quite a pile of them; and then she went on with her work.

May's first thought, when she opened her eyes next morning, was that she must be a very good girl as she had promised; so, when Rosie woke, and began to cry, because Jane was not ready to dress her, May left her own bed and got in beside Rosie, and told her stories to amuse her: she had said "Little Pig went to Market" four times all through before it was time to get up. After breakfast, Phoebe told her she might help her to clear away.

"May I wash up my mug, and Rosie's?" said May.

"Yes; if you will be careful. But don't touch anything else. I shall be back in a few minutes; but I must fetch baby's milk before I do anything more." And so saying, Phoebe left the room, and a minute afterwards nurse took Rosie and the baby into the night-nursery; and May, left alone, began carefully to wash and dry the two mugs. Then she got down to put them past. The key was in the cupboard, so she opened the door and set them down. As she did so, what should she see before her but a whole pile of buns. Oh, how good they looked! They had such shiny brown skins, and currants, like little black eyes, peeping out all over them. "How nice they smell! I wonder if they are new," thought May. "I will just feel." O May! May! they are not yours; indeed, you ought not even to touch them! But a little hand was reached out, and a little finger went lightly down on one; and it was as soft and new as anybody could wish. "How I should like it," thought the child. "What a lot nurse has; she would never miss one. I daresay she does not even know how many there are; besides, I really think it is very unkind of her to keep them all locked up here. If I had all these, I should give some away; and nurse is very greedy to keep them all to herself."

Now, really, Jane was very kind to the children; and only the last time she had been out for a holiday, she had brought back a parcel of nice sweet sponge-cakes for them; because, she said, she could not enjoy her holiday, unless she got something to make them happy too. But May would not remember anything of the sort as she stood looking at the buns. She felt them, and she smelt them, and then she pulled a large currant out of one, and popped it into her mouth; but to her dismay it left a white hole where it had been. She tried to stretch the skin to cover over the place, but it broke in her hand, and only made matters worse. At that moment Phoebe's step was heard on the stairs; and, almost without thinking what she was doing, she seized the bun and slipped it into her pocket, and ran off to the other side of the room.

CHAPTER II.

AND now, indeed, May's troubles began. Before the bun had been one minute in her pocket, she felt she would do anything to get rid of it; but there it was, and she could not put it back. She hoped that nurse would call Phoebe into the other room, or that she might go down-stairs again for something; but no, there she stayed till Jane came in, and said, "We must be quick and get out this fine morning. Where shall we go for our walk?"

"Park, park!" cried little Rosie; but May said nothing, she felt so uncomfortable that she really did not care a bit which way they went.

They were soon ready to start; and all through the walk May was very silent. She tried to talk and look just as usual; but it was no use. The only thing she could think of was how to get rid of her bun. When they were in the park she longed to throw it to the ducks; but Jane had fast hold of her hand, so she could not possibly lift up her pelisse to get to her pocket. She wished she could slip away for a minute behind one of the big trees and throw it down, even if she had not time to eat it; but there was no chance of doing so, as Jane never let the children out of her sight when they were out walking; though she and Phoebe sat down to rest while May and Rosie played about in front of them. Nurse watched them for some time, and then said,—

"I can't think what has come to Miss May this morning, she seems so quiet and strange. Look at her now, she is not enjoying herself a bit. I hope she's not going to be ill."

"I don't think there's much amiss with her," answered Phoebe. "I'm sure she was all right at breakfast, or she could not have eaten such a plateful of toast after her bread and milk. Perhaps she misses her mamma."

"I daresay that is it. You shall take them round, for their afternoon walk, to Mrs. Wright's, and ask her if she will let Master Fred come back to tea with

them. It will cheer up May, and make the day pass pleasantly to her."

Mrs. Wright was the children's aunt, and Fred was their only cousin. He was a few months older than May; and, having no brothers or sisters of his own, he often came to play with her, and fine games they had together. So nurse thought it would be very nice for her to have him that day, though she said nothing about it to the children, lest Mrs. Wright should not be able to spare him, which would be a great disappointment if they had been expecting him.

It was time for the morning sleep when they reached home; and as soon as Jane had laid the baby in the cradle, she said, "I wonder who would like a nice bun for lunch to-day, instead of bread and butter?"

"Me bun, p'ease, p'ease," shouted Rosie, clapping her little hands, and running up to nurse. But May stood quite silent; and if you had not seen how hot and red her cheeks were, you would have thought she had not heard a word. Jane was too busy folding up baby's cloak to notice her face, so she repeated her question, "Miss May, dear, would you like a bun for lunch?"

Poor May! what was she to say? She felt as if even one mouthful of bun would choke her; so she answered in a trembling voice, "No, thank you, nurse; I'm—I'm not very hungry."

"Why, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing; only I'm not very hungry."

Now Jane saw clearly that something *was* the matter, but still she did not guess what, so she only said, "Then come, and I'll lay you down at once." She was lifting the child into bed, when she noticed that her dress bulged out very much just by the pocket, and she thought, "As soon as she gets up, I must make her turn out all she has got in there. I wonder when she will remember that her pocket is not the place for her doll's cloak, and ball, and paint-brush, and beads, and all the rubbish I so often find there."

But she said nothing just then, as she was in a hurry to get Rosie's lunch. When she returned to the nursery she opened the cupboard, but started back with an exclamation of surprise. "Why, I declare, one of the buns is gone!"

"Nonsense," said Phoebe; "no one has been here to take it, and it could not go off itself."

"One of them is gone, for all that. I am certain I put in seven last night, and there are only six now." And the thought came into her head, could May have taken it; and was it *that* that had made her so sad and unhappy all the morning? She could not bear the idea, and tried to put it from her. "I must be quite sure before I say a word about it to her," she said to herself. But she felt very sad as she tucked Rosie up in her crib, and noticed that, instead of calling out "Good-bye, nurse; I shall soon be asleep," as she generally did, May lay quite still with her face hidden under the quilt.

And how did May feel?—and what did she think about as she lay there? Her first idea was, that as

soon as Rosie was asleep she would eat up the bun, and then all her trouble would be over. "Rosie will have had one, and I shall have had one, so it will be all fair and right." But May knew better; and, try as she would, she could not persuade herself that a thing *taken* and a thing *given* could ever be the same. Besides, if she were to eat it, perhaps there would be some crumbs left in the bed, and then nurse would find her out after all; and if she did, she would be sure to tell her papa and mamma. What would they say? How grieved and sorry they would be! And the hot tears came thick and fast at the thought. She cried till the pillow was so wet she had to turn it over to the other side to find a dry place for her little burning head. She tried to sleep in vain. How could she sleep? She was a *thief*! and how dreadful it would be when everybody in the house knew it! The more she thought, the more miserable she grew; and at last, when she had just made up her mind that she never could be happy again, she fell into an uneasy sleep, only to dream in a confused way about a policeman, who seemed to keep coming to the house and asking, "Is there any thief here for me to take to prison?"

But now that May is asleep, we must go back to the day-nursery, if we want to know what nurse meant to do. "I'm afraid there's no doubt about it," she began. "She was all alone in the room this morning, and we know she went to the cupboard to put by the mugs; and she was happy and good enough till then, and ever since she has been so queer and unlike herself. Then she refused the bun for lunch; and now I come to think of it, I believe she has it in her pocket—at least it's filled up with something."

"I suppose you'll speak to her about it as soon as she wakes up? That will be the shortest way," said Phoebe.

"Shortest ways are not always best ways," answered Jane. "The child has done wrong enough for one day, and no mistake; and I'm afraid if I just ask her she may deny it, and so make bad worse. Anyhow, I should be better pleased if she'd confess of her own accord. My belief is that she will be so unhappy by night that she will come and tell me; but, of course, meantime I shall not ask Master Fred here."

"I suppose you're right, Jane. But what will you do if she does *not* confess at night?"

"It's a good while before night," said Jane, quietly; "and mostly it is as much as I can manage to find out the best thing to do *now*, without troubling myself with what will have to be done at any other time."

So when the children woke, though nurse was graver than usual, she said nothing particular; and May began to think she had been more frightened than there was any need for, and she determined not to think about anything unpleasant. But it is not at all easy to choose what our thoughts shall be, and sometimes just the things we most want to keep out of our heads will come into them; and so May found. She felt very angry with herself for being such a silly girl as to take any-

thing without being sure she could enjoy it; and she was more vexed still because she had not eaten the bun in bed when she had the chance, especially when she remembered that nurse would be almost certain to find it when she folded up her frock at night—for what dress could lie smooth and flat with such a great thing in the pocket? Being cross with herself did not help to make her amiable with other people. She scolded Rosie till she made her cry, because, by accident, she shook the table where she was building the bricks. She teased her about her pet dolly, and said "it was a fright, and looked absurd with one eye in and one eye out;" and when nurse said, "I cannot allow you to tease your sister so, miss," she made a very pert answer, for which, most properly, Jane punished her, and for half an hour May had to sit up in a corner with her face to the wall, without anything to do, and without speaking a word.

At last the long half-hour came to an end, and she had leave to get down. The baby was sitting on the floor, and May popped down by his side to amuse herself with him. Almost without thinking what she was doing, she pulled her handkerchief out of her pocket to play "peep-bo," when, to her horror, out came a shower of crumbs, and amongst them a great black currant on to her pinafore. The colour rushed to her cheeks as she hastily brushed them away. She dared not look up to see if nurse had noticed, and as she quietly worked away, May hoped she had not, and went on playing with baby as if nothing had happened.

But nurse *had* seen, and the sight made *her* quite as unhappy as May, perhaps more so, for nurse was sorry that a little girl who had been so carefully taught what was right could do anything so wicked; while May, as yet, was only troubled by the consequences of her fault, and never thought about the sin itself.

Things seemed to get worse and worse with May all that day. By tea-time she was almost unbearable. The sight of the plate of buns, which Jane brought out just as she was drinking her milk, made her start so that she dropped her mug, and spilled all the contents on her frock. This upset her dreadfully, for she could not bear wearing clothes all messed and soiled; and at last nurse had to tell Phoebe to take her off to bed in disgrace, saying, that when children could not be good awake, it was high time they went to sleep.

CHAPTER III.

BUT the day was not over yet. Nurse felt very hopeful that the little girl would confess her fault and ask to be forgiven before saying her prayers, so she went to hear her. When she called her to kneel down, she looked her gravely in the face, and said, slowly, "Are you *quite* ready, Miss May, dear?"

"Yes, nurse; don't you see I am?"

"I mean, have you nothing to say to me first? Is there nothing you are sorry for to-day?"

"I am sorry I was cross to Rosie, and broke my mug."

"Nothing else, dear?"

"No, nurse," answered the child angrily. "What else do you want me to say?"

Jane saw that it was no use to talk to her while she was in that mood; so she sadly enough heard her repeat the words of her evening prayer, and then laid her down with a cold "Good-night, miss," instead of the kiss with which she generally left her.

"Well, I can see you've got nothing out of her," said Phoebe, as Jane returned to the nursery.

"No; so now she must be *made* to confess. I shall let her have her night's rest first, though;" and so saying, nurse began to fold up May's things. But when she came to the dress, she took a plate and turned into it from the pocket the bun that had been the cause of all that day's trouble. Out it came, all crushed and spoiled and broken. "Now, to-morrow, when we begin breakfast, I shall give that to Miss May, and tell her where it came from, and ask her how it got there."

Just as nurse was speaking, the postman's knock was heard at the door—that loud, sharp, sudden knock, which was one of the few things that did sometimes upset her good temper. "The morning postman was all well enough," she would say; "but what use the evening one was, except to wake up all the children in the place just as they had gone off, was more than she could tell; but if *that* was what they were paid for, they certainly did their work well enough to deserve their wages." But this time the letter was for nurse herself; so she could not grumble, especially as it proved to be from Mrs. Campbell, to say that Mr. Campbell was obliged unexpectedly to be in town the next morning early, and that they would both be back almost as soon as the letter reached. "We found Mrs. Forbes better," it continued; "but she is so disappointed at our leaving to-day, that I have promised to return to-morrow to stay till the end of the week; and she wishes me to bring one of the children with me. So please look out Miss May's things to-night, as we shall start by a morning train."

Meantime May could not sleep. Nurse's question, "Is there nothing you are sorry for to-day?" kept ringing in her ears, and she felt she *must* call her and tell her, and yet it seemed as if she *could* not. "I will never, never in all my life do wrong again," she said to herself, "if only they don't find me out this time. Oh, how unhappy mamma would be! I don't believe she would ever love me again." And thinking of her mother reminded May that she had not said her text that night. It was Mrs. Campbell's plan to teach her a verse every Sunday, and then May repeated it to her every evening in the week when she said "Good-night." Now the last Sunday baby had been very restless and fretful with his teeth, and instead of going to church in the evening, Mrs. Campbell had stayed at home with him. He did not go to sleep till after May was in

bed, so she had learned her verse there with her mother sitting by her side in the dark; and Mrs. Campbell had chosen a text about the dark. It was this: "The darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." How happy she had been then! It was so sweet to lie there with her mother's hand clasped tightly in her little fingers, listening to the soft, low words in which she told how lovingly God our Father looks through the darkness and sees. "We cannot hide ourselves from him, May," she had said. "We cannot help his seeing all we do, and we need not wish to. It is a blessed thing to have our Father always watching over us. Even when we feel we have done wrong it may comfort us to remember that he is with us, because it makes us sure that he sees the first wish to get right again. We need never be afraid of the dark, because 'the darkness and the light are both alike to him.' He can take care of us in the one just as well as in the other. There is one sort of darkness that is very dreadful. I mean the darkness *sin* makes in our hearts. Nothing *can* make us safe or happy if we have dark hearts; but God is light, and God is love, and he is willing to fill us with his light, if we ask him."

Much more Mrs. Campbell had said; and now it all seemed to come back to May, and she felt that she was found out already. God knew. *He* had seen her take the bun, and he had seen how dark her heart had been all day; and he saw her *then*, and he was angry with her. She thought it did not much matter who else knew. The worst was *his* knowing; and she felt she must tell nurse, or she could not expect God to forgive her, because the Bible says that it is those who *confess* their sins who find mercy. For one minute she thought she would wait till morning; but no. How could she ask God to forgive her till she *had* confessed? And she dared not go to sleep while *he* was angry. So she called out, "Nurse, nurse dear, do please come here."

"Nurse has gone down-stairs, miss," answered Phoebe from the next room.

"O Phoebe! do go and tell her I want her."

"She is busy now; but she will be up in a few minutes, and I'll tell her."

"Thank you, Phoebe. I hope she won't be long;" and May lay with a very trembling, beating heart. But before Jane was ready to come back to the nursery, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell had returned. "How are the children?" was the first question.

"Quite well, thank you, ma'am."

"Have they been good?"

"I am afraid Miss May has not; but perhaps she will tell you herself. If not, I must," said nurse.

It was with a sad step that Mrs. Campbell went up-stairs.

"O Jane, is that you? Do come to me!" cried May, as the door opened.

"No, dear; it is not nurse."

"Mamma, mamma!" she exclaimed, as soon as she

heard the voice. "Oh, I am *so* glad you have come back; and I am so sorry and so unhappy; and I must not kiss you till you know; and I am afraid you won't let me when you know, because I am such a naughty child!" and she threw her arms round her mother's neck, and cried and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Tell me what has happened. I am very grieved to find you like this. I thought my little girl would have been good, when she had promised me to try. How am I to trust you?"

"O mamma! don't be so grieved; and please do try and love me, though I don't think you ever will love me again."

Tears came into her mother's eyes as she answered, "May darling, whatever you have done, I shall love you still. Now try and stop crying, and tell me everything—mind, May, *everything*."

And the child did tell everything: how she came to see the bun, and long for it, and take it, and how unhappy she had been all day; and how, at last, she had remembered her verse, and felt that God knew, and was angry, and she dared not go to sleep till he had forgiven her, and she had called nurse to tell her, but nurse had not come. You may be sure Mrs. Campbell was very sad when she heard the story. "Has God forgiven you, May?" she asked.

"O mamma! I don't know. You see I can't pray *properly*, like you or grown-up people."

"But did you ask him?"

"Oh yes, mamma. I said, 'O God! I am very sorry, and I will tell nurse, and I won't ever take anything again; and please do forgive me, and make me good, for Christ's sake. Amen.'"

"Then, May dear, I am sure he *has* forgiven you, because he promises to forgive all who ask him, for Christ's sake. He does not much mind what words we say, if we only mean them in our hearts; and he listens to little children quite as much as to grown-up people. It is late now, so I must not stay talking to you longer. As you have told me the truth yourself, I will forgive you."

"Thank you, thank you, mamma darling."

"Only one thing more, May: remember always that *doing wrong makes us unhappy*. You have had no punishment to-day, yet you have been quite miserable; and so you will find it all your life long. Sin brings sorrow. No power on earth can help it. And now, 'Good-night.' Come to my room early to-morrow, and I shall have more time to explain this to you."

It made May very sad next day to find that her mamma was going away again, and more so still when she heard that if she had been good, she would have gone too. She knew she did not deserve such a treat as a visit to Brighton, and she tried to be brave as she watched the cab drive off with her mamma and Rosie; but the house seemed very dull without them, and the child could not help often thinking about the beautiful

sea, and the sands, and the pier, and all the pleasures she would have had at grandmamma's.

The lesson was a very sad one, though very useful. Often and often afterwards, when she was inclined to

do wrong, she checked herself by remembering that sin is quite sure to bring sorrow. Her mamma had told her so; and more than that, she had found it out for herself on the day of her trouble. H. M. P.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THAT.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

SOME months ago I had occasion to wait a few minutes on the margin of a crowded thoroughfare in Edinburgh—the street that passes in front of the University. Beside me stood a tall woman plainly but neatly dressed: I did not see her face, and did not know why she halted on the pavement. A baker's boy, with his jacket well powdered, and a basket on his arm, came up from the opposite side, and stood still also, looking up in the woman's face. He was a small fellow; and his head and shoulders were strongly bent to one side in order to balance the weight of the basket on the other arm. After a little he approached and gently touched the woman's arm in order to attract her attention. It was now that I discovered the woman was blind. She had approached by a street on which there was little traffic; but halted on the pavement of Nicholson Street like a dog halting on the edge of a river to consider whether he should venture to plunge in and swim across. Her ear could not detect even a momentary lull in the stream of traffic, and she hesitated to attempt the passage alone. Perceiving her difficulty, the baker's boy had resolved to come to the rescue. Accordingly, as soon as he obtained the woman's attention, he said, in very winning tones, "Are you wantin' across the street?" I did not hear her answer; but it was soon evident that she had taken him at his word, for the dear little hero took her by the hand, and placed himself in an attitude of readiness. In this position he waited some time till he saw a considerable break in the line of carts and carriages. Then, with a quick step, he led his charge across, and deposited her safely on the pavement. After leaving her, and setting out on his own interrupted errand, he looked several times over his shoulder to see that it was all right with the blind woman, as she threaded her way along an unfrequented street at right angles to the thoroughfare on the opposite side.

I wonder if these two have met since that day, or whether they will ever meet on earth. Perhaps they will not meet till they meet in heaven. She may then have the delight of seeing the face of her benefactor.

This was a beautiful deed. The baker's boy is a gentleman, every inch. I hope he will become lord provost of Edinburgh one day. That boy's heart is in

its right place. Although his coat was dusty, his mind was finely tuned. He tasted the blessedness of doing good.

Another apprentice boy, whom I did not see, traversed another street of Edinburgh about the same time, and left his mark behind. In a street of suburban villas on the south side of the city, each gate has ornamental stone pillars on either side; and a blacksmith's apprentice, employed to carry an iron hammer to the masons employed on a new erection, took the opportunity of striking the corner of the hewn stone at each gate, as he passed, with his hammer. A lump was chipped out of every pillar, and the whole street disfigured. I did not see the boy. I tracked his footsteps soon after. I suspect, if I had seen him, I should have inflicted summary punishment, without waiting for the slow processes of law.

He was a low fellow, although I never saw his face. His heart was black. He is, moreover, a coward. If any of the owners had been looking out, he would have refrained from the dastardly deed. To do evil for its own sake, argues a very bad character. Perhaps some young people commit mischief of this sort without much thought. It may be an act of thoughtlessness, more than an act of malice. But every child should watch his heart and his hand with all diligence, and check in the bud these destructive tendencies. That boy did more injury to his own character than to the hewn stone pillars. The appetite for evil will grow, unless it is starved. This young blacksmith is no gentleman; and unless he mend his manners, never will be. I should like to see these two boys, the baker and the blacksmith, both washed, and both standing up together. I should like to see their faces photographed and exhibited. I am quite certain that the baker would show a pleasant countenance—that the peace within would write itself upon his features. But I suspect that the blacksmith would bear traces of guilt in his looks. Features of character mark themselves in sunshine or gloom on the human countenance.

Boys, be true in the sight of God, and fair to all mankind. There is no pleasure so sweet as the pleasure of doing good. To help those who are in need, and to take delight in helping them, is to be like Jesus. W. A.





Sketches in the United States.

BY THE EDITOR.

IV.—MISCELLANEOUS.



IN one concluding paper, I propose to throw together some miscellaneous notes, which may help, each in its own place, to give the reader at home the precise impression which a traveller receives in passing through the States, and holding intercourse with various classes of the people.

I need not attempt to state the principle on which illustrative incidents are selected, for they are not selected on any principle at all, unless it be the principle or faculty of a human mind called the association of ideas. I shall speak at random, permitting one fact to call up its neighbour, whether it happen to present a likeness or a contrast. In particular, I shall certainly not prefer great things on account of their greatness. I shall allow little things, even the least, to present themselves freely, if they occur to memory, believing that the small, if truly photographed, may contribute as well as the larger objects to the fairness and usefulness of the representation.

My opportunities of observing rural life in the States were few and far between. Perhaps on that very account those specimens that I saw impressed themselves more vividly on my memory. On one occasion we enjoyed the hospitality of a Virginian proprietor in the neighbourhood of Richmond. If this family be a fair specimen of Southern society, I do not wonder that many visitors have been fascinated, and from admiration of the social virtues of the slave-holders, have learned to look with favour on the system of slavery itself. There is, at least, one romantic stage in the recent history of this estate. The property had been in the hands of the lady's family for four generations. Difficulties overtook her father

when she was twenty years of age. The estate was exposed for sale. A worthy Scotch gentleman, who had carried on a prosperous trade in tobacco—the great staple of the State—came to buy. He saw the property and the daughter of the proprietor, and, liking both, made both his own,—gaining either prize in the manner appropriate to its own nature, the land by money and the lady by love. They lived happily, the heads of a numerous and brilliant family, till the Civil War overtook them. In the process of the struggle they suffered much. On one occasion the gentleman ran a narrow risk of his life through a misunderstanding between him and a company of troops that were quartered on his premises. The house was situated in the midst of extensive woods and pleasure-grounds, near the spot where the elevated plateau sinks suddenly into a lower valley. On the brink of the steep, breaking up his lawn and regardless of his shrubberies, the semicircular embankments, with each its embrasure, still stood untouched, marking the spot as a fortified earthwork of the Confederate army. Interesting monuments these half-moon mounds will be, when they are overgrown with underwood and shown to the next generation as relics of the gigantic strife.

The cottages of the coloured people were all standing, strewn around the mansion, and the people for the most part still occupying their old homes. When emancipation came they were allowed to remain, and as far as possible employed. I can bear witness that in this case the most familiar and kindly relations subsisted between the negroes and the family of their former owner. From one of the cottages an infant, a few days old, was brought in for our inspection.

I observed that the ladies of the family fondled it freely ; but the ladies of our party, I must confess, fought shy of it. It need not be denied that the little animal, as it lay wriggling in its nurse's lap, was, according to our æsthetical notions, anything but a beauty.

After all that they had suffered, we had cause greatly to admire the noble, submissive, cheerful bearing of the whole house. There was no sourness of temper ; no manifestation of resentment. Their hospitality was easy and unconstrained. They seemed happy, and they made us happy. The lady might have adorned any society. With great powers of conversation, and lively, graceful manners, she held us fascinated. Forty-eight years of age, she wore a profusion of borrowed ringlets, half hiding her face ; and proclaimed herself, with girlish glee, both her age and the falsity of her ringlets.

We obtained a glimpse of what Southern chivalry was in the time of its glory. We got some insight into the secret causes of the ascendancy which society in the Southern States long exercised over the policy of the Union. For my part, I would willingly concede the claim of their partizans that, as a rule, the owners of the negroes were kind and generous to their dependents. Legitimate opposition to slavery does not need to sustain as its basis a charge of monstrous cruelty against the masters. The advocates of emancipation can afford to concede all that is demanded in favour of the personal character of the proprietors, and fall back upon the position that man should not be the property of even the best of men. This ground is strong enough to bear the whole weight of the case. Man is made owner of the beasts of the field ; but God only is the owner of man.

We took leave of our kind entertainers with respect and gratitude. On the way to Richmond, a distance of about five miles, we saw much fine land but partially cultivated. The flow of emigration from Europe has not yet effected an equilibrium between the two continents. Still, in the West, land is plentiful and men scarce ; in the East, men are plentiful and land scarce. There is ground, however, to hope that a new and better era is opening for Virginia and the other Southern States when an immigration of free citizens into

the South brings capital and labour to its fertile soil, the latter end will be better than the beginning.

It may not be unsuitable here to submit a specimen of rural life from a different latitude and a different condition of society. I had occasion to turn aside from the main thoroughfare, and pay a visit in a sparsely peopled region near the centre of the State of Ohio. We arrived at a side station of a subordinate cross railroad between nine and ten on a sweet summer evening. It was with some difficulty that we procured a boy with a horse and frail primitive waggon to carry us and our traps about four miles into the interior, to the residence of the family whom we desired to visit. When at length the journey began, it proved to be a rough one. The roads for the most part run in straight lines, but not much can be said of them as to other qualities. The soil is a stiff white clay. We must not suppose, although the same English word is employed to designate it, that a road in the States is similar to that which is so named at home. The rule in making a road seems to be—draw a straight line over a level country ; dig two shallow parallel ditches about sixty feet apart, let the inside edges slope toward each other, and throw the clay which is dug from these trenches into the middle, so that it may be a little elevated. Your road is made. At least, in most cases, that is all the making it will get. Stones are not easily obtained, and men cannot be found to break them. Even if they had men and money to lay out on a road, the Americans prefer to make it at once a railway. Hence there are few grand, well-made roads in that country, like the king's highways through the length and breadth of our own island. But you will say—on these conditions travelling in a wet season will become impossible. Yes, impossible for us, our horses and our vehicles ; but not impossible for American men and horses, and especially American wheels. The wheels are generally made very slim. At first you are afraid to trust yourself to the frail apparatus. But soon you begin to discover that, though they bend like a willow, they spring back like a willow, and never break. There is no people equal to the American people for accommodating themselves to circumstances, and getting along with the least possible outlay.

When we complained of jolting on the dry roads, our friends good-humouredly told us to be content with our lot, adding that it was sometimes a shade more disagreeable to travel on the same track in a wet season. On one occasion, they said, a gentleman driving his buggy with one horse, and observing a suspicious place right ahead, called out to a countryman before encountering the risk,—“I say, friend, is there bottom at that swampy spot in front?” “Yes,” replied the man. On drove the traveller, dashing boldly into the lip of danger, on the faith of the information he had just received. Before he reached the middle, however, horse and man and buggy began to sink bodily down, down, slowly in the mire. “Holloa!” shouted the traveller to his informant, “you told me that there was bottom here.” “Yes,” answered his informant; “and so there is, but you have not reached it yet.”

At length, between ten and eleven, we reached our destination, roused the family, and got into comfortable quarters for the night. Our hostess was a Scotch lady, nurtured in affluence at home, who had married a minister of one of the smaller and sterner sects of Presbyterians in America. He was a man of the highest character, and thoroughly educated. Although his flock, in the circumstances, is necessarily limited, he lives in comfort and competence. A new well-finished house, pleasantly situated, received his bride when he brought her home a few years ago. A seminary for higher education was situated in the village. All things were competent and comfortable; but one sorrow marred the lot of this loving pair—they could not, for love or money, obtain a servant. A single maid, partially coloured, and of most excellent character, had recently left her service without giving a reason; and for some days this noble-hearted young lady cooked the dinner and cleaned the house, and took charge of her two children—did all cheerfully, and did not simmer over her changed lot. But she found that this state of things could not possibly last. She discovered, first of all, from the brother of her late servant, a student in the seminary, the reason why she had left her place. She had no fault to find with her mistress, her work, or her food. Her grievances were two—*first*, she was not introduced to the visitors of

the family; and, *second*, she was not invited to sit at table with the minister and his wife. Upon making this discovery, the lady, with true Scotch good sense, resolved to agree unconditionally to the terms of the sable maiden. She had tried the method of being mistress, mother, and maid all in one, and it did not succeed. She will adopt thankfully the only other alternative. The treaty was duly concluded, and the young woman had been reinstalled in her place at an earlier hour of the same day on which we arrived.

The circumstances were explained to us; and we learned our part. Soon after we entered the parlour, a well-formed, intelligent, and modest-looking young woman came in, bearing our breakfast on a tray. “My friends from Scotland, Miss M——,” said our hostess, glancing toward us, and then bowing gently to the maid. The maid responded by a bow and smile to us as she placed the loaded tray on the table. It was easily done. The conditions of the treaty were fulfilled, and all parties were satisfied. The other condition, of sitting at table with her mistress, the young woman waived for the time, on the sensible ground that, as the company was large, all her time was required in serving. I am bound to confess that the victor was generous. She did not triumph over the vanquished. She went about her work with manifest contentment. She was obedient to her mistress, kind to the children, and obliging to us who were strangers.

Such a scene could not, of course, be enacted in the “old country;” and yet it does not follow that our land is all a paradise and America a desert. A good many substantial compensations go to balance the inconveniences of the situation. If this picture, which is simply and severely true, shows that a matron may sometimes be put to her shifts, it shows also that a man is a man in that country, and a woman a woman. It is not a bad feature of society in any land that all the people may maintain their independence and cherish self-respect. The circumstances present one interesting and hopeful side to the patriot and the economist.

In the same neighbourhood we enjoyed the hospitality of an agricultural proprietor; and the circumstances of his family gave us further insight into rural life in the Northern States. The head

of the house was a tall, hardy, active sexagenarian. With his wife, three sons, one daughter, and one maid-servant, he lived in his own house, and cultivated his own estate. When his children were young he had sold his property on the banks of the Ohio, and bought this farm in the interior, for the sake of the seminary that had been erected there by the section of Presbyterians to which he adhered. The education of his children was permitted to decide absolutely his occupation and his place of abode. It was the time of sheep-shearing. When dinner was announced the three young men appeared with hands and faces clean, with blouses thrown over their clothes to hide whatever ailment might have been caused by handling the greasy fleeces. There they were, a group of educated gentlemen turned aside for a little from honourable labour with a grand appetite for an ample meal. Father and mother presided. The daughter, who had acted cook, had the advantage of her brothers in the completeness of her toilet, for her work was now over for the day. I observe that even common toil has no perceptible effect in stiffening the gait or vulgarizing the manners when it is toil in the family, for the family, and by a member of the family. This young lady would not have appeared to disadvantage, either in intellectual furniture or ease of demeanour, in presence of a group of her own sex here whose hands had never come in contact with a cooking utensil. I do not propose that well-educated young ladies in comfortable circumstances at home should undertake the work that is ordinarily done by servants; but I venture to express a very decided opinion that they have no right to hold their heads higher than their sisters in the interior of the American States on the ground of being exempted from such toil. One habit may be suitable in one country, and another in another. It is short-sighted and foolish to condemn as shocking and vulgar whatever is contrary to our own usages. Neither on the Continent of Europe, nor on the Continent of America, is ladyhood made so dependent on doing nothing as in these British Isles.

In this proprietor's family I observed that the single servant of the house, a fair young woman of about seventeen, sat at table by her master's side, ready to make herself useful on every side,

but taking her meal with the family. The repast was affluent as to variety and excellence of materials, and was respectable even on the side of culinary art. The family feared the Lord, loved each other, and went out and in with honour among the children of their people.

Agriculture in the States is in some of its features very different from our own. For one thing, there are no hedges. The hawthorn, it appears, cannot be successfully cultivated, and they have found no efficient substitute. Stone walls as fences are almost as rare. The universal substitute is timber, not erected into a paling, but laid on edge in a zigzag line to maintain its equilibrium. A Scotchman, moreover, painfully misses the minute cultivation of the corners to which he is accustomed at home. Ends and corners are freely left in a state of nature. It won't pay to till and sow and keep clear every little strip and patch on the edges of a field. Land is plenty here, and ploughmen scarce. You may sometimes see one unbroken field of wheat of greater extent than the largest of our Lothian farms;—and such wheat! The sight of it would be a feast to the eyes of some of our northern agriculturists, who, by a great deal of coaxing, persuade the bleak hill-side to bring forth as much half-ripe oats and barley as will hold soul and body together till next year.

The fields of Indian corn, too, constitute a feature of the landscape that is new and strange to our eyes. This grain grows in some of the Western States in such quantities that they are obliged to use it as fuel.

I had often heard a prairie described, and had formed for myself some conception of its appearance, but I had a great desire actually to see a real prairie. Like the Pyramids in human art, and Niagara among natural phenomena, the American prairie is a thing that must be seen ere it can be rightly conceived, even after the most accurate description by eye-witnesses. In passing through Northern Indiana, and entering the State of Illinois near the shore of Lake Michigan, the traveller already feels himself gliding along a land level like the sea. For many miles along the shore the country leads a sort of amphibious life, half land half water. Vast areas of reeds intervene between the water and the solid bank; and

many a still lagoon the railway must overleap on tellis-work, scaring the water-fowl with the intrusion of its noise and fire. •

It was on a journey by the Illinois Central Railway from Chicago to St. Louis that I gained my first practical knowledge of the prairie on a large scale. Indeed, it is the largeness of the scale that constitutes the essence of the thing. We have level stretches of land at home, but as they are of limited extent, you can never abandon yourself completely to the spirit of the scene. You cannot escape from the sight of wood-crowned heights. It is like a voyage in a narrow channel, where you get a view of the one shore before you bid farewell to the other. It is when you get beyond sight of land that you really enjoy in full the sensation of being at sea. In like manner, you do not properly realize the prairie until you are out of sight of land—that is, of land that rises above the level. You are carried on the rail southward from Chicago more than two hundred miles without a curve and without a gradient. The horizon surrounds all, as at sea, a straight line separating earth from sky. After you have driven along for some time without observing any object, your attention is arrested by a speck in the sky where it meets the ground. Forward a few miles, and lo, it is a hay-stack or a farm-house, looming larger as you approach it, precisely like a ship at sea. You have launched upon what seems an infinite meadow—a green grass sea, without a visible shore.

Large portions of the ground are cultivated. The construction of railways in America proceeds upon a method the reverse of that which obtains at home. Instead of saying, Here are two large cities a hundred miles apart; let us connect them by rail for the convenience of the population: they say, Here is a desert three hundred miles long, without inhabitants; let us run a line of rails through it from end to end, in order to supply it with a population. The thing is done, and done after the manner following:—A company is formed. They apply to the legislature of the State for liberty to construct the line. The terms proposed are: Mark off a strip of land five miles broad on either side of the line; survey and divide it into sections of one mile square. We, the railway company, shall take each alternate

lot, and each alternate lot will remain the property of the State. The bargain is closed; the line is made. The company are repaid by the sale of their own half of the ground; and the State gets more money for the half of the ground with a railway running through it than they could have obtained for the whole of it before. Both parties make a profit, population flows in, and the grass of the prairie yields to gigantic fields of wheat.

A very interesting and useful kind of traffic springs up on these long lines that run north and south. They supply the great populations of northern cities with the perishable products of a semi tropical clime. The delta near the point of junction between the Mississippi and the Ohio, constituting the southern portion of the State of Illinois, is called Egypt, on account of its great fertility.* It is especially celebrated for luscious

* While I was in the act of preparing these notes, a characteristic letter reached me from this very region, which I subjoin, as it will do more than any words of mine to give the reader a vivid conception alike of the richness of the soil, and of the honest, plain, direct energy of the people. It will serve at once as a specimen of the Western American style, and a collection of facts which may be depended on. My correspondent is a true man.

GOLCONDA, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.
March 14, 1871.

REV. WILLIAM ARNOT.

DEAR SIR,—I have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with you, but I saw you and heard you speak last May in Philadelphia at the General Assembly; I therefore take the liberty of addressing this letter to you, with a request that you will procure for it, or at least the facts which it communicates, an insertion in some paper of general circulation among the Presbyterians of Scotland. By so doing, you may confer a favour on some who wish to emigrate to this country, and will much oblige your humble servant,
S. COOK.

AN INVITING FIELD FOR EMIGRANTS FROM SCOTLAND TO AMERICA.

Golconda, Pope Co., State of Illinois, is located on the north bank of the Ohio River, eighty miles from its junction with the Mississippi, in the very heart of the richest and most productive valley in the world. Being situated in latitude 38°, it is in that happy medium which yields in great abundance the products of both southern and northern climes. Wheat, rye, oats, barley, and potatoes, and grapes, of the northern productions, grow to great perfection. And Indian corn, sweet potatoes, tobacco, cotton, castor beans, and melons, of the southern.

Beans, peas, pumpkins, squashes, and garden vegetables of almost an endless variety, grow with great luxuriance.

Apples, pears, plums, cherries, quinces, peaches, apricots, grapes, gooseberries, currants, blackberries, strawberries, and many other fruits and berries, grow to great perfection, and always sell at a good price for shipment to the cities. Our winters are short and mild. There was but one week last year when the ground was so hard frozen that the farmers could not plough.

Being located right on the Ohio river, which is navigable at all seasons of the year for the largest steam-boats, our products can be shipped at any time to Cincinnati, Pittsburg, or New Orleans, at a small cost.

The land is hilly; and that which has not been brought under cultivation is covered with the very best of timber.

Stone for building purposes is abundant.

fruits. In the way-bills of the railways you see prominent notices of express trains at certain seasons to run from Cairo at night and to reach Chicago in the morning, not for passengers, but for ripe peaches. The fruit is gathered in the orchards of the south in the afternoon, and displayed in the market of Chicago at the dawning.

That immense city is distinguished for a bold and ingenious engineering work, executed a few years ago for supplying the inhabitants with cool and clear water. It was found, as the city increased, that the supply of water from the margin of the lake was anything but agreeable. They constructed a tunnel under the bottom, running out two miles into the lake, with a tower at its extremity. From that distance, and from the bottom, the supply is brought to the shore, and pumped up for distribution by gravitation. Another grand hydraulic work, for sanitary purposes, is now in process of construction. The city grew, within the memory of this generation, from a few fishing-huts that were perched, for convenience of boating, upon the margin of a shallow lagoon that ran into the level land at right angles to the shore-line of the lake. That lagoon, deepened and lined with wharves, and

traversed by huge drawbridges, penetrates in several branches the principal portions of the city. The drainage has been led into it. The water, as the population increased, was becoming more and more offensive. The city is at the head of the Lake Michigan. The water is discharged five or six hundred miles away, at the extremity of Huron. But a canal from the lagoon on which the city stands, rising by locks, carries navigation in a south-westerly direction by the Illinois river to the Mississippi. The summit level is forty feet above the lake. The inhabitants for one year pumped the water from the lagoon into the canal, so as to carry it by gravitation into the Mississippi. But this was a tedious process. They have now determined to cut the canal through on the level, and compel the mighty Michigan to discharge itself in part from its upper extremity. Thus a river, with a constant flow, will make its way by the great valley of the west into the Gulf of Mexico at New Orleans, to that extent diminishing the volume of Niagara and the St. Lawrence, and increasing the already vast stream of the Father of waters. The Americans had built their city, and discovered, when too late, that it was built at the wrong end of the lake. It should, for sanitary purposes, have stood where the water flows out of the lake, and not on the marshy flat where the water flows in. Energetic and enterprising though they be, they did not attempt to remove their city to that end of the lake where the river flows out; but they have adopted the other alternative; they have made the river flow out where their city stands, and so have immensely improved its hygeanic conditions.

Chicago has risen from the same cause that raised Alexandria in the heyday of the Roman Empire; it is the port of exportation for the grain of the prairies; and a greater than Egypt is here. As the Western States constitute the modern and larger Egypt, so the Atlantic is the modern and larger Mediterranean. Chicago gathers the corn of the West, and sends it, by inland and ocean waters, to the chief market of the Old World—our own teeming and manufacturing island. Another bond of union; both grow richer by reciprocal exchange.

I crossed the Mississippi at St. Louis—another

Land is cheap, ranging from one to six pounds per acre, in fee simple, according to quality, improvement, and location.

Golconda is the seat of justice for Pope county; has about 1200 inhabitants; has a Presbyterian church, a good house of worship, nearly completed. It has cost already \$7400 (or £1480). The lower story is completed, and we are using it. It is a brick building, and very tastefully and conveniently constructed.

We need more mechanics and labourers here of all kinds. Four hundred Scotch labourers would be welcomed here at once.

There is not a tailor in the place who can make a respectable fine coat. We want carpenters, blacksmiths, shoemakers, wagonmakers, silversmiths, millers, cabinetmakers, bakers, milliners, mantuamakers, barbers, and butchers.

And the abundance of the best of timber, and the access to all the markets of the country, and the cheapness of living, make it an excellent place to establish a hub and spoke and felly factory, and a furniture factory.

And being located just on the border of the cotton-producing region on one side, and the grain-growing region on the other, and surrounded by an abundance of coal and wood, and having good water transportation both to north and south, it is one of the best locations in all the land for the establishment of cotton mills.

We have the best porcelain clay in the world. Great quantities of it are shipped to Trenton, N. J., where it is manufactured. A pottery ought to be established here.

There is a railroad projected from here to Chicago, upon which work is to commence in May or June. This will require a great many hands, and good wages will be paid.

We have a few Scotch families among us now from Aberdeen, and they are among our most valuable citizens, and we would like to have some more of the same.

Any persons desiring more information, or desiring assistance in securing homes among us, will receive prompt attention by addressing the undersigned, at Golconda, Pope Co., Ill., U. S. America. S. COOK.

vast city of rapid growth in the past, and great expectations in the future. A railway bridge across the river is in the course of construction there. The steamers moored on the bank at once arrest the attention of a traveller. They are literally what they have often been described to be—huge floating hotels. They are fitted up in the most gorgeous style. The length of the voyage is something that almost baffles one's power of conception. From that city in the heart of the continent the river navigation extends downward 1200 miles to New Orleans, and upwards 1800 miles on the Missouri branch to the north-west. A river navigation by steam in one stretch extending 3000 miles; about the same as the distance between Liverpool and New York!

To the west of the State of Missouri lies Kansas, a region of fabulous fertility. In Washington and in Philadelphia we were visited by a gentleman connected with a land company in Kansas, and urged to pay a visit to the State, at the expense of the directors. When we asked in what form the proprietors could expect to be reimbursed for the heavy charge of carrying our party "out West" so far, entertaining us there, and bringing us back, he replied that they asked nothing of us except to keep our eyes open, and tell what we saw when we returned to Scotland. They have a strong appetite for Scottish settlers; and so confident are they of the extraordinary fertility of the land, that they think nothing more is wanted to send a stream of emigration in that direction than a witness who, when interrogated, will simply state what he saw.

The railways are constructed at less expense than those of our country; perhaps in some respects they are less solid; but they seem to do their work well. I travelled several thousand miles by them, and never received even a jolt. One thing which must go far to reduce the cost of construction, is that all country roads are crossed on a level. This does not seem to be attended with inconvenience or danger. The sleeping-carriages have often been described. There is perhaps an excess of apparatus about them; and they are costly, but they serve the purpose well. There is more need of them in America than here, on account of the length of the lines. They con-

trive, by a series of springs, to make the sleeping-cars run very smoothly. I left Chicago at night, enjoyed a sound sleep, rose and dressed as we approached Detroit in the morning, shaved comfortably and safely while the train was running at express speed, and was ready for breakfast on board the steamer that carried us across the St. Clair, the glorious blue water outlet between Huron and Erie, and landed us on the dominion of Canada among our own countrymen.

Some grave difficulties still lie in the political system of the States. These constitute a subject of deep interest to us in view of the world's future. It is very obvious that unless some great rending occur, that commonwealth will, in a short time, become the greatest power in the world. All who intelligently love their kind, and desire to see the reign of righteousness established on the earth, have a direct interest in seeing the constitution and government of the United States improved and consolidated. It is manifest, moreover, that these two freedom-loving and English-speaking nations will exercise reciprocally an influence on each other. It cannot be doubted that our intercourse with America, during the last half century, hastened the liberalizing of our own institutions, and so saved our country from the shocks which Continental nations, slower in the race, have recently undergone. Thus we have benefited from the experience of our own offspring; and they in turn are now reaping benefit from us. From intercourse with men of thought and worth from all sections of the States, I think I am justified in saying that our success in obtaining the substance of popular freedom, without the destruction of old forms, gives hope and encouragement to the solid and truly conservative element in American society. With one voice, those who have anything to lose in that country speak with regret and alarm of universal suffrage which prevails among them, as distinguished from household suffrage amongst ourselves. They are in danger of being inundated by newly arrived adventurers, who may be animated by alien sympathies and directed by foreign agents. The city of New York is, in municipal affairs, worse than any other part of the country, precisely because it is the spot on which the most of the foreign element is first thrown—the

spot on which the greatest quantity of sedimentary deposit remains. The rowdiness of New York is the misfortune rather than the sin of the United States. The becoming attitude for us in regard to it is sympathy with our brethren in their suffering from a cause which cannot by any short process be removed.

While no wise man would propose to make the institutions of the one country an exact copy of the institutions of the other, there are features in both systems which gain the approval of all moderate men. Thoughtful men in the States, while on the whole they prefer their own political system, observe and own some most beneficial features in ours. They are well aware, for example, that while their President might, if so disposed, carry on the government for a period of four years on a policy disapproved by the body of the people, in our country the Prime Minister would be deposed in a week if he should run counter to the will of Parliament, and a new ruler put in his place, without a revolution, and with scarcely a perceptible jerk as the train moved past. I do not intend to intimate that American republicans prefer our method to their own; but I do say that sensible Americans see the good points in our method, and are by no means disposed to look upon us as a down-trodden race because we prefer to live under a monarchy. Both systems, with considerable diversity in form, secure the substantial liberty of the people. People on both sides of the sea perceive and confess this now. A great improvement is perceptible of late years in the spirit with which we have learned to treat each other. It is indisputable that our Government and people have changed their tone for the better since the days of the *Alabama*; and the change will be generously construed by the American nation. Already a consistent rumour runs that the High Commission for settling all international claims has determined the principles of a solution, and that it only remains to adjust the details according to the accepted rule. Blessed are the peacemakers! Political personages seem not incapable of learning wisdom by experience, like ordinary men. That great teacher, however, always charges a high fee; and we, the British people, must pay the bill. There seems to be no method whereby diplomats may obtain a series

of lessons under the great pedagogue at their own expense.

In now drawing these Sketches to a close, I console myself with the hope that I have at least done no harm. When people from this country go over to America in quest of oddities and extravagance, they find what they seek in abundance. No wonder; people will find what they are looking for almost anywhere. And, besides, America is so big and so free, that it would be strange if you did not find there specimens of everything possible in humanity. But to collect eccentricities and print them, and on the faith of them turn the laugh against American character and American institutions, is at once foolish and wicked. I do not set myself up as an apologist for men and things in the States; they do not need my advocacy. But I do desire to present myself as a witness to as many as read these pages of certain facts that passed under my own observation. I found everywhere, beneath the froth that comes readily to the surface, a great solid stratum of opinion, kind and favourable and affectionate towards our country and its people. My conviction is that the bone and marrow of American society love this country with a great love. They greatly appreciate a kindly judgment from us of their motives and conduct; with corresponding vehemence they manifest resentment when they fail to meet the kindness which they desire, and which they think they deserve. I believe it is within our power, without condescending to anything mean, to bind that people to ourselves in a fast friendship. It only requires generous sentiment and fair dealing and a kind word. There is no real or natural cause of quarrel. Our interests are not antagonist. These two nations have a greater interest than any other in maintaining the peace of the world. By general peace, both will prosper. And their union consolidated would do more than any other cause to prevent war. Instead of being separate or rival orbs, these two nations might be, for moral effect in the world, like binary stars—twins locally separated, but revolving together round their common centre, and constituting toward the rest of the universe only a single power.

If we should now restrict our view to whatever is distinctively Christian in the two countries, we

are brothers in a sense far more intimate and potential. It is a noble function for the Christian brotherhood, on both sides of the Atlantic, to become the living nerve that binds the nations into one. We have one Head on high, although we have our dwellings on different sides of the sea. If we are together members of Christ, there should be no jarring in spirit against each other. I find that the late James Hamilton, of Regent Square, London, has a high place in the estimation of American Christians. I often received additional demonstrations of affection on the ground of the part that had fallen to me in editing the memorials of his life. Now what is the cause of this phenomenon? It is the old story :

love begets love. The Americans who visited London were wont to seek him out as "the minister that prayed for America." "He loveth our nation," has always been a talisman to touch a people's heart. The peculiar genius of James Hamilton may be rare; but his prayerfulness and consequent power with God are not rare. If the power of the Christian faith that exists on both sides were in this matter wisely directed, instead of one tiny wire carrying over tender whispers of brotherly regard, there would be a great multitude, constituting a strong cord which could not be broken, making two great nations practically one for any service that their common Lord might require at their hands.

Sketches of East End Interiors.

No. II.—HULDA.

GOLDEN LANE is one of the awful places of the East End of London. From the numberless courts and alleys that branch throughout its length and breadth, there arises a steady pestilent mist that obscures the light of day.

The blithe sunshine, that awakens all nature into melody and gladness, brings nor mirth nor music into the dismal precincts of Golden Lane. Its black crooked alleys, teeming with life that scarce seems human in its awful debasement, annually yield a noisome crop of crime; for the thieves that lurk in their foul corners are daring, desperate men and women.

Golden Lane, with its ramifications, affords haunts and hiding-places for over twenty thousand thieves, beggars, cadgers, tramps, costermongers, small shopkeepers, and others; and within the gloomy radius eighty-three public-houses pour their liquid fire upon the inflammable human mass that seethes about them. Yet in this burnt-up desert young life crops out. Little children (God pity them!) are born there to an inheritance of want and shame. All through the dreary year those outcast lambs of the flock, having no other pasturage, disport themselves in the gutter, fighting one another at intervals for possession of the refuse of a costermonger's barrow, or such priceless treasure-trove, until the sultry hours of the long summer's day, or the dank, chill hours of the shorter winter's day, have dragged to a conclusion, and darkness drives them to such shelter as Golden Lane provides for its tender little ones.

Yet, in the midst of this mass of wretchedness and vice, it is good to know that eight years ago one man (single-handed then) dared to inaugurate a conflict between good and evil; and like good soldiers, undaunted

by difficulties, he and the little band he has rallied round him still fight bravely on, upheld by a measure of success.

Out-clanging the clangour of the Sunday market, and the conflicting noises of Golden Lane, the bell of the Costers' Mission-house is heard, ringing out its Sabbath call to the wicked, the weary, the heavy-laden, to come and learn God's way of pardon and of peace. And with the echo of the Sunday-bell ringing in my recollection, I had occasion, on the beginning of one week, to visit Golden Lane. It was washing-day in that region, and consequently struck the eye as more than ever grimy and squalid, and the atmosphere seemed more than ever fetid; for the steaming half-washed rags of the inhabitants, stretching across and across the narrow alleys, swallowed up such light and air as usually percolates through the dense canopy of smoke that perpetually hangs over that spot. Amidst the unfragrant groves of ragged garments, dissonant sounds of shrewish tongues, drunken gibes, wailing children; I wended my way; and as I came near the door of the Costers' Mission-house, a touching sight met my eyes. None the less touching that it is common as sorrow. Only a pauper's funeral—one solitary mourner following, with faltering footsteps.

This mourner was a fair-haired girl of fifteen or sixteen years of age. Her peculiar national costume, very scanty and threadbare, told that she was truly a stranger in a strange land; and friendless, hopeless, homeless, were all too clearly inscribed on her young face. Let me follow at a little distance, and watch my opportunity to speak a word of sympathy to the heart of the bereaved.

The cemetery was some distance off, and before we reached the spot, the brief burial-service of the pauper had been hurried over; but the mourner was in time to look once more upon the coffin that held the silent heart that had once beat warm for her. Then the grave-digger shovelled the earth down on it; and as she watched her dead buried out of her sight, she pressed her hands on her breast, as though to still the throbbings of her sore heart.

The last shovelful of earth was stamped upon the grave, but still the poor girl stood motionless, gazing at the fresh mound at her feet.

"Go home, like a good girl," said the sexton, in the philosophic tone induced by familiarity with this form of sorrow. "Go home, and don't take on. Frettin' don't do no good. It don't bring dead folks to life; do it, now?"

Still the girl stood as one spell-bound.

"Move on, my girl," said the man, in a louder tone, and laying his hand on her shoulder as if to rouse her. "These here gates has to be locked arter you. So the sooner you goes the better for all parties."

Now was my time. "Come with me," I said, taking her by the hand and leading her gently but firmly away. Meekly she allowed me to guide her footsteps; but when we stood outside the gates of the cemetery, she turned to gaze yet again on the spot where she had left all she had of best and dearest, and stretching out her arms imploringly, with an exceeding great and bitter cry, she called, in the language of her own land, "Mother! mother!" and all her pent-up sorrow had its way. Tears, first of all, do more to relieve overcharged heart and brain than spoken words of comfort; so she wept on undisturbed; and, for the most part in silence, we returned to Golden Lane. Through the intricacies of the lane we wended our way until my companion halted at the end house, in one of the narrowest courts. Up a steep, dark stair we climbed; then up a crazy ladder, that led to an attic. The girl unlocked the door, and we entered. It was a very cheerless place. A few straggling rays of light found their way through the cracked panes of a tiny window in the roof, and served to show the sordid details of the room. A fire-place, that could by no possibility hold more than a small handful of fuel, be the day never so cold; a wretched flock-bed, with scanty covering; one or two coarse articles of crockery; a battered tin kettle; a small wooden chest; numberless chinks in floor, sloping roof, and ceiling for the winds to sift through the bleak winter nights. And as my eye glanced round the miserable place, where we should be sorry to house a dog, from a human stand-point I could not but think that the odds had all been on the side of death in the struggle these walls had so lately witnessed. When sickness visits the rich man, and lays him low on his bed of down, skilful hands, anticipating every wish, are ever ready with the cooling draught to moisten his parched lip, or the soothing anodyne to allay his pain.

Every voice and footfall is hushed, and no harsh sound from the outside world is permitted to jar upon his ear; and if, with all these alleviations, he still finds his lot hard to bear—ah, who can measure the misery sickness brings to the hovel of the poor? No carefully compounded draught is found there to moisten the fevered lip. No soft couch to ease the aching limbs. Hard and comfortless is the pallet, scant the clothing that covers the emaciated form. Every discordant sound of the outside Babel penetrates the crazy walls of his tement, vexing his ear with hideous din all through the long unrestful hours. Truly the lot of the sick poor pleads with agonized entreaty for our tenderest, most helpful sympathy.

Meantime the lonely tenant of the attic in Golden Lane, bit by bit, told me a portion of her history. Piecing the fragments together, here it is in brief outline:—Out in the free, open country, in a Swedish homestead, the happiest years of her life were passed. It was cold there in the winter, but bright and beautiful; and there were plenty of fragrant pine-knots to glow and crackle in the stove. Then out in the summer days, tending the cattle on green hills or waving woods. The skies in her country, so crystal clear and high, were not like this low-hanging, leaden London sky. And in their little homestead they dwelt a happy family. But when she (Hulda) was fourteen years of age, evil days dawned upon the little household. The terrible sore throat came, and three little sisters were buried in one grave, and there was only Hulda and the baby-boy Hans left. Then, to enhance the grief of the stricken mother, the husband and father fell in with bad companions, who speedily gained a powerful influence for evil over him, and by degrees enticed him to join them in their guilty practices. The work of the little farm was neglected. Home was neglected. The old innocent pursuits lost their charm. The unhappy man was bound in the awful captivity of sin. One evening he returned home late. That was now no uncommon occurrence, and the broken-spirited wife had ceased to remonstrate. But on this night he was more than usually moody and depressed. Heavily and in silence, with head bowed on his breast, he seated himself by the stove. The anxious wife spoke gentle words to him, but an impatient gesture was his only reply; and the poor woman turned sorrowfully away to seek what rest she might upon her tear-stained pillow.

The hours dragged on, still she listened in vain for the sound of her husband's heavy foot on the stairs. At last she resolved, even at the risk of angering him, to steal to his side and try to induce him to go to rest. Softly she entered the kitchen—he was not there. She searched the house, calling him loudly by name, but all in vain. He was gone. Morning broadened into day, still he did not return. The friendly neighbours, scattering themselves abroad, searched the country far and near, but gained no tidings of the fugitive. Then, after the lapse of some days, they heard that a robbery

had been committed on a great house a few miles off, and amongst others suspicion fell on Hulda's father as a partaker in the burglary. Hitherto they had always held up their heads as honest and industrious people, and this fresh blow fell with overwhelming force on the wife and child of the unhappy man, who had aggravated his sin by his cowardly desertion. Yet, crushing as was the stroke, it failed to extinguish the love of the wife that clung warm and true about the ruined man, who was still the husband of her youth—the father of her children. And this woman, forsaken and grieved in spirit, but loving on as woman will, resolved to go forth in search of the lost one.

As well as she knew how, she wound up the affairs of the little farm; and turning a deaf ear to the remonstrances of friends, with but a slender supply of money, she turned her back on the old homestead that had hitherto sheltered her life in sun and shower, and went forth with her two children, hardly knowing whither she went.

The nearest sea-port she thought the most likely place to gain information of the wanderer. Accordingly, she directed her steps thither. After many fruitless inquiries, she at last gained what she considered reliable tidings. A man answering in all respects to her description of her husband, had, within the last few weeks, sailed for London. A simple country woman, she had perhaps heard that London streets were paved with gold, so rich and sumptuous a city was it; but she had not heard that London, with all its pomp and luxury, is cruel to the friendless, the homeless, the poor—had not heard of the multitudinous life that throbs in the mighty heart of these islands, nor the consequent hopelessness of her search in the bewildering and heterogeneous mass. Her one idea being to find her husband, in her simplicity she thought the right course for her was to follow him to London. And one chill winter's night the helpless trio found themselves standing on the London docks. They were fortunate enough to find a room vacant in an adjacent lodging-house, which they secured. Then commenced the futile search. Day by day the mother and her two children would wander forth, wistfully peering into the strange faces in the crowded streets; and day by day the sickness of hope deferred blanched the cheeks and paralysed the energies of the wanderers.

Their landlady, who was kind to them, and to whom Hulda, in such English as she could command, confided their story, shook her head, but advised them to advertise for the missing man; accordingly, an advertisement was inserted in the *Times* and several other papers. But advertising is expensive; and when their advertisement had been repeated more than once or twice without avail, they found their small supply of money sadly diminished. In vain their landlady urged the forsaken woman to abandon the fruitless search and return to her native country: still hoping against

hope that she might even yet descry the well-known face in the crowd, she lingered on.

Meantime, they must obtain employment to eke out their rapidly failing board. Hulda and her mother were good needle-women; but in these days of machinery their profits were very small—too small to procure the delicate and nourishing food the tender Hans required; for, in the close London atmosphere, the little one, reared in the pure air of the country, began to droop, and the coarse food they were forced to share with him was distasteful to his dainty, milk-fed lips. And when the mother and child, with no thought of parting in their hearts, were devising how they might, out of their scanty store, the better nourish and cherish their darling, the quickened ear of the child had caught the distant sound of the feet of God's messenger coming for him, and gladly bounded from this cold, rough world into his arms, and mother and child were left to weep over the fair, small casket that once held the spirit of Hänschen.

As the months rolled on work grew scarcer, and they found they could no longer afford to pay the rent of their little room in this comparatively magnificent part of the East End. So they were forced down to Golden Lane. And still time glided on, unmarked save by the constant anguish of patience and the bitterness of penury silently endured; for an inflated pride kept them reticent, and they shrank from asking help from strangers. Even if they would, they could not now return to their own country, for their means of doing so were exhausted.

And as hope gradually died quite away in the mother's heart, her physical strength forsook her. Weeping had dimmed her eyesight, so that she could no longer see to sew fine work; and as her step grew feebler day by day, Hulda would have fetched a doctor, but her mother would not have it so. Husbanded her strength, although with ever-increasing difficulty, she set herself to fulfil her daily and rough task of sack-making. To eke out their earnings Hulda rose at dawn and went to Covent Garden, where, for a trifle, she purchased a bunch of violets, which she made up into tiny bouquets, and offered for sale on her way to the slop-shop that employed them. And still the languid days dragged on, until the needle dropped from the mother's nerveless fingers. The brave but unequal struggle was ended; and succumbing to the hand of disease, induced by anxiety and want, she laid herself down on the pallet from which she never rose. The landlord received due notice of the death of his tenant, and arranged with the parish authorities for the interment; and on that day I had seen the last act of the tragedy. It was a sad life-history, and narrated with an uncomplaining hopelessness that went to the heart.

"In the time of your deep distress did you pray to God to help you, dear child?"

"Yes, we prayed; but where was the use? Mother

kept on praying till she died ; but when I saw for certain she was to be taken too, I gave it up. Mother told me God was good, and our Father ; and that when our Saviour lived in this world he had more sorrow to bear than we had even. But *if* God is good, and our Father, why did he not heed us when we begged him to help us ? He never did. We prayed that we might find father. We prayed for Hänschen. I prayed mother might be left with me. It was all no use. I suppose Golden Lane is too far away for God to hear our voices." And Hulda, seated on the floor, rocking herself to and fro, seemed the very image of despair. In the first agony of her isolation and sorrow she knew not the import of that which her lips uttered, and taking no heed of her reckless words, I briefly tried to tell her of the surely coming day when the balance, that to us seems sorely unequal, shall be seen held in fair and perfect equipoise—when the many contradictions of life shall be reconciled, all the "riddle of this painful earth" solved, and we shall see God's reason why in the large light of eternity. But Hulda shook her head incredulously, and I could see that an expression of bitterness had gathered on the soft young face, by reason of the heavy burden so early laid upon her.

"You tell me, Hulda, that God has never answered your prayers ; but do you know it was God that sent me here to-day ?"

"If it *was* God, he sent you too late."

"Not too late, dear child, to help you."

"I don't want help. I want to die—oh, I want to die, and sleep quiet beside mother ! How can I live in this awful place all alone ?"

"Hulda, listen : Hans was but a tender little one. Your mother—who, you tell me, loved and trusted God—carried a crushed and broken heart in her bosom. Our Father, who knows the spirit of each child of his, knew this, and because his name is love he transplanted those drooping ones into the sunshine and shelter of his own garden. But God has left you here, in your youth and strength, because he has work for you to do for him. And you will not die, but live, until God's plan for your life is fulfilled."

Still the hard, embittered face told me my words were as an idle tale. Poor waif of humanity, tempest-tossed and not comforted on life's roughest sea !

After making some small arrangements for her comfort, I was obliged to go, although it went to my heart to leave this motherless lamb "bleating, in weary dearth," in the great wilderness. But before I went I wrote down my address, and directed her to come to me next morning.

After some meditation and talking the case over with a friend, we resolved, as a first step in the right direction, to remove Hulda from the morally and physically deteriorating atmosphere of Golden Lane, so made immediate arrangements to have her lodged elsewhere.

True to time, Hulda presented herself at our house next day. Her fair hair was neatly coiled round her

head ; her dark blue dress, though worn and darned in many places, was tidily arranged ; and she had contrived to pick up a bit of black ribbon to tie round her battered little straw hat. Altogether it was a marvel how any one so neat and clean could possibly have emerged from the blackness of Golden Lane. From her replies to our various inquiries, we found she was possessed of more than ordinary intelligence, and there was a straightforwardness in her mode of expressing herself that was encouraging. During the two years she had passed in England she had acquired our language, and spoke it with perfect facility. Her parents had given her a good education, and she could read and speak German as well as her own tongue, and was well instructed in the principles of the Protestant religion.

There was no ignorance, at all events, to combat in Hulda's case—the ground was ready tilled. By-and-by we told her that we had secured a lodging for her, where she should have a comfortable home, and a kind landlady, and that she need not sleep another night in the lonely attic in Golden Lane.

At this glad news the cloud of despair began to break on the young brow. "Thank you for that," she said fervently ; "but oh, if only mother could come as well," and the bitter tears welled up.

The new abode was a poor place enough, but it was clean and quiet, and, after the horrors of Golden Lane, a paradise to Hulda. Again and again, in broken words, she strove to express her thankfulness, but the voiceless eloquence of her eyes said what language could not, and sent a glad thrill to our hearts. Let the sybarite who sits rose-crowned at the feast of life, yet in the midst of the banquet sighs for a new sensation, but try the luxury of doing good, and in the simple act of giving a cup of cold water to one of God's fainting poor he will experience an ecstasy that will cast other enjoyments into the shade.

Time, with the blessed elasticity of youth to aid him, gradually wrought his kindly cure on Hulda's wounded spirit. Once more her step grew light, her blue eyes brightened, and her naturally energetic and independent nature came into play. Provided with suitable materials, she had learned to make delicate and beautiful lace, which she sold at a fair profit. But with the young blood dancing in her veins, she found it very irksome to sit quietly at work all day long in her little room, and only her strong desire to be independent urged her to the completion of the distasteful daily task. But as the days grew long and sunny, the yearning for light, and air, and motion, became irresistible, and she bethought her of her old occupation of flower-selling, resolving to direct her energies into that channel as one more suited to her active nature than sitting over her work at home all through the long sunshiny hours. So with much natural taste she made up flowers for the button-hole, and arranging them in her basket, she went forth to sell. Her modest but self-possessed manner, her bright eyes and picturesque costume, at-

tracted attention, and her efforts were successful—as many miniature bouquets as she could make up she sold. And out of the proceeds of her flower-basket she could not only pay her own way, but one proud day had sufficient surplus to purchase for herself a new costume. Stimulated by success, and highly pleased with her new mode of life, she applied to the managers of various concert-rooms and theatres to be allowed to sell her flowers in those places of amusement. Leave was granted, and soon the once stranded barque floated on the flood-tide of prosperity.

But the wave of success did not waft her soul nearer God, and we trembled for the safety of a young and attractive girl peculiarly exposed to the temptations of a dissolute city, in the occupation she had unadvisedly chosen. Many a warning was addressed to her to take heed lest she slipped, and in her fall the cruel feet of the crowd should trample her to death. And the earnest advice was given that, even at the risk of loss, she should give up her present perilous occupation and revert to the safer, if more monotonous, occupation of lace-making at home. But to this counsel Hulda respectfully but resolutely turned a deaf ear. The changeful, out-door life pleased her well. The æsthetic part of her nature was charmed by the gay scenes of the theatre, and the melody of the opera, as she stood within the enchanted doors, flower-basket in hand, vending her bouquets.

Because we asked her to do so, she came regularly to church; but though outwardly decorous, to a close observer it was but too evident that Hulda's heart was not in the worship of the people of God. Without fixed principle, she had no other shield to throw around her, as she trod her perilous path, but the miserably inefficient one of her own innate dignity and the instinctive purity of maidenhood. And with hearts that yearned over this wanderer we ever commended her anew to the care of the Great Shepherd.

Weeks rolled on, and as we sat late in the library one Saturday night, Hulda was ushered in. Her face was troubled, and her voice trembled with suppressed emotion, as, in the mode characteristic of her, she plunged without preliminaries into the matter in hand.

"I am very unhappy. I can no longer exist without religion. I *must* find God. I made up my mind to have no religion. I gave up reading the Bible. I gave up my prayers. To please you, I went to church; but I did not listen to the reading or the sermon. I said within myself, Of course the clergyman must talk religion—it is his *trade*; but it is only talk, and means nothing. But still, though I have put religion far away from me, there has always been a gnawing at my heart. And though I have tried to be happy, I have failed. And when I wake up in the night, I am so terrified because I have no God.

"Now, the gnawing at my heart has grown worse, and gives me no rest. Flowers, sunshine, pretty pictures cannot cure it. I know I shall have no peace till I find God. *It is fearfully lonely in the dark without God.*"

As we listened to the outpouring of the broken heart, the mind reverted to St. Augustine's true word: "Lord, thou hast formed the soul of man for thyself, and it is ever restless till it finds repose in thee."

Then the wondrous old story of the Cross was told; and though it had many a time and oft fallen on the heedless ear of the listener, now with new-born eagerness and interest she drank in each word. And mingling our prayers, we implored the Good Shepherd of the sheep to admit this lamb into the one fold, to go no more out for ever.

From this crisis in Hulda's spiritual history a light from heaven irradiated her path, showing her life in a new aspect. And after a mental conflict of some severity, she resolved to give up selling flowers at theatres and such-like places. She was young, and naturally of a joyous temperament, dearly loving change, motion, light, warmth, glow, and this resolution involved self-denial and a measure of worldly loss. That which had cost her nothing was not laid upon the altar; but the inner voice told her the sacrifice was imperative—that the garish scenes of the theatre were no fitting preparation of the heart for one who proposed openly to wear the badge of discipleship, by commemorating our Lord's dying love at his table. And the blessed fruits of cross-bearing were not withheld, we thought, as we contrasted the serene brows and contented lines of the fair young face, with the embittered, stormful lines that a few short months ago had distorted its round outlines. And as we drew the comparison, our hearts were filled with gratitude to the directing Providence that had guided our footsteps to the pauper's funeral.

Hulda had mentioned to us the name and address of a sister of her mother's, who lived in prosperous circumstances in Stockholm. But during their exile no communication had taken place between the relatives. In their darkest hour of need, Hulda's mother shrank from asking help of one who had been most of all opposed to their leaving their native land, and a similar feeling had stayed the daughter's hand.

Without acquainting Hulda of our intention, we thought it well to write to the near kinswoman, telling of her niece's whereabouts, and giving a brief *résumé* of the sad history of the little family after they landed on our shores. Accordingly, the letter was penned and despatched. More speedily than we had hoped, came a reply in German—heart-warm and womanly, full of the tenderest expressions of sympathy; and praying, above all, that Hulda should at once come to her, where was her rightful home, and a warm welcome.

Hulda's feelings on hearing her aunt's letter were mingled. She loved her own land and its ways passing well; yet her warm heart clung to us, as did ours to her—for was she not our foundling and the child of our prayers? However, it was for Hulda's good that she should go. All arrangements were made, and one bright day, with the pain tugging at our hearts that each sojourner in this world of partings comes to know full

well, we watched the outward-bound vessel with Hulda on board steam out of the docks. And now that she is once more a dweller on her native soil, letters from her hand come to us from time to time, telling of her happy and useful life, "holding fast her profession."

There are few stories like that of Hulda entered in the East End visitor's note-book—a tragic commencement leading to a glorious sequel. Most of the stories entered there are of a gloomier cast:—stories of waifs and strays, tossed hither and thither on the stormy, polluted waves of eastern London, and, with no hand to help nor eye to pity, are lost there: stories of sickness, want, raggedness, and at last starvation, overtaking men and women who have "seen better days," and are too proud to beg for succour, and who have turned their faces to the wall and died, rather than

accept the alternative of the workhouse: stories of hundreds of defenceless women and children in Wapping, Shadwell, Bethnal Green, Shoreditch, Spitalfields, to whom London, with its luxury, wealth, pomp, abundance, is a shelterless desert, where they drop unheeded and uncared for, through sheer want: and, saddest of all, stories of sin and shame; of men and women who will *not* be saved; who, even when rescued by some friendly hand, and outwardly cleansed and healed, will not turn back to give glory to God. Yet although Hulda's story forms an exceptionally bright page in the East End note-book, we may not abate our efforts for God's poor. For verily he knows the heart, and when he sees it to be good, he will refresh the weary soul of his faithful labourer with the wine of success.

M. A. PALMER.

THE TRAGEDY—ACTED EVERY NIGHT.

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D.D., NEW YORK.



SCENE FIRST.—A dingy room, with a dull light in it; on an old and ill-used sofa a pale, jaded woman in a half-sleep. We may study the room till she awakes.

Something of former respectability in it. Bookcase, for example, with glass doors—now a general depository of odds and ends; carpet of nice pattern, but sorely faded, and worn into ragged holes near the windows; window-curtains once there, as appears by the poles, once gilt, now disclosing their native pine; chairs unstable, and of several patterns; a small clock on the mantle-piece, the newest-looking thing in the place, that strikes with a quick, wheezing sound, as if it had caught cold and rushed through its striking nervously, as if ashamed of itself, and glad to be done with it. But it wakes up the woman from her dog-sleep.

"Twelve o'clock, and Tom's not home yet. Well, I wonder where he is. What am I to do? I'm dead-tired; I wish I could go to—" Ringing at the doorbell violently and continuously, and she goes to open the door; returns accompanied by a youth of about fifteen.

While the poor mother, in evident fear, lays out a supper, let us take a survey of him. His face is the oldest of him, two or three years older than his body; traces of good features—eyes, for example; lips thickened and swollen, and cheeks flabby and tallow-coloured. Clothes unmatched; part shabby, part flashy; all smelling strongly of tobacco smoke.

"Where were you, Tom?" timidly says the mother.

"Oh, enjoying myself"

"I know; but where, Tom?"

"Oh! at Hallack's; all the fellows were there."

"And where then, Tom?"

"Oh, nowhere; took a walk."

"Tom, you were somewhere else; you were drinking; I know it."

"Oh yes! the fellows turned in at the corner and had a drink."

"Tom dear, I am—you'll break my heart."

"Come now, stop that, mother. If a fellow works hard all day he must have some fun when he can, without being cross-questioned;" and pushing the empty plate away, and rising with a movement that upset his chair, Tom slams the door after him, and goes to his bed.

"God help me! what can I do?"

Yes; God help you, poor weak mother! You gave up the reins to a headstrong boy too soon. And now you cannot get them back.

SCENE SECOND.—The same room, darker and more dismal, bookcase and clock gone; no carpet; a woman, old and feeble, with a look of constant terror. Long past midnight. Several times she has moved about, started, listened, drawn her old shawl around her bent shoulders, and then flung herself down again. At length there is knocking, and Tom comes in. He is a man now, in size and years, but with a defiant and dare-devil look that makes you turn away from him. His breath is heavy with drink, and his clothes look as if he picked them on chance out of a heap.

"Tom dear, you're killing yourself, and you're killing me too. It's past three o'clock, and I'm—"

"Come now, shut up, old woman; I know all that by this time pretty well, I guess. You just get to your bed, and I'll take care of myself."

"Tom, I don't want to go till you're ready; I'll wait."

"Come, old woman, here's your candle. I'm old enough to mind Number One."

And the poor mother goes. He would abuse her, strike her, as he has many a time done, when quite drunk, if she did not. She goes to bed, but not to sleep—to think and weep. Yes! she thinks. Tom is not

her oldest child. She had another, Willy, who died at the age of two. She remembers the little curly head, the smooth brow, the waxen hands that lay in the small coffin, beside which she and her husband stood and wept bitterly. She was broken-hearted. All the world looked like a grave to her. It was many a day before she was content to think that God should take her child. And then Tom came. She thought of him as a baby, of his baby tricks, of his boyish ways, of her pride in him. And now! Ah! she thinks there are heavier blows than death can strike. There are greater griefs than a child's dying. And the poor crushed, confused spirit wanders to and fro, from the coffin of dead Willy to the living sorrow of her life; and then come broken thoughts of God. Perhaps she had been wrong to Him. Perhaps she was seeing it now. Perhaps He would pity her. He knew a parent's heart. He was "Our Father;" and then she thought of her mother, and remembered her mother teaching her "Our Father." Oh, how long ago and far away that appeared! Ages of sorrow lay between. And she went over "Our Father" to the very end. Thus diverted from her griefs, and soothed and worn out, the poor gray-headed, heart-broken old woman went to sleep.

As for Tom, when his mother left the room, and was quiet, he produced a bottle he had brought in; he raked up the coals in the stove; he drank again and again; and then flung himself on his bed and slept the drunkard's sleep.

SCENE THIRD.—The same room, better furnished; some new things in it, and a sewing-machine in the space by the window. The old mother gone—dead and buried. Tom has married. That is his wife, with a print gown of flaming colours, and enormous ear-rings. She had been a domestic, but got tired of restraint, saved money, and set up a sewing-machine, and thus was free to go to the theatre, where she met Tom, walked with him, received his proposals, and at length married him, a year ago. It is past eleven o'clock when Tom comes in, to find his wife's brows black as night, and an ominous silence, threatening a storm.

"Got any supper for a fellow, Bess?" is Tom's introduction of himself.

"Get your supper where you spend supper-time," is the gruff response.

"Get me my supper, Bess," he shouts out, stamping his foot, and trying to look the bully.

"Not if I know it," is the stolid reply.

He raises his hand, as if to strike her.

"Don't do it, Tom, I advise you; if you hit me you'll rue it. 'Tisn't your old mother you have to knock about, mind you."

Tom is a coward at heart. He dare not strike her, but he takes up his hat, slams the door, and goes to a

basement saloon close by; and it is not till dinner-time next day she sees him again.

SCENE FOURTH, AND LAST.—The same room, but very dreary and empty. The sewing-machine has been pawned; the new things are gone, and the old look older and older. Bessie is a mother, with a pale, sickly baby; she was long ill—is weak yet; and she has been in the womanly weakness of these mournful months completely beaten down and cowed by her brutal husband. Poor Bessie! she was not radically bad; only gay and foolish. She did not respect Tom, but she wanted to "change her life, and she thought she liked him," and could get on with him. But Tom has grown worse—much worse. He is hardly ever quite sober. His associates are the vilest, male and female. He has just been in a dance-house, where some maudlin compliments to a frequenter of the place are flung back to him with contempt, for he is known to be without a cent. "Get away; what business have you here? Go home to that washed-out rag of your own."

In the temper this stinging insult produces Tom tumbles home late at night to find Bessie asleep; no coal for the stove, and no supper. There is an altercation; abusive language; fierce retort; blows. If the demons can get any peculiar joy out of human sin and woe, it must surely be when they see the sweet wine of married life turned into the bitter vinegar of hatred and strife; when they see a man's hand uplifted to fell to the ground the trembling woman he swore to love and cherish. And they saw this in Tom's room—they, and the old man, with his grandson, that sold newspapers and apples, and lived in the opposite room. The old man and his grandson saw that poor creature knocked down with his clenched fists. They called out to him. Her very helplessness angered him. "I will kill you outright and be done with it!" and he took up a chair and aimed a blow at her. She thought, "He will not hit the child," and held up her babe. Too late; the blow had been aimed already; the baby's head had received it first. She screamed, "Oh, my child!" and fell too. The old man and the boy saw it. They brought the police. Bessie they found sitting on the ground bleeding, hugging to her bosom the little body, groaning out at intervals as if nobody was there, "Oh, my murdered child! my murdered child!"

Yes; murder, with the extenuating circumstance that he was drunk. Certain falls upon Tom on his way to prison for ten years.

As you and I, reader, turn from the tragedy, we moralize: "Something very wrong in the social mill that grinds out results like that; wonder could we do anything to mend it?" At least we can dedicate this outline to all the unsuspecting young women who are thinking of marrying drunkards, and all the mothers who are spoiling their sons by giving them their own way.

CHRISTIAN FURCHTEGOTT GELLERT.

A MEMOIR BY W. O. VON HORN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER I.



HE parsonage of the little town of Hainichen, near Freiberg, in the Saxon Erzgebirge, presented in the year 1715 a picture of the most lamentable decay. Whether the reason was to be found in the poverty of the town treasury, or the indifference of the town-councillors to the welfare of the worthy pastor occupying the second charge in Hainichen, does not appear; but, at all events, it is a well-authenticated fact that the parsonage was supported by fifteen props, to prevent it sinking to utter ruin.

Yet nevertheless this ancient and dilapidated building afforded shelter to a large family, who, knit together in the blessed fellowship of faith and love, led a life of piety, peace, and contentment, such as we believe to be acceptable and well pleasing in the sight of God.

The happy parents were already surrounded by a numerous family, when, on the 4th of June 1715, their fifth son first saw the light. Many a father would, under the circumstances, have been overwhelmed with care and anxiety, especially if, as in the pious Pastor Gellert's case, his scanty income hardly afforded the needful means of support and education for so many children. Gellert, however, did not give way to unbelieving fear. Full of faith and gratitude, he inscribed in the church book, on registering the child's birth and baptism, the heart-felt petition, "O Lord, hear my prayer for this son also, and grant him discretion, piety, and eternal life." This pious and affectionate parental request was abundantly fulfilled.

On the day of Christian Gellert's birth, his father planted in the parsonage garden a lime-tree, to grow up with the child and spread its sheltering branches over him—a custom of those days, so beautiful and significant, that it is a pity that it should, like so many more of the good old ways, have fallen into disuse. This lime-tree grew and flourished long after he for whom it was planted was mouldering in the dust, and is still known in Hainichen as Gellert's lime-tree; for the memory of him whose name it bears lives fresh and green in his native place, as well as throughout the length and breadth of his fatherland.

Another laudable custom, and one not yet wholly extinct in Saxony, is the bestowal in holy baptism of a name with a meaning calculated to remind its bearer of his high Christian calling. In accordance with this usage, Pastor Gellert gave the names Christian Fürchtegott (Fear God) to his son, whose whole conduct, both

in youth and manhood, signally corresponded with the admonition conveyed in this designation.

As has already been stated, the life of the family inhabiting the humble parsonage—so frail that it could scarcely stand alone—was characterized by genuine affection and vital godliness, and consecrated by believing prayer. The father's rule was tempered by love, while the mild and benignant influence of the pious mother, Johanna Salome, née Schütz, pervaded the whole household.

Little Christian was a sickly child, and gave no promise of ever being, like Saul of old, a head higher than any of the people, or of shaking, like Samson, the pillars of a house, or even one of the numerous props supporting his father's dwelling. He was of a delicate constitution, and never enjoyed good health; but his fine eyes beamed with intelligence and benevolence, which made him a general favourite, and the darling of his parents, who, as it was, cherished a special affection for him, as if God in his goodness had taught them that a sickly child needs more of the light and warmth of love than those fitted by a robust constitution to push their own way in the world.

Thus the delicate boy grew up in the genial atmosphere of parental affection, though he failed to become strong and healthy like his lime-tree by the house, which flourished under the influences of the sunshine and the fresh breezes.

His godly upbringing left a lasting impress on his mind. His excellent mother, notwithstanding the smallness of the living, had always something to spare for the poor and needy, who never left her threshold without relief, accompanied by kind words. She likewise sought out the sick and afflicted in the little town, and was to them a ministering angel. An example like this makes a deep and abiding impression on the mind of a child, and is a far better portion and inheritance than abundance of worldly wealth. When, in after days, we find Gellert sharing his last shilling with the poor and needy, and acting out consistently the part of the good Samaritan, we need not ask where this life of Christian charity was rooted and grounded: it plainly had its origin in the heart of a mother such as we may well wish that every child possessed. How many germs to be developed in the future lie concealed in the home of our childhood and the example of our parents! Would to God they were all germs of blessing!

In the home of Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, only

the seeds of holiness and godliness were implanted in the minds of the children, to bring forth in due season the fruits of righteousness. The whole family turned out well, while the blessings received in a pious home accompanied them throughout life.

Thirteen children—a Swiss dozen, as we say in Germany—filled the old tottering parsonage of Hainichen with noise and glee. All of them, as already stated, acted their part in life well, and were a comfort and credit to their parents.

After some years the father left the tumble-down house, with its fifteen props, for the first pastoral charge of the town, it pleasing Heaven to bestow on him ampler means of support to meet the growing expenses of his rising family.

Here there occurs to me a thought, to which I would fain give utterance. Let not those who have been accustomed to very limited means, who have never known what it is to have a full cup to carry, suppose for a moment that theirs is consequently a hard lot. How often have I remarked—and a life of half a century and longer affords ample time and opportunity for observation—that luxury in youth has proved a dire misfortune to those who in later years, amidst the inevitable privations of life, could not forget the flesh-pots of Egypt! How often have I seen—ay, and learned by personal experience too—that comparative poverty in early life has proved a great blessing! The contentment and humility thus acquired accompany one through life, through thick and thin, through shade and sunshine. Well for him who, like the blessed apostle, has learned “both to abound and to suffer want,” and to rest content with such things as God in his mercy sees fit to bestow. This is a great blessing. How difficult is it for those accustomed to luxuries in youth to learn to dispense with them! How hard to leave a home where every wish has been anticipated, for the wastes and deserts of life, and to become used to privation! It is an easy matter to put into practice what has been learned in youth, but a bitter trial to begin to learn self-denial in later years.

The remarkably simple and self-denying mode of life in the home of his childhood was a great and abiding blessing to Christian Gellert. He ever remained simple in his tastes, unassuming in his manners, and considerate and liberal to the poor and afflicted. His heart was always open to the woes of others, and filled with contentment, even when, as not unfrequently happened, he could hardly manage to make both ends meet.

The groundwork of his education was laid in the schools of his native town, which, however, were far from efficient. Here the rod maintained a vigorous sway, teaching obedience—a virtue on which, in after years, Gellert pronounced many an encomium, as well as on diligence which was inculcated by the same means. It must be allowed, notwithstanding, that the intellectual benefits conferred in these schools were by no means of a high

order. However, the teachers did not fail to earn Gellert's lasting gratitude, seeing that they did all they could for him. The esteem and affection which he bore to his teachers form another amiable trait in the character of this excellent man. In our own day this is a rare virtue indeed. How often one hears boys pass severe criticisms on their teachers, and speak slightly even of the most estimable and devoted of them—thus displaying base ingratitude, and a perverse and froward disposition. And it is just the teachers who have taken the most pains with us—our first instructors, who taught us reading, thus paving the way to higher attainments, and laying the foundation of future knowledge—who most rarely receive the gratitude which they so well deserve.

Gellert was at a very early age set to earn money. When scarcely eleven he was expected to contribute his share towards the family expenses. Too delicate for bodily exertion, and writing an excellent hand, he was required to earn what he could by copying. Then, as now, there was a vast amount of writing to do in public offices, and copyists were much in demand. So Gellert was supplied with work; and after school hours, when other boys when free to rove over hill and dale, or play in the woods and fields, he sat quietly at home, copying out dry documents in willing submission to his father's commands, glad to help towards the household expenses. Probably this form of occupation sowed the seeds of the malady which embittered his life and caused his untimely death. At all events, so large an amount of sedentary employment at this early age retarded his physical development, a result assuredly never contemplated by his affectionate parents, who, could they have foreseen this evil, would doubtless have done all in their power to prevent it.

Gellert must have written a great deal, for in after years he was wont to remark in jest that his native town could show more of his penmanship in contracts, business letters, and account-books, than all the works of his later life put together; and he was far too truthful to be guilty of any exaggeration.

Here we have, no doubt, the source of Gellert's remarkable diligence and unceasing activity in after life. Those who in youth acquire the excellent habit of applying themselves to regular and profitable employment, can never endure to become useless hangers-on, and will conscientiously avoid idleness, that vice which the true proverb declares to be the “devil's opportunity.” I would by no means attempt to justify the course pursued by Gellert's parents with regard to their son, seeing there can be no greater mistake than to consign a delicate child to a sedentary life; but cannot forbear commending the practice of early accustoming young people to systematic employment—the preventive to much sorrow and sin. Many parents neglect this duty, just as they do that of preserving strict discipline; a blessing which yields its fruits long after we have outgrown the control of our parents; perhaps after God has

taken them to himself. Solomon well knew its value ; so did other wise men of old.

Many who knew and loved Christian believed that there was a great deal in the thoughtful boy that would some day, under God's gracious guidance, manifest itself as surely as the bud develops into flower and fruit. But that he was a poet, destined to pen such beautiful and edifying hymns to the glory of God, and to teach by his popular fables the way of righteousness to many, no one as yet imagined. Of course, it was impossible to tell what was at work in the boy's mind ; yet at a very early period a specimen of what was within struggled to the surface, just as the modest snowdrop peeps forth before its mother earth is entirely divested of her icy fetters.

It is not quite clearly proved if Gellert's first attempt at verse was a poem composed in his thirteenth year, on the occasion of his father's birth-day, but at all events it was the first that met the eyes of his friends. Though defective in some respects, it was distinguished by great originality. Here I think it right to give an extract from a work on Gellert, by the celebrated Dr. Gotthelf Heinrich Schubert of Munich. He says : " Were the poem composed by Gellert in his thirteenth year on the occasion of his father's birth-day still extant, its childish simplicity would no doubt give us a better idea of the home of the youthful bard, as well as of his own experiences and surroundings, than any other description could possibly afford. The house inhabited by Gellert's parents and their thirteen children, of whom our hero was one of the younger branches, supplied in its architectural peculiarities sufficient material for poetical contemplation. Owing to its extreme antiquity, it no longer stood, so to speak, on its own feet ; but was so artistically supported by means of fourteen or fifteen props, that at least the roof always remained above and the threshold below. Under these circumstances, what could be more natural than for young Gellert to celebrate in his birth-day ode his father as the house, and to represent his mother, the thirteen children, and one grandchild as the supporters and upholders of the name of Gellert, each of whom after his own peculiar fashion offered his congratulations to the father. This first poetical attempt displayed so remarkable a combination of filial devotion and genial humour, that it found high favour in the eyes of Gellert's numerous friends and relatives, many of whom retained portions of it in their memory long after its author had committed it with several other juvenile attempts to the flames.

" The dilapidated house," continues Schubert, " no longer able to bear its own weight, was the abode of peace with God and man, and, like the swallow's nest of the 84th Psalm, a habitation by the altar of God, where early and late, and by old and young, God's praises were sung and his precepts remembered. When Gellert's father died, in his seventy-fifth year, he had filled his sacred office fifty years ; while his wife had by her meek and gentle conversation, and her works of love among the poor, proved a true helpmate to him. So judiciously

did they manage their temporal affairs, that, by God's blessing on their honest thrift, very far removed from niggardliness, they maintained and educated their family most respectably. Dry bread may have been all that their scanty income afforded, but it was never the bread of sorrow. The truth that ' man does not live by bread alone,' was abundantly exemplified in the excellent health and spirits enjoyed by both parents and children. The petition of the Psalmist, frequently employed by the father in his family devotions : ' Uphold me by thy free Spirit ! ' was amply fulfilled in his own experience and that of his family, who all found their chief delight in studying the will of God, and endeavouring to walk in conformity to it. Happy, indeed, the house upheld by props like these ! "

I have quoted these words of the worthy Schubert's, because they so happily delineate the family life under the influence of which Gellert grew up.

It is a matter of regret that we no longer possess the birth-day ode of the youthful poet. Some years later Gellert found it stowed away with others of his early writings, and thinking it very defective both in matter and form, committed it to the flames. As Schubert remarks, it must have been eminently characteristic of the intellectual tendencies of the boy, as well as a faithful representation of his home life. Its odd ideas and quaint conceits are said to have given rise to much merriment in the family circle.

Meanwhile, the time had arrived when measures had to be adopted for the completion of young Gellert's education. Many a family council was held, no doubt, on this important matter ; while many a heavy sigh from the mother's affectionate heart, and many a furrow on the father's care-worn brow, testified to the difficulties of the case. At length, however, the desired end was accomplished, though by what means is not precisely known. Perhaps, when home resources failed, unlooked for help from without may have been supplied. At all events, we know that " man's necessity is God's opportunity."

In the year 1729 Gellert entered the Government Seminary at Meissen. Here too, unfortunately, the style of teaching, as usual in those days, was but little calculated to awaken and inspire the energies of an earnest student ; yet here, nevertheless, Gellert collected materials for future use, and laboured incessantly at his own intellectual advancement, devoting himself specially to poetry, which possessed powerful attractions for him. He led a quiet and retired life, was punctual and conscientious in the discharge of his duties, and gained the friendship of all his teachers. His obedience to his teachers, and whole demeanour towards his companions, were exemplary, and his life and conduct blameless.

His deep religious feeling was displayed in the fervour of his morning and evening devotions : while on Sunday he regularly attended divine service, and spent much time in reading the Scriptures ; engaging in

religious duties till the evening, when, in summer, he used to walk with his companions to admire the works of God in nature. Such were the fruits of the early training enjoyed in his pious home; and the high principles and strict propriety of conduct inculcated there continued to distinguish him all his days. It was no wonder that his teachers held him up as a model to all his school-fellows. In many cases this proceeding would have rendered the favoured one an object of dislike, if not of scorn, and envy to the rest; but the gentleness and amiability of Gellert's whole behaviour checked any bitter feelings which might otherwise have arisen in the minds of his companions. Being preferred and singled out as a model to others, is very apt to foster a spirit of self-complacency in the object of such treatment, who can scarcely avoid being aware of the fact; but Gellert was far from harbouring any feeling of the sort. His modesty and humility were too deeply rooted to be easily shaken. He was never satisfied with his own attainments, pure as was his mind, and godly as was his life. This unfeigned humility proved an effectual antidote to the praises lavished on him by his teachers.

From his earliest years Gellert was of a shy and retiring disposition, and had little relish for the noisy diversions generally preferred by boys of his own age; and though his amiable disposition made him desire the friendship of others, it was a very difficult task for him to seek it. His was one of the natures which require to be sought; and it cost him much to overcome his great constitutional timidity. But like never fails to draw to like. Even under the most adverse circumstances kindred spirits claim affinity with each other, and once united, continue inseparable.

Two talented youths, Gärtner and Rabener, were Gellert's fellow-students at Meissen. Both of them possessed poetical genius, and they had formed a compact of friendship to which they now admitted a third party—Gellert. This alliance was adhered to with singular constancy, and proved a source of mutual edification and blessing only interrupted by death.

Gellert was unspeakably happy in the society of these friends; finding in it the gratification of a deep craving of his nature. He now knew what it was to enjoy full fellowship with those who appreciated and loved him, and to whom he could give his affection and esteem in return. He no longer suffered under a painful sense of isolation, and began to rejoice in the prospect of better days. His friends, like himself, were fully alive to the defects of their school-training, and regretted the neglect under which their native tongue, so pure and deep, so rich and beautiful, then languished. They too comprehended the urgent necessity of acquiring the facility of expression in their own language, which many of their contemporaries appeared to be losing. This consideration encouraged them to united efforts for the improvement of their taste and the development of their powers of criticism,

and inspired them likewise with poetical ardour. They wrote verses and submitted them to one another's examination, no one else being permitted to see them.

It is plain what an improving influence this method must have exercised; but unfortunately, at this early stage of his career, there arose in Gellert's path hindrances which daily became more formidable.

He had certainly not been spoiled by too tender treatment in youth; but the sedentary occupation to which he had been doomed while yet a child, when he would have been far better employed playing in the open air, was the reason that his naturally very delicate organization never gained strength. Continued study and want of exercise laid the foundation of an internal malady, apt to produce great depression of spirits. Thus originated the bad health which cast a gloom over his whole life, and often assumed the form of hypochondria.

This disease began to tell upon his constitution at a very early age; the more to be regretted, as it was at the very time when his physical powers ought to have been developed. Frequently recurring indisposition prevented him from sharing the labours and studies of his young friends, a privation which was a source of the deepest regret to him. This circumstance, however, wrought no change in their mutual relations; on the contrary, knowing and appreciating his worth, his spotless moral character, genuine piety and fine talents, his friends made every allowance for him; while his bodily sufferings only endeared him to their faithful hearts. So the three continued sworn friends, and owed infinitely more of their success in life to their endeavours for mutual improvement than to the training of the Institution, well-qualified and earnest as their teachers undoubtedly were.

CHAPTER II.

THE time, well spent in these united endeavours after mental improvement, passed rapidly away, and the day approached when Gellert and his two friends were to enter the University of Leipzig. This new era in his history gave rise, we may conjecture, to fresh anxieties in the personage of Hainichen; but these were allayed by the fact that Gellert's university expenses amounted to very little more than the cost of his board and schooling at Meissen. He had not the inclination nor even the physical strength for the wild excesses of student life. Of a contemplative rather than an active disposition, it was impossible that he could take any pleasure in a life of dissipation. Besides, he was far too serious to relish the frivolity, bordering on childishness, which characterized these merry-makings, too shy to seek society, and too often ailing to participate in festivities for which his sickly constitution entirely unfitted him. Thus various circumstances united to render his university life singularly quiet and retired, as

well as conducive to his intellectual advancement. Learning, too, possessed such charms for him, that it would have been no easy matter to divert his attention from it. Here new fields of knowledge were opened up to him, which presented irresistible attractions to his inquiring mind.

Perhaps it may occur to the reader to inquire to what profession Gellert intended to devote himself. When we take into account his early piety and gentle and amiable disposition, we feel inclined to predict that he was likely one day to become a useful pastor and eloquent preacher, and should think it strange indeed if the sacred calling, so highly esteemed and faithfully exercised by the pious father, had not influenced the susceptible mind of the son in choosing a profession; while his godly mother, we may safely assume, cherished an ardent desire to see her son follow in his father's footsteps. Compulsion, of course, was out of the question; yet many indirect influences, harmonizing with his own views and inclinations, led him to form the resolve to devote himself to the ministry, and to direct his course of study accordingly. His choice of a profession gave rise to much grave consideration, especially with regard to his somewhat defective memory, his nervousness, and tendency to chest-complaint.

At nineteen he entered the university. His earnestness and diligence were as intense as ever, and he divided his time between study and the society of his chosen friends.

"Why did he not, when the pressing circumstances of his family obliged him to leave the university sooner than he wished, at once enter the work of the ministry?" asks one of our most eminent men, Probst Nitsch of Berlin, author of an excellent article on Gellert. "While yet a scholar at the academy of Meissen," he continues, replying to his own query, "Gellert attempted to speak at the grave of a child for whom he had stood sponsor. He began with some degree of confidence; but soon broke down, took out his manuscript, and, not without difficulty, concluded the address. From that day the thought of preaching made him so nervous, that he never attempted it without taking a whole week to commit his discourse to memory."

He describes his terror on this occasion in moving terms, and adds, "Wretched speaker that I am: how I wished myself the grave-digger instead of the preacher!" This incident shows what perplexity his defective memory caused him, and proves how laborious his pulpit preparation must have been. In addition to this, his chest was painfully affected by public speaking. Yet in some respects he was eminently fitted for a preacher's important work; his manner being attractive, and his arguments clear and convincing. That great success would in all probability have attended his preaching, is evidenced by the few remaining fragments of his sermons preserved by one of his biographers, as well as by the acceptability of his pulpit ministrations in his native town.

Nitsch goes on to say: "Providence had assigned to Gellert a special mission in teaching and the cure of souls, as well as in leading the devotions of the Church. He was destined to become a burning and a shining light to many congregations; a pastor to a far greater number of souls than those contained within the bounds of any parish; and the leader of the prayers and praise of his countrymen in general, above any of his contemporaries."

These significant words intimate that Gellert could not make up his mind to devote his rich intellectual endowments to the clerical calling; and that, by divine guidance, there was opened up to him a sphere of usefulness, comprising the whole of Germany; while his valuable writings, translated into almost every European language, were read far beyond the limits of his native country.

Man proposes, but God disposes. Gellert's relatives regretted that his incurable timidity and weak chest stood in the way of their views and expectations concerning him; while, not improbably, he himself heaved many a sigh over his failure. But low as was his opinion of his own powers, his firm trust in God remained unshaken. Most touchingly does he give expression to this lively confidence in some of the hymns which afterwards became so popular. None looking to God were ever yet put to shame; no more was Gellert. His devout and childlike faith rested on Him who orders all things, and who brings light out of darkness, even when, to our feeble mortal sight, all is confusion and gloom. Heavenward is the right direction for voyagers on the stormy sea of life to steer in.

Once more the insufficiency of his means loomed before Gellert as an insurmountable hindrance in his path, modest as were his requirements. To return to Leipzig in order to pursue his studies was the dearest wish of his heart, yet he saw no way to its fulfilment. In that city he had spent his happiest days in uninterrupted communion with his old school-fellows, and other friends more recently acquired, and in constant devotion to study. His manifold privations, his repasts on dry bread, washed down with the wine of the country—none of the best—went for nothing with Gellert, who at home had been inured to a simple, even penurious style of living, and who well knew how to keep his appetites and desires in strict control.

And yet, after all, it was out of the question for him to think of residing at Leipzig, even in the most economical manner.

No doubt the worthy man had his hours of gloom when he considered these circumstances, and asked, "Whither shall I go?—what shall I turn my hand to!" and no answer was forthcoming. Often clasping his hands, he meekly bent his head in prayer to his God and Saviour, and thus obtained strength to contemplate the cheerless future. Or he took up the Word of God—the unfailing source of comfort to fainting souls—and read some passage like Isaiah xli. 10, when his soul

"mounted up on eagle's wings;" and he experienced the truth of the blessed assurance in Isaiah xxx. 15: "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

And very soon a door was graciously opened to him. About this time a Herr von Lüttichau, residing on an estate near Dresden, was about to send his two sons to the University of Leipzig, and wished the services of an experienced tutor to accompany them thither and superintend their studies. Through the kind offices of a friend, this situation, with a fair salary, was offered to Gellert, who thankfully recognized in this event the merciful interposition of Providence in thus affording him a favourable opportunity of resuming his studies. With deep gratitude to Him who leads his people by a way that they know not, he accepted the situation, accompanied the youths to Leipzig, and fulfilled his duties to the entire satisfaction of his estimable employer, by whose family he was ever held in grateful remembrance.

When the two youths left the university, Gellert was again at a loss for employment. The difficulties of the case were increased by the fact that he had been unable to save any money. So, once more he was obliged to quit his beloved Leipzig, to forego the society of his chosen friends, and return home, to help to consume without being able to increase the very limited resources of the family. Hard as this alternative seemed, it was all that remained to him. He went resignedly home and applied himself with his usual diligence and conscientiousness to the instruction of his sister's son and his younger brothers and sisters, glad to make himself useful in this way, well knowing the deficiencies of the schools of his native place. This pleasing occupation, and the genial atmosphere of a pious home, proved highly beneficial to his health and spirits. Often in after years he alluded pensively to these days as the most unclouded and peaceful of his life. The invigorating breezes of his native mountains, and his availing himself of his leisure to take plenty of exercise in the open air, had, no doubt, a share in producing this happy effect.

He now applied himself more earnestly than ever to the study of the Scriptures, and thus made rapid and abiding progress in the life of godliness. This was manifested by his close attendance on the public means of grace and strict observance of the Lord's-day, a season to him of deep devotion and holy contemplation. The exercises of the sanctuary, reading the Scriptures and prayer, were his occupations on this sacred day; and so conscientious was his observance of it, that it gave him serious uneasiness even to be obliged to write a letter on Sunday. To the close of his earthly pilgrimage he remained steadfast to these principles, never deviating a hair's-breadth from them.

His views on this most important subject are fully expressed in the following extract from one of his works:—"We treat the Lord's-day," he says, "far too lightly. I am persuaded that the devout use of this day is an indispensable, as well as the most effectual means to promote vital godliness. To tear ourselves away on

Sunday from all worldly business, in order to try our own hearts and raise them heavenward, and nourish and strengthen them with divine truth, is to strengthen them for the whole week, and to fit ourselves for the conscientious discharge of our calling. How can he who sanctifies the Lord's-day spend the rest of the week unworthily? and how can he who profanes it believe in the duty of using the week-days aright? Listen, reader, whosoever thou art. The due observance of the Sabbath insures the right use of the whole week. Therefore on the Lord's-day forget the trifles of earth, and devote thyself entirely to heavenly things. Strive after a true sense of God's goodness, of the blessing of pious friends, and their conversation, of the wonders and beauties of nature. Pray with thanksgiving. Examine thy own heart, thy attainments, thy infirmities, and the hindrances in thy path. Acknowledge that from God alone thou receivest the power to do well. Seek strength from him, and be thankful for the measure of it which he sees meet to grant thee. In the tumult of worldly business, and amidst the pressing concerns of life, we should altogether forget our weakness and unworthiness, were there not a season set apart for learning our own feebleness and the power and goodness of God—our own insignificance and his majesty. To work like this the Lord's-day should be entirely devoted. For the little social pleasures which we forego, we receive the infinitely higher joys of religion and the peace of God which refuses to enter the heart till it learns to shut out the turmoil of earthly affairs. Above all, search the Scriptures on this day, with the help of a good commentary, study sacred history, and from the vast stock of printed sermons select for thy own reading those which most affect the heart."

When the nephew to whose education he had devoted so much attention, was ready to enter the university, Gellert was delighted to accompany the youth to Leipzig and superintend his studies, joyfully availing himself of the opportunity to pursue his own.

In allusion to this period of his life, he says:—"I was very poor when I visited Leipzig the second time; but never for a single day did my gracious God suffer me to lack the necessities of life. On once more beholding the beloved city, I remember wishing that God, if he saw fit, would permit me to spend my days there. This desire has been fulfilled, though at the time I expected my residence there to close with my attendance at the university."

Gellert lived with his nephew, assisted him in his studies, and employed the time which remained over from this duty and his own studies in giving lessons to young men. He also applied himself to acquiring a thorough knowledge of French and English. He cultivated more assiduously than ever the society of his old friends, Gärtner and Rabener, and became acquainted with Cramer and Zachariä. These four undertook the joint editorship of a periodical entitled *Bremen Papers*. It was their earnest desire that Gellert should become a contributor to it, but he had many scruples to overcome

before he could make up his mind to do so, and a considerable period elapsed before he complied with their request.

At this time one of the Leipzig professors, Gottsched, had great influence with Gellert, who wrote for a magazine of his, and assisted him in various other literary undertakings. Gellert's articles were very popular, and the professor would willingly have retained his services; however, the two men did not suit one another. Gellert was fully justified in giving up all connection with Gottsched and his work; after which he joined his old friends and wrote for their periodical. Its numerous readers soon appreciated Gellert's articles; his fables and moral tales especially were extremely popular. People were bent on reading them, and threw down the magazine in disappointment when it contained nothing of Gellert's; and whenever they lighted upon a contribution of his, greedily devoured it. His name was on every one's lips; but he had no idea of such a thing, and never dreamed that he was the favourite author of a large circle of readers.

It was now high time for Gellert to think of being settled in life. His bad health, the seeds of which had been sown at Meissen, and which constant study and sedentary occupation had greatly aggravated, put it out of the question for him to adopt any profession demanding the discharge of regular duty. Moreover, he would have been miserable in any situation which divided him from Leipzig and his beloved friends. Yet in Leipzig he could remain in one capacity only—that of a professor of the university. The first step towards the attainment of this position was to become Master of Arts. In order to do so it was incumbent on him, in accordance with an ancient usage of the place, to write a learned treatise, and defend the same in Latin against whoever thought fit to assail it. Notwithstanding his great natural timidity, he agreed to undergo this ordeal: the public disputation took place, and Gellert came off victorious.

He was now sure of his professorship, but doubts arose in his own mind as to his competency to discharge the duties required of him. However, summoning his extensive learning and great intellectual power to the work, and in humble reliance on his Lord and Master, he commenced his public lectures.

Gellert was well known and highly respected in Leip-

zig, where no one doubted either his learning or his gift of imparting it in a singularly lucid and attractive manner to others. The students flocked to hear him, while he zealously embraced every opportunity of recommending morality and true godliness to his audience. It was always the heart and soul of Gellert's teaching that all learning and culture were wholly unprofitable, unless they affected the heart and life, and prepared men to receive the kingdom of God. In his eyes all scientific labour and all works of imagination were valuable only in so far as they inculcated virtue and warned from vice. This was the chief tendency of his work as a teacher. The lectures to which he owes most of his fame, and which produced the most striking effect on his audience, were those on ethics.

His favourite occupation consisted in preparing talented youths to be schoolmasters or tutors. How signal a blessing a teacher may become, if the right man for his work, Gellert well knew by experience; and this consideration, as well as the salutary influence which the work exercised upon his own mind, led him to engage with enthusiasm in this labour of love.

He was rewarded by marked success in numerous instances, and overwhelmed with applications to engage tutors for families in the country. Persons of high standing in society obtained for their sons letters of introduction to Gellert, so that he was overwhelmed with visitors from every direction, and obliged to appoint certain hours when he could be seen, in order that his professional labours might not be interfered with.

At this period he resided in a house which went by the designation of the "Black Board," and belonged to a Dr. Junius. Thither multitudes daily resorted; for not only his hearers thought it a privilege to converse with him, to ask his counsel on matters of importance, and, in not a few cases, to seek relief for a conscience awakened by his fearless denunciations of vice, but strangers passing through the town often called to express to him the admiration and gratitude inspired by his writings. Not only in Leipzig was he beloved and esteemed—his name was held in reverence throughout the length and breadth of Germany. Here the question very naturally arises, How is this to be accounted for, and what was the cause of his wide-spread popularity?

(To be continued.)

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

BY CHRISTIAN F. GELLERT.

The Editor presumes that readers who are interested in the life and character of Gellert will be pleased to see a specimen of his hymns. The subjoined verses, closely and faithfully rendered, ought to be a fair sample, for they were literally the first of his that occurred in the collection employed.



HIS day shall yet, by God's command,
Be heralded in every land:
Oh, praise him, then, for Jesus' birth,
Inhabitants of heaven and earth!

For Thee the nations, in their need,
Longed mutely till the time decreed;
Then sent the Father from his throne
The Saviour of the world, his Son.

To grasp this mystery if I strain,
My spirit faints ; I strive in vain.
I bow before Thee, and confess
The love of God is limitless.

That grace to sinners may be given,
Thyself thou humblest, Lord of heaven ;
Of human nature takest part,
To cleanse from sin the human heart.

Thy King, O Zion, cometh ! see,
'Tis written in the Book of Me :
"I come to do thy will." Adored
Be He that cometh—Christ the Lord !

Redeemer, born of human race,
Immanuel, and Prince of Peace ;

In faith our fathers saw thy day :
To thee, Messiah, now we pray.

Through one man's sin condemned, the race
Is raised through one Redeemer's grace.
What cause hast thou, my heart, to quail ?
Thy Guardian dwells within the veil.

Rejoice, ye heavens, that saw the morn
On which the Holy One was born ?
And, earth, where dwelt the incarnate Word,
Sing thou a new song to the Lord !

This day shall yet, by God's command,
Be heralded in every land :
Oh, praise him, then, for Jesus' birth,
Inhabitants of heaven and earth !

THE PARABLE OF THE SOWER.

MATT. xiii. 3-9.

BY THE REV. DR. CALDERWOOD, PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.



WITH this parable we pass from individual duty, to the world-wide aspect of the work of the Lord of the kingdom, and of all its members working under his guidance, and according to his great plan for the world's regeneration. The unity of design in this work is made apparent through means of parabolic teaching, while within the scope of the parable may be found ample material for illustration of all its phases.

The common experience of the need for sowing in order to reaping affords here the first line of illustration; and then, passing from the external to what is more hidden, the heaven and hid treasure are selected as affording the key to the deeper results to be accomplished by the extension of the kingdom of grace. We direct attention first to the parable of the sower, having in this all the advantage of our Lord's own interpretation.

"Behold, a sower went forth to sow." This is a representation which the Son of God gives of his own appearance on earth to change the face of our world into a fruitful field, yielding plentifully the fruits of righteousness to his Father's glory. In accordance with the interpretation of the parable of the tares, "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man; the field is the world." There is great gain in illustrative force by the appearance here of a single sower, rather than a multitude of sowers far apart from one another over the world's surface, though acting under the direction of their Lord. It is thus made impressively conspicuous

that the ingathering of the fruits of righteousness is dependent upon the exercise of divine grace as the source of all. He who comes to save the world—he who comes as a lamb to be slain—comes also as a sower, bringing with him stores of seed. This is the explanation of all that has since happened in the history of the world, indicative of the growth and ripening of the fruits of righteousness under the sway of the Lord Jesus Christ. An handful of corn there was before on the tops of the mountains, but now the growing corn has spread down the mountain-sides and far into the valleys. Now it shakes like Lebanon.

Jesus comes as one who has stores of seed, enough for the requirements of the immense field over which it is to be scattered. He himself undertakes the work of sowing, spreading the good seed on the right hand and on the left as he moves over the fields. And this he continues so unceasingly that it is the very work of his life, until the appointed time draws on for yielding himself a sacrifice in our stead. And when personally he withdraws, and ascends the throne of his glory in the heavens, the sowing, as it proceeds, is still his sowing—carried on in his name, and with his blessing, by those whom he has awakened to self-consecration after his great example. If, in the midst of his suffering, we say, Behold the man! we may, in the midst of his toil, say, Behold the sower!

The seed is "the word of the kingdom"—the truth which Jesus, as the Prince of peace, the Revealer of the Father, discovered to men. In a sense all truth is as

seed, taking root, growing upwards, and bearing fruit after its kind. But the highest example of this is found in the word of life which takes root in the heart of man, and yields the fruit of righteousness continually in the life of those who receive it. Such truth has to do with the very sources of action in the mind of man; it cannot be received without having constant application to the life; and the only fruit which it can yield is the fruit of righteousness. All this is clear from the nature of the truth discovered by the Lord Jesus. It is a message of love and mercy from God; a discovery of pardon through the atoning death of the Son; an assurance of newness of life here, and perfection of glory hereafter. The Bible is to us the storehouse of this truth—the granary in which the Lord has laid up the treasures of seed. As the sowers in spring-tide must bring their sacks of grain to the field, and set them down there, to obtain fresh supply of corn as they continue casting it abroad, so must the sowers of the kingdom bring forth their supplies from the storehouse of Scripture, and cast abroad the sure word of the kingdom. The seed is the word, which is capable of putting forth its living power as soon as it is received into the living soul.

Such truth as that just described the Son of God casts upon the minds of men. A God-like exercise. The God of truth brings to man the truth most precious. The God of salvation bears in upon the soul of sinful man that truth which, if believed, proves the beginning of life eternal. But such truth is as seed which, unless it be lodged in the soil, remains dead—unless it go deep into good soil, wastes its vitality in a brief and fruitless growth. Thus it is with seed, and not less so with truth. Even the Son of God himself, when he goes forth as a preacher of righteousness, goes as the sower, who loses some seed as it falls from his hand, and finds that much of that which was safely covered contributes nothing to the harvest. The Lord of the universe is like to his creatures in this, that he casts abroad much seed which yields no return. In this relation there comes out to view what is for us the main practical lesson, to which we do well to take heed, not forgetting that even in the loss of the harvest there is no loss to God, but only to man.

"Some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up." The scene is familiar in every land. The birds of the air hover on the path of the sower, and are ever ready to alight and pick up the seed not fully covered. That which falls on the pathway is their sure portion. It is in vain that the harrows are dragged joltingly over the beaten track; to no purpose does the heavy roller lend its weight to crush the seed into the ground—still it continues exposed, and the fowls get an easy repast. This, the most unsatisfactory result, is that which is soonest seen. For the best results there needs to be the longest waiting. In this case the seed is scarce fallen from the hand until it is lost to the sower. And it is even so with the truth communicated to men. But why should the sower thus

lose his seed? Why should he cast any part of it on the pathway through which the opening ploughshare has not passed? Surely it is not for the sake of feeding these hungry fowls, which may well feed on something less valuable? Not for their sakes, certainly. But he casts away his seed with so free a hand only because of his wish that no part of the tilled land may want its share. And thus it is God acts in casting abroad the seeds of truth. His dispensation of the word of the kingdom is with unstinted hand, as their case bears witness who have so often received it without profiting, or yielding themselves to the service of God. It is done in love and mercy to all. That the prepared souls may have no lack, there is much toil spent and much seed lost in communication of truth to them who understand it not. This is after the manner of God. It is repeated at every sowing time. The truth is by him ever scattered wide of the prepared soil, well knowing that the spirit of evil has many emissaries hovering around, ready to snatch away the truth, even though they feed not upon it. For while the sower of corn may with some large-heartedness console himself for the loss of his grain by the thought that he is at least feeding the needy fowls, God casts abroad his truth in vain, knowing that the emissaries of evil, in snatching it away, do not themselves feed upon it, but only work for its destruction. This sower of truth goes his way mourning the loss, and in sadness of his spirit he says with himself, in hearing of those who are his fellow-workers, "If I had not come and spoken unto them they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin." But how comes it that there are any hearts so closed against the truth that they understand it not, even when they hear it uttered? Good reason there may be, why a part even of the corn-field should be given up for a footpath; but why should the hearts of any of the children of men be so without understanding of things sacred? Where the pathway now is, the soil was once soft as that around it; but long trodden by the foot, long untouched by the plough, it has become hardened, so that the seed rolls on its surface as though it were stone. There is such a history of mind, for minds long familiarized with the passing and repassing of evil thoughts, and long unacquainted with the penetrating power of conviction, which, like a ploughshare, pierces the soul, become hardened, understanding not what they are taught when they hear the words of eternal life. And yet even here there is hope. The present disappointment of the sower may not always continue. The pathway is not stone, but trodden soil, which, if it be only torn up by the ploughshare, may yet receive the seed, and yield a harvest.

"Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth: and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth: and when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away." It is not all covered seed which grows to maturity, and it is not all understood truth

which leads to practical results. If the truth be understood, it finds entrance into the mind ; but there must be more than this, in order that truth may yield its spiritual result. The failure in this case is longer in being discovered, for there is a false promise which fills the eye for a time, before the completeness of failure is visible. Such experience is common to every husbandman, and it is no less common in the sad experience of those who proclaim the divine message. Here is the explanation : the truth finds a lodgment, but there is not much depth; for just beneath the open soil there is much hardness of heart. At times the illustration is clearly set before the eyes, as when a cutting through the rock discovers the meagre depth of soil which covers it from the gaze. There seems but a turf and little more, and then the hard igneous rock for many feet downwards. This is the divinely chosen illustration of a class of hearers described with much minuteness. Their mental condition is indicated by these two things : pliability of surface, with great hardness underneath ; willingness to receive, but stubborn refusal to open the depths of the nature to the influences of the truth ; clearness and readiness of intellect, with hardness and slowness of heart. The successive stages of experience to one who is in this condition are nicely discriminated. The seeds fell into a thin surface soil, "and forthwith they sprung up, because they had not much deepness of earth." Quickness of growth is the first characteristic in this case. There is emphasis on the *forthwith*. It is not the strongest growth which pushes first above the surface. The explanation of the early appearance of growth is the reverse of satisfactory. It was because there was no possibility of striking downwards that the life was forced too quickly upwards, to an exposure for which it was ill prepared. There is a superficial readiness to receive the truth, and that with joy ; delighting in its beauty, in the divine compassion which it discovers, and in the blessings which it promises. The appreciation of the truth, and delight in it, appear to be signs of the greatest promise. But the promise is deceitful. The life fails for want of depth. The man has understanding, and joy too ; but he has "no root in himself." The truth has not struck downwards into the soul, so as to gain full possession of it. It has only a superficial hold, and the upward growth fails, as that tree is laid low by the blast whose roots are spread only along the surface of a sandy soil. The seeds cast into the ground are all represented, but only as by the withered, headless straws on a sandy knoll, to which no harvest shall come. With no depth of soil from which to draw moisture, they are scorched by the sun, and wither away. If a man have not root in himself—if the hardness of his heart offer an effectual obstacle to the practical application of the truth he rejoices in—we may be assured that the weakness will be made apparent when the strain comes which requires strength of inner life. And so it is here. When growth of the truth requires practice of self-denial, even to the endurance

of reproach and suffering, he cannot submit to such things. He will surrender the truth itself, rather than become, even in the smallest way, a martyr for its sake. This also is lost seed ; and in this case the loss is the more disappointing because of the promise of better things. Yet is not even such a case as this utterly hopeless in prospect of another seed-time. The result must indeed be the same if the rock beneath continue as before ; but there is a word of Scripture which asks these pertinent questions,—“Is not my word like a fire ? saith the Lord ; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces ?”

There is still another form in which failure appears, even when good seed has been cast into the soil. “Some fell among thorns ; and the thorns sprung up and choked them.” Where conflict is, both cannot prosper. This holds true of the soil, as well as in social life. The soil can give only a measure of nourishment to that which grows from it, and when several draw of the nourishment sufficient only for one, all must be weakly ; or one must gain the mastery, and the others must die. The stronger growth will choke the weakly. Those striking their roots deepest into the ground will draw thence most moisture ; those raising their heads highest will overshadow those below, and obtain for themselves most of the light and warmth of the sun. The weeds grow the rankest. The thorns grow more quickly than the corn, and as they grow apace, they first crowd and close in upon the corn, and then choke it. So it is with the soul where divine truth has no room to grow, on account of the dominion of worldly interests. Disturbing cares grow, as business absorbs the thoughts ; present difficulties strengthen them ; and hazards, which the future may bring, add more to their power ; until by these the mind’s strength and interest are so absorbed, that religious life has no room to flourish. Or, the state of matters may be such as prosperity occasions, and then riches engage the mind with deceitful promises of satisfaction, which so allure the mind, that spiritual attractions seem feeble and unsatisfying. Thus is the heart deceived, and the growth of the seed of the Word is stopped, choked by a stronger growth feeding on the same soil. For in the mind, as in nature, it is true that weeds grow quickest ; the evil flourishes rather than the good ; and the fair promise is unfulfilled, because the promise of an evil growth has come more quickly to maturity.

“Other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold.” This is the true harvest, and it is the result longest of being reached. The failures come first, the successes last. Good ground. What that is, we learn from the negative aspects passed in review. It is broken up, not trodden down ; it is deep, well-tilled ground, not soft surface-earth, with the flinty rock a few inches down ; it is ground well cleared of weeds, not pre-occupied with thorns. The soul which offers good ground for the word of the kingdom is a soul in which the understand-

ing is active, the heart is open to the sway of the truth, and cares and pleasures are kept subject to the requirements of religious life. Whenever the word of the kingdom is received into such a soul, that word, like good seed, has a sure and steady growth until the time of harvest. There is depth of soil to draw upon, and no weeds so rank as to choke the growth. Upon such souls the sunshine and the rains of heaven descend freely, and the harvest is sure. But while the seed is the same in all cases, and the favouring influences from above the same in value, the results are such as to show considerable diversity,—some an hundredfold, some sixtyfold, some thirtyfold. If we ask how this can be, the answer is already given by implication. Growth is according to depth. The more nearly the truth approaches toward a full possession of the soul, the more nearly does it come to the yielding of an hundredfold. It is the desire of the great Husbandman to have the largest return. Thus said the Saviour,—“Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit.” Yet, whatever the measure, the Father shall be glorified in the increase. The “fruit shall be unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.” But specially must we observe that those who produce fruit thereby produce seed for new

sowing. It is thus, and only thus, that men become sowers with Christ. In this way all become sowers who receive the truth indeed. And to crown all, it is thus made apparent that the whole growth of the fruits of righteousness is the result of the interposition of divine grace. Such grace it is which provides the seed, casts it into the soil, and nourishes it in its growth, until the fulness of harvest is brought in amid high rejoicing.

“Who hath ears to hear let him hear.” There are in this parable most solemn lessons for gospel hearers. They have need to take heed how they hear, that their hearing be not with mere understanding and joy, but also with great heart-searching, and with full and faithful application. And there are here most precious lessons for sowers. They must not be discouraged, though much seed be lost. It is ever so when the work of sowing goes on. But that they may not sow in vain, they must plough up the fallow ground—they must wield the hammer of the Spirit for the breaking of the flinty rock—they must uproot the thorns of care and deceitful pleasure—and cast in the good seed, with fervent prayer to the Lord of the harvest to grant favouring beams, that the fruits of holiness may be ripened on the field.

France and its Reformation.

V.—CALVIN THE EVANGELIST, AND BERQUIN THE MARTYR.

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D.

The strait gate—Whence got the Reformers their strength!—Calvin turns to the study of civil law—Goes to Orleans—His life at Orleans—Acquires a knowledge of Greek—His agony of soul returns—Goes to Bourges—Begins to evangelize—Attractiveness of his preaching—His father dies—Passes through Paris on his way to Noyon—A stake—Berquin—His nobility and accomplishments—Gallant appearance for the gospel—Is apprehended—Set at liberty by the king—Again apprehended—Condemned to recant—Refuses—Condemned to death—His behaviour at the stake—Glory of his martyrdom.



HE Reformation set up anew upon the earth the kingdom of the gospel, and opened its door to all men and to all nations. But it was not easy to find the door of that kingdom. Luther, Calvin, and many others pressed in and inherited the crown; but it was amid sore fightings and great agonies of soul. Why was this? What hid the way of life from the eyes of men? There was no sentinel on the threshold to exact a price or to scrutinize the claims of those who sought admission. A free salvation was offered to all on the footing of the one sacrifice of Christ. The difficulty must lie, one would have said, in missing a path so plain. And yet the words spoken by our Lord at the beginning of the gospel were verified anew at its second opening in the sixteenth

century:—“Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.” Few found that path; many missed it. Great scholars and learned divines groped around the door but could not discover it. Mighty nations came up to it, and appeared on the point of entering in, but they hesitated on the threshold, and turned back. Ecclesiastics of every degree crowded to that gate—there stood the purple cardinal, and there, too, was the frocked friar, inquiring what they might do that they might inherit eternal life; but so blinded were they by the authority of the “Church,” that they could not see the door; or if perchance they did see it, they so loved their sins and their self-righteousness that they could not enter by a gate so strait. Thus a few only were able to press in, and even

these entered only after the endurance of great agonies and sore conflicts. Here it was that the Reformation had its beginning—not in the high places of the world, not amid the ambitions of kings and the intrigues of statesmen. It struggled into birth in closets and secret places amid the tears and groans of great souls agonizing to find the way of life.

It is in this that the difference lies between the reformers who have arisen in the Church of Rome in our day and the great champions of the gospel in the sixteenth century. The latter had to pass through severe exercises of soul, which there is no evidence of the former having undergone. God's Spirit then strove with men; He has now ceased to strive with the Church of Rome. There are men in her who have as clear an intellectual perception as Luther ever had that the Papacy—as it now exists—is opposed to the Scriptures, has been built up by fraud and forgery, and maintained by coercion; but they lack the moral and spiritual power of Luther. The men of the sixteenth century agonized in soul; they "tasted death," and felt how essential was the gospel for their own eternal salvation; and from these wrestlings, amid which their hearts were opened for the descent of God's mighty power, they came forth to do battle for the Truth. This is the secret of their strength. Mere intellectual perception, mere erudition, are feeble weapons compared with the spiritual power and the moral heroism with which the Holy Spirit endowed the men of the Reformation, and which enabled them to risk all and to dare all for the cause of God and the deliverance of the world.

Paris was not among the cities which the light of the Reformation was to glorify; nevertheless it pleased God, as we narrated in last chapter, to make it the scene of a great conversion. Lefevre and Farel were sighing to enroll the king among the disciples of the gospel. If, thought they, they could but gain over the throne, a mighty power would thereby be enlisted on the side of the Reform, and its triumph in France secured. But God, whose thoughts are not as man's thoughts, was working, meanwhile, for a far greater issue; the conversion, namely, of a pale-faced student, now in the college of Montaigu,

whose name neither Lefevre nor Farel had ever heard, and whose very existence was unknown to them. They little dreamt what a conflict was at that very hour going on in a small chamber in an obscure quarter of Paris. And when that battle was ended, and Calvin bowed to the truth, a mightier power took its place on the side of the gospel than if Francis and all his court had become its patrons and champions. Light cannot be spread by the edict of king or the sword of the soldier: it is the Bible, preached by the evangelist, and testified to by the martyr, that is to bid the gospel, like the day, shine forth and bless the earth.

From the hour of Calvin's conversion he became the centre of the Reformation in France, we may say in Christendom; and in tracing the several stages of his career, we are in reality tracing the successive developments of that great movement. His eyes had been opened, and he now saw the Church of Rome disenchanted of her splendour. Where formerly there had stood a spiritual building, the house of God, the abode of Truth, there now rose a temple of idols. How was he to minister at such altars? His head had been shorn; but a priest he had not yet become. He could proceed no further in the path on which he had entered; and so he resolved to devote himself to the profession of law. It is very remarkable that his father should have come to the same resolution at the same time; a striking coincidence, which Beza has not failed to point out. The path on which Gerard now saw his son entering was a brilliant one. There were no honours to be won in that path which his marvellous intellect and vast powers of application did not bring within his reach. Already Gerard in thought saw him at the foot of the throne guiding the destinies of France. Has Calvin, then, bidden a final adieu to the study of theology, and are the courts of law and the offices of State henceforth to claim him? No; he has but turned aside, for a little while, into another path, that by diversified exercise of intellect he may bring to his great work a versatility of power, an amplitude of knowledge, and a range of sympathy not otherwise to be acquired. Of that work he did not so much as dream at this hour; but He who had called him from the womb, and ordained him a

prophet to the nations, was leading him by a way he knew not.

The young student, his face still pale—but beaming with the lofty peace that succeeds the tempest—quits Paris, and directs his steps southwards to Orleans, the city on the banks of the Loire, which dates from the days of the Emperor Aurelian, its founder. In that city was a famous university, and in that university a famous professor of law, Pierre de l'Etoile, styled “the prince of jurists.” What attracted Calvin to Orleans was the light of this “star,” whose pupil he now became. The study of jurisprudence now occupied him; and one of the maxims to which he listened as he sat on the benches of the classroom enables us to measure the progress which the theory of liberty had then made. “It is the magistrate’s duty,” would Pierre de l'Etoile say to his scholars, “to punish offences against religion as well as crimes against the State. What!” would he exclaim, with the air of a man who was propounding an incontrovertible truth—“What! shall we hang a thief who robs us of our purse, and not burn a heretic who steals from us heaven!” So ill understood was then the distinction between the civil and the spiritual jurisdictions. Under this code of jurisprudence was Calvin and all that generation of Frenchmen reared. Under no other code, they were taught, could nations flourish, or individual piety be safe. This had passed in Christendom as an indisputable maxim for a thousand years, serving as the corner-stone of the Inquisition, and yielding its fruit in the prolonged reign of the dark ages, and the baleful fires which mingled their light with the dawn of the new times. Not in a day can the human intellect throw off its fetters, especially when these fetters have been forged by what wears the guise of justice, and have been rendered venerable by long prescription. It was not till a century and a half after Calvin’s time that this maxim was exploded; nor are we sure that, even yet, in our own day, it has been completely got rid of.

Well, we now behold the future Reformer sitting at the feet of the famous jurist, and by the study of the law whetting that wonderful intellect which in days to come was to unravel so many mysteries, and dissolve the force of so many spells which

enchained the soul. What manner of man was Calvin at Orleans? He had secularized himself; he had turned his face, as he believed, toward the high places of the world; did his impressions of divine things pass away, or the grandeurs of time dim to his eye those of eternity? No; but if his seriousness did not disappear, his shyness somewhat did. His loving sympathies asserted themselves, and drew him towards his companions; and without his seeking it, his superiority of intellect gave him the lead among them. His fellow-students were a noisy, pleasure-loving race, and their revels and quarrels woke up, rather rudely at times, the echoes of the academic hall, and broke in upon the quiet of the streets; but the high-souled honour and purity of Calvin, untouched by soil or stain amidst the pastimes and bacchanalian riots which went on around him, joined to his lofty genius and loving nature, made him the admiration of his comrades. The nation of Picardy—for the students were classified into nations, according to the province they came from—elected him as their chief; and his address and legal knowledge enabled him to recover for the Picardians certain privileges of which they had been deprived. There have been more brilliant affairs than this triumph over some local authority, but it was noisily applauded by those for whom it was won; and this petty warfare was to Calvin an earnest of greater battles to be fought on a wider arena and over higher principalities. The future Chancellor of the kingdom of France—for no inferior position had Gerard Calvin elected for his son to fill—had taken the first step towards the dignity that awaited him. Step after step—to his genius how easy!—would most surely conduct him to it; and there, life ended and the blaze of glory over, he would leave his name proudly inscribed among the legislators and philosophers of France, while his bust would adorn the Louvre or the Hotel de Ville, and his ashes would sleep in marble in some cathedral aisle of Paris. Very grand! But not so grand as the unadorned grave by the Rhone; and a name like the brightness of the firmament, and needing, therefore, no marble to make it illustrious.

Not without a purpose had the steps of Calvin been directed to Orleans. His special preparation

for his work was there advanced a stage. When he arrived in that city, he knew nothing of Greek. His Latinity, so purely classic, he had received at Paris from Cordier; Melchior Wolmar, a German, who had come to live at Orleans, was to impart to him a knowledge of the tongue of ancient Greece, which himself had learned from Budæus. An enthusiastic student of Greek, Wolmar was to find in his pupil one who was scarce less enthusiastic, and who soon became nearly as skilled as himself in that language which God had so wonderfully perfected as the channel for the conveyance of the treasures of divine truth to the ancient nations. Knowing that tongue, Calvin had access to the oracles of God in the very words in which the Spirit had inspired holy men to write them—an indispensable qualification, surely, on the part of one who was to be the first great interpreter, in modern times, of the New Testament. He could now more exactly know the mind of the Spirit speaking in the Word, and more fully make known to men the glory of divine mysteries; and the Commentary of Calvin is perhaps unsurpassed to this hour in the great qualities of clearness, accuracy, and depth. It was, in a sort, a second giving of the oracles of God to men. The publication of it was as when, in the Apocalypse, "the temple of God was opened in heaven, and there was seen in his temple the ark of his testament."

Here at Orleans Calvin's spiritual equipment for his work was advanced a further stage—perhaps we ought to say, completed. We have already spoken of the agony of soul which preceded his conversion at Paris. It was the path which all the Reformers had to tread. They emerged into the day from the horrors of a terrible night; and tasted liberty, having first borne the fetters of a cruel slavery. And why were they made to pass through an ordeal like this? For two most important reasons: *first*, that their sympathies for their fellow-men, still in that darkness and wearing these same chains, might be quickened and called into activity. And *second*, that their moral courage might be strengthened. These preliminary battles with the powers of darkness nerved them for their conflicts with the powers of earth. They had wrestled for eternal life, and in doing so had tasted the "pains

of hell," and felt in their consciences the "worm that dieth not" and the "fire that is not quenched;" and after this they felt how little merely earthly powers, who could only kill the body, were to be dreaded; and how trivial a matter it was to stand for a few moments or a few hours amid earthly fires compared with inhabiting "everlasting burnings." This helped them to go smiling to the stake; for they had looked a more dreadful death in the face, and had overcome it. These sore exercises of soul were, therefore, a necessary part of the preparation of these men; and hence it is, that while these agonies are found, in a certain measure, in the history of every child of God, they are found in an eminent degree in the lives of all the great Reformers.

The agony Calvin had endured in Paris returned in part at Orleans. A little of the dross of earth he may have contracted from his law studies; and so he was sent back to the furnace for the last time. Fears regarding his salvation; "the Church," with her vast enchantment; foes which he thought he had already vanquished and left dead, as it were, on the battle-field, rose up afresh, and stood like menacing spectres in his path. The fight had to be recommenced; and as at Paris, so at Orleans, he had to wage it in the sweat of his face—in the sweat of his heart. But the combat did not long endure. He discomfited these foes with the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God; and when the conflict was over, Calvin found himself walking in a clearer light than he had ever before enjoyed. And that light continued all the way unto the very end. Often, in after days, there came around him the darkness of outward trial; but in his soul there was no darkness. On the contrary, there was within the continual shining of God's favour, and that settled peace which arises from a sense of adoption.

Emerging from the furnace "purified seven times," Calvin now begins his work. Setting out from Orleans, he goes to Bourges, whither we must accompany him. With Bourges two illustrious conquerors had already associated their names: Cæsar had burned it to the ground; Charlemagne had raised up its ruins. A greater hero now enters it, to begin conquests which

Cæsar and Charlemagne might well have envied, for long will they outlast those which either of these victors gained. It was at Bourges that Calvin made his first essay as an evangelist. This city presented an opening for the gospel which no other city in all France at that time did. MARGARET, who was now Queen of Navarre, was also Duchess of Berry, and as Bourges was situated in that province, she was able to extend her protection to it. Under Margaret, Bourges became a centre of the evangelization. There was at this time no little religious fermentation going on amongst its population. The new doctrines were talked of in its social circles; they had begun even to be heard in its pulpits, from which certain priests, who had embraced the faith, were explaining the principles of the gospel with considerable clearness, when the times are taken into account, to congregations composed of lawyers, students, and citizens. It was at this crisis that Calvin arrived in Bourges.

His fame had preceded him; and when his visit came to be known, the Evangelicals crowded round him, and entreated him to teach them. Like our own Knox, Calvin was averse to assume the office of preacher. Not that he shrunk from either the labours or the perils of the work; but because, like Knox, he cherished a deep sense of the greatness of the office, and of his own unworthiness to fill it. "I have hardly learned the gospel myself," we hear him saying; "and lo! I am called to teach it to others."

He did not for some time comply with these solicitations. His natural timidity, his love of study, and his sense of responsibility held him back. He sought places of concealment, where, safe from intrusion, he might pursue his studies. But his friends discovered his hiding-place, and renewed their entreaties. He at last consented to speak unto those who so earnestly besought him the words of this life. But how unostentatious the opening of his career! The dew falls not more quietly to the earth. A youth of slender figure might be seen gliding along. He enters a door in the street. He gathers the family round him, and, opening the Bible, he explains to them its message. His words are as the tender rain on the grass. By-and-by the city becomes too narrow a sphere of labour, and

Calvin extends his missionary efforts to the hamlets and towns around Bourges. One told another of the sweetness of this water; and the numbers of those who wished to drink of it daily increased. The castle of the baron was opened to the young evangelist as well as the cottage of the peasant, and Calvin was equally welcomed in both; his doctrine was clear, and beautiful, and as refreshing to the soul as light is to the eye after long darkness. And then the preacher was withal so modest in manner, so sweet in address, so earnest in his work, and so unlike, both in matter and manner, all the preachers they had ever before known. The monks looked with small favour on these doings. They found the doors shut against themselves in proportion as they were opened to Calvin, and they plotted how they might stop the work by casting the workman into prison. Their efforts for this end, however, were foiled. Calvin went on sowing the seed from which a plenteous harvest was in due time to spring. The churches whose foundations were now being laid were destined, in after days, to yield not only confessors for the truth, but martyrs for the stake. Such was the quiet opening of Calvin's career. It was in and around the old town of Bourges that that light broke which was destined to spread to lands far beyond France.

In the midst of these labours Calvin received tidings of his father's death. Must he cease from his work at Bourges? Fain would he have gathered where he had so abundantly strewed; but this pleasure was not to be his. He had planted, and another must water. So, turning his face towards Noyon, he began his journey toward the place of his birth. On his way thither he had to pass through Paris. It was a moment of great excitement in the capital. A stake had just been planted there, at which one of the noblest of the early martyrs of France was yielding up his life. Providence ordered it, for great ends, that the pile of the Martyr and the visit of the Reformer should come together. It was not enough that Calvin should only hear of such spectacles, it was necessary that he should actually witness them. God had chosen him as the champion by whom his martyrs were to be vindicated, and their blood avenged upon the

system that shed it; and therefore, for once, at least, he must stand by their stake, and witness their dying agonies.

Louis de Berquin was one of the most illustrious of the early martyrs of France. He was descended of a noble family of Artois. Unlike the knights of those days, who knew only how to mount their horse and handle their sword, he delighted in reading and study. He was the most learned of all the nobles of France. Open, frank, courteous, and full of alms-deeds, he was beloved by all. He was often at court, where his many accomplishments made him specially welcome. Touching the religion of Rome, Berquin was blameless. He had kept himself pure from his cradle. The Church's rites he had duly observed, and the Church's saints he had duly honoured; and he crowned all his other graces by the virtue of holding Lutheranism in special abhorrence.

But it pleased God to open his eyes. Being engaged in a controversy on some scholastic point, he went to the Bible to find proofs to fortify his position. To his amazement, he found there not the doctrines of Rome, but the doctrines of the Reformation. His conversion was thorough. From that hour his learning, his eloquence, and his influence, were all at the service of the gospel—a knowledge of which he laboured zealously to diffuse among his tenantry on his estates in the country, and among his personal acquaintances in the capital and at the court. Many looked to him as the predestined Reformer of his native land; and, certainly, he was the most considerable person who at that time appeared publicly on the side of the Reformation in France. "He would have been a second Luther," said Beza, "had he found in Francis I. a second Elector."

The alarm and anger of the Sorbonne were roused. The doctors, armed with the authority of Parliament, seized and imprisoned Berquin. There was nothing but a stake for the man whose courage they could not daunt, and whose eloquence they could not silence, and all whose wit and learning were employed in laughing at their ignorance and exposing their superstition. But the king, who loved him, set him at liberty. They seized him a second time. A second time the

king came to his rescue. A third time they seized him, for an antagonist so formidable must by all means be got rid of. The king rescued him a third time. The courage and zeal of Berquin grew in proportion as the plots of his enemies multiplied. Erasmus, who saw how the unequal contest must end, warned his friend in these characteristic words: "Ask to be sent as ambassador to some foreign country; go and travel in Germany. You know Beda, and such as he—he is a thousand-headed monster, darting venom on every side. Your enemies are named legion. Were your cause better than that of Jesus Christ, they will not let you go till they have miserably destroyed you." A fourth time (March 1529) Berquin was seized, and thrown into the Conciergerie; but this time no friendly hand was found to open his prison-door.

His writings were seized; and enough of heretical matter easily extracted from them to send him to the Place de Greve. Moved by the theological faculty of the Sorbonne, the Parliament of Paris appointed a commission of twelve judges to try him. The tribunal assembled in haste, for the king was absent, and the business must be despatched before his return. The sentence was drawn up, and Berquin was brought in to have it read to him. His books were to be publicly burned: he himself was to walk bareheaded and barefooted to Notre Dame, and there do public penance. His tongue, "that instrument of unrighteousness," was to be pierced; and after this he was to return to prison for life. A second sentence was drafted, but not read to Berquin, providing that, if he should refuse to make this public recantation, he should be instantly led to execution.

Among his twelve judges was the celebrated Hellenist, Budæus, the intimate friend of Berquin, but who had not given his voice against him. He hastened after him to the prison, fearing he would refuse the humiliating recantation demanded of him, and so perish. Throwing himself at his feet, he besought him with tears not to throw away his life, but to reserve himself for the better days that were awaiting the Reformation in France. This was the weak side on which to attack such a man. Berquin was inflexible. Again and again, and each time more earnestly, Budæus

entreated. The strong man wavered: he promised to make the acknowledgment his sentence exacted of him. Budæus, overjoyed, hastened back to the Sorbonne. But, meanwhile, how was it in the prison with Berquin? His peace had forsaken him. When he looked up to God, it was no longer joy, but fear that filled his soul. This darkness, and not the walls that enclosed him, was his true prison. Was it a life like this—a soul weighed down by a sense of guilt and cowardice—that he was reserving for the Reformation? No; he could die—die a hundred times—but he could not recant. And when Budæus returned, the air of triumph that sat on the face of Berquin showed that he had weighed the claims of recantation and of the stake, and had chosen the latter, the better part, though Budæus hardly accounted it so.

Berquin appealed to the king. It was his way of saying that he refused submission to the Sorbonne. The king was not indeed in Paris, but he was no further off than Blois. The Sorbonne must despatch their victim before a pardon could possibly arrive from Blois.

A week's delay was craved. "Not a day," said Beda. "But he has appealed to the royal prerogative." "Quick," answered his persecutors, "let him be put to death!" That same day—April 22, 1529, according to D'Aubigne, who follows in this the stream of authorities—at noon, was Berquin led forth to die. The ominous news had circulated from street to street of Paris, and had drawn together a vast crowd, which filled the precincts of the prison. The hour struck; the gates of the Conciergerie were flung open, and the procession moved out. How many processions on their way to the scaffold have, since that day, traversed these same streets! The most radiant face in all that great multitude was that of Berquin himself. He was going—no, not to the stake, for of it he thought not—he was going to the palace of the sky; and what

though a wretched tumbrel was bearing him onwards!—he was drawing nearer, at every step, to the gates of light; and it seemed as if the glory of the place whither he was going was already shining around him, and transfiguring his countenance! The spectators, as he passed along escorted by a guard of bowmen, could not help marking the serenity of his looks and the triumph of his air, and saying one to another, "He is like one who sits in a temple and meditates on holy things." The martyr had dressed himself, not in mourning weeds, but in pleasant and even gay apparel, like one going to a bridal-banquet. A citizen of Paris, who wrote a journal of these events, and who probably saw him pass, tells us, as quoted by D'Aubigne, that Berquin "wore a cloak of velvet, a doublet of satin and damask, and golden hose"—goodly raiment for the fire.

Arrived at the Place de Greve, he alighted, and stood beside the stake. He now essayed to speak a few words to the great multitude that pressed around him. The monks, who dreaded the effect of his words, gave the signal, and the soft accents of the martyr were drowned in the shout of voices and the clash of arms. "Thus," says FELICE, "the Sorbonne of 1529 set the populace of 1793 the base example of stifling on the scaffold the sacred words of the dying."

But what did it matter that the martyr's voice was drowned. His DEATH spoke to all France. It is speaking still, and will continue to speak to all ages. And this, the most eloquent of all testimonies, no clamour can stifle.

The noble form of Berquin was now a heap of ashes. In that heap lay entombed the Reformation in France. So thought the Sorbonne—so feared the Evangelicals. Both were mistaken. Berquin's stake was, in some good degree, to be to France what Ridley's was to England,—a candle which was to shine through all that realm.



MESSIAH'S GRAVE.

"And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth."—ISAIAH liii. 9.



ANY one who will reflect for a little on the logic of this verse, will be irresistibly driven to the conclusion that it must be rendered incorrectly. Taking it as it stands, this is its teaching: Because Messiah had done no violence, and there was no deceit in his mouth, therefore he should be punished by having his grave with the wicked, and rewarded by being with the rich in his death. The premises are Messiah's spotless character; the conclusion, that he in consequence merited punishment and reward. Manifestly, when the Spirit of God spoke by Isaiah's lips, he designed to make a statement very different from this. It is the object of the present article so to retranslate the verse respecting Messiah's grave, as, if possible, to present its true meaning. Nor will an English reader find any difficulty in following the several steps in the inquiry now to be made. It is at once apparent that the illogical character of the verse, as it is in our translation, arises from coupling so closely together two words very little akin—namely, *wicked* and *rich*; and that, if it can be done legitimately, the two must be put in opposition to each other. It can be done quite legitimately. The Hebrew "conjunction," generally rendered *and*, is a very vague one. Instead of always discharging the function which its designation suggests, it sometimes does the very opposite; that is, it *disjoins* instead of uniting words or clauses. Though most frequently rendered *and*, yet sometimes its proper meaning is *but*. It is so translated in the following among other passages: "*But* of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die" (Gen. ii. 17). "*But* my covenant will I establish with Isaac, which Sarah shall bear unto thee at this set time in the next year" (xvii. 21). "*But* they like men have transgressed the covenant: there have they dealt treacherously against me" (Hosea vi. 7). Introduce *but* into the verse under examination, and it will read thus: "And he made his grave with the wicked, *but* [he was] with the rich in his death." It does not read logically yet. Evidently a second change is needed before a correct rendering of the verse is obtained. Let the effort be made, as in the former case, to divine the precise nature of the alteration required. Assuming that the "*wicked*" and the "*rich*" are totally distinct classes, then he cannot have made his grave with both. Two sepulchres may very possibly have been prepared—the one in the burial-place of the wicked, the other where the wealthy sleep; but assuming that he was interred no more than once, then he must have occupied one only of the graves, leaving the other vacant. Is there evidence in the verse to show which

one he tenanted? There is. It was the one which carried with it honour and not disgrace. For the reason why this rather than the other was divinely assigned to him was, that he had done no violence, and that there was no deceit in his mouth. This being so, it may be inferred that the words which require better translation are those rendered "*he made*," in the clause, "*and he made his grave with the wicked*." Can any change legitimately be carried out in the direction now suggested? As in the former case, there can. In Hebrew, as in French, there is sometimes a very vague nominative to a verb in the third person singular. As is well known, the expression in French is *on*. In Hebrew, again, the indefiniteness of the nominative must be reasoned out from the context, for there is no precise word, as in French, to point out when the idiom now mentioned occurs. In English we use the plural *they* instead of the French singular *on* (one). Of the construction now spoken of, Professor Moses Stuart of America says, in his Hebrew Grammar, that "it is quite common." A few illustrations will be interesting. "Therefore is the name of it called Babel"—literally, Therefore *one* called the name of it Babel (Gen. xi. 9). "And it came to pass after these things, that *one* told Joseph, Behold, thy father is sick: and he took with him his two sons, Manasseh and Ephraim" (xlviii. 1). "Now, therefore, let not my blood fall to the earth before the face of the Lord: for the king of Israel is come out to seek a flea, as when *one* doth hunt a partridge in the mountains" (1 Sam. xxvi. 20). The last passage is from a noted Messianic prophecy of Isaiah himself, and therefore with a closer bearing than the other quotations on the verse now being investigated. "For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called [literally, And *one* shall call his name] Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace" (Isa. ix. 6; in Hebrew, 5.). No hesitation need be felt in trying whether the idiom now explained will aid in throwing light on the passage regarding Messiah's sepulchre. When the experiment is made, the result is at once perceived to be satisfactory. And *one*—or, in English idiom, *they*—made his grave with the wicked; but he was with the rich in his death, because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth. That it was right to substitute *one* or *they* for *he*, is all but proved by a study of the Hebrew word rendered *made*. It is the ordinary one for *gave*; it means secondarily set, appointed—as "I do *set* my bow in the cloud" (Gen. ix. 13); "See, I have *set* thee over all the land of Egypt" (xli. 41): *made* is only its third sense. It is pretty evident that in the verse in Isaiah

set or *appointed* is the true meaning, and now at length order is evolved out of confusion. People appointed Messiah's grave with the wicked, intending that in due time he should be laid ignominiously there. But, in the providence of God, another fate was in store for him. He was destined to sleep, not with the wicked, but with the rich; and why this divine interposition in his favour? The reason is given. Because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth.*

There was an outward show of equity in assigning him a sepulchre among the "wicked," pre-eminently so called—that is, among criminals who had lost their lives at the hands of the public executioner; for, by the most fearful miscarriage of justice that ever took place, he had been arrested, tried, capitally convicted, and handed over to die. There was not merely a show of equity, but perfect equity itself, in that divine interference which saved the victim of misconception, if not worse, from this fresh insult and wrong. Had the Messiah been a real criminal guilty of "deceit" or "violence," God would have left him to sleep, as men had planned, in a felon's tomb. It will at once be seen what is the nature of that "deceit" and "violence" which, even in the divine estimate, merit nothing better than a shameful death and a dishonoured grave. The "violence" is specially that of the highwayman, the brigand, or the ordinary murderer, who, shedding the blood of their victims, find that blood, like Abel's, cry for vengeance, and sooner or later call judgment down. The "deceit" is not ordinary lying; it is perjury—in a case of life and death—false swearing—not to shield a criminal from capital punishment, but, through private antipathy, or yet worse, on account of money received by way of bribe, to obtain the public execution of a person known at the time to be innocent. The case of those who were suborned to swear Naboth's life away, will rise at once to the reader's mind. Happily we know little in Britain of people so seared in conscience as either to give or accept money for an end so infamous; but they abound in Asia, and I have no doubt were common in Palestine every time that the Israelites apostatized from Jehovah, and imitated the religious and the social practices of the nations round.

No sooner, then, should Messiah's death occur, than divine interference, designed to vindicate his character, should begin to take place. The first overt act in his favour should be that Jehovah should take means to prevent his body from being committed to a felon's grave. He should sleep in the sepulchre of a rich man, and not with criminals.

It will be observed that any light which the New Testament may throw upon this wonderful prophecy has been hitherto ignored. This has been done with a purpose. First to adapt the translation of the passage to New Testament statement, and then to say how wonderfully the prediction was fulfilled in Christ, would be reasoning in a circle. Readers will, however, bear testimony that every step taken in improving the translation of the verse in Isaiah on Messiah's grave has been founded, not on a foregone conclusion drawn from Christian sources, but simply on an impartial study of the prediction itself. This being so, the coincidence of the prophecy, with the event which it was designed to foreshadow, is exceedingly striking; and any one giving attention to it will be forcibly reminded of the Apostle Peter's words: "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Pet. i. 21).

It was the evening of the crucifixion day; and in a few more hours the Sabbath would be on, and a Sabbath of more than usual solemnity. It therefore became an object to have the remains of those who had that day so cruelly suffered removed from public view; every one feeling that the sight of bodies hanging on crosses would be in the last degree incongruous with the character of a sacred and joyous festival. In these circumstances, it was almost certain that if any respectable man came forward and volunteered to remove one of the corpses, he would easily obtain the requisite permission, without any strict inquiry being made as to the connection which might subsist between him and the deceased person for whom he was anxious that the last offices should be done. When matters had reached this stage, Joseph of Arimathea stepped forth from the multitude, and begged to be allowed to take away the body of Jesus. Such a request from such a man would at first excite surprise, for it had not before been known that he felt any particular interest in the despised Nazarene. But as he had seen his way to preferring the petition to which he had given utterance, no reason whatever existed why a negative answer should be returned. He was one of the Sanhedrim, or what may, though not with thorough propriety, be called the Jewish Parliament. He was, besides, known to be a man of probity, and devotedly pious; and as for his identifying himself, not with the malignant persecutors, but with their victim, why, this was not a demerit, but quite the reverse, with Pilate the Roman governor, to whom Joseph's request had been made. So permission was at once given him to do as he desired; and the "honourable counsellor," as the Evangelist Mark calls him, took the body away. A friend of his—and, like himself, a member of the Jewish Parliament—Nicodemus, the same who formerly came to Jesus by night, then appeared on the scene, bringing with him an ample supply of mingled myrrh and aloes, wherewith to embalm the body of him whom the two so deeply

* Some think that for *because* in the latter part of the verse should be substituted *although*, and that the last two clauses should be connected, not with the words which precede, but with those which follow them. In this case the reading would be: "Though he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth, yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief." This alteration is well worth consideration; but, on the whole, the division of the verses given in our Bibles as they stand at present seems the better one.

revered. This good office affectionately rendered, then the precious material remains of the martyred Son of God were committed to Joseph's own sepulchre, hewn from the rock, doubtless at considerable expense, but now surrendered with eager readiness to the holy purpose of affording a temporary resting-place for the Lord. How remarkably coincident all this was with the prediction: "And they appointed his grave with the wicked, but he was with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth."

But was it really of much consequence where he slept? At first sight it would seem that it was not. Though in death he might be "numbered with transgressors," yet even if among them, he was not "of them," and no permanent stigma could be cast upon his spotless character, wherever he slept. The true significance of the divine interference on his behalf arose from the testimony thus afforded that in his life on earth, his labours, his agony, and his atoning death, the eye of his loving Father had been always affectionately regarding him; and that now, when the sufferings requisite to achieve the salvation of the ransomed was complete, He whom he had so faithfully served lost no time in interfering to shield him from further insult and wrong. The occasion which led to the divine witness being given in his behalf might be, in one point of view, comparatively unimportant, but the momentous matter was that God had at length appeared as his vindicator. The night of agony and desertion was over, and the glorious sunshine of Jehovah's countenance was returning again. The first streaks of light might be faint, but they were not unimportant, for they heralded the advent of resplendent day.

Nor, even viewed apart from what it symbolized, was it a perfectly trivial matter whether the spotless Jesus slept with felons, or in the tomb of one rich in this world's goods, but richer still in heavenly treasure. Though it may seem of little consequence what becomes of one's body when the undying soul has quitted it, yet no person would like to be buried in circumstances of studied insult; and it adds a perceptible drop to the cup of bitterness which the murderer must drink, to know that after his execution his remains will be interred, not in an ordinary cemetery, with the rest of the community, but within the prison walls. In this point of view, it may have constituted a relief even to the Saviour himself to be aware that, through the intervention of his divine Father, he should temporarily rest, not in a dishonoured and felon grave, but in the sepulchre of one of the most honourable in the land. In the former case it might have been supposed that during his whole career he had not gained to his cause

one human heart, and that he must ever make the desponding complaint, "I have laboured in vain; I have spent my strength for nought, and in vain" (Isa. xlix. 4). In the latter, his moral conquest over the mind of the "counsellor" Joseph was an earnest of similar triumphs too many to enumerate, which should end by giving him spiritual dominion over the world. It was no slight gift which Joseph of Arimathea gave when he so readily yielded up the occupancy of his new and carefully excavated tomb. He would not in all likelihood have done so much for any other being in human form whom he had known, and his transfer of his tomb to Jesus was a sacramental symbol of faith and love. We know how carefully, among our own aristocracy, family vaults are held sacred from intrusion. Possibly there may be a guest in the household of some nobleman who is treated almost as if he were a relative, the cause being respect and affection for his character. But there are bounds which even he must not overpass. For instance, it is forbidden that he should ultimately be admitted to the family vault. That vault stands conspicuous in the village churchyard. The old armorial bearings are carved outside of it; within lie the men of might who crusaded long ago against the Saracen and the Turk; or at least there are their effigies cut in stone. With them repose also the more modern members of the family. The old patriarch, who, having served his generation by the will of God, then slept, and was gathered to his fathers; and the little infant, which opened its eyes for a moment on the fair earth which we inhabit, and then closed them, so far as this world is concerned, for evermore; the gallant youth, whose remains, when he had perished in battle abroad, were preserved and brought home from the foreign land for which he had fought; and yet again, the girl just budded into womanhood, who died in bridal attire;—all have had their claim admitted to rest within the family vault. But no stranger is there. If an honoured guest, who has been told to regard himself as one of the family, die in the house, another grave requires to be found for him than that in which the deceased members of the household sleep. The triumph, then, was not a small but a great one, which obtained for Jesus a temporary place of repose in Joseph of Arimathea's sepulchre. As already asserted, it was the herald of an indefinite series of spiritual conquests which should ultimately enthrone Messiah in the affections of the entire human race; and Isaiah's prophetic narrative of Jesus' life would have been perceptibly incomplete had he failed to record of him that "they appointed his grave with the wicked, but he was with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth."

R. H.



SKETCHES OF BOHEMIAN RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.



FHOSE who have looked from the fortress-like heights of the Saxon Switzerland, and seen the fair land of Bohemia spread out before them with its forest-covered hills and green valleys, will have been struck not only with its beauty but with the peculiar character of the country. Set in, like a picture in a frame, with mountains on all sides, it seems as if intended to stand alone, independent among the countries of Central Europe. The countenance and language of the people, markedly Sclavonic, among so many German provinces, seem to point out the country as one isolated from its neighbours.

But the fate of Bohemia has been, to be involved, in a remarkable manner, in the history of surrounding nations. Few countries have had a sadder or more eventful history—a history peculiarly interesting to the Christian reader, as being especially connected with the spread of gospel truth and its hindrances and perils.

The following sketches are abridged and freely rendered from the “*Persecutions Bûchlein*,” a history of the sufferings endured by the followers of the pure gospel in Bohemia, from the first introduction of Christianity to the reign of Ferdinand II., translated into German by Bernhard Czermenska, from the Latin of certain pious members of the Church of the Bohemian Brethren; an account supposed to have been drawn up under the superintendence of Amos Communiis. The portions in brackets are inserted, where necessary, to give coherence to the narrative.

PART I.

The conversion of the Bohemians to Christianity is supposed to have taken place in the year 894. In that year the Duke Borziwoi was visiting the king of the neighbouring state of Moravia, where he was brought to the knowledge of the gospel, through the agency of Methudius, a Christian priest, who accompanied him back to his country.

The duchess and a number of the most distinguished Bohemians became converts; but the establishment of Christianity was not to be a tranquil one. The jealousy of the heathen population brought about a civil war, in which the newly-converted duke was driven into exile. He was subsequently recalled, but compelled to abdicate in favour of his son Wratislav, who was married to Drahomira, a princess who was one of the staunchest supporters of the old heathen creed.

At Wratislav's death, Drahomira took the reins of government into her own hands, and set on foot the severest measures for the suppression of Christianity. The Christians, driven to extremity, took up arms: a

struggle followed, in which they were victorious; but the heathen princess, enraged at her defeat, contrived to have her mother-in-law, the Duchess Ludmilla, assassinated while at prayer in her own private chapel.

The struggle ended with the government remaining in the hands of the elder of Drahomira's two sons, Wenzel. This prince had been educated by his Christian grandmother Ludmilla, and was an earnest and determined upholder of the gospel. He seems to have acted with forbearance and generosity to the defeated; but his mother's bitter hatred to Christianity made her the implacable enemy of her own son. She dared not attack him openly, and therefore had recourse to stratagem.

Her younger son, Boleslaus, was entirely in her interest, and, though a nominal Christian, was willing to be the tool of his mother. He was about to celebrate the christening of his infant child, and invited Wenzel to the ceremony. The young king was received with much show of kindness by his mother and brother; a magnificent banquet was served, and the guests separated late. Suspicious of some sinister design, Wenzel would not retire to his chamber, but passed into the church, intending to spend the night there in prayer. If he thought the sanctity of the place would preserve him, he was mistaken; his treacherous brother, stirred up by his mother, found him kneeling at the altar, and stabbed him then and there in cold blood.

This murder was followed by a bitter persecution of the Christians, which lasted till the death of Drahomira. According to the legend, she was swallowed up by an earthquake. The Emperor Otho at last interfered, and by force of arms put a stop to the tyranny of Boleslaus; he insisted on the king's children being placed under Christian instruction; and ultimately, on one of them, Boleslaus the Pious, ascending the throne, Christianity was definitely and finally established, and heathenism gradually died out.

But almost as soon as the contest with Paganism had ended with the triumph of Christianity in Bohemia, a new contest began. The enemy, wounded apparently to death, had risen up in a new form, and Bohemia was now to enter on that terrible struggle with Rome which was to last for so many centuries.

When the Bishop of Rome first claimed sovereignty over Christendom, resistance was made in Bohemia to the compulsory celibacy of the clergy and the denial of the cup to the laity. The Pope endeavoured to force on the people the rites, ceremonial, and language of the Romish Church. This last was especially obnoxious to the Bohemians, attached as they were to the use of their own tongue, and a deputation was sent to Rome to

remonstrate. The request was granted, and a litany in their own language permitted them, which still exists.

But this license having been withdrawn at a later period, Duke Wratislaw, afterwards crowned king for his services to the empire, demanded through his ambassadors in Rome the re-establishment of the privilege. The answer he received from Gregory was as follows :—

“ Bishop Gregory, servant of the servants of God, to Wratislaw, Duke of Bohemia, salutation and apostolic blessing. Among other requests that your highness has made us is, that we should restore, according to ancient practice, the celebration of the service in the Bohemian tongue. Know thou, beloved son, that we can in no wise consent to your request. We have, by careful searching of the Scriptures, come to the conviction that it has been and is pleasing to the Almighty to carry on his worship in a language which shall not be understood by all, at least not by the unlearned. For if it is sung openly by all together, it may easily be despised and thought little of; or if it be misunderstood by some imperfectly taught, errors may slip in which it may be difficult to eradicate from the hearts of men. It is true that, in the earlier times of the Church, indulgence was shown to a simple and ignorant people; but since experience shows us that evils and even heresies have grown out of this indulgence, it has been decided that Christian order will not permit of its being any longer allowed. What your people demands cannot therefore be granted, and we forbid it by the authority of God and St. Peter, and command you to suppress this folly as much as possible.”

The Bohemians did not submit to this spiritual tyranny without a struggle. When Pope Celestine endeavoured, in 1197, to enforce the celibacy of the clergy in Prague, through his legate, Cardinal Peter of Lataira, the unwelcome ambassador narrowly escaped stoning. It was only in 1350 that the celebration of the communion in one kind could be enforced.

It was about this time that two remarkable men began to attract public attention in Prague—John Milic, a canon of the cathedral, and his colleague, Conrad Steckna. Milic, a man of high family and ardent spirit, was, on account of his rare attainments and purity of life, chosen as the preacher at the cathedral church in the citadel. He urged the people to frequent communion, in both kinds, and declaimed with power against the abuses in the Church. He left behind him writings in which he declares that he went to Rome with a strong impression on his mind that the great Antichrist was already come and reigning. He had prayed to God with fasting and supplications that, if this impression was not from above, the Lord would free him from it. But he found no rest for his soul. Leaving Rome, he then wrote to some of the cardinals, declaring that the Antichrist was come and actually “sitting in the Church of God.”

He defended this view in several discussions. At last,

he and his hearers were condemned by a bull of Gregory XI., and he was given up to the archbishop, who threw him into prison, from which he was only released in 1366, from fear of a popular rising in his favour. He persisted in maintaining his views, and died quietly eight years later.

Of Steckna we know less; but Milic's mantle appears to have fallen on his successor, Matthias Janov of Prague, commonly called “Parisius,” because he had studied for nine years in Paris. He was Charles the Fourth's confessor, and maintained the right of the laity to the cup in the Lord's Supper with even more zeal and force than his predecessors.

When Charles IV. became emperor, Janov is said to have waited on him with a deputation of his colleagues, to ask for a general convocation for the reformation of the Church. The emperor replied he had no power to grant this, but would apply to his Holiness the Pope, to whose province it belonged.

The emperor did write, accordingly; but the Pope was extremely indignant, and insisted on the heretics being punished. The emperor's fears prevailed, at last, over his affection for Janov, and he banished him the country.

Janov, however, returned later; but spent the rest of his life in retirement. On his death-bed he comforted his friends with these words :—

“The wrath of the enemies of the truth has prevailed, but only for a time. A humble and despised people shall be raised up, without arms or earthly force, which man shall not be able to overcome.”

These words were truly prophetic. Meanwhile, the witnesses of the truth were never wholly wanting. Many met in secret to receive the communion in both kinds, which was now strictly forbidden. These meetings were frequented at the peril of life. Many were seized on their way to them, beaten, robbed, and even drowned in the rivers. They were at last driven to go armed and in large numbers, and this continued for many years.

But a greater witness to the truth was to appear, and combat the enemy with arms not of this world. Two years before Janov's death, the famous BETHLEHEM CHURCH was founded. Its first preacher died in 1400, six years after Janov's decease, and was succeeded by JOHN HUSS.

This remarkable man, as is well known, began with denouncing the pride, luxury, and profligacy of the nobles and rich citizens. As long as these denunciations were directed only to the laity, he was looked on as an inspired oracle; but when he turned his attention to the clergy, and attacked *their* vices with the same plainness and boldness of speech, he was accused by them, like his Master before him, of being “possessed with a devil.”

Some of the magnates brought the first complaints of Huss before the king; but Wolfrain, Archbishop of Prague, stood up in Huss's defence, declaring he had

been pledged at his ordination not to respect persons, but to preach the truth boldly. When, however, he attacked the clergy, Wolfrain was the first to echo the complaints he had silenced before. The king, however, retorted by referring to the prelate's own words, that Huss was pledged to speak without respect of persons.

Thus the courageous preacher escaped for the time. But in the very year (1400) in which he became preacher of the Bethlehem Chapel, Jerome of Prague returned from a visit to England, bringing with him the works of Wickliffe, which he circulated widely. Huss was among their readers. The good seed had fallen into prepared ground. Four years later, two English students, Jacob and Conrad of Canterbury, came to Prague, and were matriculated in that university. They were disciples of the English Reformer, and spoke boldly of the abuses of the Romish Church, till they were silenced by a public prohibition.

But though silenced, they were not disheartened. They had recourse to another mode of teaching. With their landlord's sanction, they had a picture painted in the dining-room of their lodging-house, depicting on one side the sufferings of Christ, and on the other the splendour of the Papal court. This picture seems first to have roused John Huss to the conviction of the contrast between the character of Christ and his teaching on the one hand, and his so-called "Vicar" on the other. Many were drawn to the house to see for themselves this silent witness to the truth.

In 1408, Wickliffe's works were formally examined and condemned, and their reading forbidden, under pain of banishment, by a council of forty magistrates and a number of the university doctors. Huss, seeing that the Germans were assuming the chief power in the university of Prague, publicly proposed that the majority of votes which should decide a question should be reckoned among the Bohemians alone as natives, not including Germans or other foreigners. Much indignation was excited among the Germans by this step. King Wenzel was appealed to; and at the expiration of a year, he decided in favour of the Bohemians. The Germans, offended, left the university for those of neighbouring countries; and this led to the foundation of the colleges of Erfurt and Leipzig. The Bohemians chose John Huss as the rector of the university.

The monks, alarmed at these steps, worked on the Archbishop von Hasenberg, an ignorant man, to condemn again, and even more publicly, the works of Wickliffe. Æneas Sylvius affirms that two hundred copies were given to the flames, all beautifully written and bound in costly covers with gold clasps.

In the year 1411, Pope John XXIII. proclaimed a war against the King of Naples, and issued an indulgence for all who should engage in it. One of the sellers of this indulgence came to Prague, and exhorted all men to come to this war as to a crusade. This excited such indignation, that in three churches preachers came forward to declare that the Pope of Rome must be Anti-

christ, as he urged Christians to make war on each other. These three preachers—one of very humble station—were seized, thrown into prison, and, in spite of the intercession of the university and even of the common people, were dragged before the judges, condemned, and executed. This excited a vehement outburst of feeling. A party of students took possession of the corpses, and carried them to their burial with solemn chants and expressions of sympathy.

The plot was now thickening. Huss lectured publicly in the church, Jerome in the university, on a series of theses against the indulgences. These were numerously attended; and the public sympathy, in spite of opposition from those in power, grew and deepened.

In 1413 Huss was summoned to Rome; and not obeying the summons, the Pope visited his disobedience on Prague by laying it under an interdict. Seeing that his presence increased the spirit of dissension, the brave Reformer voluntarily left Prague. From town to town he proceeded, preaching the Word of God faithfully and boldly, till the time came when he was to be summoned to Constance, under the emperor's safe-conduct, to defend his opinions. With a resolute though sorrowing heart he took a last leave of his friends and his beloved country, and set out to meet his doom.

He suffered death at the stake, as is well known, in direct violation of his safe-conduct, on July 6, 1415; and his friend, Jerome of Prague, on the 30th of May in the following year.

And thus the work of reformation in Bohemia was sealed by the blood of two of her best and noblest defenders. But the rage of their enemies was not satiated. The struggle was now a twofold one; both religious liberty and Bohemian nationality were at stake, and the object of the adherents of the Papacy was to crush both.

But this was no easy task. The tide of popular feeling was strong. Fifty-eight of the most distinguished nobles of Bohemia drew up a paper, which they signed and sent to the Council, bitterly complaining of the unjust condemnation of their blameless and faithful pastor. The Moravian nobility did the same. But neither received any answer. Certain priests, who had taken an active part on the Papal side, were requested by the Fathers of the Council to take the direction of the affairs of the Church, for the suppression of heresy.

And now a bitter strife began between the partizans of Rome and the "Hussite" party, as it was called. This last included many whose patriotism and desire for liberty was a far stronger principle in their minds than any zeal for religion. From this time, in fact, the struggle was a national one. A violent popular insurrection took place in July 1419 in Prague, and the mob actually seized and massacred some of the town-council.

Martin V. had meanwhile been elected Pope by the Council. He began with conciliating exhortations to the Hussites; but later he changed his soft words for threats, and fulminated excommunications against them,

exhorting all the States of Germany to rise up and crush the movement, and promising forgiveness of sins to the worst criminal who killed a single Bohemian. This appeal eventually led to the famous Hussite War.

In the meantime Sigismund, at the death of Wenzel, had assumed the government of Bohemia, and taken active measures to suppress heresy.

The Hussites had begun to divide themselves into two parties. The large and more moderate of these comprised those who were chiefly anxious to restore the communion in both kinds, who were thence denominated *Calixtines* or *Utraquists*. These men were generally for peaceful measures, and willing to agree to some compromise with the Papal party.

The more zealous and determined partizans gathered together in a position of defence, and many of them took refuge on a rocky height about ten miles from Prague. They gave this hill the name of "Mount Tabor," surrounded it with a wall, and built a fortified town, which they were prepared to defend by force of arms. The members of this party were called "Taborites," and were regarded with hostility and dread by Calixtines as well as Papists.

The Taborites, however, made overtures of peace, and sent deputies to the city of Kuntenberg. But the people of the town were chiefly on the Papal side. They seized the deputies, and threw them over the precipices near their town. Fresh deputations were sent, and all treated in the same manner. The "Martyrs of Kuntenberg," as they were called, were commemorated, and sermons preached on the anniversary of their death, even down to the middle of the seventeenth century.

But many besides the Taborite ambassadors were now to seal their faith with their blood. A few instances may suffice.

John Krassa, a leading merchant of Prague, spoke plainly, during a journey of business he made in Silesia, against Huss's condemnation, and of the right of all to partake of the cup in the Lord's Supper. He was overheard, seized, and thrown into prison.

The next day, Nicolas of Bethlehem, a student of Prague, who had been sent to Breslau to plead this same right, was put into the same prison. The young confessor was received by his fellow-captive with a warm welcome. "My brother Nicolas," he said, "how great is the honour to which we are called, that we should be witnesses for our Lord Jesus! Let us joyfully submit to this light affliction—the conflict is short, the recompense eternal. Let us remember Him who, to shed his precious blood to redeem us, suffered so cruel a death for us; and remember, too, what others have borne for his sake."

Thus did Krassa encourage and exhort his young companion. But, alas! the courage of poor Nicolas failed when he was led to the place of execution and saw the terrible preparations. The Pope's legate, who stood by, profited by the weakness of the poor young man, and

working on his hopes of escape, induced him to recant his "Hussite errors."

His companion stood firm as a rock. Entreaties and threats had no effect. He was tied by the feet to a horse, and dragged through the streets. The legate followed him, entreating him to "have pity on himself and recant." But Krassa only replied, "I am ready to die for the gospel of the Lord Jesus."

Bruised, wounded, and half dead, he was brought to the place of execution, and there burned at the stake.

Soon after, twenty-four of the principal citizens of the town of Leitmeritz were arrested on a similar charge, and imprisoned in the fortress by order of the burgo-master, a hard-hearted and cruel man, and a bigoted adherent of the Papacy. They remained long in prison, and at last, half dead with hunger and cold, were laid bound on carts and dragged to the banks of the Elbe to be drowned.

The people were greatly moved. The friends and families of the prisoners crowded round with loud lamentations and entreaties.

Among the condemned was the husband of the burgo-master's daughter. She fell at her father's feet and implored him, in an agony of grief, to spare her husband's life.

"Stop your weeping!" cried the hard-hearted father. "You know not what you ask. Cannot you find a worthier husband?"

The young wife rose from her knees. "You shall never again give me in marriage, my father," she said, resolutely; and with weeping and lamentation she followed in the melancholy train who accompanied the victims to the place of their death.

The martyrs were taken from their carts and placed in boats. During the preparations they all raised their voices and called on heaven and earth to witness their innocence. They then took a last leave of their families and friends, exhorting them to firmness and zeal, and especially reminding them to trust more to the Word of God than to the commands of men. They then prayed for their enemies, and devoutly commending their souls to God, they were carried in the boats into the middle of the stream, and, bound hand and foot, were flung into the river. The executioners stood on the shore with pikes, to prevent the possibility of any, in their dying struggles, reaching the shore.

But they could not separate the devoted wife from her husband. She sprang into the river, and throwing her arms round him, made a vain effort to rescue him from the waves, nerved by a love stronger than death. It was vain; the water was too deep; the faithful pair sank together; and their corpses were found next day, still locked in each other's embrace. Death had failed to part them; they were united for eternity.

These were not the only martyrs for the truth at this terrible time. The Pastor Wenzel of Arnestowitz, a blameless and a pious man, was condemned, with his

assistant, for having administered the communion in both kinds. Three peasants and four boys were to share his fate, for having received the cup from him.

"Either I am right, or you must cancel the Scriptures," said the pastor boldly. To the last they made every effort to induce him to recant; but he replied he would rather die an hundred deaths than deny the truth as clearly written in the gospels. He seated himself calmly on the scaffold, taking his brave young companions on his knees, and surrounded by his other fellow-victims; and all of them died firmly in the flames. Several others followed. Many were put to deaths too horrible to recount, but all seem to have shown the true spirit of Christian martyrs. "Pray for yourselves," said one as he was led to the place of execution, "and for those who lead you astray, that God may in his mercy bring you out of darkness into light."

PART II.

The two parties of Calixtines and Taborites were now becoming more and more sharply defined. The Calixtines were desirous of retaining as much as was possible of the Romish rites and ceremonies; even those among them who were most sincere and upright were not exempt from this bias; but, unhappily, this was not all. Secret emissaries of the Pope and Emperor had joined their ranks, and laboured to promote division and mutual hatred, and to stir up the people against the advocates of pure gospel truth, whom they designated by the hated name of "Picards," the name which had already been given in derision to the Waldenses.

Thus the excitement and tumult on both sides increased daily. John of Selau, a monk and parish priest of a church in the New Town of Prague, a man of great eloquence and fervour, preached to large congregations in favour of the pure gospel doctrines. He became obnoxious to the Romish party, who, on pretext of convoking a secret Council, enticed the preacher and twelve of his followers into the town hall, and there hastily condemned and beheaded them. Their fate was discovered to the people by the blood which streamed from under the closed doors. A crowd pressed up to the town hall, broke open the doors, and sought for the bodies. The head of Selau was borne through the town by a priest named Gaudentius, who called on all to take vengeance for the deed. Some of the councillors were beaten and others put to flight by the mob; the corpses of the victims were displayed in the church, and solemnly carried to their burial. The preacher, when he rose to speak, could hardly command his voice when he heard the loud weeping and sobbing around him, and saw some borne out fainting from the church. Repressing his emotion, he gave out for his text Acts viii. 2: "And devout men carried Stephen to his burial, and made great lamentation over him."

At the end of the sermon he lifted up the bleeding head of the victim, and with tears and earnest words entreated his hearers to keep in mind all they had heard

from their faithful pastor, and not to allow even an angel from heaven to teach them otherwise.

The spirit of division, as might be expected, grew fiercer. In 1427 Przibran and Prokop, the two "administrators" of the council, with two other distinguished men, were seized and banished for their adherence to gospel teaching, by the Calixtines. It would have been no wonder had so divided a party been annihilated by the Papal party; but happily, through the overruling mercy of God, the appearance of an Imperial army, sent by Sigismund in compliance with the Pope's desire before mentioned, alarmed the Hussites into union. For a time all strife was forgotten, and all agreed to place Prokop and John Ziaka at the head of affairs. That extraordinary man, who, in spite of blindness, was the first general of his day, succeeded, by his dauntless resolution and consummate generalship, in defeating the Imperialists. Prague lay at his mercy, and the Hussite cause, for the time, had gained the day. The Emperor, foiled in the field, had recourse to other means.

In 1432 a Council was called at Basle, to which the Bohemians were courteously invited, that they might be convinced of their errors by kindness. All personal security was promised them. After Huss's death such promises were little likely to inspire confidence; but John Rokycana of Prague, and Nicolas Episcopus of Tabor, went as representatives respectively of the Calixtine and Taborite parties.

Their reception was friendly. They requested the consent of the Council to four principal articles, which were as follows:—

1. That the celebration of divine service in their own tongue, and the administration of the cup to the laity, should be restored.
2. That the clergy should not mingle in political affairs.
3. That the Word of God should be freely taught.
4. That open vice in the clergy should be openly punished.

The legate asked contemptuously, "Are these all your articles? You are said to believe that the monks came from the devil."

"Where else should they come from?" replied Prokop, "when they have never been founded either by patriarchs or prophets, or by Christ and his apostles?"

In spite of this bold rejoinder the outward harmony of the meeting was not overthrown. A debate was held for fifty days between disputants chosen on each side, but with no result. The enemies of the faith were now to try persuasion, and one of the deputies was unhappily an easy prey.

Rokycana, though he had been a talented and eloquent preacher of gospel truth, lacked the "single eye" which is needed for its champion. He was worldly and ambitious, and, dazzled by the prospect of being made Archbishop of Prague, easily consented to yield the point at issue. "None can tempt like the fallen," and

he used arts of flattery and cajoling with the other deputies. The four articles were granted on condition of their promising complete obedience to Rome. The Council and the Emperor sent ambassadors to Bohemia to announce that the people of that country were now received as faithful children into the bosom of the Church.

The Bohemian Senate met on this occasion, and Rokycana pointed out to them that they had now received a solemn promise in confirmation of the rights for which so much blood had been shed. He urged them to be satisfied, in language very different from that he had formerly employed, when he had spoken of the Pope and the Emperor as the Woman of Babylon and the Beast of the Apocalypse. Many of his hearers were uneasy at the spirit of compromise he now showed. The Taborites especially were displeased. They had again recourse to arms; but this time they had not Ziska for their leader: they were totally defeated, and their military force entirely crushed, in the year 1434.

The following year Rokycana was chosen Archbishop by the Senate. The Emperor, who appears to have distrusted him, refused to confirm the decision, and Rokycana was fain to fly from Prague and remain for three years at a distance. Soon after this Sigismund died. His successor, Albert, only survived two years, leaving a son who was brought up at the Imperial court.

George Podiebrad took the regency during this interregnum. He was entirely under the influence of Rokycana. The Pope was furious against Podiebrad and the Calixtines, who in their turn inveighed against the Pope and the monastic orders; while both parties agreed in oppressing those who followed the pure gospel teaching.

Rokycana now began to play a double game with the remnant of the conquered Taborites. He declared he would willingly embrace their tenets if they could prove their truth, and proposed an open discussion before the Senate on their points of difference. The Taborites fell into the snare, and appeared before the Council in full confidence in their righteous cause. Umpires were chosen, and it was declared that on whichever side the decision should be made, the opposite party should be held bound to give in its adhesion.

But the whole affair had been privately arranged to give the advantage to the Calixtines. The decision was given in their favour, and the Taborites perceived they had been victims to a stratagem. They dared not refuse the conditions. On returning to their own city they endeavoured to obtain some days' respite, but Podiebrad had the city surrounded with an army, and they were at last forced or alarmed into a surrender. Their clergy were given up to the government; they were imprisoned, and most recanted; a few only went over to the Calixtines.

In the meantime the election of Rokycana as Archbishop was not ratified by the Pope. Many efforts were made to obtain his consent, but he would only give it

on condition of Rokycana yielding the point at issue as to the administration of the Lord's Supper.

In 1448 Cardinal St. Angelo came to Prague with the view of wresting from the Bohemians the articles which had been granted them, and which were entitled "The Compact." Rokycana now changed his tone—he was again loud in his invectives against the Pope, called him the great Antichrist of the Scriptures, and used such strong language in favour of reform that many thought a new Huss had arisen. Alas! they were mere words. He was not one prepared to act as well as speak. He had, however, a near relative very different from himself—Gregory of Raserherz, his sister's son, a man of noble birth, and one to whom his religion was indeed a reality.

Gregory and some of his friends were so deeply impressed with Rokycana's sermons that they came to him to open their minds to him and seek for his counsel. He received them with the utmost cordiality, praised their zeal, recommended the study of certain writings on the divisions of the Church, and spoke altogether in a manner to increase their ardour. At the same time he advised, for the present, silence and patience.

Meanwhile he endeavoured to form an alliance with the Greek Church, in hopes of obtaining support against the Pope. His overtures were met in a friendly spirit, but there was little hope of any really efficient aid. Rokycana, however, made the most of it, and declared the Reformation was at hand. "We are only working on the surface," he said; "soon those will appear who will dig deep and firmly fix the foundation of the truth."

For seven years he continued to soothe the true reformers with these fair words; and when further pressed, always replied that "he was giving the matter consideration, and that he knew not what to advise, there were so many difficulties on all sides." His hearers, more in earnest than himself, declared they were ready to follow him, and acknowledge him as their guide, teacher, and spiritual father. But he was not prepared to take so dangerous a part. He put them off with vain excuses. "You are appointing me," he said, "to a charge too onerous for me. The cause is fraught with peril; you are too bold: we must wait."

Meanwhile it had been plainly shown how little the Greek Church could be looked to for help. Constantinople had been taken by the Turks (in 1453); and two of the Greek refugees came to Prague, were cordially welcomed by Rokycana, and allowed to celebrate mass. But it was soon apparent that a superstitious and vain ceremonial had completely destroyed the simplicity of their faith. This opened the eyes of Rokycana's pious hearers. They again went to him, and entreated him to have compassion on those souls led astray, and not leave them in so perplexing a condition.

Rokycana might now have taken the place of Huss. But he had neither courage nor singleness of heart for such an undertaking. He was not prepared to bear the reproach of Christ. He proposed to his too eager dis-

ciples to go their own way, and let him go his. He would intercede with George Podiebrad (now made king) for a place of safety for them, in which they could live peaceably, and worship according to their conscience. He succeeded in obtaining for them the district of Lititz, in the Silesian Mountains. Here all who were anxious for a real reformation repaired in 1459. They assembled together, and occupied themselves with

the study of the Scriptures and with good works, receiving teachers from those of the Calixtines who were willing to lay aside all superstitious practices and vain ceremonies, and return to apostolic simplicity. This little band of Christians, bound together by such close ties, began to give each other the title of "Brethren," which they have retained to this day.

(To be continued.)

DUNCAN MATHESON, THE SCOTTISH EVANGELIST.*

BY THE REV. D. MACGREGOR, M.A., ST. PETER'S, DUNDEE.

IN his "Schools and Schoolmasters," Hugh Miller tells an interesting story how he and his friend of the Doocot Cave met one evening after an interruption in their intercourse of five years. They had parted boys, and had now grown men; one had completed his first session at college, the other his apprenticeship as a stone-mason; and they began to take stock of each other's acquirements and experiences, and the measure of each other's calibre, with some little curiosity. The mind of the student had developed in a scientific direction, and given evidence of clear capacity for mathematical and metaphysical studies; the mind of the stone-mason was stored with facts, and, from greater opportunities of observation, his acquaintance with men, and even with books, was far more extensive. Miller introduced his friend to the Eathie Lias, his friend helped him to state an argument with more logical compactness. Then proceeding to compare such university-taught lads as he had known from boyhood, with working-men of, as nearly as he could guess, the same original power, Miller sums up: "I did not always find that general superiority on the side of the scholar which the scholar himself usually took for granted. What he had specially studied he knew, save in rare and exceptional cases, better than the working-man; but while the student had been mastering his Greek and Latin, and expatiating in natural philosophy and the mathematics, the working-man, if of an inquiring mind, had been doing something else. In framing an argument the advantage lay with the scholar, but in that common sense which reasons but does not argue, and which enables men to pick their stepping prudently through the journey of life, I found that the classical education gave no superiority whatever; nor did it appear to form so fitting an introduction to the realities of business as that course of dealing with things tangible and actual in which the working man has to exercise his faculties, and from which he derives his experience."

The early training of Duncan Matheson was singularly fitted to qualify him for his life-work far better than a

university curriculum. His father's force of character, his mother's loving graciousness, the severe thrift of the homely dwelling, the Spartan discipline of the town school, and the sacred memories of his granduncle, George Cowie, who was pastor of the Secession Church in Huntly at the close of last century, and was deposed by the Synod for admitting the Haldanes into his pulpit,—these were the influences that early moulded the robust and fearless boy. We are strangely linked to the past. Old people in Huntly often said that George Cowie lived again in Duncan Matheson. In the "Lives of the Haldanes" Cowie is spoken of as "the celebrated Cowie," and it is added that "in the pulpit he was truly great"—a kind of Whitefield in his way. "He was a stern reprover of sin; but he melted with tenderness over the sinner, beseeching him to be reconciled to God. Hundreds were often dissolved in tears under his ministry." Thousands followed him to the grave, and on his tomb were inscribed the words: "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

In Duncan's boyhood we have a beautiful specimen of the transparent honesty which was always so characteristic of him. Some of his friends advised him to enter the university, and offered him a bursary on condition of his studying for the ministry. "No," he said; "a minister ought to be a converted and a holy man. I am not converted, and you know it." His great ambition was to be a sculptor. He was apprenticed to a master stone-cutter, and sent to hew in a granite quarry at Kildrummie. From Kildrummie he went to Banff, from Banff to Edinburgh, where he passed through a terrible struggle—a baptism of pain and tears, "sufferings like purgatorial fires"—of which we have a very impressive and affecting account in his own words. He "felt the burning, piercing eye of God upon him." "The threatenings of the Word came like peals of artillery in quick succession." But he could not see the cross. Repentance seemed as a toll in the way. At last, by the blessing of God upon the dying counsels of his mother, and the teaching of Mr. Moody Stuart and Mr. Andrew Bonar, he found rest in Christ, and

* "Life and Labours of Duncan Matheson, the Scottish Evangelist. By the Rev. John M'Pherson." London: Morgan, Chase, and Scott.

for a brief space enjoyed an ecstasy of peace proportionate to the anguish from which he had escaped.

Very wonderful is the opening stage of the Christian life—so wonderful that no one realizes how wonderful it is till he is out of it, and can look back upon it. Then begins the great wilderness, full of temptation, struggle, weariness, and you toil on, burned by the sun and wind, ankle-deep in the sand, and ready to murmur for want of cool shade and refreshing springs. It was only for three days that Matheson's deep peace lasted, and then came two years of new struggle. He had scarcely reached the cross when he had to pass through the valley of the shadow of death. His hope rose and fell like a barometer. He had to unlearn frames and learn faith. He had to learn to trust God in the dark. He was brought to the brink of despair, so that he could say to despairing souls ever after, "I was once where you are now." Pierce blasts shook the tree. But although the storm tossed the branches it strengthened the roots. These two years were spent on the hardest bench in Christ's school. This discipline, along with the careful study of the works of the great Puritans, completed his preparation for his work.

He now entered upon his "evangelistic apprenticeship." He returned to Huntly, and began to labour for Christ. He spent his whole time in visiting the sick and distributing tracts. He established cottage-meetings for prayer and reading the Word wherever he found access. He won men's hearts by his frank, honest face, his unwearied kindness, his never-failing tact, his intense yearning for souls. He often worked sixteen hours a-day. He held as many as seventy prayer-meetings in three months. One night in prayer the thought arose in his mind, "If I had a printing-press I could make as many tracts as I could use." He began to pray for a printing-press, and his prayer was answered. An old printing-press came into his possession almost by a miracle. On reaching home with it he wrote upon it, FOR GOD AND ETERNITY; and hastening to his closet, he fell upon his knees and prayed for the needed skill to work it. He was apprentice and master, printer and publisher, missionary and philanthropist, all in one. He threw off a hundred thousand tracts in an incredibly short time. He employed the ministry of the press and the ministry of the pulpit simultaneously to the end. He found the two act and react upon each other. He "sowed alternately with both hands from one seed-bag." The good Duchess of Gordon, hearing of the young evangelist's indefatigable labours, offered to employ him as a Scripture reader. His worldly prospects were now bright. His skill as a builder, his talents as a draughtsman, and his indomitable energy were well known. But he accepted the offer and the humble salary of £40 a-year. He was so possessed by the great passion of his life—the saving of souls—that worldly considerations were of small account.

From this point his work may be arranged into two

parts—his mission to the Crimea, and his labours at home, especially during the stirring times of 1860.

His call to the Crimea as missionary to the Highland Brigade came stamped with the broad seal of a special providence. He happened to witness the departure of some troops for the East, and was deeply moved by the sad farewells. His heart went with them. He longed to go as a herald of mercy to the wounded and dying. He had a soldier's heart himself, full of fiery valour and daring heroism, none the less now that he was a soldier of the cross. He laid the matter before the Lord. One day he received a letter intended for *another person of the same name*, announcing that if he was still willing to go to the East the way was open. It was the doing of the Lord. The mistake of the post-office was overruled for great results. He went in connection with the British and Foreign Soldiers' Friend Society, and with the sanction of the Colonial Committee of the Free Church. His sense of the solemnity of the enterprise is evident from a very solemn dedication of himself to God found upon his desk after his departure.

There was a great scarcity of Bibles among the soldiers. He brought out with him an abundant store furnished by the Tract Society, by Mr. Drummond of Stirling, and by Miss Marsh of Beckenham Rectory. Twenty-five thousand tracts were speedily circulated. With characteristic generosity he gave away all the clothes he could spare. He soon found out kindred spirits. On the first Sabbath after his arrival, Hector M'Pherson, drum-major, 93rd Highlanders, and himself retired to a ravine where, amid the roar of cannon, they read the Word, and prayed, and sang the old war-song of Luther,—

"God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
Therefore, although the earth remove,
We will not be afraid."

He also found a true friend and fellow-labourer in the Rev. Mr. Hayward, an English chaplain, a devoted servant of Christ. At every juncture in the war they retired to a lonely spot to pray. He had snatches of delightful intercourse with Hedley Vicars, and when that noble soldier fell, he felt, as he stood beside his grave, "as if another link had been snapped on earth, and another bond formed in heaven." He lodged in a rude hovel in an old stable at Balaklava. It was a time of stern, incessant work, carried on amid exhausting privations, and sickening sights, and dangers, and hair-breadth escapes, which threw him more upon a guardian God. Often under fire, amid shot and shell, God kept him "in the hollow of his hand." Every day he did the work of two. He gave every soldier a Bible. He was everywhere to be seen—in the camp, in the field, in the hospital—warning the living, and comforting the dying. Cholera opened the way for Christ's messenger. He had a large store of medicine, as well as Bibles. He ministered to soul and body. The

wounded asked for medicine, and he gave them the gospel also. Pain tore up the subsoil of the heart, and the seed entered in. Sometimes there were very affecting opportunities. One poor Scotch soldier boy lay dying, and cried bitterly, "I'll never see Scotland again." Matheson told him to trust the Friend who is the Way to a Better Land. But while his special mission was to read the Scriptures to his own countrymen, the Sardinian army "lay upon his heart from the very first like a prophet's burden." His sympathy with them in their aspirations for national liberty won their hearts; and when he told them of Jesus as the true Liberator, and of the Bible as the Magna Charta of civil and religious liberty, they were eager to receive copies of the Word of God. It was with fear and trembling that he began to distribute Italian New Testaments among them. They took them most gratefully, nine-tenths of them offering payment for them. He committed John iii. 16, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," to memory from the Italian Testament, and, standing among the Sardinian soldiers, repeated it with stentorian voice, passing from group to group. God opened a great and effectual door. First an Italian officer asked for a Testament, and assisted the Scripture reader in supplying all his company. One walked five miles in the darkness of night to receive the Word of God. At five in the morning the old stable is surrounded by Sardinian soldiers asking for Bibles. "I've got a great treasure now," said one, as he put the book in his bosom and went away. Seven Sardinian officers called upon the missionary and requested him to give them the blessed Book—a forbidden book in their country. Two Tuscans, and a Tyrolese of noble countenance, who had fought under Garibaldi, came upon the same errand. As many as fifteen hundred soldiers came. Their eagerness to possess the Word of God was wonderful. Matheson became known as the "Sardinians' Friend," and enjoyed all but unbounded liberty and respect in carrying on the work of the Lord in the Italian army. Eighteen thousand copies of the Word of God were sent to Italy in the soldiers' knapsacks. He went to the Crimea as a Scripture reader to the Highland Brigade. He sent a host of Scripture readers into the dominions of the Pope. A huge bundle of letters from Italian and French officers, requesting Bibles and Testaments for their men, was found among his papers after his death.

But his labours were not confined to the Italian soldiers. He was a "Christian commission" in himself. He was the trusted friend of soldiers and sailors of all nationalities alike. He visited the sailors in the harbour of Balaklava. His frank manner, his ready sallies of wit, his broad, hearty laugh, his free, copious talk, sometimes in the broadest Doric when he met a countryman, suited Jack's humour amazingly; and when he won their confidence, he spoke words for his Master which were fastened as nails in a sure place.

Some who met him with swearing and laughter went away in tears. He ministered to the navvies of the army-works corps when cholera broke out among them. He might be seen distributing tracts on the wharf at Balaklava, or standing in the market-place at Kadi-Keni, a mile off, surrounded by a motley crowd of English and French, Italians and Maltese, Turks and Jews, crying in broken scraps of different languages, "Who'll buy the truth?" When peace was proclaimed the Russian soldiers came to him for Bibles—and their gratitude knew no bounds. At Constantinople, on his way home, his heart was set on doing something for the Turks—and scarcely a day passed without some Turkish officers calling at his lodgings for Bibles. He distributed 1000 copies of the Scriptures among the followers of the False Prophet. He returned through Egypt and Italy, taking Naples, Rome, Genoa, Turin, and the Waldensian Valleys on his way, having sown the seed of the kingdom in the hearts of thousands of many nations, who, but for his self-sacrificing labours, had returned to their homes to live and die in Egyptian darkness. His name has no place in the annals of the Crimean struggle, but it is enrolled on high; and the fruits of his labours, when revealed in the day of God, will receive a nobler reward than the perishing laurels of earthly fame.

His health had suffered severely in the East. As soon as it was re-established he began to labour at Whitehaven. While lying at the point of death in the Crimea, he prayed that ten years might be added to his life, and vowed that, if spared, he would publish a testimony for Christ. The prayer was answered, and the vow was performed. He started a little monthly periodical called *The Herald of Mercy*. God used it, and it spread till it reached a circulation of 32,000 a-month. The profits were all devoted to its gratuitous circulation. The editor never made a penny by it. Enough for him that it found its way everywhere, and that he was continually hearing of souls being saved by it. At the invitation of Lady Pirie he went to Malvern, where he preached his first open-air sermon. In 1859 he returned to Scotland. That was the year of the great awakening in Ireland. The tide of blessing had crossed the Atlantic. Hundreds of earnest men and ministers from Scotland went to Ireland and saw the grace of God and were glad. The blessed tide flowed across to Scotland. Ministers came home with a new fire burning in their hearts, and told their people what they had seen. They were like men that dreamed. The heaven spread. The work extended in some places like fire in a prairie. The breath of God blew over the length and breadth of the land, from the Solway to Shetland, and from Cantire to Lewis. The sea-ports all round our shores, from Eyemouth to Kirkwall, and from Campbeltown to Stornoway, received the pentecostal shower. It was a year of grace. Mr. Matheson, full of joy and hope, as if the millennial glory were at hand, went everywhere preaching the Word, almost with the rapidity of a courier in the crisis of a battle. Beginning at Aberdeen and

Garioch, he soon reached Cullen on the Moray Firth. Shortly before his visit the little sea-port had been moved as by an earthquake, and the awful realities of eternity had been brought very near. He preached to a crowded congregation in the Free Church on the barren fig-tree. His biographer has preserved the substance of his discourse. We give an extract—the only extract of his preaching we can give—as a good specimen both of his matter and manner :—

“From the beginning of the service, a deep solemnity rested on the people, and the minds of many were in a state of strange expectancy. Unveiling the truth, the preacher describes a community favoured with the light and privileges of the gospel. Privilege after privilege is enjoyed. Sabbath follows Sabbath in peaceful succession. Opportunity after opportunity occurs, and sermon on sermon. Mercy presses on the heels of mercy, like the bright days of summer chasing time to its wintry close. The sharp dispensations of the providential pruning-knife come again and again. But all is in vain. The sunshine and the rain have been to no purpose; the digging and the dunging have been in vain. The Father's love has been to them as nought. The blood of the Son has been despised. The grace of the Spirit has brought forth no fruit in them. Forbearance and intercession have yielded no result but failure. After the resources of the Godhead in the gospel of Christ, what then? The people know that he is drawing their portrait with unmistakable resemblance. Feeling that they are found out among the trees of the garden, they tremble and listen with breathless attention. The sonorous voice of the preacher grows thrillingly solemn and tender as he proceeds, till at length he pours out his last warning in a torrent of compassionate feeling. His eye glances with an awful light, as if he is looking into eternity, while he lifts his hands, and pronounces the sentence with a mighty and judgment-like voice, ‘Cut it down! why cumbereth it the ground?’ Never did woodman aim a better stroke. God is in the word. Old rotten trunks are crashing beneath the blow. One after another are saying, with irrepressible alarm, ‘It is I!—it is I!—God be merciful to my soul!’ The results are with Him who knoweth all things; but there is reason to believe that some of the audience will remember that night and the felling of the barren fig-tree amidst the songs and joys of eternity” (p. 149).

There is no test so decisive of the reality of a work of grace as the test of time. Some of the finest youths in Cullen were then turned to the Lord. One of them is now an ordained missionary in China; another labours in Turkey; a third preaches the gospel at home; a fourth is preparing to take the field as a medical missionary; a fifth, after having taught Breadalbane School at Aberfeldy with such distinguished success that it became a nursery for the Church and the Divinity Hall, has finished his course with joy; and others are occupying their talents in the quiet corners of the vineyard. The same results attended his preaching in the various

places he visited—Buckie, Port-Knockie, the towns and villages along the coast of Banff and Nairn, Longside, Ellon, Inverury, Turriff, Aberdeen, Banchory, Montrose, Dundee, Blairgowrie, Perth, Aberfeldy, Glasgow, &c. His chief labours were in the counties of Banff and Aberdeen; but before the close of his career he had visited almost every place of note from John o' Groats' to the English Border. One of the most interesting chapters in his memoir—a chapter written with a dramatic power not unworthy of Dickens—is entitled, “The Diocese of the Open Air;” and one of his truest and most characteristic designations was “Archbishop of the Open Air.”

He was the originator of the Huntly meetings. After much prayerful consultation, it was resolved to invite the people from the surrounding country to meet at Huntly to hear the Word. The Duchess of Gordon freely gave the use of the Castle Park. The burden of the arrangements fell upon Mr. Matheson, and the amount of labour and correspondence it involved was very great. The idea was then new in Scotland. He marshalled his forces well. He secured the services not only of ministers whose names were dear to the whole Christian Church, but of laymen whose labours had been blessed during the revival. The venerable Hay Macdowall Grant of Arndilly and Mr. Brownlow North were among the foremost; but the list of speakers included professors and divines, lawyers and physicians, lords and landowners, merchants and officers of the army and navy, with others of humbler name. As many as ten thousand persons assembled. It reminded one of the mighty congregation in Wales at the meetings of the Welsh General Assembly. The power which attended the Word and the solemnity which pervaded the audience made it manifest that the Master of assemblies was there. These meetings were continued for several years, and the day alone will declare the mighty impulse they have given to the cause of Christ in the north of Scotland. The Perth Conferences sprang from them. Similar conferences or convocations in Dundee, Stirling, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, have become familiar as means of drawing together Christians of all denominations, of quickening spiritual life, strengthening the ties of brotherhood, and gathering in the unsaved.

His labours increased as the years rolled on. The thought of the *endlessness of eternity* had been burned into his spirit beside his mother's knee, and it gave a terrible intensity to his appeals. “Eternity was stamped upon his eyeballs.” “Eternity, eternity!” he would cry; “souls are perishing.” It made him impatient of stereotyped methods—of men who were content to move on in the customary grooves—of men who “filled their prayers with poetry,” and especially of smooth, pointless preaching, however pleasant to the ear or agreeable to the cultivated taste. Sometimes it gave a tone of severity to his words. “It is just Nero fiddling,” he would say, “when Rome is burning.” “That was an excellent discourse,” he said one day after hearing a

sermon; "but the meshes were too wide, and the fish would all get through." The writer vividly remembers hearing him on a Sabbath evening at A—— in the summer of 1861. There was a shaking among the dry bones. A dense crowd assembled in the open air under the shadow of the grand Highland hills. Several brethren had spoken with great tenderness and power; and Mr. Matheson gave the closing address. After a few solemn, searching, pointed words, he raised his voice and repeated the lines:—

"Lo! He comes with clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending,
Swell the triumph of his train:
Hallelujah!
Jesus now shall ever reign!

"Every eye shall now behold him,
Robed in dreadful majesty!
Those who set at nought and sold him,
Pierced and nailed him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see!"

The effect upon the audience was indescribable.

We can only allude to his labours at the feeling markets. The excesses connected with these peculiar institutions had early impressed his mind. He regarded the feeling days as Satan's chief harvest days, and he resolved to unfurl the banner of Christ. In company with some like-minded fellow-labourers he travelled over Aberdeenshire and Banffshire preaching at the village fairs. He was the prince of market-preachers. His straightforward manner, his ready wit, his self-possession, his trumpet-like voice, rising above the din, drew the crowd and made them listen. The Word of God and the power of the Holy Ghost did the rest. He could compete with the showman of a penny theatre. The hubbub did not disconcert him. He would come in front of a man being weighed for a penny, and with

his solemn tone and earnest manner, making the man tremble all over, he would say, "Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." If he saw a man pushing his wares, he would sound in the ears of buyer and seller, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

These exhausting and incessant labours wore his iron frame at forty-one. He lived three years longer; but they were years of pain and suffering. The zeal of his Father's house still consumed him; but he had to glorify God in the fire. He went to Carlisle for the benefit of the waters. The kindness he experienced during his sickness was wonderful. During the great part of his public life he had no stated income. He lived by the same childlike faith as George Müller of Bristol, whose character he greatly admired. God supplied all his need according to his riches in glory. He returned home, and although life was ebbing away, he was busy writing letters, editing his *Herald*, and receiving visits from dear friends and fellow-labourers. The visits of his spiritual children were specially sweet to him. He lived in the land of Beulah with the City full in view. He always spoke of "going to see the King." As the end drew near, he said to his wife, "This room is filled with the heavenly host! Had I strength—how we would sing!" His last words were, "Lord Jesus, come quickly! Oh, come quickly!" When we called to inquire for him a month before his death, we found one of his sons in the faith—a devoted town-missionary—standing weeping at the door; and, shortly after his death, we happened to travel in the same carriage with another of his spiritual children—a preacher of the gospel—who told us he was on his way to look at the spot where the hallowed dust of his spiritual father rests till the resurrection in the quiet churchyard of Scone.

THE BROKEN PLATE.

BY MARY E. WILLARD.



WILL and Josey were left in the care of a housemaid, while their parents went to a neighbouring town, to be away all day. Brought up by the mother's knee, they hardly knew how to pass their time alone. As a great treat, they were allowed to have a little frosted cake for their supper, served on an antique china plate, an heirloom, whose history they had so often heard from their mother, that it had become a very interesting object in their eyes.

"Only to think that grandma's grandma used to eat off this plate when she was a little girl," said Josey.

"That's nothing to George Washington's holding it in his hand," said Will.

"That must have been after he cut the cherry-tree.

He'd have broken it, if he had got hold of it in those days."

Will laughed, called Josey a "dunce," and as the cake disappeared and disclosed a little picture on the bottom of the plate, they examined it with their fingers, and wondered what George Washington thought of the little figures painted there.

Just then Bridget called out from the kitchen for them to hurry with their supper, and go out by the gate and watch for the carriage.

By way of helping Bridget, Josey took hold of the cake plate to carry it to the kitchen.

"Let me carry it; I am the oldest," said Will, with a sort of older-brother manner. His merry whistle was cut short; for down went the precious old plate on the carpet in a heap of small bits.

Bridget was shocked. She had transgressed the rules to let the boys use it. Will and Josey both began to cry when they saw it gathered up on the dust-pan.

"Let's go to bed ; I don't want to meet mamma," said Will.

"She won't be hard on ye," said Bridget, a little pale at the sound of approaching carriage wheels.

"Don't you tell. We'll tell ourselves," said Will, trying to look brave and manly.

Bridget was only too glad to promise. The boys hurried up to bed. Their father and mother missed their pleasant greeting, and were startled at Bridget's anxious, pale face. Mamma ran up into their room with her bonnet on. They lay sobbing with the sheet pulled over their faces.

"What is the matter, boys ?"

No answer. After a series of sobs, Josey says,—

"We daren't tell you, mamma."

"Have you been quarrelling ?"

"No, ma'am."

"Have you been using bad language, telling a falsehood, or doing wrong in some other way ?"

"No, ma'am,"—and more sobs.

"Bridget, come here and tell me what has happened to the boys."

"They bid me let them tell for themselves, ma'am."

"You may tell. We can't," cried Will from under the sheet, choking down a big sob.

"Well, ma'am," and Bridget grew pale, "your old plate with the old-fashioned picture on it that ye prized

so much, is in bits. I am sorry indeed, ma'am, for it was I that let them have their cake on it, to amuse them."

With this the boys were preparing for a fresh cry, when mamma cleared the cloud away by giving a cheerful, hearty laugh, and exclaiming,—

"Is that all? My dear boys, I was afraid you had broken some of God's laws. Stop your crying. I can do without my old plate, but I could not bear to have my darling boys commit *sin*. It was only an accident. It would very likely have slipped from my hands at some future time. Now kiss mamma, and go to sleep. Throw away the pieces, Bridget, and we will forget all about it."

The boys uncovered their faces, sat up in bed, and had a good lively talk with mamma about the doings of the day ; heard a description of Black Hawk's splendid behaviour in standing still without moving anything but his ears, when the express train came whizzing by within four feet of him ; and lay down again, comforted and happy, to their light-hearted slumbers.

They then and there learned a lesson which will last them a lifetime, and help to keep their young feet from the paths of the destroyer ; that is, that no ill-success or earthly loss can grieve their mother as much as to see them sinning against God.

Dear children, fear sin more than poverty, loss, or shame. Nothing can harm you if you make Christ your most intimate friend. Dear mothers, let your children feel that torn clothes, soiled books, broken ware, deserve gentle reproof, and excite you far less than a stained, soiled conscience and God's broken law.

FRANCIS XAVIER.

CHAPTER III.

Return now to Xavier's instructions to his co-workers in the mission field. Most of these may well serve for the direction of missionaries of Protestant churches, especially those for the treatment of native converts, and on the difficult matter of intercourse with Europeans. One odious principle, afterwards embodied in the maxims of the Duc de Rochefaucault, is to be found among them ; * but this is one of the very few examples of any warping of Xavier's nature by his Jesuitical training. He warns the missionaries to shun controversy among themselves as they would "a mad dog or a viper." On the subject of effective preaching he is most pungent and emphatic. We rather think that if his injunctions were acted out by men of the personal piety which he deemed the first requisite for the ministry, we should hear less of "the waning influence of the pulpit."

"Men," he wrote, "will only listen attentively to that which responds to their internal consciousness. Sublime speculations, perplexed questions, and scholastic controversies overshoot the capacity and the interest of men who grovel upon the earth ; they make a vain sound, and pass away without effect. You must show men to themselves, if you wish to hold them enchained by your words. But before you can express what they feel in the depths of their heart, you must know it ; and there is only one way of knowing it—to be much among them, to test them, to observe them. Take in hand these living books—hence derive your rules of teaching with effect—hence obtain your ability of dealing with sinners, of bearing with them, and, for the sake of saving their souls, of moving their wills in the right direction. I do not indeed forbid the reading of lifeless books. Let the Holy Scriptures, the Fathers, the Sacred Canons, the books of devotion, and those which treat of the moral law, be diligently consulted at proper times. From the lives of saints you may derive most profitable remedies against temptation, arguments of persuasion,

* He advised that a man's intercourse with others should be regulated on the principle that they may one day become his enemies, and turn to his disadvantage what has passed between them.

stimulants to heroic zeal, examples of all that is praiseworthy; but these appliances are cold, and effect little until the minds of the auditors are opened by things which reach the bottom of their hearts. There is but one key which will unlock these hearts—namely, the presentation to them, as I have said, of their interior convictions, skilfully portrayed by a preacher well versed in human affairs, and brought clearly home to the apprehension of each individual."

He urges upon those missionaries who were near the sea-port towns to study the characteristics of commercial populations, and to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the artifices of trade, and with all matters with which commercial people are conversant. "To obtain this knowledge," he writes, "you must labour, as you did formerly in the schools, to acquire philosophical and theological lore. But you must seek it not in lifeless books, whether written on paper or vellum, but from living books—that is, from men of business and men of the world. From this kind of converse you will profit more than if you tumble over a whole library of speculative authors." After giving some admirable advice on the subject of communications to the Church at home, he says: "Let nothing slip into these letters at which any one may justly take offence—nothing which shall not approve itself at first sight as truthful."

One of his most beautiful letters is to Paul Camerti, rector of the college at Goa, concerning the tender treatment of missionaries. In order fully to understand Xavier in his strength and weakness, in his failures and successes, we must turn alike from his panegyrists and detractors, and study his own correspondence. In this, and in many others of his letters, we recognize that exquisite combination of womanly tenderness with masculine strength which forms the ideal man. A father could scarcely be more tender to his children, a sister to a brother, than this Jesuit was to all who claimed his love or had need of his guidance. All the more potent, then, was his righteous indignation, and the more dreaded the unsparing censures with which, clothed with priestly authority, he lashed the iniquities or shortcomings of those in high places. Even John III. himself, Xavier's patron, and the unwearied friend of Indian missions, received from him such solemn admonitions regarding his imperfectly performed duty to the heathen, as to resemble rather the expostulatory majesty of the Hebrew prophets than the attitude of a monk of the sixteenth century.

The commission which Xavier had received from the Portuguese sovereign proved, as might be expected, a disadvantage to his missionary character. It led him several times into schemes of a politico-religious nature—it surrounded him with intriguers and flatterers, who sought, for purposes of their own, to make a tool of his influence with the king; and, on the other hand, raised up many bitter enemies who were jealous of his interference with political matters. It was a perpetual snare and source of weakness, and led him, before leaving

India for the second time, to devise and propound a monstrous scheme for the conversion of the "Indies," which was to consist in a detestable plan of enforcing Christianity on the natives by means of the secular arm. Under a sense of the failure of missionary enterprise, he expressed his belief that, if India were searched through, few would be found to reach heaven, either whites or blacks, save those who departed this life "with their baptismal innocence still upon them;" and proposed to the king a plan, most elaborately detailed, for taking the conversion of India out of the hands of the missionaries and placing it in those of the civil authorities. This document, which bears evidence of the most careful thought and preparation, labours throughout to induce the king to declare, that thereafter the responsibility of spreading Christianity was to rest upon *the viceroys and governors, and upon them alone*. He concludes by placing before the king, in the most solemn language, "the condemnation of the last day," and states that nothing would have induced him to propose this plan if he could have reconciled it to his conscience to keep silence. It stands out to this day a monument of Xavier's erroneous ideas, of his perverted good sense, and of the powerlessness of the weapons with which the Romish missionaries had assailed the creeds of India. Xavier was not blinded or carried away by his apparent success among the Paravas of Comorin and the low-caste natives of Travancore. He recognized an absolute failure to effect a breach in the heavily-buttressed and hitherto impregnable fortress of Hinduism. So, with the implied confession of failure on his lips, and with the statement that he was no longer needed in India, he left its heathen millions for the second time behind, bound upon a marvellous adventure to regions unexplored, where there were no Portuguese officials to discredit the Christian name, and where, report said, the fields were whitening to an abundant harvest.

We now enter upon the most fascinating phase of Xavier's career. From the uttermost parts of the earth, a man, sinking under the burden of sin, sought the great missionary with the entreaty, "Come over and help us." Costly oblations and expiatory rites had failed to relieve the burdened conscience, and in a woe which even the traders at Malacca had recognized as admitting of but one cure, Paul Auger, guided by Xavier, fell at the feet of the Crucified, and upon his soul came a great calm. At the college at Goa, where he and his two servants received further instruction in the Christian faith, they studied with such ardour, that in nine months they had learned to read, write, and converse fluently in Portuguese, and had translated into Japanese the creed and Xavier's system of Christian doctrine. Auger also committed to memory the whole gospel of Matthew. His conversion was genuine as well as marvellous. He abounded in such love, zeal, and apostolic gifts, as to designate him as the pioneer of the Cross in Japan. His letter to Loyola, giving his previous history, is one of the most touching and simple

narratives extant. It begins by describing himself as lost and wandering like a lamb from the flock, but as sought when he was far off, and brought from light to darkness, from death to life. He writes of Jesus Christ as the chief object of his love and adoration; of the death on Calvary as his hope; of the deep peace which it had brought into his soul, and expresses an intense longing to prove his gratitude to his Saviour by preaching the faith among his countrymen. He was an unwearied student of the New Testament, dwelling with ever-fresh gratitude and delight upon the sufferings of Christ, so raising himself to the height of a complete consecration, being steadfastly purposed to follow the Lamb "even through a hundred deaths." In the new-born fervour of his ransomed spirit, he was sanguine of the conversion of Japan; and it was no wonder that his father and instructor in Christ heard his invitation as though it were a voice from heaven. For to his fervid soul the oath of St. Denys was ever fresh: and the voice, which long before in sunny France had uttered the awful question, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?" still rang in his ears, urging him to venture all for Christ's sake and the gospel's.

Though he was only forty-three, his hair was as white as snow; but his abundant labours, including the care of all the Eastern churches, had not sobered his elastic gait, or dulled the light of his blue eye; and still less had disappointment and even failure quenched the hopefulness of his enthusiastic spirit or dimmed his trust in God. Four years after the discovery of Japan, Xavier sailed from Goa with a bounding heart, to convert the Japanese to Christ, accompanied by Auger and his two servants. Better than royal favour, popular applause, and the roar of artillery, amidst which he left Lisbon, were the auspices under which he sailed from Goa. For to his pious mind the divine leadings were most clearly manifest. His companions were the first-fruits of Japan unto Christ. The difficulty of the unknown language was minimised in his favour, and a great door and effectual was opened unto him. The acquisition of Turrianus, formerly a seafaring man, but then in orders, was a great strength to the party, for his devoted piety, love of enterprise, and long experience of Eastern climates, fitted him for so daring an expedition. The other associate was Fernandez, a man of sterling piety and considerable sagacity. At Malacca, the missionary party, for want of other conveyance, was compelled to embark in a Chinese junk, which pursued a most distorted course, under the supposed direction of an idol, before which the crew burned scented wood all day long, to the great grief of Xavier, who found himself compelled, as he says, to shape his course by an appeal to the devil.

However, after terrible storms and wearisome detentions, they arrived safely at Cangoxima in 1549. This was the residence of Auger and his relations; and as he was a man of influence, they were received with great

kindness and distinction by the chief magistrate and the whole community. Paul's neighbours knew the object of his forlorn and distant quest, and their curiosity was stimulated to hear its result. He at once set himself to preach the faith which had blessed his own soul, devoting whole days and nights to setting forth Christ and Christian doctrine, and with so much success that in three months he brought over to Christianity his mother, his wife, his male and female relatives, and a large number of his former friends and intimates.*

Xavier's account of Japan, with its religion, laws, morals, and manners, is very curious and interesting, as well as valuable from its antiquity. He found religious beliefs and practices which bore in many respects either a shadowy or grotesque resemblance to some of those of his own Church. As, for example, there was a counterpart of the Roman Pope, who consecrated a hierarchy, and regulated all rites and ceremonies by his infallible will. Monasteries, both male and female, covered the island, in which asceticism was professedly practised; and Xavier remarks that in four points monastic life in Japan resembled monastic life in Europe. There were legends current akin to those afloat in Eastern Asia, which related how Xaca, the son of Amida, the *Virgo Deipara* of Japan, had expiated the sins of men by a life of extreme austerity and self-sacrifice, inculcating a doctrine which is a singular parody of sacred truth. Temples in honour of the mother and child were thickly studded over the land; and when a picture of Mary, with the holy child Jesus, was presented to the governor of Cangoxima, the ideas connected with it did not probably jar very harshly upon those already existing in his mind. Several religions enjoyed equal toleration and protection. Xavier mentions nine sects, but probably all may be classed under three heads: the Sinto religion (the ancient form of demon worship), and the Buddhist and Philosophical systems, introduced from China. Only one among the sects denied the immortality of the soul, and it was the refuge of the debased, and regarded as infamous. This nearly universal belief in immortality made a profound impression on Xavier. And it is as interesting to us as it was to him to find the general mind of Japan occupied with ingenious speculations on such profound questions as these: "When death has silenced the voice of the body, has the soul at the moment of its departure the power of utterance?" "If a departed soul were to return to the world, what would be his chief address to the living?"

It does not appear, however, that the belief in im-

* This interesting group was the nucleus of that large and influential Church which for ninety years represented Christianity in Japan, and, for forty, signalled itself by the heroic endurance of a most barbarous persecution. At the close of this period, 37,000 Christians survived to confess the faith; but these were swept away in 1637 by one of the bloodiest butcheries which ever disgraced the earth. In such a fashion was the religion thus peacefully introduced at Cangoxima ultimately destroyed, a destruction since triumphantly celebrated by the annual ceremony of trampling under foot the abhorred symbol of the Cross.

mortality which pervaded Japan was either more or less fruitful of good results than the nominal belief in immortality amongst ourselves. The Japanese seem to have been intellectual voluptuaries, like the Athenians of Paul's day, profoundly speculative, acute and frivolous, curious and disputatious, given to much talk and little earnestness. In the large towns the missionaries were surrounded with hosts of learned babblers, who plied them with questions innumerable about the immortality of the soul, hell, paradise, eclipses, sin, grace, planetary motion, &c. But when Xavier preached of "righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," they exclaimed, "What a Bonze; who would allow us but one god and one wife!" and when he expounded Christianity, they sneeringly inquired, "How is it, if what you say be true, that the Chinese have never heard of it?" Xavier made Cangoxima his headquarters for one year, and baptized one hundred converts. As Paul Anger, who was their teacher, was not only spiritually acquainted with the way of salvation, but an apt student of Christian history and doctrine, we may infer that his disciples embraced Christianity with a far larger measure of enlightenment than the poor fishermen of Comorin, who yet knew Christ well enough to lay down their lives boldly for his sake. But the Bonzes (or monkish teachers), who were generally profligates and hypocrites, became alarmed for their supremacy, and persuaded the governor to issue an edict providing that for the future no one should become a Christian under pain of death. So Xavier departed from his sorrowing flock, who, with many tears, expressed their gratitude to him for having taught them the way of salvation; and Anger remained "to perfect" these interesting neophytes "in the Christian life."

Carrying on his back the vessels used in celebrating mass, Xavier passed on to the sea-port town of Firando, where, in a few days, one hundred persons embraced Christianity. From thence, accompanied only by Fernandez, he went to the populous city of Amanguchi, the centre of Japanese learning and controversial debate, but inhabited by a hardened and sensual population. There this unwearied missionary preached twice a-day in the streets—expounded the Christian religion in the houses of the nobility; and when the city was moved by the strange teacher, and he was summoned into the presence of the king, he spoke to him with authority, telling him "that no one could be safe here, or saved hereafter, unless he would worship God, and his Son Jesus Christ, the Judge and Saviour of all nations, in piety and holiness." Some even wept when they heard "of the most bitter death of Christ;" but the preaching of holiness stirred up a most virulent general enmity, which had the sagacity to perceive that at that time ridicule would be a more effective weapon than persecution. Crowds of the dregs of the people were hired to pursue the missionaries along the streets with derisive shouts, turning all the articles of religion into jest; and the *literati* hurled their

contemptuous witticisms against those Europeans who were mad enough to be in earnest about religion. The scoffers triumphed, and very few of the people accepted baptism.

In the depth of winter, with no other provision than a bag of parched corn, Xavier set out for Miako, the residence of the emperor, in the hope of inducing him to grant an official permission for the preaching of the gospel in his dominions. This journey occupied two months. The track, when track there was, lay through forests and jungles, over frozen swamps and untrodden wastes of snow. A civil war was raging, and hosts of robbers and murderers, maddened by homelessness and hunger, infested the thickets. On one occasion Xavier and the three converts who accompanied him were overtaken by a horseman carrying a heavy package. Xavier offered to carry it, if the rider would reward him by guiding him through the jungle. But hour after hour the heathen, in cruelty and scorn, urged the horse forward at such a rapid pace that at last the panting missionary sank upon the ground in utter exhaustion, torn and bleeding from head to foot. Legend says that the angels ministered to him on this terrible pilgrimage. We believe that One greater than the angels sustained his heroic servant, giving him meat in the wilderness which the world knew not of. For in Japan he had passed through deeper spiritual experiences than he had known before. In a touching letter to Ignatius Loyola he says: "I can never describe in writing how much I owe to the Japanese, since God through their means penetrated my mind with a clear and intimate conviction of my innumerable sins. Hitherto my thoughts ever wandered beyond myself. I had not searched into that abyss of evil lying deep within my heart, until amidst the anguish and troubles of Japan my eyes were opened, and the good Lord granted me to see clearly." He discovered at the same time, "through the infinite mercy of God," that he was "so ill-furnished with the necessary qualities for discharging government," that he desired the prayers and even the supervision and care of his brethren. It was under this portal of abasing self-knowledge and unfeigned humility that Francis Xavier passed into a love and a communion which he had never known before, and which, we believe, expressed themselves in the following hymn:—

"O God! my heart is fixed on thee,—
Not that thou mayst deliver me,
Nor because those who love not thee
In quenchless fire must languish;
But thou, my Saviour, on the tree
Embracedst me with mercy free,
For me didst bitter mockings bear,
For me the torturing nails and spear,
Much shame and speechless anguish;
And death itself; and all for me,
And in my stead, a sinner.
How, therefore, can I not love thee,
Oh, worthy, best beloved to be?
Not for the hope of joy in heaven,
Nor fear lest I to hell be driven,

Nor, O my freely-loving Lord !
 For any promise of reward ;
 But all because thou lovedst me !
 Thus love I thee with steadfast heart
 Only because my King thou art,
 And because thou art God."

*Translated from the Latin by the Author of the
 "Schönberg-Cotta Family."*

What to him now were hunger, and thirst, nakedness, weariness, and cold, so that he might be permitted to press forward, to fill up in his allotted measure what was behind of the sufferings of Christ !

At last the towers and walls of Mioko, a city which, though partially destroyed, still numbered 100,000 houses, appeared in the distance and promised repose. But there was no rest for Xavier. Every avenue of access to the emperor was closed, and the capital, with a sanguinary war raging within its walls and its gutters running red with blood, was in no condition to receive the glad tidings of the gospel of peace. So the missionary retraced his steps to the scoffing city of Amanguchi ; and having formerly failed to convince its king by arguments, he determined to propitiate his good-will by presenting to him the presents intended by the Viceroy of India for the Emperor of Japan. The king received them graciously, and offered a quantity of gold and silver in return, which was, of course, declined by Xavier, who declared that all his desire was liberty to preach the Christian faith, and protection for those who embraced it. Both were granted ; and for two months Xavier preached twice a-day, and spent the rest of his time in abstruse metaphysical discussions with the learned Bonzes, and in answering questions. The result was that, after endless inquiry and dispute, five hundred of the inhabitants, high and learned, as well as low and illiterate, embraced Christianity.

In the midst of these labours and successes, Xavier received an invitation from the powerful King of Bungo, and leaving the care of his Amanguchi converts to Turrianus and Fernandez, he hastened to Figer, the port of Fucheo. There, for once, he assumed earthly pomp, and appeared before the King of Bungo rather in his state as a Royal Commissioner than as a "companion of Jesus." He was preceded by thirty Portuguese clothed in rich stuffs and decorated with jewelled chains, followed by their servants and slaves in gay apparel. He himself wore green velvet and gold brocade over his shirt of hair. Boats decorated with silken flags and Chinese tapestry conveyed this splendid procession up the harbour, while the wild blare of trumpets and the swell and fall of flutes and hautboys lent their delirious music to the scene. Xavier landed amidst repeated salutes from a Portuguese ship at anchor, and after passing through a double file of 600 men-at-arms, was received with royal honours by the king and a brilliant court. This sovereign was a dissolute unbeliever, and was surrounded by a gay and reckless court, in the midst of which Xavier preached, reasoned, and expostulated with a ferour and zeal which alarmed his followers for

his safety. "Care not for me," was his reply to their expostulations ; "my food, my rest, my life, are to rescue from the granary of Satan the souls for whose sake God has sent me here from the ends of the earth." Such devotion was not without result : a Bonze, one of the most learned and eminent men in Bungo, threw away his idols, and embraced Christianity, along with five hundred of his disciples. The king himself was moved, and the idolatry of his kingdom was so thoroughly shaken that the Bonzes roused themselves to a tremendous effort in behalf of their imperilled faith. Their champion was Fucarondono, a doctor who was supposed to know all the mysteries of divine and human love, and who lived in sacred retirement, holding intercourse solely with the immortals, except when he appeared to deliver oracular utterances of divine wisdom. The king and people trembled when the champions met for this fierce contest.

"Do you know me, or rather, do you remember me ?" were the opening words of Fucarondono.—"I never have seen you before now," Xavier replied.—"A man with whom I have had dealings a thousand times, and who pretends never to have seen me, will be no difficult conquest," rejoined the triumphant disputant, amidst the plaudits of the Bonzes. "Have you any of the goods left which I bought of you at Frenagona ?"—"I never was a merchant, and never was at Frenagona," Xavier replied.—"What a wretched memory you have," was the sneering answer. "It is precisely five hundred years to-day since you and I met at that great mart, and by the same token you sold me one hundred pieces of silk ; and a fine bargain I had of it." Proceeding from this foundation, the Bonze dwelt on transmigration of spirit, the dark secrets of nature, the eternity of matter, the self-formation of organized beings, and the progressive cleansing of the spirit through the ages, till it reached the sublime height of accumulated wisdom. A bystander wrote that he had neither science nor presumption enough to detail the sublime reasonings by which the saint overcame the Bonze. But the victory was evidently incomplete, for a second polemical tournament was opened, at which Fucarondono appeared, supported by three thousand Bonzes. Xavier came upon the field attended by Portuguese officers in gorgeous apparel, who stood bareheaded in his presence, and knelt when they addressed him. The questions proposed by the Bonzes were as knotty as those with which the schoolmen perplexed each other ; so subtle and entangling, indeed, were they, that Xavier was compelled to believe that they had been suggested by the spirit of evil. We have a most elaborate narrative of this discussion by Fernando Men dez Pinto, who was present ; but while he states that the King of Bungo, the umpire, declared that Xavier had been victorious, and dissolved the assembly, the chronicler admits that the Bonzes returned with their opinions unchanged, and that from that day the work of conversion ceased.

After these controversies, Xavier, in his capacity of

Royal Commissioner, succeeded in opening those diplomatic relations between Japan and Portugal which ended so disastrously, and sailed for Goa in the same ship with the Japanese envoy. He had resided in Japan for two and a half years, and on leaving it committed his churches to earnest and loving teachers, who were speedily reinforced by men of their own stamp. The success of the Romish missions in Japan, and the subsequent stamping out of Christianity, are both marvellous. During the forty years of fierce persecution, the joy and grace given to the martyrs brought multitudes of new converts to join the imperilled Church; and when axe and crucifixion had done their remorseless work, thirty-seven thousand Christians remained to take shelter in an old fortress in the hill country, where they were put to death by the emperor; the fortress having been previously rendered untenable by a Dutch bombardment, to the eternal disgrace of the Dutch nation.*

The project of evangelizing China had already entered Xavier's mind; and before the *Holy Cross* had reached Goa, he had pledged his life, as his friend Iago de Pereyra had already pledged his fortune, to this gigantic enterprise. Yet of this very attempt Xavier wrote, with his characteristic humility, and probably with reference to his difficulties in acquiring the Eastern languages,—“I shall succeed in opening it for others, for I can do nothing myself” (*quoniam ego ipse nihil ego*). He remained in India for three months, and found cares and disappointments where he had looked for rest. The enemy had already entered, bringing in “confusion and every evil work.” Xavier wrote: “There was no comfort for me. Far from that, I found only grief upon grief, and each in succession more poignant than the preceding. Nothing is stirring around me but squabbles, disputes, divisions, to the great scandal of the people.” After the most tender and touching persuasions to brotherly love, and many wise practical injunctions to the missionaries in India, he wrote a letter concerning the Chinese expedition to the King of Portugal, full of hope and trust in God. These beautiful sentences occur in it:—

“Goa, April 10, 1552.

“We carry a precious gift, such as I doubt whether ever king sent to king within the memory of man,—the gospel of Jesus Christ, which if the King of China knows its value, he will place far above all his treasures, however great. I have a good hope that God will look on that vast region, and will open the eyes of men made in

his own image, that they may know their Maker, and Jesus Christ the one Saviour of mankind. It may appear a bold enterprise to go to a barbarous people and a most powerful king to reprove their sin and to preach the truth. But that which gives us courage is our confidence that God hath put it into our hearts to go. His glory is the scope and end of all my thoughts. Since we have put the whole affair into the hand and power of God, there is no place for fear or doubt.

“FRANCIS XAVIER.”

It is most interesting to observe that from his later letters the distinctive doctrines and phraseology of Romanism almost entirely disappeared, and that the lustre of angelic and saintly intercessors paled before the brightness of Jesus Christ.

In this sublime spirit of faith and confidence Xavier left the shores of India for ever, in a ship provided by the viceroy, along with Pereyra, who had been appointed ambassador to China. At Malacca, when the *Holy Cross* arrived, a pestilence was raging in the city which had spurned his preaching. He carried the sick in his arms to the hospitals, lived among the diseased and dying, and turned ships, churches, and colleges into lazarettos. But the governor of Malacca laid an embargo on the expedition, deprived Pereyra of his commission, and swore that so long as he was captain-general of the Indian Seas, the embassy should proceed no further. Weeks passed, and at length Xavier was permitted to proceed alone to the sandy island of Sancian, where the Portuguese were allowed to trade. From thence he hoped to reach Macao, where, though he knew that imprisonment awaited him, he trusted that he might convert some of his fellow-prisoners, who might afterwards become native missionaries. But the traders on Sancian vehemently opposed his design, and finally frustrated it, believing that the mandarins would avenge his preaching on their factory. He was deprived of the means of crossing the channel to Macao; but still undaunted, he resolved to make his way to Siam, from which an embassy to China was projected—to join himself, if possible, to the Siamese envoys, and so break through the barriers of the Celestial Empire.

But his life-work was done. The brain which had schemed so restlessly for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, and the heart which had loved so largely, and had yearned so intensely over the lost, were soon to be at rest. Fever seized him on board the vessel in which he was about to sail. At his own request, he was carried on shore and laid upon the naked beach, only sheltered from the wintry wind by a screen of stakes and branches. Not one of those who loved him was near. No priest gave him the last offices of the Church, or soothed his passing spirit with sacred words. Though thousands annually visit his shrine at Goa, the first place in which his remains rested was the sand on which he died, in which he was hastily interred without Christian rites. But ere he died, some Portuguese

* Dr. Kaemfer, in his work on Japan, states that in 1590, 20,570 persons suffered martyrdom; yet in the two following years, even though the churches were closed, 12,000 new converts professed faith in Christ. In 1616 it is believed that the young emperor—who was afterwards murdered—with the greater number of his soldiers and courtiers, had become Christians. Profession of Christ all through those remorseful years involved confiscation of property, repeated imprisonments, and death amidst all imaginable torments. Can we doubt that this “noble army of martyrs” held the Head, even Christ! Surely they walk with Him “in white, for they are worthy.”

merchants found him, in his death agony, and from them we have learned how he passed away. Tears burst from the eyes that were becoming dim in death—tears of a rapture which for a few moments irradiated the worn and haggard face. With dying hands he grasped the crucifix, murmured the words, "*In te, Domine, speravi*," and entered into rest, at the age of forty-six. This is not the place for entering Protestant protests against the errors which mingled with

his teaching, and the superstitions which dimmed his faith, however sincerely we mourn both, and their results. We are "the children of the light and of the day," and surely those who walk most securely in the light may rejoice to claim kinship with Francis Xavier, though he was under the cloud; for that he ate the same spiritual meat, and drank the same spiritual drink—for he drank of that spiritual Rock which followed him, and that Rock was CHRIST! I. L. B.

THE GREAT THIEF.



ROCRASTINATION is the thief of time.

Procrastination is the murderer of souls.

Each of us is as familiar with the aphorism as he is with his own name; but who among us is sufficiently impressed with the extent of the daily theft, or the magnitude of the scale on which the murders are being constantly perpetrated? Many thousands, and these by no means morbidly sensitive, are feeling their hearts at this moment wrung by a sense of the unspeakable horrors of war; and there are multitudes who are bewailing the still more frightful ravages of strong drink; but bloody war and frenzied drunkenness, with some half-dozen of evil spirits as bad as they are, cannot, combined, accomplish half so much of evil as is effected single-handed by the smooth-faced, soft-lipped, simpering demon of delay. Oh, that convenient season, of which every one assures himself, which is always coming, but which never comes!—it is by much the most successful of all the wiles of Satan. How many myriads stumble into the fatal pitfall; and of these myriads how few the units who contrive to clamber out of it, and who thereafter crawl along the heavenly way, on which they might have run like athletes, if procrastination had not maimed them.

The evil effects of procrastination are twofold. Like the miasmata of some unhealthy district which kill the weakly, while they also enfeeble the strong, so this spirit of delay operates both on sinner and on saint; and, while it keeps the one in spiritual death, it keeps the other at the lowest point of spiritual life.

How common is procrastination! It is all but universal. To draw up a register of this class of sinners would be to repeat—or nearly so—the census of the population. Which of us, looking back on past life, does not recall with sorrow the memory of weeks, and months, and years filched from us by the frauds of this great thief of time? Nay, how few of us, looking back over the past day, or the past hour, can feel that we have now got beyond the reach of our old deceiver, and that we are now at last fulfilling to our own satisfaction the magnificent aspiration of Brainerd—to *live upon the stretch for God*.

And yet, when one thinks of it, how very foolish is procrastination! What can to-morrow, or next week,

or next year do for me that to-day has not already done? The present hour has descended to me out of heaven, bearing the golden gift of opportunity, and has placed the jewel on my open palm; and no future, near or distant, can ever bring me a grander gift. What shall I do with it? Shall I close my fingers on the cherished treasure, and guard it as a something more precious far than life; or shall I leave it carelessly exposed till thievish procrastination sweep it away, as he has already swept away ten thousand similar treasures, which are now, alas! for ever irrecoverable? And when, in the light of God's Word and of a near eternity, one thinks of the fact that nothing whatever can be gained, while so much—oh, how much!—*must* be risked, and *may* be lost, one stands aghast at the positive insanity of this delaying spirit.

And, besides all this, in attempting to form a proper estimate of procrastination, we must not forget its heinous sinfulness. God says, *Now*, and sinful man dares to suggest *To-morrow*; but when to-morrow comes, and God condescends to revisit the sinner and to say, *Now*, the procrastinating sinner, more hardened than ever, dares to repeat with greater firmness his insincere "*To-morrow*;" and thus the irreverent controversy is continued from day to day, and from year to year—the forbearance on the one side being even more wonderful than the impudence on the other. What a mournful revelation of the spiritual character of man—of ourselves—does this spirit of universal procrastination afford; and where is it all to end?

Let us look briefly at procrastination as it bears upon the case of the sinner, and procrastination as it affects the saint.

First, as it affects the sinner. In the history of the long war for independence fought by the Netherlands against Spain, we read that Prince Maurice commanded sixty Spanish prisoners to draw sixty lots out of an urn. On twelve of these lots was inscribed the fatal word "gibbet," indicating that the twelve men who drew them were to be hanged by way of reprisals. The first soldier who put his hand into the urn drew a blank; but, instead of thankfully rejoicing at his deliverance, he sold his lot for a trifle to one of his more prudent comrades, and plunged his hand into the urn to run a

second risk of the gallows. Recklessness like this it is difficult for a sober mind to comprehend. And yet the hourly conduct of the unforgiven procrastinator is scarcely a whit less reckless. With infinite interests in the utmost peril, he has recklessly ventured along the dangerous path of life for one hour. During every moment of that hour he has been at enmity with God, under his righteous displeasure—in fact, “condemned already” (John iii. 18)—and the swift stroke of judgment which has been hanging over his head, and which is certain to descend soon if he continue impenitent, might have descended at any given moment. He has had no protecting covert—none. He has had no promise of any mercy—none. He had no warrant to count on exemption for a single moment. And yet, having happily escaped for this hour, to what use does he turn this wonderful escape? Does he employ the opportunity to get rid, as speedily as possible, of his frightful danger? Not he. With increasing heedlessness he plunges into the next hour on a similar venture, and in the same unsheltered condition. Unlike the soldier, his ruin would not even save a comrade. Holy beings may be less able to understand the recklessness of such a life—a life, alas! so very common in a world like ours—than prudent men are to sympathize with the strange feelings of the Spanish soldier.

The young procrastinate; and, if they ever think upon the subject at all, they think that they at least have some warrant for delay. It is still morning with them, the air is fresh and cool, the dew is on the grass, and the long long summer day of life is just beginning. In their case, therefore, there shall be ample time left them to care for another world, after one has gathered a little of the sweetness out of this. Alas! they shut their eyes on the possibility—the *probability*—of an early death, and on the *certainty* that their present reluctance to decide shall grow more reluctant by every hour's indulgence of the procrastinating spirit.

“Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor:
Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
No moment but in purchase of its worth:
And what its worth?—ask death-beds, they can tell.”

The middle-aged procrastinate; and they do it with still more ready heartiness than the young, because the habit of delay has, in their case, become greatly stronger. As youth has its pretended warrant for delay, in its anticipated superfluity of time, middle-age has its excuse as well, and this it finds in an opposite direction—in its utter want of time. The young man who is now saying, “Not yet, for I shall always have time enough,” shall change his note in a few years, and shall then say, “Not now, for I have no leisure left me; go thy way, therefore, for this time, and when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee.” What! no time to listen to God, no leisure to care for eternity? And what incomparable duty is it which thus engrosses the priceless time? Is it the struggle for bare existence, the labour to secure bread for one's famishing children! Ah no!

even this would be no sufficient excuse for the procrastinating sinner's delay; but he never has any reason for his neglect so good as this. The procrastinator is occupied, not in earning bread—that in its own place and measure would be right—but in gathering riches, or in spending them on pleasure; not in getting the means to pay his debts, but the means to gratify his lusts. In the parable of the Great Supper, the parties who besought exemption from attendance did not plead that they had to go and purchase land, or that they had to secure the oxen which were needed to plough it; they only wished to go and examine the purchases which were already made, and which could as easily be examined on any other day. In other words, the plea was a mere excuse. And so is it still with the procrastinator's plea. It is not to the urgent duties and the most pressing claims of this life that he persists in sacrificing the will of God and his own eternal blessing; it is to life's most paltry and most unworthy aims.

The aged procrastinate; and they sometimes do it with a resoluteness which, if it were rightly directed, would almost enable them to get rid of procrastination. In their case, however, the evil habit has become all-controlling. No sight is more melancholy, though, alas! few sights are more common, than that of an old man, who has so much leisure time that he can scarcely contrive to dispose of it, but whose levity or worldliness seems to render him incapable of realizing his position, as a sinful man within a few days of the judgment-seat and of the everlasting doom.

“Though gray our heads, our thoughts and aims are green;
Like damaged clocks whose hands and bell dissent,
Folly sings six, while Nature points to twelve!”

The dying procrastinate; and when one thinks of it, what else could be expected? In general a man dies much as he has lived. In the history of the Anglo-French War in America we read of a General Braddock who was severely wounded, and who, dissatisfied with his own manœuvring, said, “Next time we shall do better.” And with these words on his lips he breathed his last. How many, even of the dying, similarly deceive themselves with an expected future which shall never come; and this in a business which is of infinitely greater moment! “When we recover from this illness,” they say, “we shall now at length repent and reform;” and, ere the words are well uttered, they turn to the wall and die. Oh, that the young would lay to heart the solemn warning. If they permit themselves to waste their present spring-time, summer shall be unable to make up the loss—it shall only lack its usual wealth of slowly-ripening fruits; autumn shall be still less able to repair the neglected opportunity of spring—it shall only mourn with its fruitless branches and its barren fields the carelessness which wasted the early year. And then at last shall surely come the dreadful winter, with its everlasting storm, and its intolerable famine, to punish the sin and folly of the reckless procrastinator. To secure immunity from this—

"Who would not give a trifle to prevent
What he would give a thousand worlds to cure?"

We have just referred to the *sin* of the procrastinator, and this suggests to us the most solemn consideration connected with the whole matter. Why comes it that man so generally and so persistently puts off his acceptance of the divine mercy through Christ? The answer is an alarming one, but we must honestly face it. It is simply because the natural heart is enmity against God; and man *delays* his return to God because he cannot make up his mind to *return at all*. He loves sin, that is, he loves self-will and the selfish enjoyment of this world; so he cannot think of forsaking all this when it tastes so very sweet to him. On the other hand, he dreads the wrath of God; so he cannot but purpose to do, at some time or other, whatever he thinks may be needed to escape that dreaded wrath. He feels as Augustine felt, when, under the double influence of pungent conviction and the love of sin, he wished to be converted, but not yet. The world is dearly loved, but Christ is hated, while the wrath of God is feared; and out of these three elements is combined the peculiar feeling of the procrastinator. So long as the alternative presented to his choice has been Christ, or the sinful enjoyment of the world, he has never failed to choose the beloved world; and it shall only be at the last, when the alternatives offered shall seem to have become changed to *Christ* or *HELL*, that he shall be able to persuade himself to the reluctant acceptance of Christ at all. Oh, what an insult does this very consent offer to the Christ of God! If, indeed, it were possible to separate the enjoyment of the world from its threatened after-consequences, the procrastinator would feel at considerable ease; he would say, "Let Christ go for ever, let heaven be given to those who wish it—for me, I want my fill of earth and life, with perpetual youth and health to enjoy it, and I ask for no better heaven." But he knows that his life of worldliness must very soon be ended; and he shrinks from the dreadful consequences which he is afraid must follow. Unwilling, therefore, to give up the world now, unwilling also to say his final *no* to the Saviour's offered mercy, he covers his refusal under gentle words, which, even to himself, and at the very most, seem only to suggest delay. Alas! he but deceives himself. God's eye of fire sees beneath the thin covering; and He knows that the softly whispered "I pray thee have me excused" means nothing short of blank refusal. Well shall it be for the procrastinator if his refusal be not accepted at once as final.

"By the street of By-and-by," says a Spanish proverb, "one arrives at the house of *Never*;" and in this way the procrastinating man generally lives and dies, without accomplishing the purpose which he flattered himself with thinking that he really meant. From the very first, the great adversary had this end in view. The delay which he craftily suggests to the tempted youth, he never means for mere delay, but for

final rejection; and let the young man be assured that if the suggestion be accepted in its plausible form of present delay, the wily adversary shall in all probability obtain all that he wishes.

According to our original purpose, let us now glance very briefly at procrastination as it affects the saint. In the case of the Christian believer, it is no less foolish and no less sinful. It would be very happy indeed if we could think that procrastination was much less indulged in the Church than it is in the world. Here, too, its results are truly deplorable. How many a man is, living on, from year to year, in feebleness and languor, scarcely more than barely living, and without the comfortable assurance that he is even so much as this. As for sweet, and close, and sanctifying fellowship with his Saviour, he has none; for, though the tender-hearted Shepherd will not overdrive his lambs, he will not loiter on his way to keep company with the sluggard. As for service in the gospel—service by which God may be glorified, souls may be benefited, and himself beyond all others blessed—as for such service, it is beyond his reach. In regard to witness-bearing, he, of course, testifies for Christ, as every professing Christian really does; but nine-tenths of the testimony of his life is utterly false, and sets the Saviour before the world in a light which is as untrue as it is unfavourable. His conscience, of course, periodically troubles him; for it is only the love which is perfect that can avail to cast out every measure of slavish fear—and the procrastinator's love is anything but perfect. Under these self-upbraidings, therefore, he sometimes thinks of reform; but there are so many lions around the sluggard's door, that he fears to leave his retreat; so, when the brief spasm of excitement is over, he resumes his old supine position, and

"The thing he can't but purpose, he postpones."

How common, how nearly universal is procrastination among Christians! It is not meant to insinuate that the evil spirit prevails universally to the extent just hinted, but only that the most of Christians have their spiritual vigour greatly lowered by its insidious influence. Looking back over life, what a melancholy retrospect does it afford to many of us—of purposes formed and then abandoned, or so feebly carried out that the success has amounted only to a mere percentage of what might have been accomplished. And yet, with duty so pressing as to amount to an actual necessity laid upon us—with the Holy Spirit waiting to enable us to work out what he had already been working in us to desire and almost to will, why should we have come short of doing what was, in regard to us, the good pleasure of God? Oh, if there can be grief in heaven, it may well be felt at the retrospect of such opportunities so wasted through unholy procrastination.

Time, of itself, is an element of power, as every earnest spirit knows; and to throw that, as the procrastinating Christian does, into the hands of his enemy, that

it may be used against himself, against his work, against his Master's cause, is as foolish as it is sinful. "With time and myself there are two of us," Philip II. of Spain was wont to say; and the saying is applicable to the case in hand. If the Christian seize upon the present, and occupy the present, time and he are two; but if he leave the present time to be occupied by his enemy, as the procrastinator always does, then he has two devils to contend with instead of one.

Our great adversary is a master in diplomacy; and he can fit his temptation to every peculiarity of temperament. No physician studies the symptoms of a patient as Satan studies the disposition of a saint; and, with the Christian as with the sinner, he has secured nearly everything when he has gained delay. Alas! that he finds so much of sloth in most of us as affords sufficient fulcrum for the working of his dreadful lever. But he can operate on the more amiable characteristics of a Christian as well as on his sloth; and it is when he is attempting this that he is perhaps most to be feared. One man is by temperament very conscientious—and it is well that the conscience be very tender; but the enemy can assail the believer on the side of conscience as well as on the side of appetite, and he has gained almost all that he seeks, if he can get the conscientiousness intensified into morbid scrupulosity. The timid scrupulous man is then set to sift and settle the minutest points belonging to secondary questions; and, ere the great ends of Christian living have been properly considered, life itself shall have been spent in weighing separately a heap of dust-atoms. In a world like ours, which, to an earnest soul, is literally a battle-field, a man must avoid an over-punctilious attention to minutiae, as he would avoid unthinking rashness.

But present time may be wasted in an opposite direction. Many a young man has been tempted to neglect present commonplace duties, under the thought of husbanding his energies for the doing of some grand and brilliant service when the coveted opportunity shall come. Let such a one assure himself that he is the victim of a serious self-deception. There is no likelihood of his ever enjoying his anticipated opportunity; but even if it should arrive, he is doing all that he can, in the meantime, to render himself incapable of embracing it at least in a proper spirit. It is by means of the most careful attention to the will of God, in the ten thousand trifles of daily life, that a man is educated into that spirit of devout obedience which fits him for the higher walks of service. The man, then, who is living in the neglect of these continually recurring duties is not being trained for higher service; nay, he is giving ample proof that he is altogether destitute of the spirit of a servant. It is possible, indeed, that if the opportunity were afforded, his self-conceit might urge him to attempt some brilliant task; but, in this case, he would not be serving God, and the results to his own soul might be still more melancholy than even those of the procrastination which we are now lamenting.

In fact, almost everything may be made a snare to entrap us into procrastination. Even penitent sorrow for the loss of past time may be so perverted. Our life on earth is really so very brief that it affords us nothing more than opportunity for doing our appointed work; and though it permits us all that we need for the exercise of true repentance, it cannot spare us a single hour for the indulgence of morbid self-upbraidings over the wasted past. A man may so bewail the lost past, as to repeat the sin he is bewailing, by losing the present also. Let us ask forgiveness most humbly for Christ's sake for our past neglect; but let us also accept forgiveness most thankfully for Christ's sake. And having done so, let us show the depth of our penitence in the constancy and resoluteness of our efforts to redeem the past, by making the utmost that can be made out of the fleeting present. And let our bygone experience induce us to keep our ears closed for ever to the flattering promises of this lying spirit of delay.

It is only children who are simple enough to be deceived with the thought of reaching the horizon. There it lies before them, a very little way ahead; and they think that an hour's journey or less will bring them to it. But as they advance, the horizon advances too, and though it seems to be always at hand, they find it impossible to reach it. And surely he shows himself to be but a childish man who has not yet discovered that he can never reach that wonderful "*to-morrow*" with which procrastination has so often deceived him. There it lies, glittering in all its dangerous beauty, so very near as to be almost within his touch; while yet, attempt it as he may, he can never reach it. As he advances, it recedes; till, while he is madly catching at it, he stumbles into an opened grave, and discovers that life is ended before he has begun to live in earnest.

"QUICK, QUICK," were the words adopted by good Bishop Jewel for his motto; and by seeking to live in the spirit of them, he compressed more effective work into a single year than many do into an entire life. Richard Baxter, too, feeling as if the hand of death were already laid on him, and desiring to do what he could while his brief opportunity was left him, lived with an intensity of devotedness which made his single life more fruitful than the lives of a hundred of ordinary Christians. Of the good Bishop Hooper it is said that he was "spare of diet, sparer of words, and sparest of time." In this same rigid economy of time lies one of the chief distinguishing marks between the great mass of commonplace disciples and the mighty men of faith who serve God efficiently in their generation. No procrastinator does much for Christ; no procrastinator enjoys much of Christ.

To every one of us, and especially to those of us who have already passed the middle of life, every voice around us is calling out, and urging us to the utmost decision and activity. While no man is warranted to procrastinate, it is double sin and double folly for us to do so. The uncertainty of the very brief season which is now left to us, the remembrance of past neglects, the solemnity

of the approaching judgment—the glorious example of Christ and of all Christ-like souls—all are urging on us, “What thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.” And if we be waiting for some vainly expected increase of spiritual strength ere we attempt to break loose from the despicable bondage of sloth, let us understand that the case is altogether different. God is calling to us to

awake from our sleep; and he is waiting till we cast off our sinful sloth and inveterate procrastination, that he may anoint us with fresh oil, and gird us with his own strength.

“How far from hence to heaven? Not very far, my friend;
A single hearty step will all the journey end.”

J. D.

The Church in the House.

BY THE EDITOR.

XIX.

THE REACON: ANANIAS.

ACTS V. 1-10.

TO illustrate the remarkable development of brotherly love which appeared among the first disciples, the historian adduces two characteristic specimens. The first is the case of Barnabas, the subject of our last exposition; the second is the case of Ananias, which invites our attention now.

The two cases sprang from the same movement, and equally illustrate the same principles; yet the two cases are not like each other. They are reciprocally opposites. But this is, in most cases, the best method of throwing light on any subject; it is the ordinary way, both in the Bible and providence. Both in the sacred record and in common history examples of two opposite characters are frequently submitted, in succession or simultaneously—examples of the good that should be imitated, and of the evil that should be shunned. It is as necessary to moor a buoy over a rock or a sand-bank, as to show a light in a line with the safe entrance to the harbour. Barnabas the Levite, by his deeds of self-sacrificing love—Barnabas is a light at the pier-head, streaming outward through the night, marking for the mariner the way of life: Ananias, dying with a lie on his lips, buoys a rock where many have perished, and warns the wayfarer from the place of doom. Though the two men are not alike good, either example is for us alike useful. The death of them that die may work for our good as much as the life of them that live. We may reap profit alike from the truth of the true and from the lie of the false.

When the Lord would teach his disciples how to pray, he did not count it enough to exhibit the publican, standing afar off, and smiting on his breast, and crying, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” He placed near that humble and true suppliant a solemn hypocrite thanking God that he was not as other men. When the Master taught his disciples the blessedness of pressing in while the door is open, he taught them also how dreadful it is to be, even by a little, too late. Of the ten virgins, five were wise, and five were foolish. The

wise win souls—their own; and the foolish lose them. This dual method is adopted everywhere in Scripture to enforce moral lessons. In morals, as well as in physics, you exert greater power if you apply at the same time an attraction on the one side and a pressure on the other. Israel of old and Israel now are more effectively impelled toward righteousness, if the curse and the blessing are proclaimed, simultaneous or alternate, from two opposite hills.

“But a certain man.” The little word “but” is the hinge on which great issues turn. For example, “The wicked is cast away in his iniquity; *but* the righteous hath hope in his death.” The door that swings on this sharp pivot opens and shuts the way of life. Sometimes, as here, it turns from light to darkness; and sometimes from darkness to light. In this case you are conducted from Barnabas to Ananias; you step from the bright sunshine of a loving Christian life to the graveyard damp of a hollow hypocrisy—a spirit of darkness caught in the fact of putting on the garment of an angel of light.

The plan was concocted by “Ananias, with Sapphira his wife.” There is concert in evil. It is not the sudden impulse of an unguarded moment. It argues an extreme hardness of heart when two persons, united by the tenderest bond, plan a lie together, and engage to support each other in carrying it out.

The persecution which the primitive Church endured was an efficient means of purifying it. To a great extent the fire did in fact purge the dross away. For the most part the first disciples might be counted on for truth and sincerity. But even that terrible ordeal could not make the society immaculate; it did not wash out every stain; it did not turn earth into heaven.

Some chaff is found among the wheat even after the fiercest fanning. You may not be able to explain how the fact has happened, but you observe the fact. It would be difficult to explain the motives which induced this pair of hypocrites to join the company of the Christians, at a time when the profession of that faith endangered liberty and life. Nor is the easy-going explanation open to us, that as good things were going among the Christians, they might hope to get a share; for, as Ananias was a landed proprietor, he could not

possibly expect to be a receiver. A giver, if he joined this society, he must obviously be.

There is a deeper, sadder cause. It is too true that the religious emotions may be much stirred, while the moral sense is not correspondingly quickened and purified. There may be much devotion, of a certain kind, where honesty or truth or purity is feebly rooted and liable to die out. The gospel of Christ when understood and accepted tends to purify the heart and life. This can be demonstrated both from its nature and its results. Hope produces holiness: "Every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure" (1 John iii. 3). But these two which God hath joined, are often put asunder by men.

It is often said, and in certain quarters said with much passion, that a man who does not make a profession of religion is more trustworthy than a man who does. Some persons seem to take a delight in affirming that pious people are greatly given to cheating and lying. It is obvious that this opinion is grounded on the common fallacy of magnifying a few glaring examples into a general law. If those who count that all piety is hypocrisy, a mask worn to gain an end, would take time to calculate, they would soon discover that their theory cannot possibly be true. It destroys itself. The assumption is that rogues put on the garb of piety in order to obtain credit, and having thus obtained credit, cheat the credulous. Why do dishonest men adopt this method? Obviously because it suits their purpose. Because they seem to be religious men, people trust them. But if it were the common rule that religious men were dishonest men, they would cease to obtain credit: it would not pay a villain to assume a religious profession; and when it ceased to pay, he would cease to assume it. The averment that bad men make a profession of piety in order to cheat goes to prove that pious men, as a rule, are honest.

But while to this extent the defence of Christians against that calumny is clear and sure, I don't think it is right or safe to deny the imputation altogether. There is some truth in it. Indeed, it is the truth which any calumny contains that makes it formidable. Mere calumny, altogether false, has no force, and can do no harm. It soon dies. But falsehood which has some truth interfused lasts longer, and spreads further.

I do not refer to those conscious scoundrels who, having no sense of religion, deliberately make a profession for the purpose of gain. Besides this class, I own that you meet here and there a man who is not consciously to himself a hypocrite—a man who has been moved in a period of religious fervour, and who notwithstanding has not acquired a proper sense of the binding character of the ten commandments. In short, there is such a thing as a piety, after a sort sincere, dissociated from truth and justice and purity.

The Antinomian is not a mere dried specimen found fossil in the tomes of polemical theology; he is a living species of our own era. He is sound in his creed and

evangelical in his opinions, and perhaps zealous in propagating the faith; and yet he has a defective sense of the distinction between right and wrong, fair and foul, in the intercourse of life.

Nor should a true believer faint even before such a loathsome spectacle. Such is the condition of the soil, and such the activity of the "adversary," that tares do here and there spring up and choke the good seed. But let true disciples be of good cheer. The seed is the Word; and a divine Sower has come forth into the world to sow it. It will prevail over the tares and thistles even here in the field; and at the end of the world a separation, complete and eternal, will be made between the wheat gathered into the garner and everything that defileth. When the door is shut, all within will be found true and pure.

XX.

AFTER JUDGMENT, REVIVAL.

ACTS v. 11-14.

The case of Ananias serves several important ends. For one thing, it bears a very emphatic testimony to truth. Such a testimony was needed, and therefore it is given in the record. Those who have come into personal contact with the heathen, the civilized as well as the savage, bear witness that the grand difficulty in dealing with them lies in their want of truth. Among the native populations of India you do not find a sense of truth that can be depended on. A merchant who had resided a number of years in the Western Presidency narrated to me the following case:—

One native sued another at law for the recovery of a loan. He adduced witnesses, who proved clearly and minutely that he had lent the accused a certain specific sum at a certain place and time, all circumstantially detailed as by eye-witnesses. When the defender was called to plead, he distinctly owned that he had received the money according to the testimony of the witnesses, but called other witnesses, who proved with all clearness and fulness that on a certain day and at a certain place he had repaid it. He was absolved. An Englishman who knew the defender, and knew that he had never received the loan, asked him why he had acknowledged a debt which was not due. He replied that the debt was legally proved against him by false witnesses; that he had not witnesses to refute their evidence; but that as his adversary had, at small cost, proved the debt, he had been able as cheaply to prove repayment. He had no alternative but to meet one falsehood with another. Such is heathenism, even where it is cultivated and refined.

The judgment that fell on Ananias and Sapphira is of the nature of a miracle. A true miracle is never wrought unless when there is a worthy object to be attained. Now falsehood in the very heart of the world was a great barrier in the way of the infant Church.

The new society founded by Christ was beginning its career in a world that lacked truth. It was difficult to build even that divine edifice without a foundation, without something in humanity of which it might take hold. Unless the Church find or generate truth, it will not overcome the world; it will sink as in a mire. At the outset a pen of iron and the point of a diamond must be employed to print truth, as on the rock for ever. A blow must be dealt against falsehood, which will vibrate down to the end of time, giving all men to know that the lie which is cherished in the bosom of the world must be cast out from the body of Christ.

From the beginning till now the Christian Church is exposed to two distinct dangers; it is liable to be assailed from without, and to be corrupted from within. It is in danger from open enemies, and from false friends. This spiritual body, like the natural, may be injured either by the stroke of an adversary or by poison mingled with its food.

In the infancy of the Church the hand of the Lord was directly stretched out for its preservation on either side. While the Church was a child the everlasting arms were thrown around it; on one side it was protected from the violence of the persecutor, and on the other from the corrupting effect of falsehood within its own bosom. In the fourth chapter we learn that the Lord interfered to keep the persecutor off; in the fifth, that he interfered to cast the leaven of hypocrisy out. Enemies shall not be permitted to crush the Church by power; falsehood shall not be permitted to poison the springs of her life.

In the beginning, when the system of the world was first set agoing, there were miracles, but miracles do not interpose to carry the system on. At the beginning of Christ's kingdom in the world miracles came to its aid, but miracles are not needed, and are not employed, in its ordinary administration.

That the system of the world is, proves there was once a miracle; that the Church of Christ is, proves that it was established by a miracle. The death of Ananias and Sapphira is the arm of the Lord revealed to deliver the body of the Church in her youth from a consumption which, if not so checked, might have brought her down to an early grave, although no breath of persecution had ever blown upon her. We learn here that the work of God to cast out of the body the poison that would secretly undermine the life is as stupendous as his work to shield the Church from the power of her foes. Danger of dissolution through internal corruption is as great as the danger of destruction by external violence.

The question put to Ananias by Peter is suggestive: "Why hath Satan filled thine heart?" Satan is, and acts. Evil in man is not originally a spontaneous growth. It required, so to speak, two factors—the soil and the seed. The seed was injected by an adversary. An enemy hath done this. The revelation that sin in our race had a definite beginning and an alien author leaves room for the blessed hope which the gospel

brings to light,—the hope of ultimate and final deliverance.

But though the suggestion of evil is attributed to Satan, the question is addressed to Ananias. This intimates that he could have closed the door of his heart against it if he would. Give not place to the devil; and wanting "place" given by yourself, he has no foothold to strike any blow. The real strength of the defence of Paris against the Germans lay in occupying beforehand all the positions in the neighbourhood from which the city could have been assailed. The Parisians took care, as far as they could, not to give place to their adversary.

Satan filled the heart of Ananias; Barnabas was filled with the Holy Ghost. The human spirit is capacious, and it cannot remain void. It must be filled with good or evil. These two—the Spirit of holiness and the Spirit of evil—cannot dwell together in one small room. They cast each other out, like night and day.

As a result of these events, great fear came upon the Church itself, and also upon the surrounding spectators.

Great fear came upon the Church. It is a healthful symptom, a needful discipline. "Lord, is it I?" "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."

It is of the wicked one that these dark deeds occur, but it is of the Lord that their occurrence is recorded in the Word. It was Christ himself that said, "Remember Lot's wife." Many centuries after the fact, he directed that it should be kept in memory. These dark monuments have obtained a place in the Word that liveth and abideth for ever, that their warning may be available in all nations and all times.

Fear came also on as many as heard. As a natural consequence we learn that "of the rest durst no man join himself to them." This, however, does not intimate that subsequently there were few accessions. The opposite is immediately declared. Great multitudes were then and there added to the Lord, and enrolled in the membership of the Church. The meaning is, that those who were not of them dared not pretend to be of them. The stroke of judgment scared the hypocrites; but believers came flowing in like a stream. Believers were "the more" added; that is, the judgment upon the false professors hastened, instead of hindering, conversions. This terror of the Lord effectually persuaded men to take refuge in his mercy.

Believers were added to the Lord. It was not enough that their names were found in the communicants' roll. Your life, ye living, is hid with Christ in God. The living branch is in the vine, and also intertwined with its sister branches. All its life depends on being in the vine; although some portion of its fairness and fruitfulness may depend on its being interlaced in bonds of love with other branches.

And multitudes were added. This is the common

experience still. A great number come at one time with a rush; and a period of comparative barrenness supervenes. Again there is a revival, and again a period of coldness. From the beginning tides have flowed and ebbed in the Church as in the ocean. This phenomenon, springing in the inspired record, observed from time to time throughout the course of ecclesiastical history, and emerging in bold features within the range of our own memory, is fitted to touch our hearts and impart a solemn lesson. Has the tide risen in my time, and carried in many on its wave, and am I left without and behind? Even when the heaving of the spiritual tide in my neighbourhood has ceased the door is not shut. We are as welcome when we come one by one as when we press in with the crowd. Now is the accepted time: whosoever will, let him come.

"Both men and women." The inspirer of the Word is the Spirit of wisdom. There was a reason for specifying that the converts were not all of one sex. This feature of the narrative throws out right and left a needful warning. The converts were not exclusively men, for the gospel owns and elevates and enfranchises woman. It is in the Word and Law of her Maker that her claim of equality is secured. It is a bright incidental glory of the gospel that it reinstates woman in her original place, as the adequate and equal companion of man—the necessary complement of his being. Women have cause to love the Lord. They owe to his divine and discriminating wisdom not only their home in heaven when they are redeemed, but also their rightful place in the society of time.

Nor women exclusively: for when the Word comes in power it makes quick work with that lordly pride in which men wrap themselves when they select philosophy or politics as their sphere, and leave religion to women. Under this outpouring of the Spirit these high things were brought low, and these crooked things made straight. When the apostles in their first fervour preached Jesus and the resurrection, strong men bent their heads and wept, and cried, What must we do to be saved? Good for these strong men that they yielded, ere it was too late, to the melting power of grace; for what would their strength avail in the day of the Lord?

XXI.

HOW THE SEED GREW.

ACTS v. 15-26.

Although the people in their zeal endeavoured to place their sick under the shadow of Peter as he passed, it is not said that any were healed specifically by that method. There is, however, no ground, on the other side, to deny the possibility of such a case. It was the design of the Lord at that time to magnify the apostles in the eyes of the multitude, in order that popular favour might shield them from the hatred of the chiefs, and so preserve their lives for subsequent service.

There was thus a specific use for such miracles as would tend to increase the people's veneration for the preachers of the Word.

It is not expressly said (v. 17) that the high priest, whether Caiaphas or Annas, was himself a Sadducee. It is more probable that he was a Pharisee, and that he obtained the support of his rivals in persecuting the Christians. Though the two sects were at daggers drawn between themselves, they were reconciled at once when an opportunity occurred of joining hands to crucify Christ in his members.

The central point of the apostles' testimony was the resurrection of Jesus. This stirred especially the enmity of the Sadducees. They maintained the dismal creed that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit. They were more offended by witnesses of a fact, than by preachers of a doctrine. Though they had no creed themselves, they bore a willing hand in hunting down those who believed.

The spirit of the Sadducees is not contemptible for influence and numbers in our day. The broad Church, in its fully developed form, is a dangerous enemy to the true Church. The Church may be destroyed by the admission of unbelievers, as well as by the ejection of believers.

One of the phases of modern indifference is the favour with which persons of influence regard the proposal to endow indiscriminately all sects and creeds. It is the firmness of the people opposing the tendencies of politicians that has hitherto prevented the Papacy from being acknowledged and maintained by the State. It is not that political parties concur in believing that Romanism is true; they only observe that it is powerful, and they wish its power to be exerted on their side.

The angel of the Lord opened the prison doors. These preternatural interpositions were not intended to remove the witnesses beyond the reach of the persecutors; for in each case the liberated apostles remained on the spot and repeated their testimony. The design was to bring a moral power to bear on both the judges and the populace. It was an appeal to the magistrates to restrain them from persecuting; and, in case it should fail on that side, an appeal from unjust power to the sympathies of the common people. In this way it pleased their Divine Protector to execute at that time his own command,—“Touch not mine anointed; and do my prophets no harm.”

The angel opened the prison, and carried to the prisoners the Master's message, that they should continue to preach the gospel; but the angel himself does not preach. You never find an angel calling on sinners to repent. There is not a gospel according to the angel. Angels are like little children, employed to carry letters to the Master's friends. They may try to peep into the contents on the way, but they cannot comprehend the meaning.

The name applied by the angel to designate the gospel of Christ is worthy of notice. He calls it “this

life." Here, doubtless, the messenger's memory was faithful, for it is likely that the Lord who sent him would himself give it that designation. It was he who said, "I am the resurrection and the life." In sight of the angels a new life had sprung up in the world, different from any they had witnessed hitherto.

The message further bears that the liberated apostles should continue to speak the "*words of this life.*" These are the seeds from which the new life springs; the sowers must go forth and sow them. It is as if in our sight a new and better kind of vegetation should burst from the ground—more beautiful and more fruitful than any that had hitherto been known. We should, in such a case, examine curiously, and gather carefully, and sow again those precious seeds. "The seed is the Word," and the Word is the seed—the seed of this new life that grows on the old soil. Go spread it on the field, and keep nothing back; speak "*all the words of this life.*"

It is of use to remember here, that it was beside a grave that Jesus uttered the words, "I am the resurrection and the life." It is light in darkness.

And, finally, in this brief but pregnant message which the angel bore, the apostles are instructed to speak all the words of this life "*to the people.*" There is no respect of persons here; no pandering to rank and power. The true enfranchisement of the common people lies in the gospel of Christ. Would that the struggling, bleeding nations could see it! If the Son make them free, they shall be free indeed.

When the civil and ecclesiastical authorities (ver. 24) ascertained the facts, "they doubted of them whereunto this would grow." Some glimmer of light has penetrated at last. They are not so confident now in the efficacy of their own prescription, "Speak no more in this name." They begin to discover that this word, which they attempted by a short process to crush, is a thing with life in it: they suspect that it will *grow*. They were right. It had begun to grow. They feared its growth, for they felt it was their enemy. So Pharaoh had a presentiment that Israel would grow—grow too great to be kept in bondage—and commanded that the male children should be drowned. But infant Moses was drawn out of the water, and grew—grew to be the deliverer of Israel, the scourge of Egypt.

Herod had a presentiment that the Babe born in Bethlehem would "grow" till he should reach the kingdom, and dealt a cruel blow against the young child's life. But the child grew, and Herod must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. "Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth. Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish."

Casting our eye backward in the light of Scripture on those successive efforts by the powers of this world to crush that living Word, which is the only seed of a new life for men, we may well "rejoice with trembling" over its wonderful preservation from age to age. He who sits King upon the floods had said, "Destroy it not,

for a blessing is in it;" and therefore it was preserved.

Suppose a world full of human inhabitants with a short store of prepared food, but with no seed which might produce a continued supply—a whole world without a single grain of living seed. Suppose now that a messenger from another orb should come with a single grain of wheat. Can you conceive the care with which the gift would be cherished? Can you conceive the horror that would seize upon the multitudes if they thought the precious grain was in danger of being crushed?

The seed of the Word was cherished and preserved, not by men, for they knew not that it was their life, but by the loving and wise providence of God. The seed, sown in the ground when Jesus died, grew to dimensions that the Jewish rulers recked not of. In our day it has grown great; after our day it will grow greater. The kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our God and of his Christ.

When the magistrates received a report from their officers that the prisoners had escaped, and left the doors of the prison standing open (ver. 23), they were amazed. They knew not what to make of it. But while they hesitated, another messenger arrived (ver. 25), announcing, not that the prisoners had fled, which would have been a natural and easily comprehended course, but that they were "standing in the Temple and teaching the people."

Here is a still greater difficulty. This is not a case of ordinary escape from prison. These men do not save themselves when safety is within their reach. This step in the experience of the servants is the duplicate of one that occurred to the Master. When the band came to arrest him (John xviii. 6), he cast them to the earth by his look. He showed them that he might escape, and yet surrendered himself to their will. It was another appeal to their hearts. If they yield, it is well; but if they resist, it will harden them the more. So with the apostles here; the Lord sent his angel and set his servants free. He showed the persecutors that they had no power over these men, "except it were given them from above." But having done this, the Master left the witnesses in their enemies' hands. His will was, that his servants should neither flee nor fight; that they should preach the cross, and bear it; that they should overcome as he had overcome, by enduring.

Stolid, like the band that seized Jesus in the garden, they went to the Temple and arrested the apostles; but aware by this time of the favour with which the populace regarded them, they led the prisoners gently into the presence of the court. But not only did the officers offer no violence to the apostles in arresting them, the apostles offered no resistance to the arrest. Such was the temper and attitude of the crowd, that the officers feared a rescue if they should apply force. Peter and John were sharp enough to observe the situation. They had nothing more to do than make some show of resistance, and a disturbance would have taken place,

in which they could escape. But this was not in their way. They understood better the instructions of their Lord. Had these two men, who bore the first brunt of the persecution, adopted the method of saving themselves by favour of a riotous multitude, the Christian Church might never have obtained a footing in the world. If they had taken the sword, they would have perished by the sword. They witnessed and suffered: so, the blood of the martyrs became the seed of the Church.

XXII.

AGAIN AT THE BAR.

ACTS v. 27-32.

Again the apostles are placed at the bar and examined. The accusation this time is simply that they had not complied with the former judgment. The magistrates had enjoined them not to speak any more in that Name, and now they charge the panels with contempt of court. Peter and John, however, although they had disobeyed the order of the Sanhedrim, had not broken their own *parole*, for they had given no parole in the case; on the contrary, they had declared, in the face of the tribunal, that they would continue to preach in the name of Jesus.

The judges on this occasion are thinking, not of how they may discover the truth regarding the accused, but how they may provide for their own safety. "Ye have filled Jerusalem with your doctrine, and intend to bring this man's blood upon us." It is not a question of truth and justice; these men do not seem capable of rising to such thoughts. They believed that the apostles were working up the multitude to demand vengeance upon the rulers for the murder of Jesus. It was a vulgar fear for their own skin that inspired these contemptible intriguers who sat on the bench of justice that day in Jerusalem.

"Ye mean to bring this man's blood upon us!" And they trembled for their own base lives in presence of the excited populace. It is a sad scene for us who can look at leisure on it, and look beyond it. How near the kingdom they seem to be!—"this man's blood upon us;" and yet they think of that blood only as vengeance; they have gotten no glimpse of its atoning power. "Who is blind, but my servant?" They who sit in Moses' seat reject the Prophet whom Moses promised.

It is interesting to observe how shy the rulers are of introducing the name of Jesus. They say "this name" and "this man," but they do not venture to pronounce his name. This stone which the builders rejected is dreadful to the rejectors. They seem already to labour under some dim conception that upon whomsoever it shall fall, it shall grind him to powder. On the other hand, in proportion as the rulers avoid that name, the apostles cleave to it. To them it is a name above every

name. In all these troubles they continually presented it as a shield over their heads. That name of the Lord is a strong tower; and these righteous men, in every danger, run into it.

Another concise and sublime word, spoken by Peter and assented to by his companions—"We ought to obey God rather than men." We who have all our days been familiar with it, do not perceive its grandeur. Are not all these who speak Galileans? Whence, then, hath this man this wisdom? He speaks as he is moved by the Holy Ghost. This courage is not earth-born. "Every good and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." The apostles had prayed specifically for courage to speak God's Word: they had asked, and now they received.

How much the world owes to the word that Peter uttered before the Sanhedrim that day! It is the foundation of all the true liberty that exists in the world. On this rock—the word—that the Holy Spirit spake by Peter's lips—has the liberty of the Church been built, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

Nothing that rested on the world could resist and overcome the world. Here is a word let down from heaven, a word that liveth and abideth for ever. By leaning on this, human liberty has been able to maintain a footing on the world during the dark centuries that are past; and that liberty wherewith the Son has made his people free, is waxing apace, as the dawn advances into day. Freedom of conscience—the subjection of a human spirit to God, and its emancipation therefore from all inferior control—is deposited here in the ground as a living seed. Thence it has sprung and spread: thence it will spring and spread until all superstition and tyranny shall be swept away.

The power—the paramount value of this heaven-sent principle—has never and nowhere been more clearly illustrated than in the history of our own country. It is the action of this principle in conflict with persecuting rulers that has made our land illustrious among the nations. Especially it is this aspect of divine truth that has imparted to Scotland its peculiar historical character. Woe to the fatherland if a degenerate race should arise who should be ashamed of the conflicts in which our liberty was won! When it becomes fashionable to laud the chivalry of Claverhouse, and cast ridicule or bestow pity on the rudeness or fanaticism of his victims, the golden age of our country is gone! The suffering unto death for liberty of conscience ennobled the men of that day, and secured liberty for their descendants. We are like sons who have inherited the wealth that their fathers won: a humble, thankful spirit becomes us. We should maintain and improve our heritage.

Critics have noticed the structure of Peter's brief defence as one of the finest specimens of pleading on record. It is a proof that the promise, "It shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak," was amply fulfilled. It is clear and cogent; it is very short, but it is long enough. The speaker says all that is needful,

and stops when he is done. In this short space he defends himself, confounds his adversaries, and commends Christ to the bystanders. The address assumes the form of a syllogism, which would not have been so remarkable in the lips of Paul, but which we are surprised to find in the unpremeditated defence of the simple and impetuous fisherman. After announcing the general principle, that wherever God claims obedience man's claim must stand in abeyance, he proceeds to show that this case comes under the rule. "The God of our fathers;" he takes care to trace all up to the God of Israel, whom the Sanhedrim acknowledged. Peter and John did not stand before the priests as aliens, guilty of subverting the Jewish faith or the Jewish commonwealth. He claims to be with themselves an Israelite, and interested as much as they in the inheritance of Israel. "The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew." The point of the arrow is at their breast again. He will not spare them. In one sense he is in their power; but in another they are in his. They tremble in their seats under this home-thrust. "Ye slew;" for they compelled Pilate to pronounce sentence of death. Nor does the preacher spare them the aggravation—"and hanged on a tree." They knew the curse and shame associated with the cross. "Whom ye slew, him hath God exalted." He pillories the priests as the enemies of God, the crucifiers of the Messiah.

But this bold, unsparing, personal piercing is not the

dictate of anger or revenge. All that dross has been purged out of the witnesses by the baptism at Pentecost. The servants are about their Master's business. They are feeling for an opening into the consciences of their judges, that they may introduce the gospel. They intimate that God hath exalted Jesus to be a Prince and a Saviour; a King to rule, and a Redeemer to forgive. They offer, through this Redeemer, repentance to Israel and remission of sins. The preachers have an eye both to the magistrates and the bystanders. They cherish no enmity against the persecutors. Their rule already is, all things to all men, in order that they may save some. The judges who oppressed them, and the populace who for the time favoured them, are all alike in the eyes of these witnesses. The business of the apostles is to win souls, and this precious gain is alike welcome from all quarters. To the judges on the bench; to the young advocates, such as Saul of Tarsus, who might be hanging about the precincts of the court; to the spectators; to the officers; to all alike the suffering witness proclaimed repentance and remission of sins in the name of Jesus. And who shall tell whether Saul, through Peter's word, received an arrow in his heart, which would not out by all his intemperate zeal to crucify Christ in his members, and which at last brought the furious persecutor down to the dust before the gates of Damascus. The witnesses were careful to sow beside all waters, not knowing which of their words might fail, and which might bear fruit unto life eternal.

THE KORAN—AFRICAN MOHAMMEDANISM.

BY PROFESSOR TAYLER LEWIS, LL.D.

SEVERAL months ago Dr. Pinney, the well-known agent of the Colonization Society, brought to me a manuscript copy of the Koran, written by a Mandingo Negro. It commenced abruptly with the nineteenth *surat* or chapter, but from thence continued unbroken to the end.

It was very beautifully written in the large, bold hand that distinguishes the Western style of Arabic writing, and bore quite a strong resemblance to some of the older and more distinct specimens of Arabic chirography given in De Sacy's Grammar. It had interlined, or rather between each verse, and sometimes between clauses and single words, a running commentary in red ink, and occupying about as much space as the text. This was made up by brief extracts from the great Koranic commentators. A peculiar feature, however, was the continual recurrence of very plain grammatical notes, given in the peculiar technics of Arabic grammar, but evidently adapted to young and uninstructed minds. They pointed out sometimes the number of the noun or the object of the verb, and very frequently the meaning of the more learned or less known words. The inference from this was that it had been transcribed from some copy much used in schools. Dr. Pinney thought it had been

written from memory. This would seem hardly possible; and yet the wonder is much diminished by what we are told of Mohammedan teachers, some of whom have read and recited the Koran hundreds and even thousands of times. There could be no doubt, however, of its having been written in Liberia, in a very rapid manner, and by one removed from aids he might have had in his native home. The very appearance of this curious volume gave evidence of the way in which it had been made up; for it was nothing more, externally, than a coarse folio ledger, like those employed in the custom-house, and furnished to the native scribe for this particular service.

I could not help feeling a wonderful interest in this strange book. It seemed like a stream of light coming from one of the darkest places of the earth, as many, in their ignorance, have regarded it. This single volume, thus constructed, brought evidence of many other things along with it. It told us of religion where we had thought there existed only the grossest forms of Fetish idolatry; for the most orthodox Christian need not hesitate to say that Mohammedanism is religion—pure religion, as far as it goes. The Koran is a very devout book. There appears everywhere in it the *Yirath*

Jehovah, or religion in its pure primary etymological idea, as "the fear of the Lord the beginning of wisdom." Besides its pure monotheistic aspect, Mohammedanism is eminently a religion of prayer, though lacking the Christian idea of a divine human mediatorship. God as lawgiver, as judge, as an ever-watchful Providence, never losing sight of individuals or nations, appears on almost every page of the Koran. It represents him as the executor of a stern retribution, and yet as exhibiting a melting tenderness that reminds us of the strong contrasts of the Hebrew prophets. In short, there are to be found in it, most powerfully expressed, those fearful aspects of religion which give to the more loving attributes of Deity their most precious value, but which seem to be losing their dread conservative force, even in what we call our "evangelical theology." The resurrection, the great and final judgment, the doom of the wicked—it would be difficult to find language stronger than that in which the Koran sets forth these, whilst ever holding up the thought of a particular Providence, and of a retribution that never slumbers, even in this world. A thing, however, to be especially noted is the strong contrast it seems fond of presenting between the present and the future life, although its pictures of the latter may be justly blamed as having too much of a sensual aspect.

We may, as Christians, fearlessly admit those excellencies of the Koran, when we call to mind an important and even essential distinction between it and other books called sacred, which some are fond of placing in parallelism with the Christian Scriptures. The Koran is a reflection of the Bible; it is grounded on the Old Testament Scriptures; it would never have been had not Judaism and Christianity been before it. The Koran admits the divine authority of the Scriptures, both New and Old. It speaks not only reverently, but tenderly and lovingly, of Jesus, or, "*Isa ben Maryam*," the "Word of Truth," as it calls him, *surat* xix. 35; and it is only in some few places of the later chapters that there is anything inconsistent with this spirit. Throughout the better part of the book, the *Kafirs*, who are to

be forced into truth by the sword, are the unclean and bloody Pagan idolaters.

Belief in Mohammedanism furnishes a more encouraging basis for missionary effort than can be found among the followers of the worn-out religions of Brahma, Buddha, and Confucius. The very fact that the Koranic religion is sharply controversial is an evidence of its vitality. It has something to contend for, and we ought to esteem it the more highly on that very account. It is better to meet the zealous Islamite in this way than to encounter the meaningless pantheism of the Hindu, who has lately been so much applauded by his fellow Nothingarians in England, or the stolid indifference of the Chinese, who says: "Our Josh, your Josh; your Josh for you, our Josh for us; all very good Josh." A contest with a religion that has such a living basis to it, however erroneous or deficient we may esteem it, is all the more hopeful in the end; and for his own soul's health, the missionary might well prefer these Koran-taught Mandingo negroes, as his field of labour, to the conscience-deadened inhabitants of Thibet, China, or Japan.

The contrast between the religions is not greater than that between the books by which they are represented. Take the cold abstractions, the dry mysticism, the thin philosophisms, which are held up to our admiration from the Hindu books, whatever may be their date, or the poor barren worldliness which is all that we get from the best selections made from the writings of Confucius, compare them with the glowing devotion, the sublime earnestness, the pure, distinct, and lofty theism of the Koran, and we cease to wonder at the fact of its triumph wherever it met those lifeless creeds. It was not from age alone that they were powerless; but because they never had in them that strong conservative element which distinguishes the Christian, Jewish, and Mohammedan theism; in other words, "*the fear of the Lord*," the awe of a holy, personal, retributive, sin-hating, right-loving God. We thus understand, too, why it is that Mohammedanism has so much vigour at the present day.

EVENING.



THOU comest, holy eve,
Sweet Sabbath of the day;
And saddened hearts more gently
grieve,
Submissive to thy sway.
We rest, in this thine hour,
Beneath the fading sky;
We feel thy touch of nameless power,
And weep, we know not why.

Another day withdraws,
Whose best and worst we know;
It greets us now in solemn pause
Ere it for ever go.

To every life a close;
But only man can mark,
And say, while evening softly glows
"Shall I so meet the dark?"



ON EXTREMES IN OPINION AND ACTION.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG MEN. BY SAMUEL RALEIGH, ESQ.

STUDIOUS young men, beginning to think for themselves, making trial of their powers, and revolving many questions of opinion and problems of practical life, will, perhaps, be willing to ponder such suggestions as may be thrown out by one who has now had probably more lessons than most of them in the school of experience. Those of us who belong to the older generation have still, or ought to have, a lively sympathy with the aims and aspirations of an earlier time; and both older and younger will, I trust, find that what a merely sensational taste might regard as dry and commonplace, an earnest desire of self-improvement will render fresh and interesting; and I hope that the views unfolded in this paper will be found worthy, I do not say of entire assent, but of that careful consideration which we ought to bestow on whatever stands more or less connected with the progress and well-being of our higher nature.

Introduction.—That the human mind is liable to fall into extremes, is matter of common observation. One extreme often succeeds or is produced by another. History furnishes abundant instances in which Divine Providence brings good out of the conflict and collision of extremes of an opposite character. Statesmanship has had no more frequent problem presented for solution than that of raising up one extreme of passion or opinion to counterbalance or oversway another. Philosophers from Aristotle downwards have commended the wisdom of the middle path lying equally removed from two opposite extremes. In the work of self-culture, as well as in the education of others, nothing is more important than to regulate and restrain the tendencies to excess which arise in ourselves, or in those whom we desire to influence.

My object in this paper will be to show, by some selected examples, the fallacy and danger of extremes in the formation of opinion and the conduct of life. I make no pretension to philosophic depth or exactness of method in my treatment of a subject which you will at once see is of very large dimensions, and might be made to embrace nearly the whole range of human error. I shall be satisfied if I can bring out a few principles worthy to be remembered, and impress a few lessons which may be found useful in practical life.

Before thus illustrating the error of extremes by examples, we may consider for a little the springs and sources of the tendency to extremes as these exist in our mental constitution and the circumstances by which we are surrounded.

Possessing limited faculties, subject to evil through weakness and passion, and so being both intellectually and morally imperfect, it follows, as a matter of course, that we must err. Diverging on one side or the other from the central standard of right and duty, we may be said so far in all cases of error to tend to extremes, leaving the middle path of safety and obedience, and overpassing the limits of law within which, as in a golden mean, truth and rectitude find at once their strength and their repose.

Accordingly, the great design of the Gospel (the divine remedy of all human error), in its practical bearing upon the mind and life of man, is to correct and restrain this tendency to excess which manifests itself in every part of human thought and activity. No exhortations are addressed to the Christian disciple more solemnly than the call to "moderation in all things," as opposed to inordinate affections—to self-denial, as opposed to self-indulgence and excess. More particularly, however, as free agents, possessing the faculty of will, we have the power of going

to extremes in our choice; and sometimes it would seem as if men were influenced to violent or extreme determinations from no better reason than that they may thereby demonstrate their own unfettered freedom of action.

Even from the understanding there may arise a bias to extremes. Independent as it is in its nature, and impartial as it may seem in its exercise, it too may be used in a way of excess, and in its undue and presumptuous applications may become the source of undeniable extremes. Mistaking its own deductive capacity for creative power, it is ready to enter with an over-confident step into regions which it was never meant to explore without superhuman guidance, and will boldly essay to ransack deeps which the Spirit of God alone can fathom and illumine.

But, above all, we are governed by our affections, which are undoubtedly the strongest forces of our nature; and by them we are impelled more powerfully than by any other influence to extremes of feeling and action. When admiration is excited towards any person or object—still more, when love exerts its deeper power—how is every quality of excellence enhanced, how is every feature of beauty transfigured in our esteem, until all surrounding and competing objects are brought under the shadow of comparative disregard! On the other hand, when we conceive dislike or fear, how naturally we attribute odious qualities to those who are thus placed in antagonism to our sympathies, and how strongly are we tempted to depreciate and undervalue those whom an unbiassed judgment might pronounce to be worthy of respect and love!

Looking to our mental constitution, then, we find how true are the words of Bacon: "The human mind resembles not a dry-light, but admits a tincture of the will and passions, which generate their own system accordingly; for man always believes more readily that which he prefers. He therefore rejects difficulties for want of patience in investigation; sobriety because it limits his hope; the depths of nature from superstition; the light of experience from arrogance and pride, lest his mind should appear to be occupied with common and varying objects; paradoxes from a fear of the opinion of the vulgar; in short, his feelings imbue and corrupt his

understanding in innumerable and sometimes imperceptible ways."

Then how sad it is to see, as we sometimes do, in things bearing on character and moral development, that a slight early bias in a wrong direction, remaining unchecked, acquires in after years such baleful power as to shadow the whole future of life. The fountain-heads of tendency, springing up and filling the channels of habit, flow on through the long-drawn valleys of life, and, unnoticed as they may have been in their first beginnings, their accumulated forces, under the pressure of temptation, perhaps, or in the floods of passion, may reach their destined consummation in the most sorrowful and ruinous extremes.

Let it not be supposed that, in seeking to show the evil of extremes, we are in any way suggesting to your preference or approbation the negative qualities of indecision or indifference. An adequate measure of sincerity, enthusiasm, decision of character, are indispensable in the effectual prosecution of every good enterprise in this world; and a noble life will lack all vital motive, if there be not, as its sustaining impulses, earnest conviction and invincible loyalty of soul to truth and duty. But these in minds of the right tone and capacity are perfectly compatible with abstinence from all extremes properly so called, for they do not forbid candour and discrimination. Rather do the virtues of decision and earnestness foster the just and generous sentiments which spring from the calmness of well-assured conviction, just as the sense of insecurity arising from doubt and uncertainty has often in history been seen to prompt to the extremes of violence and persecution.

Nor let it be supposed that the odium of extremes can always be avoided by the lovers of truth, for no device of error is more commonly resorted to than the imputation of irrational excess, nay, of absolute "madness," to those who speak only "the words of truth and soberness." Partisans and sophistical pleaders continually resort to this vulgar fallacy; and if we cannot bear to have our views stigmatized with the opprobrious epithets attached to the extremes to which it is alleged they tend, we had better at once determine to have no opinions whatever, and so escape the irksomeness of misrepresentation by keeping

silence upon every question affecting the truth of God and the good of man, and thus purchase an ignoble quiet by resolving ourselves into moral and intellectual nullities.

Still extremes—rightly so named—ought to be avoided, and the object of my present address is to illustrate their fallacy and danger, that we may the better understand and regulate whatever tendencies there may be in ourselves to errors of that description.

I shall select my illustrative examples—

First, From cases bearing on the formation of opinion.

Second, From cases bearing on the conduct of life.

I.—EXTREMES OF OPINION.

In forming our opinions we are apt to give undue weight to one set of considerations, and to ignore or undervalue others which should come in to modify our judgment. It is the mark of a sound and capacious mind to hold firmly by two or more principles, which, though in themselves undoubtedly true, are yet possibly not susceptible of perfect logical reconciliation with each other. It is, on the other hand, an evidence of weakness and narrowness to be driven along in the logical groove to extreme conclusions for want of the power to bring other faculties into play which shall balance what may seem to be the ratiocinative necessities, and give a wholesome breadth and moderation to the views which we finally adopt. It has been well said by Coleridge concerning faith, that it is not the act of one part of our nature merely, such as of the intellect or the heart, but is a "total act of the soul." In the same way it may be said that every opinion involving general principles, soundly and intelligently formed, is the result of the combined and harmonious exercise of all our faculties, reason, affection, imagination, and of that "common sense" which may be regarded as the synthetic product of all our powers and susceptibilities.

Free Will and Necessity.—As an example of what I refer to, no subject presents a more crucial instance than that of free will and necessity, which in all ages has furnished so tantalizing a problem to the eager wit of man. If we regard only logical sequences, and rigorously pursue without faltering the deductions which flow from

infinite sovereignty, working out its indefeasible purposes by laws and incidents all alike pre-ordained, and take no account, by the higher intuition, of what is involved in free spiritual personality both in God and man, we arrive, by inevitable compulsion, at a doctrine of fatalism, which would convert the whole moral universe into mere clock-work and machinery. By giving exclusive place to the working of fixed law, and the absolute efficiency of mere will in the government of the world, we may for a time seem to foster emotions of pious humility; but in ultimate effect such thoughts, when exclusively cherished, are sure to harden the heart and blunt the moral sense, because they deprive the character of God and his daily providence over us of their most affecting charm, and take away from life and duty, responsibility and hope, all their solemn interest and all their tender reality. This extreme has sometimes been exhibited in the history of the Church, leading more or less to the hideous practical extremes of Antinomianism. What has displayed itself in fanatical excesses in other countries and earlier times may, even among ourselves, work more insidiously, making sometimes, we fear, the pride of theological orthodoxy co-exist unrebuked with those blemishes of temper and life which grieve the Holy Spirit, and are a reproach to the name of Christ.

Not that we would suggest for a moment that divine sovereignty should be doubted or qualified in its all-embracing comprehensiveness—not that anything, either moral or material, is exempt from the reign of law, or that there may not be pervading the universe of intelligent and responsible being a principle which may be fairly enough denominated "moral" or "philosophical necessity;" but while all this may be true to abstract reason, it concerns us practically little or nothing. The God with whom we have to do is not to be resolved into separate attributes, upon each of which we may reason and deduce conclusions *ad infinitum*, as if that one attribute were in itself God. He is to us what defies all science and philosophy to analyze or define—A Person—The Everlasting Father—who, when he chooses his chief and most truly representative attribute, tells us that he is "Love"—Love embodied in a redeeming Christ, our Lord and Elder

Brother ; and thus, when we rightly think of God, we are lifted away from the dim region of metaphysical abstraction to the realm of living reality. When we are affected by the events of life and providence, we deal not with the stern impassivities of law, but with the grace and pity, or with the displeasure, of our heavenly Father.

And as God is thus a personality, so we to him and ourselves are persons also. We are made in the likeness of the Maker, that likeness consisting essentially in free spiritual personality, which implies moral freedom and responsibility. In the extreme necessitarian theory any such being would be a logical impossibility. Man, free and responsible, could not come into existence under the reign of an iron law of mechanical sequence ; so that, looking to necessity alone, we come to this notable paradox, that man has a faculty within himself by which he can demonstrate the impossibility of his own existence. Dr. Johnson said, if I remember rightly, in regard to the doctrine of necessity, "All theory is for it, all experience is against it ;" and doubtless we must hold both truths under the proper qualifications, and avoid the extremes of necessitarian fatalism on the one side and the shallowness of Arminian notions of liberty on the other. The great truths which reside in the two spheres of thought will hereafter, if not here, come to be reconciled and harmonized. As grandiloquently suggested by Bailey in his poem of "Festus," "Free-will is but necessity in play ; the clattering of the golden reins that guide the thunder-footed coursers of the sun." The scriptural reconciliation of the two truths is more satisfactory than the poetical, because it commends itself to Christian experience,— "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling, for it is God that worketh in you to will and to do." "The foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are his. And, Let him that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."

Religion and Science.—Another subject belonging to the history of opinion furnishes instructive examples of extremes occurring sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. I refer to the relation between religious faith and scientific inquiry.

We are familiar, in connection with such names

as Copernicus and Galileo, with the old extremes of intolerance and repression directed against the discoveries and demonstrations of natural science. We have also frequently seen the fears of religious men regarding the probable effects of such discoveries disappointed by the result. On the one hand, the sages of science have often been humble believers in the Bible, and on the other, the preachers of Christianity have often been among the learned in science ; so that, in our day, all respectable religious literature now fully concedes the amplest rights of inquiry and investigation to the explorers of God's material works. In every Protestant country it has become the settled conviction of intelligent religious men that scientific research is not a thing to be feared but encouraged, and that in the long run the Word of God will assuredly come to be harmonized with his works.

In these times, I am sorry to say, we are forced to witness too frequently the opposite extremes of scientific presumption, not so much from the real leaders of science (though some of them are not wholly guiltless of indulging an unfriendly tone and tendency of suggestion on points necessarily affecting revealed truth) as from the sciolists and *littérateurs* that follow in the wake of advancing science, who are always ready, in the spirit of mischief and irreverence, to proclaim some new discovery, as if it were an invincible Goliath come forth to defy the armies of the living God.

Hence a conflict between the old religious view of the world and the progress of physical research, which has produced unexpected and unseemly results even within the pale of the Church itself, and sometimes perplexes and alarms not a few ingenuous inquirers who do not yet see exactly how such opposite views of the universe can be kept from coming into collision.

Now, without entering upon any of the special questions which are at the present time so much agitated—about such matters as (1) The age of the world ; (2) The origin of species ; (3) The antiquity of man ; (4) The law of continuity, and the like—we shall merely try to point out wherein as we humbly think the scientific extreme consists, with the view of suggesting a rule or test which may guide and satisfy our judgment in cases that arise from time to time.

The religious extreme (now generally exploded)

would arrest inquiry or condemn its results as opposed to certain statements or inferences found in or founded upon the Scriptures, the document of faith; thus out of spiritual premises or assumptions drawing physical conclusions which the world of matter refuses to acknowledge.

The scientific extreme, on the other hand, consists in the opposite fallacy of drawing spiritual conclusions from physical premises. The discoverer or teacher of material facts, processes, and laws, passes out of the physical region, and assumes a right to draw conclusions trenching at least upon such high matters as (1) the personality of the Creator; (2) the origin of man; (3) his relations spiritually to the law and providence of God; (4) the efficacy or inefficacy of prayer; and (5) the use and reasonableness of confession and repentance. The presumption of such an attempt is not greater than its absurdity. For what can any one learn of the properties and relations of spiritual beings by exploring the subtlest affinities and most recondite processes of matter? What can physical change, however cunningly traced, or natural law, however widely found to prevail, tell us of the origin, the action, or the well-being of that which is spiritual? Simply nothing. Science and religion are conversant with two wholly separate regions or platforms of truth. Each in its own province is legitimately sovereign, and each may unjustly invade the neighbouring kingdom. Take one simple example, which will illustrate clearly enough what I mean. Science teaches the laws by which corn grows out of the earth. Religion teaches that our heavenly Father gives us our daily bread. Both these views of the same fact are true, the one without prejudice to the other; and it is mere confusion of idea, or stupid and intolerant pedantry, to suppose that the truth of the one position implies to any extent the falsehood of the other. Science cannot legitimately reach any conclusion out of her own province of the material. Whenever she invades a higher region—by pretending to throw light on man, spiritually considered, or his destiny, or by talking as if the processes of Nature can have had no beginning—she enters a grander and rarer sphere than her own, and may be promptly reminded that the attitude of reverence and submission is

much more becoming even to her, than the language of self-confident dogmatism.

No doubt difficulties and questions of the deepest interest will arise as the progress of investigation displaces old notions, and forces us to re-adjust our views of many things which we had, perhaps unwarrantably, supposed to be settled by divine authority. Very startling results will even seem for a time to come into view, as the natural explorer traces his dim adventurous way along the buried records of earth's history, or the mysterious procession of living organisms through the manifold and ever-varying forms of animate existence; but we are not to lay an arrest upon his advance, nor can we justly treat his results with scorn or disregard, as long as he keeps strictly within the limits of physical facts, and the laws and inferences deducible from these. If the results suggested appear strange or shocking, let them be met, not by the cry that religion is in danger, but by the demand for deeper research and a wider induction. God's true religion can never be in danger from the facts of God's own world, and reconciliation and harmony must in due time be evolved from all apparent conflict.

On the other hand, and while we thus give the largest latitude to the natural investigator within his own province, and would lend no aid in casting odium on those who fearlessly follow the "footprints of the Creator" wherever they are found and whithersoever they lead, we again assert (with the perfect, and indeed sorrowful, assurance that we are making no false accusation) that some representatives of natural science have repeatedly of late shown a disposition to abuse the liberty freely conceded to them by insinuating (of course by enormous strides of false logic) that certain truths of revelation and certain vital realities of the spiritual economy are necessarily undermined by their alleged discoveries. It is here—in this audacious pretension—that we are entitled to meet them "beard to beard," and beat them back into their own domain. For it is by faith alone that we can understand the transcendent miracle of creation, whensoever in past eons of time it may have taken place. It was by the breath of the Almighty that man's spirit was breathed into him, whatever may have been the process of genetic descent or direct construction

by which his body was prepared for its reception. And man, as he now exists on the earth, is in filial relation to God, who sustains and governs all his life by special providence, whatsoever may be the uniformities of law through which he fulfils his loving purposes. The above very important distinction is explicitly acknowledged by Darwin in his recently published work on the "Descent of Man" viewed merely in his physical structure and development; and that eminent naturalist and daring investigator of the strange and perhaps humbling affinities and resemblances which connect man's bodily form with the types of existence appearing in the lower animals, candidly admits that he has no means of determining when or how—that is, at what stage of development or by what causes—the rational or spiritual was first introduced and vitally associated with his animal economy. The grand truth of man's spiritual being as "the son of God," made in his image and partaking of his own nature, is not, therefore, necessarily assailed by Darwinian research; and so long as this is so, it seems wiser to give untrammelled course to natural observation, knowing as we do that the foundations can never be destroyed.

Physical science in recent times has made astonishing progress, and it is perhaps natural that extravagant views of her powers and pretensions should be entertained by those who look no higher than visible phenomena; and in like manner very groundless fears may be harboured respecting the havoc which her advance is likely to make among the ranks of believing men. A little ridicule is sometimes wholesome, and serves to reveal the laughable weakness of views which may look dignified and formidable when coming from learned professors speaking in set phrase from presidential chairs. At a recent meeting in an English town, an intelligent working-man, giving his sentiments on religion and things in general, in connection with the question of social progress, frankly avowed himself a believer in science alone, denounced all parsons as humbugs, and roundly asserted that the man who discovered gas did more for human progress than all the clergy of Europe had done for a thousand years! Another and still more intelligent member of the meeting, in speaking of this confession of his

neighbour's faith, instead of calling him infidel or secularist, did what was far more effective both with the audience and the man himself, by subjecting his statement to a little gentle ridicule. "Unlike my friend," he said, "I believe in parsons—or rather I believe in Him whose Word they preach. I have got much good from ministers; and when I am dying, I mean to send for one to pray with me. As for our friend here, he, of course, when dying, will only have to send for the gasfitter!"

It is feared that some of our scientific *savans* have no higher notion of spirit than may be derived from the analogies of the material world, and there sometimes appears in eloquent writing a piety of the pantheistic type, which takes pleasure in regarding the uprising of devotion to God as on a level, in philosophic contemplation, with the waving of the forest leaves or the singing of the mountain rills. While such writers would not liken the soul of man to so much gas (for that would be unpoetical), the voices which they affect to hear from the heart of the universe reach their climax of comfort in anticipation of death in such ice-cold words as these, "Drop of the mighty sea, shrouded in mystery, join the vast waters, and roll with them on;" thus merging man's spirit in the mysterious procession of the visible universe, and utterly quenching the yearnings of his heart for love and communion with higher and kindred natures to which the hope and assurance of personal immortality teaches him to look forward.

Theology.—It would not be proper in such a paper as this to overlook altogether the extremes that occur in theological and ecclesiastical questions. Avoiding those that are subjects of active controversy at present within and among the evangelical Churches of the country, I venture to invite attention to some examples that are of general interest to Christians. Addressing earnest and ingenuous youths, I take the opportunity of warning them against the danger of rushing to extreme conclusions, or committing themselves to dogmatic theories on points of opinion and theological system which are not plainly declared in Scripture, but are merely reasoned out by the logical faculty of man, applied to statements and analogies which transcend our full comprehension. At all events, not to place that which is inferential

and speculative upon the same level as that which is direct and authoritative. Intellectual theologians, of the hard and fast type, too readily forget this distinction; and even good men, of humble and kindly sympathies, sometimes cast stumbling-blocks in the way of inquirers by exaggerating the importance of secondary and doubtful views, and refusing to see or acknowledge the grounds on which reasonable doubt may be suggested. There is nothing in evangelical circles which is more strongly condemned than Rationalism; and yet true it is and of verity, that doctrinal argumentation on many subjects is to a large extent the result of pure Rationalism, working, of course, not upon the natural elements alone, but on the contents of the Bible and the analogies of human life.

Be on your guard, I would venture to say, against this form—not the least subtle and pernicious—of evangelical Rationalism; or, as the venerable German sage Tholuck calls it, “narrow-minded confessionalism,” which, as he lately said, hopes to “defend the grand truths of the gospel with greater success the more exclusively it plants itself upon the platform of its own Church, and stands in opposition to all others.” A few examples will suffice to convey a fair impression of what I regard as involving theological extremes, and I have selected them on the principle of rather pointing to the mote in our own eye (if it be no more) than descanting self-complacently on the beam that may be in our brother’s eye.

(1.) *Atonement*.—Even this central doctrine of the gospel may be, and sometimes is, overstated. The vicariousness of it must have some limit, else would believers lose their personality, and Christ would then have suffered remorse. Yet up to that limit, mysterious and undefined as it is, he no doubt suffered and served for us, “the just for the unjust,” else would we perish in and by our own sinful personality. (2.) *The Sabbath*.—That the Lord’s-day is now by divine sanction the Christian Sabbath for rest and worship—a day of spiritual joy and liberty; that it is a day to be guarded from invasion even for its secular advantages by social arrangements and legislative authority, are positions which may be firmly held and earnestly contended for, without necessarily adopting every extreme formula of Sabbatarian

doctrine, which, if consistently held and applied, would convict the propounders themselves of sin every Sabbath day, and subject them to a bondage which our Lord evidently dissolved by his teaching, and which the great apostle treats as among things which have been done away. (3.) *Church Authority*.—While we reject the Romish theory of the Church, and see in the great superstition, and all that tends to it, the sorcery which bewitches nations, let us avoid the opposite extreme of individualism, and give the visible Church and its ordinances a proper place in our esteem. Not that the Church, or its rites or officers, can ever come between the soul and Christ; not that the conscience can own any other Lord than God alone; but that, for the great ends of his spiritual kingdom, he has given ministers and ordinances, which it is our privilege to support and honour, and reverently use; “every man” at the same time being “fully persuaded in his own mind;” “every man examining himself,” and all professing disciples “proving their own selves.” The Redeemer, in his living glory and promised presence, is a fitter object of trust than any servant whom he sends: we come, not to priest or presbyter, but to him, that he may give us rest. And (4.) *Zeal for Theory*.—Is there not at this time too generally pervading the evangelical world an idea that Christians are called to stem the tide of evil in the world, and advance the kingdom of Christ, especially, if not exclusively, by contending for orthodox doctrines, rather than by embodying the truth in benevolent, devout, and practically useful lives. A minute and almost imperceptible difference in the way of stating a mere point of relation between one part of truth and another, will engross attention and move large ecclesiastical bodies to high excitement; while luxury, wrath, pride, selfishness, are regarded as only venial short-comings, or accepted as the necessary forms of that polite and politic Christianity which, with a view to “make the best of both worlds,” is earnestly solicitous of securing a “first-class” ticket for the present one—the reversion of the next being perhaps too easily taken for granted. These are extremes incident to a too comfortably circumstanced and exclusive evangelism, scrupulous enough in its logic, and uncompromising enough in its testimony to the

minutiæ of abstract truth, but wanting the soul of love, and knowing very imperfectly what manner of spirit it ought to be of. A "resolute evangelism" is doubtless the forlorn-hope of the world in this seething-time of unbelief and unsettlement; but it must be an evangelism, not of elaborate dogmas merely, but of living faith and self-denying life—an evangelism displaying a "real presence" formed in the heart, breathing over all the life, and overflowing in Christian fellowship as well as brotherly feeling to all, especially to those who need and claim, not healing and help only, but sympathy and justice.

Politics.—The political field furnishes abundant examples of the error of extremes. The personal and class interests of men are so directly involved in the views which are applied to public affairs, that it is not surprising that strong feeling should be evoked by the discussions and contests of politics. It has been said that men would not scruple to doubt and deny even mathematical truths, if their interests were thereby prejudicially affected. And reverting to what we said at the outset, as to the sources in human nature of the tendency to extremes, it will be evident that in political questions, perhaps more than in any other, the mind admits a very strong "tincture of the will and passions."

In this country, at the present time, two opposing forces of opinion have come into collision, and are even now struggling for the mastery. Without assuming to point your way to any particular conclusions, or revealing, otherwise than incidentally, my own political sympathies, I would merely mention some of the causes and influences which tend to produce the conservative or anti-democratic extreme on the one side, and the democratic or reforming extreme on the other.

1. The interest of the class possessing power (and its fruits) to retain it, must always be a strongly resistive barrier against proposals of change, and will supply an important *vis inertiae* or gravitation force in favour of "things as they are."

2. High-class feeling—real in the well-educated and refined, affected in the merely rich and materially prosperous—will always bear instinctively against the admission of any kind of equality with crowds of common people. Not that those

who cherish this fastidious feeling would desire to harm their humbler fellow-citizens. They would, on the contrary, be ready to do much for them, by schools, better dwellings, and such like; but they would rather keep them at a distance, as interesting tame animals of a different genus. To suggest social brotherhood, and inquire whether they are not "our own flesh and blood" (whatever Christianity may say about that question), is high treason against Norman blood, and the time-honoured privileges of the ruling class. The prosperous middle classes of this country no doubt have a prevalent weakness, which discerning satirists can trace in the various forms of snobbishness; and any Conservative candidate (especially if his name has a handle to it) and the cause he represents is always sure of the votes of that too large class whose cardinal principle in life is announced by one of Dickens's characters,—“Let us be genteel, or die!”

3. Hero-worship leads to the exaltation of mere power—might, as if it were right; and this, combined with timidity and the love of quiet and order, is apt, in the literary or recluse mind, to produce a nervous horror of all popular movements and demands. When this learned panic breaks out in frantic raving over the notion of an unwashed navvy giving a vote like a professor of Greek or a metropolitan editor, it may be only a source of amusement; but when it calls tragically for blood, or gloats over the idea of grape-shot clearing our streets, it presents the conservative extreme in a fanatical and revolting aspect.

4. Another source of conservative extreme is the want of faith in world providence, as involving a plan and progress of humanity. This element I have not time now to dwell upon. It might lead me to take up one species of extreme which in this country we are, as it seems to me, very prone to indulge—I mean the extreme arising from an unduly exaggerated feeling of patriotism. The great war between the North and South American States, arising out of the slave system, and which it was the means of abolishing, gave occasion among us to a strongly-marked and still uncomfortably-remembered example of what I refer to. It is to be feared that in view of the progress, and perhaps too arrogant pretensions, of the great American Republic, which (notwith-

standing all its faults and provocations to us) seems destined by Divine providence to enter upon an inheritance of freedom, happiness, and power, such as the world has not yet seen, the feeling of patriotic prejudice in this country has been hitherto largely too much that of Balak with reference to Israel: "Behold, there is a people gone forth from Egypt: behold, they cover the face of the earth, and abide over against us: come therefore, curse us this people; for they are too mighty for us." This selfish prayer during the American struggle was responded to by not a few Balaams, who loved the wages of unrighteousness, and by crowds of such faithful animals as the unfaithful prophet bestrode, who might well say to their patrician masters, "Are not we thine asses, upon which thou hast ridden ever since we were thine, unto this day?"

5. Did space permit I might refer also to another and temporary cause of conservative misapprehension in the contest between labour and capital, which has arisen naturally during recent years from the increased supply of gold and other causes altering the relation between money and commodities, and making a change and (nominal) increase in the remuneration of labour a matter of justice and necessity. The bickerings and heart-burnings of the consequent strife are no reason for keeping down or disfranchising those who show no greater selfishness than other classes of the community (take the highest clergymen or peers of the realm) invariably do when their class rights or privileges are brought into question.

6. Finally, on this head. The greatest of all conservative extremes is that which would think lightly of alienation and discontent prevailing among the millions who should be the glory and defence of the empire, but who, if divided in sympathy and interest from the ruling classes, will only become a source of weakness, if not of danger, which rival states will not be slow to perceive, and may in some disastrous hour take

advantage of, it may be, to our hurt and humiliation.

1. The interest of the class desiring to attain to power and its fruits will always stimulate ambition and hope, and form a strong motive force in the direction of change and reform, which, they not unnaturally think, will certainly bring improvement.

2. Low class feeling—real on the part of working-men, and affected often by popular leaders—will always be ready to applaud to the echo those who flatter the multitude and promise to give effect to their views.

3. Over-sanguine hopes of human progress, and a too credulous faith in Providential developments of immediate good in the world.

4. Envious dislike of the rich and fortunate, and a morbidly rebellious feeling against the allotments of Providence.

5. An exaggerated idea of what laws and political arrangements can effect for the happiness and moral progress of a community.

These and such-like are sources of democratic extremes, and are to be carefully noted and jealously restrained by all who, subject in any degree to their influence, desire to form sound views on political questions.

I have, perhaps, too plainly shown on which side my sympathies most fluently run into expression. Let me confess, then, in leaving politics, that I am persuaded there is a real principle of truth and a certain measure of wisdom in conservatism. Like necessity, it may very profitably form the basis of our thought. But let progress or reform, like free will, be the motive practical power in political action. Let the two principles by all means be harmonized, in our future social developments, by mutual concession, by national education, and the gradual extension of privilege to an ever-enlarging body of the community; and then shall the power and happiness of Britain, as an enlightened and united nation, be immeasurably and permanently enhanced.

(To be concluded in our next.)



CHRISTIAN FURCHTEGOTT GELLERT.

A MEMOIR BY W. O. VON HORN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER III.

GELLERT'S reputation as a professor of the university already extended far beyond his immediate surroundings. Not only the elegance and fluency of his language, the clear and consecutive arrangement of his ideas, the exhaustive treatment of his subject, and the force of his arguments, attracted the students to his lectures, but the sincerity of conviction which dictated his earnest and affectionate appeals to the heart and conscience wrought mightily on the souls of his hearers, awakening within them high and holy aspirations. Men of high standing and attainments, even professors of the university, came to hear him. People crowded in to get seats, and during the lecture such silence prevailed that every breath could be heard.

The enthusiastic terms in which his hearers spoke of him, the love and veneration which they cherished for him, the healthful influence of his teaching, all tended to spread his fame far and wide; while the gratitude of youths turned by him from the ways of vice to a life of righteousness, joined to the thankfulness of their parents, who well knew under whose influence this blessed work had been accomplished, could not fail to earn for Gellert a degree of affection and respect such as falls to the lot of few.

It was indeed marvellous how speedily and how generally his worth was appreciated, and how even the poor and uneducated treated him with boundless veneration. His daily life and conversation helped to bring this about. Here every one could see and judge for himself. People noted his piety, his zealous discharge of his calling, and his simple and unassuming deportment. They were well aware of his limited means and self-denying habits; and knew too, though he strove hard not to let his left hand know what his right hand did, that in him want and distress were sure of a helper.

This was the more touching as he not only divided his substance with the needy, but sometimes even gave them his last penny. Gödike, his amanuensis, who managed his household affairs, and his faithful servant Saner, often counselled him to observe some moderation in his giving, when he would smile and reply, "Give yourselves no concern about me; the Lord will provide, and I shall not want," and there was an end of the matter.

All this, however, would have spread his fame but slowly, had not his literary labours, both in prose and poetry, won the hearts of his countrymen in general.

He had twelve poems printed at Leipzig, but the copies were so few in number that they were known only to a very limited circle. In Leipzig they were passed from hand to hand, and those who possessed a copy thought themselves very fortunate. But when Gellert's admirable fables appeared, they produced a great sensation, and their moral teaching told wonderfully on men's minds. When these works first saw the light in the "Bremen Papers," Gellert attracted general notice; and his fables and tales were read and highly prized in all classes of the community.

Gellert's mode of proceeding with these works was peculiar to himself, and eminently characteristic of his deep humility and singular want of confidence in his own judgment. First, he read them to his friend Gärtner, in whose opinion he placed implicit reliance. If any of them came short of Gärtner's full approbation, or if he suggested any emendation, Gellert invariably adopted his idea, and sometimes wrote the whole article over again. And when at length the work stood the test of Gärtner's criticism, Gellert read it to his other friends, and did not print it till it had gained their unanimous approval.

At this period the unfortunate realm of Saxony was overwhelmed by the troubles of the Seven Years' War; but Gellert did not suffer these to interfere with his literary activity. Once, when he was reading a new poem to his assembled friends, the house was subjected to a rigorous search by several Prussian officers, who alleged that General Sibylski was in concealment there. However, this did not interrupt the reading for long, or ruffle Gellert's composure in the least, as he had a clear conscience, while at the same time he managed to calm the indignation of his friends.

Gellert was quite free from the touchiness which writers in their self-love too often display, thankfully accepted criticism even when adverse, and was always ready to do justice to the opinion of his friends. He wrote and published plays, but they failed to produce the same sensation as the collections of his fables, appearing respectively in the years 1746 and 1748. They were eagerly read and joyfully received, not only by the upper and educated middle class, by whom they were prized as household treasures, but were welcomed with equal delight in the peasant's cottage; while everywhere their pure moral teaching shed a healthful influence on the hearts and lives of their readers.

The following incident speaks to their great popu-

larity among the poorer class, and at the time affected Gellert even to tears. One day, when he was busy in his study, a cart-load of firewood was brought to the front door. "Does Herr Professor Gellert," asked the simple peasant who drove the cart—"he who wrote the beautiful fables—live here?" On being answered in the affirmative, he quietly mounted his waggon, and began to unload it. This done, he threw a bundle of hay to the horses, rubbed the dust off his clothes, and asked, "Where is he?" He was conducted up-stairs, and the amanuensis announced to Gellert, who was engrossed in study, that a peasant had come and wished to see him. Though it was not the hour for receiving visitors, he consented to see the peasant, who now entered, his face beaming with delight in spite of his embarrassment. He took no notice of Gellert's friendly greeting, but asked, "So you are the good Professor Gellert, who wrote the beautiful fables!" On Gellert's reply, he continued: "Well, God bless you for them. I would not part with the book for the whole world, for it has given me more pleasure, and done me more good, than I can tell. So, because I like the book, and as they tell me that Herr Professor has not too much of this world's goods, I wanted to show my gratitude for the beautiful fables, and the treat they have been to me and mine, by bringing a load of firewood to the door this hard winter. It is below. Will Herr Professor be so good as have it chopped small, and keep his room warm with it?" Gellert was so overcome by the man's simple and artless manner, and kind, hearty words, that the tears started to his eyes, and he could hardly speak. The peasant, thinking probably that Gellert was offended or annoyed at accepting so large a gift from him, begged the Professor urgently not to be angry, nor to refuse his offering. He had wood enough for the winter, and could well spare it. At last Gellert found words to express his heartfelt thanks to the man, and warmly grasped the peasant's well-worn hand. So the wood-cutter left the house radiant with joy, and thinking the Herr Professor's kind reception of him and his present a bounteous reward for the wood which he could so well spare out of his abundance.

Another instance of homage paid to Gellert's writings by a peasant, which gave him unbounded satisfaction, is thus recorded by himself in a letter to a friend:—"I called the other day," he writes, "at my bookbinder's. While I was speaking to him a wood-cutter, an acquaintance of his, entered the shop, and took from a wallet amply supplied with cheese and bread-and-butter an unbound copy of my fables. He then said in his unpolished *patois*, 'Bind this book well and strongly for me; do you hear?' 'Tell me, Christopher,' asked the bookbinder, 'wherever did you get this book?' 'Where I got it? I bought it, to be sure. Our schoolmaster and the village bailiff laughed over it till their sides ached. There is capital fun in it; quite enough to turn any one's head. My little boy is a good reader so I mean to give

it him, and make him read from it to me of an evening, when I sit smoking my pipe after my day's work; then, I think, I shan't need to trouble the ale-house any more. He was quite a young gentleman who wrote the book and printed it. I wanted to cheapen it, but he would not take less than twenty groschens, and got what he asked. He had a great many other books besides this, so he must be a good hand at writing them.' 'You blockhead!' said the bookbinder, 'the man you bought the book of did not write it; he only sells it.' 'Oh, the rascal!' cried the peasant; 'I thought it was the gentleman himself, or I wouldn't have given so much for it.' Now I might have gone away, but my ambition kept me rooted to the spot. I indulged the hope that the bookbinder would betray me, which, happily for me, he did, otherwise I should have introduced myself to the wood-cutter. Oh, if you could only have witnessed the admiration with which the peasant regarded me, how heartily he thumped me on the back, and how eagerly he exhorted me to write more of that capital fun. I was in excellent spirits during the rest of the day. I pictured to myself all my readers, from the King of Prussia down to the wood-cutter, and resolved to finish the second part of the 'History of a Swedish Countess,' which you will receive with this letter."

Meanwhile Gellert's circumstances were somewhat improved by his being made extraordinary professor of philosophy, and receiving a small pension. The high admiration in which his genius was generally held was strikingly proved by the liberal support which he received from men of wealth, some offering to settle annuities on him, others sending him considerable sums. The former he declined, and returned the latter whenever he discovered the donors. His literary labours brought him in very slight returns, as the profits flowed into the bookseller's purse, while the author was left to starve—the rule throughout Germany in those days.

A Herr Von Craussen offered him a small annuity, which he declined; so Craussen considerably resolved to settle the amount on Gellert's aged mother instead—an act of generosity which touched Gellert to the heart, and even inspired him with the idea of undertaking a journey to Hainichen to convey to his dear mother the joyful news that Herr Von Craussen had settled on her an annuity of fifty florins.

But, alas! while everywhere his name was mentioned with affection and veneration, Gellert was the victim of severe bodily suffering. Nervous depression, anxieties, sleeplessness, and melancholy tormented him day and night, accompanied him to the class-room, and beset him in the quiet of his study. Sunny days were few and far between in his experience. He was far too conscientious to neglect the duties of his position; but the effort of composition was frequently out of the question, as far too much of cloud and gloom darkened his skies to admit of this. The loving regard of his countrymen displayed in a hundred forms, the growing popu-

larity of his works—now translated into nearly every European language—could not dispel the deep melancholy which, like a dense fog, impervious to sunshine, rested on his otherwise calm and cheerful mind. He visited Hainichen in search of health, but returned as ill as he went. In a letter to a friend he laments his own persistency in the use of coffee and tobacco, knowing them to be prejudicial to his health, but lacking the resolution to deny himself either the one or the other, as the force of habit had rendered these luxuries indispensable helps to him in study.

As yet, however, Gellert enjoyed occasional respites from suffering, for which he joyfully thanked God, and employed them in hard work, of which the publication of his collected tales and fables was the result. This took place in 1754, not without great trepidation on the part of the author. The same year Gellert visited Carlsbad, but derived no benefit from the change.

His bad health elicited universal sympathy. The citizens of Leipzig and the students of the university looked with compassionate regard at the delicate, refined-looking man as he slowly paced the streets, and gratefully bowed his thanks to their deferential greetings. The students, in particular, were devotedly attached to the excellent man who exercised so remarkable an influence over them. By his teachings many of them had been rescued from moral and spiritual death; and on their coming to him in penitence and grief, he had never failed to follow up the good work in private with earnest prayer for Divine guidance and blessing. Often he pinched and starved that he might help needy students out of his own deep poverty; while many a poor family in Leipzig honoured him as its secret benefactor.

No wonder then that Gellert's fame spread abroad. The Lord indeed gave him, as Nitsch says, a flock far more numerous than could be contained within the bounds of any parish, in which to labour for the kingdom of Christ and for the day of his appearing.

Some events in Gellert's life, illustrative of his extreme popularity among all classes of society, have already been related; and to these I now add one or two more in Gellert's own words, taken from a letter to a lady.

"On the 18th of November 1758," he writes, "a lieutenant of hussars, one of General Malakoffski's suite, announced himself after a somewhat uncouth fashion. No one, thought I, can withstand force; so I must make up my mind to receive my visitor, come what may. So, without delay, a dingy, haggard-looking fellow, with fierce eyes, mud-besplashed boots, and bloody spurs, hastened towards me. His yellow hair was tied up in a great knot behind, and his beard arranged in several smaller ones. In his left hand he held a formidable sword; in his right, a cane, a brace of pistols, his cap, and a scourge twisted with wire.

"What are your commands? What can I do for you, sir?" I began, in fear and trembling. "Have you orders to arrest me? I am innocent!"

"No, indeed, sir. Are you the famous author and professor Gellert?"

"Well, I am Gellert."

"I am overjoyed at having an opportunity of beholding and embracing you!" He suited the action to the word, and oh, how I quaked beneath the infliction! "I am a great admirer of your writings," continued my bearded friend. "You have rendered me good service on my campaigns; and I come to thank you, and assure you of my friendship."

"Far too great an honour for me, my dear sir. Pray, be seated."

"Willingly, if only you will tell me how you contrive to write so many beautiful books."

"I do not know, sir, if my books are beautiful; but I can tell you how I write them. When I have time and inclination for composition, I first consider what to write. Then I sit down, forget everything else, and write as well as I can. When it is finished, I ask friends in whom I have confidence what they think of my work. If they pronounce it good, and suggest an emendation here and there, I correct it, and print it. This, my dear sir, is the history of the productions which have been fortunate enough to meet with your approval."

"All right; I will bear this in mind," said he. "I have often leisure and inclination for writing; and as soon as we have cleared the country of these horrid Russians I mean to attempt to follow your example. And now, permit me to offer you a little remembrance from my share of booty. You don't happen to have a rouble in your collection of coins, Herr Professor? Please to select one. These belonged to a Cossack chief whom I cut down at the battle of Zorndorf; and those to the wife of a Russian officer, whose horse stumbled under her when the enemy fled before us."

"An icy shudder ran through me at this narrative, as well as at the sight of the proffered gifts."

"Far be it from me to deprive you of a portion of your spoils, my dear sir," I replied. "Keep your roubles; your obliging offer is quite enough for me."

"But, indeed, you must accept a remembrance of me, Herr Professor. How do you like these pistols? They are from Siberia. And this whip? It is a knout. Both are at your service. I have some excellent guns too—some from Turkey, some from Siberia. I left them at Eulenburg; and what you express a wish for shall be sent for. I am a man of my word. A soldier has nothing more precious than booty won with his blood. Why don't you have these pistols, now? They are very choice arms, I assure you."

"Here I took his hand, and led him to the bookcase. 'These,' said I, 'are the weapons which I am accustomed to handle. In order to appear learned, I must needs be provided with a stock of arms of this kind. Will you favour me by selecting a remembrance from these spoils of mine?'"

"Yes. Give me your 'Comfort in Sickness,' in case I should be wounded by those odious Russians"

some day; for the Russians are terrible fighters. They stand like rocks, and it is hard work to make them yield an inch.'

"Here he began to describe the last battle; but, happily for me, the clock just then struck the hour when my hearers came. So I told the hussar that I had a lecture to give. Once more he offered me his pistols, embraced me cordially, was annoyed that I would accept none of his treasures, then wished me well, and went away, pistols, knout, and all.

"His last words to me were: 'Can I be of any service to you with the king?'

"'No, sir; unless you tell him that I beseech him on my knees soon to give us peace,' said I, and fled from the hussar."

Scenes of this kind often took place during the war. Once the young Count Dobna called on Gellert with the earnest request that he would choose for him a wife like the "Swedish Countess," or Lottchen in the "Affectionate Sisters." These heroines of Gellert's popular tales the youth, in his simplicity, imagined to be described from life, and took it for granted that the author must be acquainted with persons like those so touchingly delineated in his works.

On another occasion the officers of a regiment quartered in Leipzig went to hear Gellert lecture, and listened with profound attention.

At this period the war spread to Saxony, where stirring events followed in rapid succession. Leipzig was filled with soldiers, and, as a matter of course, Gellert's labours as a professor ceased for the time being. Gladly would he have fled the scene of so much turmoil and disorder; but he knew not where to take refuge, for the whole country suffered from the confusion and wretchedness inseparable from war. The constant and unavoidable excitement was injurious to his health; although it cannot be denied that in some respects his personal experiences were of a most agreeable nature, marked politeness and consideration being constantly shown him.

He was deeply affected by the circumstance that the Prussian General von Hülsen greatly reduced the number of soldiers billeted on the inhabitants of Hainichen, expressly intimating to the town-council that this was done in honour of the poet Gellert, who there first saw the light.

When the Prussian princes visited Leipzig, they expressed their wish to make Gellert's acquaintance. He was desired to wait on the princes, and the noble-minded Prince Henry, in particular, paid him high honour. With him Gellert enjoyed a long interview, and availed himself of this opportunity to tender his warmest thanks to the prince, who, following the dictates of his mild and generous nature, had done all he could to mitigate the horrors of war in the unfortunate realm of Saxony. These acknowledgments greatly pleased the prince, who retained a good impression of Gellert; and on hearing of his distressing malady, sent him a beautiful and carefully-trained horse, with the request that he would ride

out every day, as such exercise usually proved beneficial in cases like his.

But a still higher and more important distinction awaited Gellert in those stormy times, so heavily fraught with calamity for his beloved fatherland.

Frederic II.—the Great—who had a strong repugnance to German authors on account of their stiff and awkward style, and, in fact, almost ignored their existence, went into winter quarters at Leipzig in the year 1760. The University of Leipzig, being one of the most celebrated seats of learning in Germany, Frederic could scarcely avoid taking notice of the men who, in the interests of learning, had there devoted themselves to the training of their young countrymen. There were names of renown at the university, and among them there shone as a star of the first magnitude, the favourite author of the nation—Gellert.

On the 18th of December 1760, Gellert, feeling far from well, sat at his desk hard at work. His room was quiet and comfortable; and the weather being wet and stormy, he certainly did not expect any visitor of importance. As he had no intention of going out, he had not even shaved, and was sitting in his dressing-gown, a white cotton night-cap drawn over his head.

It might be about three in the afternoon, when a knock at the door aroused him from his pensive reveries. "Come in," said he; and a man of stately presence, wearing the uniform of a Prussian major, entered the apartment, and said, after a deferential greeting, "I am Major Quintus Icilius, and am delighted to make your acquaintance. His majesty desires an interview with you, and has sent me to conduct you to him."

Much startled, Gellert could at first hardly collect his thoughts, or compose himself. The idea of so unexpectedly entering the presence of the hero-king, justly called the first man of his age, very naturally overwhelmed Gellert, weak and nervous as he was, with fear and anxiety. However, he soon regained his presence of mind, and replied, "You can judge for yourself, my dear sir, how far from well I feel at present. A sick man like me, quite unfit for conversation, can be of little service to his majesty."

"True," said the major sympathizingly, "you certainly do not look strong. I don't insist upon your accompanying me to-day; but let me tell you, if you think by this excuse to get off going altogether, you are under a great mistake. I shall be obliged to return to-morrow, and if you feel no better then, the day after, and so on till you are able to go. I give you an hour to think over the matter, and shall call again at four to ask whether you will go to-day or another day," said the major, smiling.

Gellert had, at all events, gained time to get himself shaved and dressed, and to compose his mind. He replied, "Do so, if you please, sir. Perhaps I may feel better then."

With a profusion of kind speeches the major then took his leave.

Gellert understood the hint about there being no way of escape. The king's wish was law, and Frederic was not accustomed to retreat before any hindrance that might happen to lie in his way. He remembered, no doubt, that the king was in a hostile country, where whatever respect his majesty might feel for individuals, any delay might procure him an ungracious reception. Besides, Gellert's reverence for the great monarch was too sincere to admit of his showing any unwillingness to obey his summons. It must be allowed, however, that Gellert's position was far from pleasant. His trusty helper, Gödike, was from home; his faithful servant, Saner, not at hand. Where was a barber, the most needful auxiliary, to be had at a moment's notice? and a wig-maker to arrange the wig, which did not happen to be in the most seemly condition in which to appear before a crowned head? while to go without a wig was against all the laws of etiquette. Gellert was in a sad plight. He was terribly spoilt with regard to these sub-lunary matters by the never-failing attention of his excellent amanuensis and of his honest old serving-man. The whole house rose in arms, and after much trouble and impatience the barber made his appearance. Meanwhile Saner had fortunately returned, and now hastened to fetch the wig-maker, who with much artistic skill arranged the peruke as well as he could under the trying circumstances; though, no doubt, he would rather have had his block to work upon than the head of the excited poet. However, he accomplished his task satisfactorily, and left Gellert somewhat more composed to don his best suit and get out his three-cornered hat and the indispensable gold-headed cane. Then cogitating what to say to the king, Gellert awaited, not without great mental excitement, the return of the messenger. As the clock struck four the major arrived, and was charmed to find Gellert prepared to accompany him to his royal master.

They started at once, and made for the house where Frederic had taken up his quarters. Of course the Leipzigers, who, even amidst the troubles of war, took a lively interest in all that concerned their beloved Professor Gellert, cast many an inquisitive glance at the two men; some guessing their errand, and rejoicing at the high honour paid their favourite. They reached the ante-chamber and found there several officers of high rank, to whom Quintus Icilius had much pleasure in introducing his companion, and who all expressed their delight at meeting the celebrated Professor Gellert.

The gentleman-in-waiting announced Gellert to the king, opened the door of the presence-chamber, and invited Gellert to enter.

Major Quintus Icilius accompanied Gellert, speaking encouragingly to him, and presently they stood before the great monarch, who fixed his great, piercing eyes upon Gellert.

After Frederic had surveyed him for some moments, he asked, "Are you Professor Gellert?"

"Yes, your majesty," replied Gellert reverentially.

"The English ambassador has mentioned you favour-

ably to me," said the king. "Where do you come from?"

"From Hainichen, near Freiberg."

After a short pause the king resumed, "Tell me, why have we no good German authors?"

Before Gellert could answer Major Quintus Icilius interposed. "There is one now before your majesty—one whom the French themselves have translated, and call the German *La Fontaine*."

"That is saying much," remarked the king, without any sign of displeasure at the major's interruption; then, turning to Gellert, asked, "Have you read *La Fontaine*?"

Gellert, who had now completely regained his composure, answered calmly, "Yes, your majesty; but not imitated him. I am an original writer."

The king looked at Gellert with a steady and scrutinizing gaze; then said hesitatingly, "So there is one good author; but why have we not more?"

"Your majesty is prejudiced against Germans," said Gellert, possibly somewhat aggrieved.

"No," answered Frederic hastily, "I can't say that I am."

"Against German authors, at least," returned Gellert.

"That is true," said the king decidedly. "Why have we no good historian?" he then abruptly asked.

"There is no lack of good German historians," replied Gellert. "We have *Masov* and *Cramer*, who has continued *Bossuet*."

"How can that be!" cried Frederic scornfully. "How could a German continue *Bossuet*!"

Gellert, who felt it incumbent on him to defend the cause of German authors, said earnestly, "Yes, *Cramer* has done so, and done it well. One of your majesty's most learned professors declares that the continuation displays all *Bossuet*'s elegance of style and more than his historical precision."

"Did the man know what he was saying?" asked the king, rather superciliously.

"The world believes that he did," returned Gellert.

"But why does no one try *Tacitus*? He ought to be translated."

"*Tacitus* is very difficult to translate; and there are enough of bad French translations of him."

The last remark was aimed at Frederic's well-known preference for French literature; but, promptly acknowledging the truth, he replied, "You are right there."

Gellert continued, "There are many reasons why Germany has not yet produced writers of note on every subject. While science and art flourished in Greece the Romans were engaged in warfare. Perhaps this is the martial age of Germany; perhaps we have not yet had an *Augustus* or a *Louis XIV.*"

The king probably understood what Gellert meant to convey: that in Germany no powerful monarch had ever encouraged literature or art; a fact which the king of Prussia would have done well to take to himself.

"What!" cried Frederic sharply, "do you want one *Augustus* for the whole of Germany?"

"Not that exactly. I wish every monarch to encourage men of genius within his own domain."

Without entering on this idea, the king asked Gellert if he had never been out of Saxony.

"I was once in Berlin," replied Gellert.

"You should travel."

"I have neither health nor money to enable me to do so, your majesty."

"Does your complaint proceed from over-study? I have suffered from that myself, and will cure you. You must ride on horseback every day, and take rhubarb once a-week."

"This cure would be as bad as the disease," returned Gellert. "If the horse were stronger than I, I could not manage it; and if equally feeble, why, then, it could not carry me far."

"Then you should drive out," said the king.

"I am too poor for that," was Gellert's reply.

"Yes," said the king gravely, "poverty is the common lot of the learned throughout Germany. The times are very bad now, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Gellert gravely. "If your majesty would only give Germany peace—"

"How can I do that," cried Frederic impatiently, "when there are three against me?"

Here Gellert adroitly changed the subject of discourse from modern to ancient history; and after some remarks on the classics had been interchanged, Major Quintus Iulius, who had hitherto listened in silence to this extraordinary dialogue, reminded the king that Gellert wrote German poetry.

"Indeed!" said his majesty. "Have you too written the stiff law-style now in vogue?"

"Alas! yes, your majesty," replied Gellert, while, in all probability, he remembered the vast piles of law-papers copied by him when a boy.

"But why don't you alter that?" asked the king. "It is really too bad. They bring me whole sheets of it, of which I don't understand a word."

"If your majesty cannot bring about a change in this respect, it is far beyond my power to do so. I can only counsel where your majesty commands."

Here the king abruptly asked, "Can you recite any of your fables?"

"I am not sure that I can," replied Gellert. "My memory is very uncertain."

"Try to remember one," said the king condescendingly. "I will walk about in the meantime." He paced the room once, then stood still before Gellert, and asked, "Now, have you one ready?"

"Yes, your majesty—*The Painter*," and Gellert recited the fable thus entitled.

"And the moral?" demanded Frederic impatiently. Whereupon Gellert repeated the conclusion of the fable, containing its lesson.

The king had listened with profound attention. "It is very fine," he said. "Your verse is clear and flowing, and I understand every word of it. You must often come back, and bring your fables and read me something new."

"I don't know that I read well," replied Gellert. "I have such a drawling, highland tone."

"Very true," said the king; "like the Silesians. Nay," continued he, "you must read your fables yourself; otherwise they would lose a great deal. I hope to see you again soon."

This was Gellert's dismissal, and with a low bow he left the royal presence. When he was gone the king expressed his satisfaction with the interview, and the day after pronounced Gellert the ablest and most judicious of German *savans*.

Yet, after all, Gellert saw the king no more. The reason does not transpire. Perhaps Frederic forgot him amidst the troubles and worries of war. At all events we have abundant proof that Gellert found favour in his eyes. No doubt this is to be attributed to the candour and courage with which Gellert spoke his mind to the king, even venturing on remarks calculated to give his majesty some food for reflection. Gellert received numerous congratulations on the high honour conferred on him, by which, however, he did not set great store himself. His bodily ailments increased from day to day, and his sufferings were very great. Moreover he felt not a little aggrieved at the letter describing his interview with Frederic the Great being published without his consent, a proceeding of which he bitterly complains in his private correspondence.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE BODY POLITIC.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Every one members one of another."—ROMANS xii. 5.



THE perfect physical corporation of nature is employed to stimulate and rectify the imperfect moral corporations which depend on human will. The analogy, articulately expressed in the Scriptures, is found imbedded as a fossil in the struc-

ture of language. The single word "corporation" applied to any society, civil or ecclesiastical, contains the idea in full. The members of the body help each other always, and with all their might, because they are the members of one body, moved by one will. If the mutual relations of persons

and classes in human society were conducted as faithfully and lovingly as the relations between the various members of a living body, the millennial reign would be already begun. It would be heaven upon earth.

The members of the body live together in perfect harmony. These two hands of mine have been near neighbours for many years, and they have not had their first quarrel yet. Nor is it enough to say that they do not willingly hurt each other;—they help each other with the most unflagging zeal. The one never once lay at ease while the other was overweighted or threatened with injury. Never once in a lifetime does the foot say to the ear, You have an easy berth; you are borne high and dry on the head, while I must tread the soft mud or the hot sand to maintain you in a position of dignity. The foot might be crushed by the wheel of the next carriage that passes if the ear did not descry the danger from its lofty watch-tower, and give timely warning. The ear watches effectively for the safety of the foot; the foot knows that well, and never complains. The relations between the hands and the eyes are equally affectionate. The eye is a very tender organ. The wonder is that, exposed as it is on the top of a tall peripatetic pillar, it is not quickly destroyed. Many blows come near it, and one slight blow would destroy it. Yet how seldom does it meet with serious harm. Although it is tender and exposed, it is always protected. It leads a sort of charmed life. The real cause of its immunity from harm is that it has a strong and willing protector near. The hand acts the part of big brother to the feeble eye, and defends it against all comers.

Observe the process. Some danger threatens the organ of sight; by a secret underground telegraph wire the eye sends a message to the right hand, and the right hand is up between the weaker vessel and its assailant before you could say "Jack Robertson." Ay, before you could say the hundredth part of "Jack Robertson" the strong protector has planted himself between his client and all evil. But suppose that the assailant happens to be some sharp instrument, that would not only destroy the helpless eye, but would cleave the adventurous hand in two if it were rashly interposed, the hand, knowing this, would, notwithstanding,

not hesitate to throw itself naked into the breach and receive the blow. With the most absolute self-devotion it would protect the weak neighbour at the risk of its own life.

No praise is due to the hand for this chivalric generosity—no more praise is due to it than to the machine which cleverly spins and weaves our cotton for us. Praise, in both cases, is due to the maker of the machine, for both machines, each according to his kind, are fearfully and wonderfully made. The mutual helpfulness of the members in a body is perfect, for it is a fragment of God's work left uninjured—a specimen of what his creation was when it came from his hands, and what it will be again when it is completely renewed.

But, good though this work is in its own place, if he had made the relations between man and man perfect in the same way, the mechanical exactitude would have spoilt his plan. When he said, on the last day of creation, "Let us make man in our own image," he meant to carry his work up to a higher stage. He meant to introduce an obedience to law that should more articulately show forth his praise. He created a being of intelligence and will. He placed that being under moral motives, and commanded, invited obedience. But the fact that it was a willing obedience that was asked, made it possible that it should be refused. When God's redeeming and renewing work shall be complete, there will be seen an obedience, rendered by willing agents, as perfect as that which is rendered by mechanical instincts. That will be joyful, when obedience is free, and yet full; when one man shall have as little inclination to injure another as your hand has to injure your eye. Then the sword shall be beaten into a ploughshare. Germany and France, fellow-members of one body whose head is Christ, shall be in perfect subjection to the law, "Love one another, as I have loved you."

The conception is enticing. It would be delightful to meditate on it, although it were, in the nature of things, unattainable. It might please a child to chase this heavenly beauty, although it should fly before his grasp like the limb of the rainbow that rested on the root of the nearest hill. Methinks I could retire into a wil-

derness, and feed on the thought of all the human family morally fulfilling their reciprocal relations as perfectly as the several members of one body. I could fly away and be at rest awhile with the bare conception, although I had no hope of ever seeing it realized. You may have been attracted to a certain quarter of the heavens by clouds of great beauty. They rolled gently through the sky like milk-white mountains. They seemed very soft and pure. You could lay your weary head on these downy pillows—lay it down and rest. But it cannot be. It is a dream. These are clouds, and you cannot reach them. Although you should reach them, they would not bear your weight.

But our expectation for the human race, though heaven-like and beautiful as a cloud, is solidier. It is a real mountain, although it lies on the far-off horizon. It will take the pilgrim a long time to reach it; but it may be reached—will be reached by all the travellers Zionward. The law of holiness, when it is perfect in the sanctified, will be more pure and beautiful than any of the natural laws. As heaven is higher than the earth, the operation of moral law on the intercourse of perfect moral beings will be a grander sight and a gladder experience than any exhibition of order that science has discovered among the affinities of matter. Perhaps to this feature heaven will owe one side of its happiness. Life on earth has an intense relish for those who understand and can appreciate the evolutions of nature; but the pleasure is marred by the continual recurrence of moral disorder on the same sphere. Sunshine and flowers, earth and sea, clouds and mountains—all the phenomena of nature would make this sphere a heaven for happiness, if there were not sin. In the rest that remaineth, the physical laws cannot be more exact and beautiful than they are here and now: the difference will consist in this, that, instead of separating, rending, darkening sin, the rule of moral law will be as complete as the rule of law in material things. Equal order in a higher sphere will exhibit the wisdom and goodness of God in grander forms than any hitherto observed by man.

The reciprocal interdependence of the body's members may be well seen in the experience of a

swimmer. The feet and arms are beneath the water, toiling to keep the head above it. It is the interest as well as the duty of those members that are plunged beneath the water to see that the head is maintained aloft. But if the head, not content with being elevated for sight and breathing above the surface, proudly raise itself higher than is necessary, an oppressive, exhausting labour is forthwith thrown upon the submerged limbs. As long as there is mutual consideration and fairness, the ruling member is not too highly elevated, and the labour of the working members is not too hard; but if they disagree, and start each for himself, and in antagonism with his neighbour, all will be injured. Any one that tries to hurt another will succeed, but the aggressor will suffer as much evil as he inflicts.

For example: if the head, counting the other members its born slaves, should in supercilious vanity lift itself up for the pleasure of being or seeming lofty, exhausting labour will be immediately thrown upon the hands and feet to sustain that abnormal elevation. Such an effort these members cannot long sustain; they grow weary, and flag in their movements. The consequence is that the head is submerged—the head that proudly attempted to rise above its proper height sinks miserably below it.

Again, and on the other hand, if the limbs beneath, jealous of the easy and elevated and honourable position of the head, should stop their strokes of set purpose to gall and humble the head, they would indeed accomplish their purpose. When the limbs beneath cease to strike out, the head sinks helpless below the water. The head, in that case, would certainly suffer, but the limbs that inflicted the suffering would gain nothing. When the head of the swimmer sinks below the surface, the breathing ceases; for want of contact with the air, the blood gets no renewing. The heretofore vigorous pulsations of the heart become slow and feeble. The strong warm life-stream is no longer sent down through the arteries that permeate the limbs. A cold cramp creeps over the extremities. Right glad now are the limbs to strike out again, if it be not too late, and raise the head once more above the water.

In this mirror one may see the several sections and classes of the community foolishly neglecting

and thwarting each other. The great corporation of society is like a strong swimmer in the sea; and, alas! is not the community too often like a "strong swimmer in his agony"? Easily and safely might the huge but well-proportioned body float on the water when it is calm, and buffet the waves when a storm springs up, if all the members should work in harmony as the members of a living body. We have knowledge and material means sufficient to maintain in comfort the whole population without reducing any to a state of slavery, but on all sides short-sighted selfishness manifests itself. The grasper, whether he stands on a high place or a low, hurts first his neighbour and next himself.

The head—and here I mean by that term the aggregate of those who possess the power and wield the influence—the head lifts itself up. There is a vaulting ambition which will not be content with moderate prosperity. There is a rivalry which leads to extravagance in every department of expenditure. In the race of fashion, the runners grow giddy. It is a breathless hurry without much intelligence—without a definite aim. One is wretched if another gets a step before him. This abnormal outlay cannot be sustained without an oppressive strain somewhere. When these wheels fly so fast, some other wheels of the same machine must be racked beyond the power of endurance. Far below, many joints removed, that strain produces night-watching, and infant-labour, and general over-work,—that strain tightens a knot round the channels of life in some windy attic or some dark cellar which the fashionable never see. Beware! Society is a machine; each wheel is linked to all, and all to each. There is retribution in the complicated system. The sin will find the sinner out, and smite him. Beware! Look not every man on his own things; but every man also on the things of others.

The danger is equal on the other side. An ignorant, or superstitious, or immoral populace is a constant menace to all ranks. It is the interest of those citizens who possess villas and gardens on the slopes of a volcano to mark the throbbings underneath which may betoken an eruption.

We must all have observed that very great advances have been made since the century began,

in subduing the earth and taming the powers of nature for the service of man. I sometimes try, and try in vain, to imagine the condition of the world at the end of the century, if as many victories over matter should be gained in the next generation as were gained in the last. We only need to stand by as overseers, while coal and water and iron, harnessed by human skill, perform all our heavy work. We can scarcely set down in figures, and can certainly not distinctly conceive, how much force the powers of nature, in the form of engines, are now exerting on work that was formerly done by human hands, or left undone.

Suppose an inhabitant of this country, who was in his prime in 1771, to have slept a century, and to have awaked at the beginning of this year, and begun to look about him; what would his thought be? His first thought, after ascertaining the quantity of force contributed by nature for man's use, would probably be,—“The men of this day will not need to toil half so hard or half so long as the men of last century.” Alas! we have not reaped the profit of our vast acquisitions. The greater part of the gain has slipped through our fingers. The comforts of the people have indeed increased; but their toil has not been diminished. Much of the loss is caused by the jarring of the machine, wheel upon wheel, hard and dry, without the lubrication of brotherly love. We do not act as members one of another. The hand resists the head; and the head oppresses the hand. No amount of mastery over matter will make society easy, unless we be linked to one another in the bonds of gospel charity. Love is, in more senses than one, the fulfilling of the law.

In the course of our voyage across the Atlantic last summer, we lay still on the water on two successive nights, thirteen hours in all, while the mechanics took the main part of the engine to pieces and put it together again. There was no break-down. The engine could have propelled the ship to the other side; but a knocking was observed at each stroke of the piston, indicating that there was a jar somewhere. There was a lack of softness and smoothness. At this rate the ship might indeed be propelled, but the engine would be damaged by the collision of its parts

against each other. With immense labour and the loss of a day the ailment was sought, and found, and healed. If the ailments of society, the hard raspings of one member upon another, were as intelligently observed, as diligently sought, and as skilfully removed, the movements of life would be sweeter and safer.

It so happened in the case of our engine that there was no fracture or malformation of parts. All the mischief sprang from the want of a small strip of lead like a cord, that should have been laid round between the wall of the cylinder and its top before they were screwed together. Steel met steel too hard when the two were pressed on each other with immense mechanical force. When the small cord of soft lead, which had no strength in itself, was laid between these mighty forces at their meeting-place, we pursued our journey again in safety and comfort. Ah, I think I see the body of society moving somewhat lamely forward—I hear joint jarring on joint to their mutual injury for want of a little soft cord laid between them! “Little children, love one another; for love is of God.”

Poor France! Broken, crushed by the pressure of a victorious enemy; but more hurt by the jagged sides of the several sections tearing each other in an internal strife! “Her prophets have seen vain and foolish things for her, and causes of banishment” (Lam. ii. 14). One cries, Lo, here; another cries, Lo, there! Salvation is in the Empire—in Monarchy—in the Republic—in the Commune—in a *levée en masse*—in *chassepots*! Lo, here is salvation, and, lo, there; but France is not saved.

The internecine war, raging as we write, between the governing classes of France and the Parisian populace, holds aloft in letters of fire a lesson both to the princes and the peoples of Europe. The faults are not all on one side. Society is dislocated; and the members of the body reciprocally destroy each other. Under all the hideous barbarities and follies of the Commune lies a real grievance which imparts to their frantic effort whatever strength it possesses. Municipal liberties, such as we enjoy in this country, have been denied to the cities of France by every successive set of rulers that have obtained or usurped the supreme authority. Not only the defunct

Empire, but the present Assembly, refuse all semblance of corporate self-government. The mayor of a city, who with us is a citizen chosen by his fellows, is in France a stranger,—the creature of the government, the tool of an exaggerated centralization, and a spy on the actions of the people. It is around this solid nucleus of real wrong that the wild forces of the Red Republic have been precipitated and consolidated. Governments deny moderate and rational franchises to the people; but reciprocally the people, superstitious or profane, exhibit no symptom of fitness for self-government. In the country, they are led by the priests; in the cities, by daring speculators, who neither fear God nor regard man. France exhibits the horrid spectacle of a body in which the several members exert all their power to bite and devour one another.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; and except in a few, a remnant spared by the fires of persecution, the nation is destitute of that foundation on which alone prosperity can be built. The Word which teaches nations as well as churches, “Ye are members one of another,” is a dead letter in France. When the Son shall make them free, they shall be free indeed.

The representation of society as a body proceeds on an analogy that is profoundly true and intensely practical. The idea is correct, and its applications are manifold. Paul makes this analogy the starting-point of a discourse on the reciprocal duties of men in society. Here is an axiom in political economy not found in Adam Smith. Even for my philosophy I would rather go to Paul than to any modern school. He has a better philosophy for time than other professors, because he has a philosophy for eternity too. Beginning with the conception of a living body with all its members mutually interdependent, he rears a spacious structure of practical duties. It concerns us to build on his foundation, if we would have our house to stand when the storm blows. The house of our neighbours on the other side of the Channel, not built on that rock, has fallen, and great is the fall of it.

“The poor ye have always with you.” This is the warning left by the Lord with his disciples. The poor—those who lack this world’s good, or the true riches, or both—the poor are always

near us. They are within our reach, if we would put forth a strong hand to elevate and save them; but we and our children are also within their reach, if, unsaved by us, they sink, and clutch us as they fall, to draw us down with themselves. We who are able to swim are floating on the same deep waters with a crowd of helpless creatures who cannot swim. But if they must sink, they are not willing to sink alone. If we do not grasp them to hold them up, there is danger lest they grasp us to drag us down.

We are sailing over the ocean in the same ship with a great multitude of the ignorant, and reckless, and profane. We have first-class tickets, and pace the upper deck, with good fare and refined company. We are not inclined to be troubled with a ragged and unruly crowd below. An officer reports one night that there is a serious disturbance among the steerage passengers; some gentlemen from the cabin should go down and endeavour to soothe the angry passions, and win the combatants to peace and sobriety. The gentlemen decline: these quarrelsome creatures are down in the hold, and we have cabin tickets; our berths are comfortable—are all that we can desire. Your berths are good, gentlemen, and your tickets cannot be challenged; but if these fellows in the hold should scuttle the ship, what would your first-class tickets do for you?

The Lord who bought us has a mighty meaning in his word, "The poor ye have always with you"—a meaning for us as well as for the poor. This globe floating through space is like a ship on the sea. Some of us have comfortable berths and first-class tickets, but we sail in the same boat with a great multitude who are needy and uneasy, a great multitude whose aggregate discontent might any day explode if an accidental spark should fall on it.

If this planet were severed by some convulsion from the sun as its source of life and heat; if, by the rupture of some cosmic nerve between the sun and the earth, we were left in coldness and darkness, although the orbs should remain in the same position in space: then and in that case the first and great desideratum would be to heal the severed cord, and allow the light from its source to stream hitherward again. Suppose some

mighty angel, sent on this mission of mercy from the eternal throne, should carry the thread again across the chasm and place the globe in communication with its source of life once more, but should intimate at his departure that those who obtained life by contact with the new conductor where it touched the earth were charged to continue the cord in branches over sea and land, in order to transfuse the same benefit through all the human family. The condition would seem reasonable, and would be fulfilled. Men would set to work, and never rest until all the earth were wrapped in a network of conductors, which should carry the light of life to every human home—to every human heart.

The Messenger of the Covenant has in very deed traversed the space between heaven and earth, and has thrown a thread across, which re-opens the interrupted flow and re-flow of love between God and man. But in departing, he has left it as his commission to those who first enjoy the blessing that they should spread it over the world. "The poor ye have always with you." "Ye are members one of another." The most distant of the poor are *with* us now in a new sense. We have easy access to the ends of the earth. All the needy are now within the reach of the full. All the members are in our time brought comparatively close to the head, that the head may cherish the cold and paralyzed extremities.

Nor can the work be done wholesale. It must be done by a great number of small personal individual acts of love. The earth morally must be refreshed and renewed, as the earth physically is refreshed and renewed, not by an ocean overflowing it in the lump, but by an infinity of very small rain-drops spread over all its extent. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" as each rain-drop hastens, under the impulse of its own laws, with zeal and eagerness to reach and moisten one atom of parched ground—with zeal and eagerness to do its own little bit of work, the same as if it had been charged single-handed to overtake the whole.

The method is, Every man his own missionary: every man getting from God, and emitting thence from his own life and spirit truth and love on all who are within his reach.

Palestine.

BY THE REV. ANDREW THOMSON, D.D., EDINBURGH.

IV.—“WITHIN THY GATES, O JERUSALEM.”

WE had only time to take a hurried glance at Ramleh; but we saw it to advantage in the light of a morning that was singularly bright, and when a gentle breeze was bearing health to us on its wings. It is a town of considerable importance, with a population somewhat above five thousand, two-thirds of whom are Moslems, the remaining third Christians principally of the Greek Church. Its streets were narrow and filthy; its gardens and orchards beautiful and fragrant. The sand from certain quarters, especially from the south-west, is not only blown up to its walls but drifted into its lanes—like the world intruding on the Church and blighting its fruitfulness—and, along with minute particles of alkali from the accumulated heaps of its ancient soap-works, afflicts more than half the people with eye disease, many of them with blindness. It abounds in mosques and minarets, though the architectural style of the greater number of the mosques makes one suspect that they were originally Christian churches, built in the times when Richard of England and his Crusaders had their head-quarters at Ramleh, and that, by the addition of the indispensable minaret and a few internal changes, they were adapted to the worship of the false prophet. There is one noble tower of extraordinary height, commanding a view from beyond Carmel on the north to the furthest extremity of Philistia on the south, which a competent authority declares to have been originally “the magnificent campanile of a Christian temple.” It is not the only instance in Palestine in which the hawk has taken possession of the nest of the dove. This town owed its importance at an earlier period to the fact that it was the point of intersection for the road from the sea-port of Joppa to Jerusalem and the great caravan road from Damascus into Egypt. It is mainly dependent now on the fact that it is the first halting-place for the night for pilgrims from the west on their way to Jerusalem.

Is this Ramleh, then, as monkish tradition would persuade us to believe, the Arimathea of Joseph? We should have liked to have been able to identify it as the place where dwelt that honourable counsellor who yielded up to our Redeemer his own rocky tomb where never man had been laid. But there is really nothing solid or tangible on which to base such a belief. Ramleh, which signifies “sandy,” has no etymological kindred with Arimathea, understood to be a form of Rama, which signifies “height,” though we suspect it was some imagined connection of this kind that first gave rise to the tradition. Then the monks, having got hold of this conjecture, were not slow in finding out, not only the house of Joseph, but of his friend Nicodemus, and we know not how many others. Out of an almost invisible thread of fact they will weave you a whole web of baseless inventions. But the notices of old ecclesiastical chroniclers are clear in assuring us that Ramleh was of Saracen origin, and owed its existence to the famous Solyman in the eighth century; while they dwell with probably some pardonable exaggeration on its early greatness, when it was surrounded by lofty walls, with twelve gates and many strong towers, which bade proud defiance alike to hostile borderers and foreign invaders. Unquestionably there are various towns in Palestine which sprang into existence after the Christian era, just as there are trees now common over the whole land, such as the prickly pear and the Damascus mulberry, which were unknown in the times of our Lord. The true Arimathea remains hidden perhaps under some green mound, to stimulate the curiosity and reward the researches of later travellers.

We started from the convent gate of Ramleh at an early hour, for we must enter Jerusalem that day before its gates were closed. The practice of taking advantage of the early morning for travelling is a necessity in the East, in order to

get the full benefit of the cooler hours of the day, and to have time for the rest and repast at noon, when travelling would be intolerably oppressive and often dangerous. But while this is the unvarying practice when proceeding from day to day on a pilgrimage, it is never done on the first day of departure. On that day the party does not leave until within a few hours of sunset, and often pitches its tent on the first night within sight of the place which it has left. This was our uniform experience; as on our leaving Joppa yesterday, and afterwards on our setting out from Jerusalem and from Damascus. The custom, which has all the authority of a law, is very ancient, and allusions to it can be discovered in Jewish writers at least a century before Christ. The reason in which it appears to have originated was the very simple one that, if, on the first evening of unloading the baggage, it was found that anything of value had been left behind, or anything indispensable to the journey unprovided, there might yet be time to return and procure it. We should not have adverted to this custom, were it not that it seems of some use in illustrating one of the most beautiful passages in the history of our Lord. When Joseph and Mary were on their way back from Jerusalem on the first occasion of their visit with Jesus to the Temple at the feast, they discovered, when halting at sunset, that their wondrous child was not in the company. The fact has long been used as a stock objection with infidels, and with interpreters who dwell on the border land of infidelity, and it has even been picked up and appropriated by Strauss as casting doubt on the reality of the entire narrative. Was it credible, it has been said, that our Lord's parents could have taken a long day's journey, and never once have inquired for a child so deserving of their love? This is another instance of that sceptical quarrelling with the Scripture narrative which has its origin in half knowledge. Joseph and Mary, it is probable, were only a few miles distant from the city when they made their painful discovery. We saw Jerusalem, on the day of our leaving it, from the place of our encampment on our way south-eastward.

There was high enjoyment in that morning's ride. The sky was beautifully blue; the air was balmy; the lark was singing far up in the

heaven; clouds of white pigeons sailed over our heads; birds of varied song made sweet music in the neighbouring olive groves; the earth beneath our feet was a rich carpet of flowers of every form and colour. Rue and fennel, anemones and wild roses, lupin and narcissus, gracefully cupped lilies, golden striped tulips, and other flowers familiar to us at home in our meadows and on our roadsides, which we knew better by their names in our old poetry than by their nomenclature in botany. There were rich beds of wild thyme, the haunt and feeding-place of the wild bee, whose honey still makes the rocks of Palestine drop sweetness; and many a flower, especially of deep crimson hue, unfamiliar to us as were some of the constellations in the sky above us. This was evidently a region of the Holy Land from which all its virgin strength and floral glory had not even yet departed. What must it have been when Solomon sang of the beauty of the rose of Sharon! It is curious to look into the pages of old travellers some centuries back, and to find them writing thus of the same region: "A most pleasant plain yielding thyme and hyssop, and other fragrant herbs, without tillage or planting, growing so high that they came to the knees of our asses." Forgive us if, under the enthusiasm of first impressions, and with so many sacred associations hanging over the land, we were tempted to quote words which future experiences did something to tone down,—

"Thy very weeds are beautiful; thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility;
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced."

In less than three hours from the time of our leaving Ramleh, we found ourselves entering among mountain scenery, and gradually becoming enclosed in a steep narrow glen, up which, with many windings, we were to ascend by a succession of ridges towards Jerusalem. Indeed, almost before we were aware, we were in the "hill country of Judah." As you pass from the plain into the narrowing track, you see on your right hand, about half a mile distant, a scattered fortress almost seeming to bend over a precipice. Its name is Ladrone. The natural, and probably the correct, supposition is, that it was originally built to guard the entrance on this important highway to the sacred

city. But the same monkish inventiveness which found a home for Joseph and Nicodemus at Ramleh, has pronounced this to be "the castle of the good thief," the house of the penitent malefactor who was crucified with our Lord. Until very recently it was the nest and stronghold of predatory Arabs, admirably situated for purposes of plunder first, and of safety for the robbers afterwards. Pilgrims, in the last age, breathed more freely when they found themselves a few miles beyond this den of thieves without having been "stripped and peeled."

That little town again on the left, at the root of the commencing mountain-range, is called "Amwas" or "Emmaus," and we halt and look down upon it for a few moments in order to receive a few cautions against the too ready identifying of places with Scripture names. Even modern travellers of high learning and authority have tasked and strained their ingenuity to prove that this is the very Emmaus to which the two disconsolate disciples were travelling on the memorable afternoon of the day of our Lord's resurrection. The name is all in their favour, and a tradition which can be traced down in unbroken line from the third to the thirteenth century confirms the impression derived from the identity of the name. But the inexorable conditions of the evangelical narrative give the conjecture to the winds, and place it beyond all reasonable doubt that this cannot be the Emmaus of Luke, the scene of that marvellous conversation and gracious self-manifestation by the risen Christ. The village named in the gospel was only sixty furlongs distant from Jerusalem: this is one hundred and sixty by the crow's flight. The two disciples returned to Jerusalem on the same evening. Is it credible that between afternoon and midnight, with an intervening pause, they could have travelled a distance of forty miles? Here, then, is an instance in which both name and nearly a thousand years of tradition must give way before the stubborn logic of facts. We were being rapidly educated into an unpleasant scepticism about localities.

There cannot be a doubt, however, that that village of Yalo, on the mountain-side towards our left, looks down upon one of the most interesting scenes of Old Testament history. It is

the Ajalon of Joshua's great prayer and of the answering miracle, when "the moon stood still in the valley of Ajalon." We were now, therefore, skirting the locality of one of the grandest events in the life of the chosen people. We had not time to diverge from our path and trace from point to point in the scenery the various details of that great conflict, rout, and slaughter, in which the military strength of the five Canaanitish kings was broken and shivered, and Jehovah himself fought from heaven so visibly and gloriously for Israel. We could only look in upon some points in the vast theatre of that mighty drama. Gibeon still stands, not quite a ruin yet, on a lofty eminence, down whose sides there are the traces of old gardens and broken terraces, where a few olives make an effort to live. Upper Bethhoron is perched upon another height, while Bethhoron the Nether lies down in a valley beneath. The incidents of that great and notable day can be traced in these various places with the most perfect certainty, through the singularly minute exactness of the sacred narrative. The five kings of the Amorites have surrounded Gibeon with a strong army, determined to punish to the utmost its craven people for their desertion to that mysterious power which has come up so suddenly upon their land, and the recollection of whose terrible triumphs at Jericho and Ai is still fresh upon their minds. Joshua, warned of this by the timid and wily Gibeonites, hastens through the night, by a forced march, to Gibeon, and early in the morning falls upon the besiegers by a sudden onslaught which produces universal confusion and dismay. They flee before the conquering Israelites, toil up the steep ascent to the Upper Bethhoron, the confusion and the carnage increasing every moment. On the crest of the village-crowned mountain a new terror awaits them, for, as they still rush onward, the Lord casts down great hailstones from heaven upon them, and more perish by the hailstones than are slain by the children of Israel with the sword. Down they flee into the valley beneath, towards the Nether Bethhoron, more terrified by the dread artillery of heaven than by the pursuing hosts of Israel; and then it is that Joshua, with sword in hand, looking down on the retreating Amorites, and seeing that the day for reap-

ing the awful death-harvest is all too short, speaks that command in the hearing of Israel, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon. And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies." We cannot determine the *modus* of that magnificent miracle. Can we do this, indeed, in regard to any supernatural work? It is enough for us to know that the laws of nature were so divinely controlled as to produce this astonishing result. "This was the very longest day," says the ever quaint Fuller, "which that climate ever did or shall behold, when time was delivered of twins, two days joined together without any night interposing."

The ascent was every half-hour becoming steeper and the sun hotter, and we were not sorry when our guide told us to halt for our mid-day repast and rest. A piece of carpet was spread for us under a fine old terebinth with thick foliage and enormous branches. We began to-day to eat the wild honey, which never failed us during our journeyings in Palestine; and those rich oranges, larger than an infant's head, which Giuseppe had purchased yesterday at the gate of the Jaffa gardens, tasted like nectar. With what skill he cuts them up into thin slices with that long knife drawn from his belt, not allowing one drop of juice to escape. We had noticed before this that he was one-eyed, and we were not long in the country until we observed this was a very common fact with men of middle age. Indeed, it would be difficult to determine whether the possession of both eyes is the exception or the rule. There are sometimes local causes which so far account for this, as was the case at Ramleh; and the want of skilful surgeons may explain it in not a few other instances. But we soon discovered that there was a cause beyond this, operating always and everywhere, in the terrible conscription for the sultan's army, which had tempted hundreds thus to maim themselves in order that they might be disqualified for military service. We were told, however, that the unscrupulous pasha at Jerusalem, determined not to be outdone, had met one trick with another, and had, some years before, instituted a one-eyed regiment, for admission to which this cy-

clopean condition was a necessary qualification!

After a rest of silence, if not of sleep, we spring to our feet refreshed, and are again mounted and on our way. We notice a gradual change in the scenery. We have left many of the wild flowers now behind us; even the trees are becoming stunted and unsocial, though here and there at intervals we recognize the dwarf-oak, the box, and the laurel. Large naked masses of limestone-rock crop out here and there upon the mountain-sides, though all the way up to this point it has been possible to trace, in the ruins of old gardens, in neglected and broken-down terraces, in dead vine-stocks and gnarled olive-roots, with bright patches of verdure, the evidences of a formerly wider culture, the relics of a much more extensive fruitfulness. Our friend Lieutenant Van de Velde mentions, that when he passed through this same region he met with the fragments of old watch-towers standing in places in which there is now nothing to watch, but which must at an earlier period have blossomed as the rose.

And here we may state our conviction, which began to form itself at this part of our journeyings, and which all our subsequent wanderings went to confirm. It was a favourite objection with Voltaire and Bayle, and the able school of infidels of which they were the chief prophets, that this country could never have possessed the fertility and beauty which are ascribed to it in the Scriptures; and that the descriptions of it, not only in the poetry of the Bible, but in its plain histories, are demonstrably gross exaggerations. And we have heard the fainter echoes of these confident assertions in our own times. Our belief is that the exaggeration is all on the side of these writers, and that there is nothing in the condition of modern Palestine to discredit the inspired representations; nay, that it is quite conceivable that, without any strictly miraculous interposition, under the influence of good laws and industrious intelligent culture, the fruit of general education and sound religion, the land may yet recover all its old and palmy fertility. This is the order which prophecy leads us to expect. "Upon the land of my people shall come up thorns and briers.....until the Spirit be poured upon us from

on high." The Turkish administration, especially in its remoter provinces, blights and curses everything that it touches. The proverb is almost literally true, that wherever the hoof of a Turkish horse rests, it leaves barrenness behind it. Think of a country in which the poor farmer is obliged to give two-thirds of the whole produce of the land he cultivates to the government, and in which the remaining third is estimated by the rapacious agents of the pasha, who generally know nothing either of justice or mercy. Competence is dangerous under such a system. The thriving man becomes a mark for robbery and oppression. Is it matter for wonder that, under such a system as this, gardens should have returned to wildernesses, the vine withered, the olive tree drooped and died, corn-fields have become oozy swamps, fountains once used for irrigation have been choked and sealed up, and hundreds of places which once echoed with the songs of the reaper or of the vintage now heaps of stones, or masses of tangled weeds, or barren rocks? "The old instrument is the same, but it is neither strung with stock, nor played upon with the hand of skilful industry. The rose of Sharon is faded, her leaves lost, and now nothing but the prickles thereof are to be seen." But let labour be protected and fairly and certainly remunerated, let industry be instructed, guided, and stimulated, and how soon would the land begin to smile with abundance, and to put on again her beautiful garments! Could that picture of industry which we have sometimes witnessed among the Waldenses on the slopes of their Cottian Alps, of women carrying baskets of earth on their heads, and spreading it on the naked rocks from which the rains and melting snows had washed the soil away, in order to afford planting-ground for the young vines, never become common in Palestine, and the energy which it represents be made indigenous there, in how many thousand spots would the wilderness become a fruitful field! Competent judges have affirmed that were the one plain of Esdraelon, which stretches from Cape Carmel to Mount Tabor, a distance of less than thirty miles, to be cultivated according to our western notions of culture, it would produce sufficient grain to feed all the inhabitants of Palestine. The well-known experience of Mr. Meshullam proves what

good farming could evoke from this weary, down-trodden land, and what sleeping life there is in its soil, when, on his experimental farm at Urtas, a little to the southward of Bethlehem, he was rewarded by a rotation of five different crops in one year; and even the peach-stone which he dibbled into the earth grew peaches within the first twelve months.

As we rode on we recognized that peculiar formation of many of the mountains which had been noticed by Richardson and other travellers in a former age, "meeting at their base, but separated at their top, not by pointed acuminations, but more like two round balls placed beside each other." We were now passing through a region which, in the times of that observant traveller, and at a much later period, was the most dangerous for pilgrims in all Palestine, with the one exception of the road down to Jericho, through the presence of that powerful and ferocious brigand, Abu Gosh, who, for fifty years, was the scourge and terror of the whole region, plundering luckless caravans, and not scrupling to send a bullet through the body of a pasha who might venture to intrude into his territory and to question his authority. Those narrow passes and sharp turns in the road, where concealed bandits could quietly wait their prey, and be ready to point the muzzle of a gun to their breast as they moved round the angle of a rock, favoured his robber life. That village up on the margin of the wady, with some strong-looking buildings frowning in its centre, was the robber's capital; and the wrecks of his family, returned from long exile, are said to harbour in it still, like Giant Pope in Bunyan, perhaps watching the passing pilgrim, but no longer able to do any mischief; they may grin, but they cannot bite.

To what base uses has that village come; for while the point has not been absolutely proved, it has at least been rendered highly probable, that Kuriet-el-Ainab is the actual Kirjath-jearim of Old Testament history, the place to which the ark of the Lord was brought from Bethshemesh, and where it rested under the care of a priestly family further up on the same eminence, until it was carried up by David from thence to Jerusalem. During the time in which this sacred symbol of the divine presence tarried in the priest's

mountain-home at Kirjath-jearim the people must have come up to it from all quarters for sacrifice and worship; and now that ancient house of prayer for all people had literally been made a den of thieves.

There are those who favour the conjecture that this is also the true Emmaus of the evangelical narrative; and there would indeed be something pleasing in the coincidence that the little town which for so many centuries before had been the resting-place of the symbol of the divine presence had once at least afforded shelter and hospitality to the risen Redeemer, the incarnate God. If picturesqueness could have anything to do in settling such a question, we should prefer, in harmony with the general opinion of students of sacred topography in Jerusalem, marking Kolonieh as the real gospel-Emmaus, standing a good way up on the wooded slopes of a mountain, with gardens of fruit-trees spreading down to a shady hollow with its little murmuring brook and its old Roman bridge. Its distance from Jerusalem is not inconsistent with the supposition, and its present evidently Roman name only proves that, at a later period, it was garrisoned for a time by Roman soldiers.

We had severe effort with our now wearied horses before we got quite clear of those narrow passes in which we had been winding and ascending for so many hours. There was one zigzag, rugged, almost precipitous place that nearly worsted us. We had gone over some of the worst passes in the Alps, we had crossed one of the most formidable ridges of the Appenines by moonlight, yet some engineering skill had been expended on those roads; but here the turns were so sharp around the pointed projecting rocks, the beetling precipices beneath so terrible, and the declivities above us which we were required to climb so near to the perpendicular, that our best resource for a little time was to throw the reins upon our horse's neck and to close our eyes. At length we were upon ground which, though bleak in some places and rugged in all, was comparatively level, and we began to breathe freely.

And now we could not doubt that we were passing over ground which was rich at almost every step with biblical associations. Along this way the procession must have moved bearing the ark of the Lord from Kirjath-jearim to its place

within the curtained tabernacle on Mount Zion. The whole region before and behind must have echoed with the glad music of the harp and the psalters, the clang of the cymbals, and the soft sound of the silver trumpets. "The singers went before, the players on instruments followed after; among them were the damsels playing with timbrels. There is little Benjamin, with their ruler, the princes of Judah and their council, the princes of Zebulun, and the princes of Naphtali." Through long centuries, companies of pilgrims must have journeyed over this lofty table-land on their way to keep the solemn annual feasts, converging towards it from many a wady and glen, their ranks increasing and their songs becoming louder as they drew near to the sacred city. And if Emmaus was somewhere in this quarter, as all seem to believe that it was, then it seems certain that "on that solemn eventide" of which Cowper speaks, the blessed feet of the risen Christ must have trodden hereabouts when he talked with those two disciples,—alternately hoping and fearing, believing and doubting,—in words that made their hearts burn within them; though it is probable that gardens and corn-fields may then have filled the air with fragrance and clothed the landscape with beauty. The Roman legions must have marched along this path to be the instrument of Heaven's holy and awful vengeance against the doomed city whose cup of guilt was full. And in later ages this must have been the course of the brave Crusaders from the far West, ascending under their red-cross banners either to recover Jerusalem to the Christians, or to perish under its walls and be buried in its sacred dust. In a little while, however, we came to give scarcely any heed to scenery or incident. The consciousness had been secretly present to our hearts since the morning, that before sunset we were to look upon the most sacredly interesting place in the world; and now the absorbing thought, as the intervening miles slowly lessened between us and our bourne, was Jerusalem—Jerusalem.

We were not, however, without a brief adventure, that was curiously out of keeping with our state of mind. As we were riding along at a somewhat brisk pace over a comparatively level part of our way, we saw a company of five or six men approaching us from the opposite direction

on horseback, and with ample cloaks floating behind them on the breeze. Who were these imposing riders to whom distance lent so much enchantment? Had they borne lances and carried pennons, they might almost have represented a company of those Crusaders of whom we had been dreaming half an hour before. Alas! for sentiment and romance! They turned out to be nothing more than mounted "touters" from the different hotels in Jerusalem, eager to put into our hands their bill of fare, and to extract from us a promise, which we were slow to give. It was more than a mile before we got rid of this teasing. It was a somewhat ludicrous instance of the occidental wave which is beginning to obliterate the old customs of the East. But the same kind of influence is at work in many other and more serious forms. We have need to make haste if we would catch the old picture of the East entire. The colours are fading, the forms are changing. We are convinced that there are many customs illustrative of Scripture which have yet to be observed and placed on record. No man has yet quite done for Palestine what Mr. Lane has accomplished in his admirable work for Egypt.

Our eagerness had now grown into impatience. Surely when we get up to that eminence we shall see Jerusalem! We ascend, and are disappointed; and so it is a second time and a third. Can we really be on the right way? At length we pass on to a rocky plateau, and our range of view is widened. Does that line of bright green in the far distance mark the course of the Jordan? It does; and that shining strip of water must be the mysterious Dead Sea, and that lofty wall of green beyond must be the mountains of Moab. We proceed a few paces onward, and Jerusalem is almost at our feet. First, green Olivet appears, with a half-ruined monastery on its summit, and dotted all over with olive-trees. Those are the old walls of the holy city. Behold, rising high above them, is the domed Mosque of Omar, and that old black structure nearer is the Tower of David. See what a glory the western sun is shedding upon the venerable city and down into that deep valley of Hinnom. The dream of a life was realized. We reined in our horse, and gazed mutely. We confess to have felt so solemn that we refused to speak or to be spoken to by others, just as we have sometimes felt when enter-

ing a death-chamber where a spirit had just passed away to heaven, and nothing but the cold beloved dust remained.

Then, as we descended slowly on the bright green sward, a succession of visions passed rapidly before our mind.

In imagination we saw the city in its palmy days, when Solomon was its king. The temple was built and finished and stood on Mount Moriah "very magnificent," the work of a united religious people—a very poem in stone. The glory of the Lord had descended and taken visible possession of it, and the king, with his white-robed priests and crowding multitudes, had sung high praise and holy welcome to the heavenly King, the Divine Inhabitant. Ages passed, and then we imagined proud Sennacherib's army of Assyrians compassing the city round about, demanding submission and entrance, or assuring the people of speedy bondage and destruction in the event of refusal. Hezekiah's prayer conquers when the besieged people are at their wits' end; and one of God's soldiers, an angel from heaven, or one night seals in a fatal death-sleep 185,000 of the beleaguering army which had defied the living God. Next, we thought of Nehemiah in later ages walking by moonlight amidst its ruined walls and broken gates, hastening to arouse and unite the dispirited and divided people; and then, under his patriotic, earnest leadership, transfusing his soul, as it were, into the whole nation, the wall rising from day to day like a thing of life, its gates set up, and national existence and national hope restored. Then centuries elapsed again, and we beheld the Son of God walking and teaching in its streets and places of public concourse, and working miracles at its Temple-gates, his earthly life closed by the great events of his crucifixion on Calvary, his resurrection and ascension. And, last of all, the vision passed before us of the armies of the Roman Titus surrounding the guilty city, the protracted siege, the terrible scenes of carnage, the burning Temple, the ploughshare carried through its foundations, and the remnant of the people that had escaped the sword and the fire scattered to all the winds of heaven, to become the mocking, and the proverb, and the by-word of all the nations of the earth. The thought, however, which stood present and prominent in our thoughts as we

looked down from the heights of the Jaffa road was, that somewhere within the range of our vision at that moment those great events had occurred which had brought redemption to our world ! Calvary was near, and the rocky grave where angels watched, and the green spot from which Jesus had ascended through that sky to heaven.

But it is remarkable what rude shocks one's meditations experience when travelling in Palestine. No sooner had we reached the Jaffa-gate, by which we were to enter this wondrous city, which had occupied the waking dreams of a life-

time, than we were stopped by the jabbering of custom-house officers eager for bribes, and kept waiting long under a broiling sun until their voracity was satisfied. We then descended, through steep narrow streets, on loose flinty stones on which it was next to impossible for our horse to find solid footing, and after passing under some gloomy arcades into which the sunlight never penetrated, landed at the door of a little inn with scarcely a window on its outside wall, and which had very much the look of a prison. It was enough. We were in Jerusalem.

DECAY OF SPIRITUAL FACULTY.

BY REV. T. EDWIN BROWN, ROCHESTER, N. Y.



HERE is a plant known to botanists as the *Passiflora gracilis*, whose tendrils will bend if you place a small thread on them or touch them with a twig; but the weight of other tendrils of the vine, or the fall of rain-drops, will not in any way be responded to, showing that the tendrils have formed the habit of disregarding them. It is often noticed that when medicines or stimulants are used habitually, constantly enlarged doses are required to produce the same effect as before. There is a case on record of a woman who swallowed three pints of laudanum daily in addition to a considerable quantity taken in the solid form. I used to go into a friend's office in Broadway, New York, and wonder how men could transact business in such a Babel, with such a continual roar, such a rattle of wheels, such a clatter of horses' feet and tramp of human beings, such shouts of drivers, and cries of public vendors, and screams of newsboys ! Why, I was near to distraction. But my friend heard no sound ; he had formed the habit of disregard ; the noises, by constant reiteration, had ceased to affect him. The tendril yielding not to the rain-drops, the human organism responding not to the action of stimulants, the ear deaf to street noises, are but illustrations of a law of human character, that the influence of moral impressions, passively received or disregarded, is weakened by every repetition of the impression.

It is under the working of this law that a Christian finds his affinity for temptations weakening. He comes to walk amid sights of evil, but he does not see them ; the air is filled with sounds of evil, but he does not hear them : his moral senses have been trained to disregard them ; he is mail-clad against them ; there is no joint of his armour they can pierce ; he is resistant against them ; they rebound from him as a rubber ball from a marble pavement.

And this same law works in a bad way. It is here that we discover the secret of formalism in religion.

We go through services that are not our own. Oh, we act, to be sure ! we pray ! we worship ! but then we do not do these things. There is no inward motion that responds to the outward ; there is no girding up of the soul ; there is no expenditure of energy. The impressions that our religious acts make are often only passive impressions. They bear the same relation to our moral nature that stimulants do to our physical nature. They are not good things to be digested, to become a part of our lives. Hence the need of increase in the quantity of the stimulant. And the rapid growth of Ritualism in certain quarters is only the necessary response to the cry of "More! more!" from men who have dulled their moral senses by forms that are not vital, drugs that are not wholesome diet, ticklings for palates that are diseased ; the cry of "More! more!" from the religious opium eater whose accustomed portion has ceased to affect him.

This law holds in relation to our methods of listening to messages from the pulpit. Some people hear *critically*—to study construction, to watch whether the sermon is squared, and jointed, and built up according to rule ; ministers get this habit, and students, men whose business it is to make sermons ; they too often listen to a preacher to see *how* he does his work, instead of trying to get the benefit of *what* he does ; and the truth loses its power to affect them. This is a danger to be carefully guarded against. Some people hear *officially*. They have a great regard for our church, a great respect for our minister. "This is our affair ! nice ! isn't it !" They have the utmost concern that the service should go off well ; caring little for *what* goes off ; and they hear in this attitude. "Fine sermon that ! Logical, eloquent ! Great sermon ! That's *our* minister !" and they are as proud of him as they would be of a trotting horse. "Such movements ! such a head ! such an eye ! Whew ! And can't he trot ?" Oh, this is wretched hearing ! It is all very well in its place to admire speed,

but can you run yourself? Does the truth stimulate you, spur you, goad you on? Are you stronger in your Christian life for all the truth you get from the pulpit? Does the truth take hold of you, become a force in you, vitalized in your experience, a part of yourself? If not, then its influence is weakening so far as you are concerned. You are forming the habit of disregarding it.

And by the great multitude the truth is heard indifferently. They come to the sanctuary and go away! Perhaps, for the time, mental action is excited. But there are no impulses acted out; there are no tendencies to Godward feeling nursed into being; they forget to-morrow all that they have heard to-day; they have formed the habit of forgetting; they wanted to forget. At times, and with reference to certain truths, they exerted themselves to forget, and the truth is losing its power over them; or, rather, they are increasing in their ability to resist the truth.

So it is in regard to any right impulse that comes to a man. Often, from most honourable motives, that he may pay his debts or enlarge his business, a man will shut out from his soul all appeals to benevolence. By-and-by he means to be benevolent. But he forms the habit of resisting right impulses, and their power to influence his conduct is constantly weakened. The man becomes stingy, hard, grasping; sights of suffering do not affect him; scounds of woe and want are never heard by him; he is as unmoved by all appeals to his benevolent instincts as the engineer is unmoved by the shrieks of his engine.

Oh, this is a fatal law, when the sin force in a man turns the law into the bad use of building up a bad

character. To stand amid so many sights and sounds of truth and goodness and yet be blind and deaf to them; to have the incessant droppings of God's truth falling upon the soul as the rain upon the vine tendrils and yet not bend in recognition of the truth; to sit at rich spiritual banquets where is spread everything that could satisfy the soul's hunger, and yet leave the food untasted, or to treat it only as we treat stimulants, permitting it to amuse us, to while away for us an hour, but not taking it into our moral faculties and assimilating and digesting it, so as to cause us to grow thereby; to walk as unmoved amid all sounds of Divine warning, all appeals of Divine authority, all persuasions of Divine tenderness as a man walks amid the familiar clatter of his factory, or sleeps undisturbed with the scream of the car whistle or the clangour of the bell close to his ear; to have the moral susceptibilities inured against all motives to action that come from God; to heed conscience no more than you heed the tickings of your watch; to let the providence that shatters your hopes, and confuses your plans, and darkens your homes bring no thoughts of the goodness of God, who thus reminds you of your relation to him; to have your lack of attention to truth, to conscience, to providence become more and more confirmed, so that you have no interest in the truth, no more care about it than about a worn-out nursery tale, while these voices, if heard at all, sound fainter and fainter, further and further away; oh, this is the law by which goodness decays, the law by which character grows crooked, deformed, perverse, satanic; the law by which Godlike possibilities in human nature wither and die.

CHURCH PSALMODY; OR, THE REQUISITES OF A COMELY PRAISE.

BY THE REV. ALEXANDER B. BRUCE, BROUGHTY FERRY.

PRAISE," writes the Psalmist, "is comely for the upright;"—meaning not praise *said*, but praise *sung*; psalmodic praise, expressed in poetic numbers and musical tones. The statement may be regarded as apologetic. The sweet singer of Israel may be supposed to have had in view persons inclined to question the truth he proclaims, and to maintain that an enthusiastic interest in psalmody did not become the godly. Whether such an apology for praise was greatly needed in David's day we cannot tell; but if we regard him as a prophet, speaking for all ages, the apparently commonplace reflection we have quoted was by no means superfluous. In the capacity of prophet, the King of Israel apologizes for an art of which he was passionately fond, both as a man of

God and as a man of genius, to a large and influential public—to the prosaic and unmusical; to people of the type of Queen Michal, who hate enthusiasm, especially in religion, and put dignity before cordiality; to religious formalists, who are strangers to the deep emotions that stir the soul to praise; and to the Church's timid conservative ones, who are terrified lest, when the skill of art and the loud noise of fervour and the endless variety of "new songs" come into the house of God, piety and reverence and orthodoxy should go out.

Of late years public interest in psalmody has made very considerable progress; and the tone of apology or vindication is not so much called for as it once was. We have to contend now not so much with apathy and prejudice as with ignor-

ance and bad taste. The movement for psalmody reform is fairly astart in all the Churches; and what is needed now is not vehement advocacy, but judicious regulation, and practical measures for turning to the best account an interest which, though still nothing to boast of, is yet a vast improvement on the scandalous indifference of by-past years. This view of the present state of the psalmody question will guide us in the following remarks.

If it become the Church to have her service of praise, it is incumbent on her further to make that service itself *becoming*—"comely." All that pertains to the worship of God should be carefully, intelligently, and conscientiously gone about. This principle is fully admitted in reference to preaching; for the teachers of the Church have to undergo a varied, protracted, and expensive training before they are admitted to their solemn office. The principle is not less valid in reference to the matter now under consideration. The question therefore arises, What are the requisites of a comely praise? We propose, briefly and plainly, to answer that question; not aiming at exhaustive treatment, but setting forth only those things which are of prime importance, and that can be more or less appreciated by all.

These four things, then, are essential to make the Church's service of song a comely one: *Popularity; purity of taste; artistic correctness of performance; and mutual adaptation of words and music.*

1. Our psalmody must be popular in its character; such, that is, as the body of the people, the congregation at large, can join in. Even those who deny that Church music must be exclusively of this character, will freely admit that the leading portion thereof should be adapted to popular capacity. A sacred song—such as Handel's "I know that my Redeemer liveth"—sung by one man, or an elaborate anthem sung by a select band of choristers, may be held to be an act of social worship as much as a prayer uttered in the hearing of a congregation by the mouth of a minister. But granting the legitimacy of such a vicarious praise, it would certainly come far short of what is possible or desirable. A whole people can sing aloud together with mutual advantage, while they cannot so pray; and what

they *can* do they *ought* to do: and in earnest times they will do it with a hearty good-will; and the many-voiced song of the multitude of ransomed men will be found at such times to constitute by far the most important part—if not the whole—of the Church's service of praise.

A people's psalmody is, therefore, a standing feature of a reformed living Church. But it is obvious that music for the million must be of a very simple and elementary description, in time, tune, and general structure. Anthems, choruses, fugues—everything involving scientific intricacy or very difficult execution—is out of place. For such music you must go to the concert room; and you must school yourself to be content with, and even to enjoy, music vastly inferior in an artistic point of view when you enter the house of prayer. You must try and forget what you heard in the music hall, lest the voice of the multitude that keep holy day seem to you uncouth and barbarous; and you be tempted to "improve" or "refine" psalmody by ambitious imitations which destroy its peculiar beauty without adequate compensation in the adventitious attractions borrowed from a more elaborate style of composition. The habit of the Quaker in dress may seem to us very odd; but it has a grace of its own, which would only be spoiled by a mixture with costumes emanating from Paris.

This simple rule, it is well known, has not always been attended to. All congregations are more or less familiar with tunes of the anthem sort, with solos, duets, trios, small attempts at fugue, and so forth; for the most part grievous offences against taste, and even when in good taste not fitted for popular praise, but only for the vicarious psalmody of the choir. In recent years, however, tunes of this sort have gone greatly out of fashion; editors of tune-books having most commendably kept the great practical object of their labours steadily in mind, and introduced into their collections, for the most part, "plain songs" of simple syllabic structure (each syllable having its own note), like St. Paul's and New London and French, and many others of kindred character, both new and old, well known and much prized by all lovers of "grave sweet melody."

2. A second attribute of a comely praise is

Purity of taste. This attribute is perfectly compatible with popularity. Popularity and vulgarity are not synonyms; at least they need not be, if they sometimes are in point of fact. By a popular psalmody we mean, not one brought down to the taste and capacity of an ignorant, untrained mob, but one to which the people can be brought up by education and drill. Without these, however, we must admit, a popular psalmody has every chance of being far enough from pure taste; and, as a matter of fact, owing to entire neglect of musical training in schools and congregations, the taste displayed in congregational praise, till very recently, was in almost all cases execrably bad. Ranting, florid, sentimental tunes, with sentimental names, such as Resignation, Tranquillity, Piety, Love, Joy, Hope, Mount Pleasant, Violet Grove, were the order of the day. Such tunes were entirely to the taste of the people; and, it must be confessed, they were sometimes sung with an enthusiasm which was very imposing, and calculated to make even a person of severe taste pause before condemning them, to ask himself the question: "After all, is not that the right sort of thing?" just as one might be half persuaded into admiration of the sensational style of preaching, after hearing a sermon made up of bursts of rhetoric, well told though hackneyed stories, bouquets of flowery phrases; and finishing off with a poetical recitation. I do not at all wonder at the popular attachment to this florid style, either in singing or in preaching. It has its charms, though they are of the meretricious order; and it takes time to recover from its fascination. I have felt sometimes as if guilty of cruelty in attempting to wean precentors of the old school from a style to which they had become inured, and of which they were sincere admirers. The manifestations of attachment which have come under my observation were occasionally even pathetic. I remember addressing a congregational soiree, in the West country, on the subject of psalmody, in a church where the precentor was a worthy old man, thoroughly qualified for his duties, according to the notions and tastes of his day. I had referred to the tune *Desert* as the *ne plus ultra* of bad taste. The veteran psalmodist came to me after I was done speaking, and, without any bitterness or professional con-

ceit, but in perfect simplicity, said: "I have heard *Desert* go very well in this church. I gave it up after a while, but I think I'll begin it again."

In the capacity of psalmody reformer I have now and then met difficulties nearer home. In my own congregation, there was a very respectable man in the position of precentor, who was rather a superior leader for a country place, decidedly superior to the average, but having a *penchant* for singing a florid sentimental tune at a time. One day, after a somewhat solemn service, a paraphrase was given out, for which my friend selected a very extreme specimen of the vicious class, the singing of which he got all to himself. I was more impulsive then than now, and it was more than I could stand, as I had frequently warned him against the whole fraternity of tunes to which this particular sample belonged; so at the end of the first verse I told John to stop, and I myself raised another tune, a steady-going, sedate one of the syllabic order. But I paid the penalty of my audacity, for next day the worthy precentor came to speak to me about what had happened, in a style which meant, "Either you or I must resign, if this sort of thing is to go on any longer." Such collisions between new and old fashions will occur in this rough world; in psalmody as well as in other matters deemed by some more important. Let us be thankful that the worst of the battle is now over, so far as the matter of principle is concerned, and that what we have now to do is, by dint of painstaking, practical effort, to get our people not only to submit to but to delight in a simple and pure service of praise.

3. Our third requirement for a comely praise is *Artistically correct performance*. Some may take alarm at the bare mention of *art* in connection with worship. To be consistent, such parties should insist on the exclusion of music altogether from the services of the Church; for it is simply impossible to get rid of art in psalmody, which uses as its media poetry and music; both arts obeying intricate laws, not to be mastered without study and practice. Nay, this horror of art, if consistently carried out, would bring back a reign of barbarism in the whole domain of worship. For art enters into all parts of worship more or less. In preaching we have respect to

the art of grammar, and consciously or unconsciously to the art of persuasion. Even in prayer, where simplicity and artlessness are most in place, art has a province; for it is required that our words shall be few and well chosen—weighty, comprehensive, simple, yet dignified.

Artistic propriety, then, must be attended to in psalmody; and it is the duty of all, unless excused by hopeless incapacity, to endeavour to acquire some knowledge of the rules of the arts concerned, and some skill in the application of them to God's praise. "Play skilfully," enjoins the Psalmist.

"Ah yes," it may be rejoined, "'PLAY skilfully;' but that precept has no relation to us. The playing is out of date, and so therefore is the skill." The objection gives one a tempting opportunity to launch out on the "organ question;" but I am not going to yield to the temptation. I have simply to say, in answer to the objection stated, that, granting the position it takes up in reference to instrumental music, the inference drawn therefrom is inadmissible. It may be—it is—one of the privileges of the Christian dispensation, that we may serve God without the pomp and elaborate ceremonial of the ancient economy; but I maintain that the Lord Jesus Christ is no patron of sloth, slovenliness, or barbarism. The gospel is adapted to all classes, refined or rude, learned or unlearned; but it is not designed that men, to whom in its love the gospel condescends, should continue in the same rude state in which it first found them. If we have no skill, then Christ will accept unskilful homage; but he requires that we shall cultivate, and employ in a cultivated condition, all the powers of our mind and bodies for the advancement of his honour; and if a people be found diligently seeking to acquire skill in all other things—in speaking elegantly, writing grammatically, singing drawing-room airs gracefully, in all the industrial and ornamental, not to say useless or pernicious arts—yet continuing ignorant and untutored as the savages in matters pertaining to his praise, he will regard that people as disloyal and hollow-hearted, and not exercised in conscience as to how best to show forth the glory of him who shed his blood for man's redemption.

Of course, the acquisition of skill involves

trouble to all parties—ministers, precentors, and people—and systematic training in week-day schools and congregational classes, that art may be acquired so thoroughly as to become a second nature. But I hope this will not be regarded as a valid objection. Trouble! what good thing does not cost trouble? Trouble! who would grudge a little trouble to learn to sing, in a way that is pleasing and impressive, a hymn in honour of Him who took the great trouble of leaving heaven and dying on the cross for our salvation? Trouble! see to what trouble and expense Mary of Bethany put herself to honour her Lord and to please him! And she succeeded. Jesus was delighted; and set that woman forth as a pattern for all time coming of the Christian after his own heart; saying in effect, "Behold, here is what I understand by Christianity." What then must he think of those who are so sordid-minded as not to care about the quality of Christian song; reckless whether the ointment be of sweet or of evil savour, whether it be contained in precious alabaster or in common earthenware! Far from the Church be such an ignoble spirit! Let her not deem the matter of a comely praise beneath her dignity. Let her rather account it her very special business to provide the people with a first-class Christian Psalter, and then to spare no trouble to secure that the praise of God and of the Lamb shall be sung in psalm, hymn, and spiritual song, with fervour and with taste, with loud noise, and yet skilfully, by all her congregations—even by mission churches in the wynds, by rustic assemblies of the people in agricultural districts and Highland glens, as well as by genteel congregations in cities, who, to speak truth, need training not less than their humbler neighbours. The Church could not do a service more acceptable to her Lord.

But it may be objected, with more plausibility, that when skill comes in *devotion* goes out. A serious objection, if true, and therefore we must carefully examine it. Well, then, we admit at once that the position just laid down is a *half* truth. It is true that, while skill is being acquired, devotion is apt to be at a low ebb. It holds generally of education, that when we have gained only a little knowledge and a little expertness, we are apt to be filled with conceit of our

progress, or to be too engrossed with the ardent desire to make higher attainments, to give much heed to the great ends of education. *But there are two ways of escaping this evil.* One is to remain in utter ignorance; the other is, to perfect knowledge—that is, to carry training on till we have attained to full acquaintance with the subject of study, and have become experts in art. It is with learning to praise precisely as it is with learning to *preach*. The time of study at college is by no means favourable to habits of devotion, as every minister will readily acknowledge. But to escape this temporary evil, must we abolish universities, and fill our pulpits with a ministry of illiterate clowns? No one proposes that, because all have the sense to believe that the spirit of devotion, which becomes low in the period of study at college, will, by the blessing of God, return in pristine vigour, and that the trained sons of the prophets will be enabled to combine their knowledge and their art with earnest devotion to the service of Christ and a sincere desire for the good of souls. Let the same common sense view be taken of training for the service of song. Let it be believed that, though in the process of training the great end may for a season be somewhat lost sight of, God will see to it that his singers shall be devout as well as skilful, even as he takes care that his ministers shall not only be men of liberal education, but men of prayer and Christian zeal as well.

4. The last attribute of a comely praise to be spoken upon is mutual adaptation of words and music. There is a double adaptation required: of music to words, and of words to music. Of these the former is the more important; for, after all, the words, as containing the ideas and emotions with which the soul praises God, are the main matter. Music is employed simply to give thought and emotion more impressive and adequate utterance.

Under this head, then, the adaptation of music to words, various topics fall to be noticed. There is, for example, the correspondence that should be aimed at between the emotional quality of the tune and the sentiment of the psalm or hymn. Both in the selection of tunes and in the singing of them regard should be had to this correspondence. As this, however, is a matter depending on pre-

centors, I pass to another topic of more general interest, which specially concerns ministers and congregations. I refer to the singing of psalms and hymns as far as possible entire, or in such large sections that the sense and spirit of the poetry shall sustain no damage. Some psalms are so easily divisible into sections, that different measures might be employed with advantage in their translation. But many psalms are a *unity*, and cannot be broken up without sustaining deadly injury. The Hundred and third Psalm is of this character, and it should as a rule be sung without break from beginning to end.

Existing practice is still grievously at fault in this matter. The Psalter is practically reduced to a collection of elegant extracts, consisting of from *four to sixteen*, or at the outside *twenty* lines, isolated from their connection with what goes before or after; with what effect, any one can judge who will consider what idea one would get of any of our great poets, say Shakespeare, from some paltry collection of beautiful passages culled from his dramas. Look, for example, at the Seventy-third Psalm. There is a psalm which, were it only well translated and sung all at once, would produce an impression little less sublime than itself. Yet all that congregations ever hear of this grand sacred poem, expressive of the trial and triumph of faith, is four stanzas (23–26), in which our ear catches the still small voice of a spirit returned to its rest after the storm of doubt and temptation is past: beautiful, doubtless; yet how much more beautiful and pathetic when taken in contrast with what goes before,—the noise of waves, and the despairing cry of the tempest-tossed mariner.

Now, what excuse is there for this irrational custom of flower-culling? Is it that some parts of the psalms are not fit to be sung? If that be thought, let it be said, and we shall then answer it. Meantime we must advert to another reason for the practice we condemn, which we feel more at liberty to deal with; that is, the slow, drawing style in which congregations, even in towns, not to speak of the country, perform their psalmody. Reverence and common sense have been outraged in deference to a vice which is in turn the offspring of another vice; viz., apathy or in-

difference. People sing so slowly, that by the time they have got over the stereotyped number of verses their lungs and throats are fatigued, and the tune has sunk down below the register of their voices—has become like a ship run aground on a mud-bank, or like a cart whose wheels have sunk up to the nave in deep ruts.

Surely this state of things is intolerable. We must give up accommodating ourselves to a vice which, whatever pretence it may make to solemnity, is utterly discreditable, and do what reason and reverence require us, by giving the *words* their due place of honour, and altering our habits of singing so as to make that possible. Ministers have much in their power here; for, by giving out a psalm (after fair warning) of say five or six double verses—one like the Hundred and forty-sixth, for example—they may practically compel the sluggish and inert to move on and alter their snail's pace into a movement that is energetic and inspiring. Nor need they fear waste of time by such enlargement of the amount of singing material. A whole psalm, such as the Hundred and third, may be sung with religious impressiveness as well as with musical propriety in the same time that many congregations would now take to sing the traditional four verses. Of course, to do this you must take tunes suitable for the purpose, such as Tallis, Dunfermline, St. Peter's, Barrow, or better still, a metrical chant; or to avoid giving offence to prejudice by a

name, a recitative tune, such as can now be found in all tune-books.

On the other species of adaptation, that of words to music, I make a single remark. In order to use all the fine church music in our tune-books, a far greater variety of poetic measures is required than is to be found in the modern Psalter, which, in this respect, contrasts with the Old Scottish Psalter, wherein the measures were many and most diverse. Many of the finest tunes are lost to the Church because there are no measures to suit them—lost either by absolute exclusion, or by a tampering process intended to fit them for some existing measure (for example, Luther's Hymn to a long metre), but whose real effect is to destroy their whole character. Is this a legitimate matter of regret? We humbly think it is. The want of variety in poetic measure has impoverished, vulgarized, and, if we may coin a word, *monotonized* psalmody; and that is an evil for which we do well to seek a remedy. On the remedies that have been proposed we do not now enter, but we may state that the principal are a new version of the Psalms, and a collection of Hymns. Some object to both; some prefer one to the other. For ourselves, we think both are best, if they can be got. A good new version of the Psalms, or of many of them, would be a gain to the Church; and we are of those who think that it is not only lawful but incumbent to give "new songs" in honour of Christ a place in the public service of praise.

SKETCHES OF BOHEMIAN RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

PART III.



UT this new Church was to meet with persecution in its very infancy. The priests were unwearied in seeking to stir up the people against the new community. "Quench the spark," they said, "before it becomes a flame." Rokycana himself—the first adviser and friend of the Brethren—was now to prove false to them. He had been trying to serve two masters; and the world, as always happens in such cases, had gained the victory. The consistency and zeal of the Brethren were a standing reproach to himself. He accused them of rashness and presumption; and pretexts were not

wanting to bring them into bad odour with the king and council.

On one occasion, in the year 1461, Gregory, the nephew of Rokycana, who was one of the principal leaders in the little community at Lititz, was visiting some of his friends and disciples in Prague, where they were holding a meeting in a private house. They were discovered and betrayed; and the judge—who was in his heart well-disposed towards them, but dared not refuse to act in his official capacity—came to arrest them, and, standing at the door of the room where they were assembled, pronounced these remarkable words: "All who live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution. You who are assembled here, follow me to

prison." The king's mind had been poisoned against the Brethren by false accusers, who alleged that they were about to organize an insurrection like that of the Taborites. It was on this suspicion the little band had been arrested; and the pious Gregory was accordingly stretched on the rack with a view of drawing some confession from him. But He who has promised to be with his people in the furnace was with his faithful servant in this extremity. Gregory fell into a kind of trance, in which he lay insensible to pain, and apparently dead. The torturers desisted from their work, thinking it too late; and Rokycana was informed that his nephew had expired on the rack. He hastened to the spot. When he saw his brave and devoted relative lying pale and deathlike before him, his conscience was awakened: he wept over him in bitter agony of spirit, exclaiming again and again, "O my Gregory, would I were where thou art!" Gregory, on recovering consciousness after some hours, related a kind of dream or vision he had had during his apparent swoon. He thought he had been led into a meadow of wondrous beauty, in the midst of which stood a tree laden with fruit, of which birds of many kinds in the branches were partaking. A youth stood by, who ruled these birds with a wand, and permitted none to fly from their places. Three men seemed to guard the tree, of whose countenances he took special note. This dream was afterwards considered prophetic.

At Rokycana's request Gregory was set free; but the time-serving man was not willing to render any further help to the infant Church. All religious services, if held without the Romish ceremonies, were strictly forbidden; and any one who took the office of minister among the "Picards" was liable to be punished with death. In vain the persecuted band entreated Rokycana to come to their aid, and not to abandon a cause which he well knew was that of God. He was deaf to all their representations; and at last they took leave of him in a letter containing these words: "Thou art of the world, and wilt perish with the world." Stung by a reproach of which he must have felt the justice, he revenged himself by stirring up the king to a fresh persecution of the Brethren.

Most of the members of the little band were scattered, and their principal leaders driven to hide in caves and woods, and even there to be in fear of their lives. Only by night did they venture to kindle a fire, lest the smoke should betray them. In the bitter cold of a Bohemian winter evening in the mountains, they gathered round these camp-fires, reading the Scriptures by their light, and edifying one another by spiritual converse. When they met together in the snow, they were careful to tread singly in each other's footsteps, while the last comer effaced the tracks with a snow-covered pine twig, so as to make them appear as if a peasant had been drawing a faggot after him. From their life in caves and holes of the earth, they were called by their adversaries in derision "Jamnici," or

pitmen. It was a title of which they had no reason to be ashamed.

In the midst of these dangers the Brethren set themselves earnestly to the work of organizing their Church, and setting apart certain persons for the ministerial office. It was a solemn undertaking, carried on with frequent meetings for deliberation and much prayer. Finding that they could not look for help from those who had been in Romish orders, they resolved to exercise the right which they believed Christ had given to his disciples, by choosing from among themselves men fitted for the sacred office.

After long prayer and consultation, they met at a village called Sbota to choose their principal leaders. Nine men were fixed on, and a child was called in to draw lots. There were three slips with the word "Est" on them. These three fell to the lot of the three men whom Gregory had seen in his dream. These three men—who seem to have been in different ways well fitted for this office—were sent into Austria to receive consecration from the hands of Stephanus, the bishop of a community of Waldenses who had been driven from the south of France or Piedmont, and had emigrated to Austria. Stephanus consecrated the three men bishops; and there was some thought of uniting the new Church with this community of Austrian Waldenses. The Bohemian Brethren objected that the Waldenses had fallen insensibly into a spirit of compromise, and were in the habit of frequenting the Romish ceremonies to avoid persecution. They represented this to the Austrian Waldenses, who appear to have received the brotherly admonition in the same Christian spirit in which it was offered, and freely owned that they had fallen away from the purity of their fathers' practice, and must seek to return to their former high standard.

A time and place were fixed for a meeting to decide on the union of the Bohemians and Waldenses. But it was ordered otherwise. The intended meeting was heard of, and made the pretext for a fresh persecution of the Austrian Waldenses. Stephanus was burned in Vienna, and his flock compelled to fly. The greater number took refuge in Brandenburg, which was afterwards a gathering-place for the Moravians.

The persecution of these Austrian Waldenses was quickly followed by one no less severe of the Bohemian Brethren. King George issued an edict commanding that every nobleman should seek out and apprehend all the "Picards" he could find on his estate, and force or alarm them into conformity to the dominant Churches. Many were arrested and imprisoned in this manner.

In 1471 Rokycana's career was arrested by death. He might well have desired to exchange his death-bed with his pious nephew's couch in the torture-chamber. He died in all the agonies of utter despair. The king visited him in his dying hour. We have no details of the last awful interview between the persecuting

monarch and the teacher who had been his tempter to evil: all we hear is, that Rokycana solemnly summoned his royal pupil to meet him at the judgment-seat of God. And whether this prediction acted on the king's mind so as to verify itself, or that it was one of those cases in which the dying seem gifted with prevision, it is certain that Podiebrad only survived Rokycana a month. He was succeeded by Wladislas of Poland—himself a mild and merciful prince, but led into acts of severity by his advisers, and especially by his bigoted wife.

Accusations were brought on all sides against the Brethren, and their position was rendered more painful by internal dissensions. A discussion had arisen among them as to the lawfulness of holding offices of state, entering the army, &c. The majority had no scruples on these heads; but a small minority held the views afterwards called Mennonite, and formed a community by themselves at Prague. In itself such a discussion need have been of little moment; but unhappily the apostle's precepts of mutual forbearance were forgotten, as too often happens, and the minority who had separated accused their brethren of worldliness of view—an accusation which was easily exaggerated into an intention to resort to arms to strengthen their claims.

The Brethren were summoned to appear before the Council and give an account of their opinions. It was a matter of anxious deliberation with them whether or no to comply with this summons. They had too much reason to suspect a snare; but they decided that the risk must be run, and two representatives were chosen and sent forth, feeling it was probably to meet the fate of Huss.

A letter, written by Baron Roetha, one of their principal leaders, to one of the deputies, shows the spirit which animated them.

"It is a part of our human nature," he writes, "to cling to life. But thou, my brother, hast been better taught. Thou mayest remember that thy life is buried with Christ, and to win it thou must have died with him. Thou knowest in whom thou hast trusted, and with whose power thou wilt keep a good conscience to the end. Be strong then in the Lord, and in the power of his might, and fight the good fight unto the end, and thou shalt receive the crown of life. I will not hold thee back, beloved brother; stand fast, and fear not. What human foresight could do to secure the safety of you both we have done, and will do; but if the wrath of the enemy should be too strong, and it should be the will of the Lord that his cause should be glorified by your death, be ready to say with Job, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

But it was God's will to deliver his servants on this occasion. On the very day of the Council meeting, the chief magistrate, who was one of the Brethren's bitterest enemies, died suddenly; other hindrances supervened, and the Council was indefinitely put off, and the deputies dismissed in safety.

The queen now urged her husband to a fresh edict against the Brethren. He yielded against his own convictions; but was so deeply distressed at what he had done, that he retired to his room and fell on his knees, and implored that the guilt of the bloody edict might not be imputed to him, and its consequences if possible averted.

The prayer was answered in a manner little expected by the kind-hearted but weak monarch. The queen was suddenly taken ill, and died, leaving a new-born infant, who afterwards came to the throne under the name of Ludwig.

This gave a respite to the Brethren; but two years later some of the bishops most hostile to them persuaded the king to press the edict. The pastors of the Church were obliged to fly or conceal themselves; and several of the people were arrested. Among others, six men of humble station, artisans and peasants, were brought before Baron von Schwanberg in the town of Huiden. The priest asked them if they would follow him as their spiritual shepherd? "The shepherd of our souls is Jesus Christ," they replied. They were led to execution. But the captain of the guard, who had a friendly feeling for Nicolas, the youngest of the six, proposed to get him a year's respite for consideration.

Nicolas paused a moment, but quickly exclaimed, "It would be abandoning my brethren even to allow myself to deliberate. I will die with them." He mounted the scaffold with his companions, and all died firmly and joyfully in the flames.

The Calixtines themselves did not escape persecution. Those who preached scriptural and pure doctrine were banished, imprisoned, and several put to the torture; one actually died on the rack.

The archbishopric was at this time vacant, and the Calixtines during the interregnum were only permitted to have their priests ordained in Italy, and that, generally speaking, by men devoted to the Papacy. Twice, however, they had Italian bishops, who showed themselves friendly to the gospel; but eventually the priests ordained by them were compelled to submit to the Pope. Some candidates for ordination were so much disgusted that they actually went to receive the rite in Armenia, which was given them there in consideration of their agreement on some particular points.

Meanwhile, Luther was beginning to rise into notice. His example stirred up the zeal of many Calixtines for pure gospel doctrine, and some were inclined to seek ordination at Wittemberg rather than Rome. An Assembly of the Bohemian and Moravian States was convened in 1523, to which ecclesiastics of different churches were invited, and twenty articles of reformation were drawn up under the superintendence of the head of the university. The preacher, Gallus Cahera, was chosen administrator. Cahera was a professed friend and admirer of Luther's, and the advocates of the reformation thought they had gained a champion.

They were grievously deceived. Cahera was a traitor,

who had been all along secretly working for the Papacy. He contrived, by dint of intrigue, to have a fresh set of articles brought forward favourable to the Romish Church. King Ludwig, a warm adherent of the Papacy, was ready to abet his endeavours; and Cahera compelled all priests and citizens, on pain of banishment, to sign these new articles. The old accusation was revived, that the "Evangelicals" or "Picards" were plotting against the Calixtines; and three of the former were put to the torture to force disclosures from them; but in vain.

The charge of Picardism was now made the pretext for every kind of oppression. Any one who had debts he was unwilling to pay, had only to accuse his creditor of being a *Picard*, to get him banished from the town. The most shameless calumnies were listened to; and many Picards were scourged, branded, and banished.

In 1526, an aged and learned man named Nicolas, was brought before the magistrates on the charge of Picardism. He was asked his views on the sacrament of the altar.

"I hold," he said, "what the evangelists and St. Paul teach us to believe."

"Do you believe," said his questioner, "that Christ's body and blood are really present in the Lord's Supper?"

"I believe," replied the old man, "that when a pious servant of God shows forth in the assembly of believers the grace and mercy we have received through Christ's death, by distributing the bread and wine, that these elements then constitute the supper of the Lord, and by faith we are partakers of the benefits of Christ's death."

Some further questions were asked him on intercession of saints, the mass, &c., and Nicolas, with his hostess Clara, an aged widow who held the same faith as his own, was condemned to death by fire.

At the place of execution they were directed to adore the crucifix, which was placed towards the east; but they replied, "The commandment of God forbids our worshipping the likeness of anything in heaven or earth. We will pray to the living God, Lord of heaven and earth, who dwells equally in the east and west, north and south." And turning from the crucifix, the two aged Christians raised their hands and eyes to heaven and prayed to Christ with fervour. They took leave of their respective children, and Nicolas, mounting the scaffold, repeated the Belief, commended his soul in solemn prayer to his Saviour, and afterwards repeated in Latin the Psalm, "In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust." His fellow-sufferer, Clara, was led to the scaffold beside him, and the pile was lighted which consumed these faithful witnesses to the truth.

Their death was followed, the next year, by that of Martha von Porzicz, a woman of heroic courage and constancy. When brought before the Council, she boldly confessed her faith, and reproached the Calixtines with their cowardly flattery of the Pope.

The magistrate told her she must prepare the garments in which she was to suffer.

"My dress and mantle are all ready," she quietly replied; "let me go as soon as you please."

The town-crier proclaimed before her, that she was condemned for throwing contempt on the sacrament.

"That is not true," she replied. "I am condemned because I will not blaspheme God by declaring that the actual body—flesh, bones, and blood—of Christ can be present in the sacrament. Do not believe these priests," she continued, addressing the people; "they are hypocrites, living for their own pleasure, and given up to vice."

On arriving at the place of execution, they pressed her to adore the crucifix, as they had done Nicolas and Clara. She turned away, and raising her eyes to heaven, exclaimed,—"*There* is our God; to him only must we look!" With these words she mounted the scaffold and met her doom with serene composure.

Equal constancy was shown, the next year, by two brothers, workmen, condemned to suffer death by burning at Prague. On their way to execution, they encouraged each other with words of Scripture. "As the Lord Jesus," said one of them, "has suffered such cruel pain for us, we will also endure this death, rejoicing that we are counted worthy to suffer for the Word of God."

"Truly," replied his brother, "I never felt such joy, even on my wedding-day, as now."

When the fire was kindled, they both said in a clear voice, "Lord Jesus Christ, thou hast prayed for thine enemies on the cross; we now pray thee also, forgive the king, the citizens, and the priests, for they know not what they do, and their hands are defiled with blood.—Dear people," added one of them, turning to the multitude, "pray for your king, that God may give him the knowledge of the truth, for the priests are deceiving him."

With these words the pious brothers calmly met their fate, and expired in the flames.

The traitorous persecutor of the Picards, Cahera, did not long prosper; the political intrigues into which his restless spirit led him, brought him into disgrace with the king; he was banished, and ended his life in France in great misery.

His removal did not, however, bring any relief to the suffering Bohemian Church. Under Ferdinand I., brother of Charles V., who now succeeded to the throne, they had much oppression to suffer. They were exposed to lawless violence: to kill a "*Picard*" was regarded as no greater fault than to kill a dog.

In spite of all this the Church grew and multiplied, and the faithful Brethren, entering into correspondence with Luther and others of the German reformers, found in them Christian friends ever ready to uphold them by warm sympathy and strengthening words. They needed all such help, for days of even deeper trial were at hand. The emperor, Charles V., wishing to carry out the decisions of the Council of Trent, commenced a war against the Protestant princes of Germany; and his brother Ferdinand readily lent his aid, and called on his subjects to second him. This they were, however,

reluctant to do; when, therefore, the German Protestants had been defeated in 1547, Ferdinand entered Prague with an army of German and Hungarian soldiers, took possession of the city as a conqueror, and banished, imprisoned, scourged, and deprived of their property, many of the most distinguished citizens. Many went voluntarily into exile, to avoid further oppression. In such a time of trouble it may easily be supposed that the pure Church of the "Brethren" was exposed to peculiar attacks from the malice of its foes. Calumnies were again brought forward, and an edict was issued for the closing of all places of worship belonging to the Brethren.

In five domains, much inhabited by the members of this Church, the king commanded that all who would not either join the Romanists or Calixtines should be banished. The lords of these estates he took care to arrest on other pretexts. It was a time of sifting for the infant Church. Many, alas! were driven by terror into outward conformity with the dominant powers. The more steadfast, preferring exile to apostacy, agreed to emigrate in three distinct bodies to Poland. They travelled by different roads, to elude suspicion, and met at Posen. They were kindly received by the Poles, though these were mostly Romanists, and remained at Posen till the bishop of the place obtained an edict of banishment for them. They were then obliged to pass into Lower Prussia, where Duke Albert of Brandenburg allowed them to remain, and they were questioned by some Lutheran divines in Königsberg, and by them acknowledged as brethren in the faith. Certain cities were allotted to them as dwelling-places; and Paul Speratus, Bishop of Pomerania, who had known them before, when on his travels, showed them special kindness and sympathy.

But Ferdinand's rancour against the Evangelical Church was not satiated. He issued a third edict, commanding that all the ministers of the Brethren's Church in Bohemia should be arrested and imprisoned. The greater number avoided this by flight; a part going to Moravia, which was still unmolested, and others to places so near that they could secretly visit their faithful adherents by night, and occasionally hold services in private houses.

In this manner most escaped; but three principal pastors fell into the enemy's hands. The chief of these was John Augusta, a former disciple and subsequently a correspondent of Luther's. He was looked on as one of the most powerful defenders of evangelical doctrines; and pains had therefore been taken to employ a false friend to entrap him, on the pretext of seeking his advice, into a private interview, at which he was arrested, brought to Prague, and tortured fearfully three several times, as well as his colleague Bihel, in the hope of forcing them to make some disclosures which might implicate others.

Several of the nobility who adhered to the Brethren's Church were exiled or imprisoned, like the pastors;

some of them, like John Augusta, were put to the torture. The heroic John Prostiborsky bit his tongue when on the rack, lest he should be driven by pain to make admissions which might injure his brethren. This he afterwards declared in writing; and soon after, he died in prison from the effects of his sufferings.

Ferdinand, determined to spare no pains for the re-establishment of Popery as the only religion of Bohemia, took further measures to bring about this object. He sent for the Jesuits, and endowed them with a wealthy college. They, with their usual policy, devoted themselves to the education of youth, thus poisoning the springs in their very source. The cause of evangelical religion might well have seemed lost in Bohemia; but God in his mercy was about to grant a period of rest to the sorely-tried Brethren's Church. In 1562 Ferdinand was succeeded by his son Maximilian, a monarch of gentle and merciful disposition; he refused to allow of any persecution for conscience' sake; and the persecuted Church was again enabled to take root downwards and bear fruit upwards.

Maximilian had himself been instructed during his father's lifetime in divine truth, and much influenced by his pious tutor, Johann Pfander, a distinguished preacher, and a man of learning as well as piety.

These qualities, however, exposed Pfander to the hatred of the Popish party, and pains were taken to prejudice the Emperor Ferdinand against him. One day Ferdinand entered the preacher's room, where he found him alone, and reproached him bitterly with having led his son astray by his teaching. Pfander answered mildly and respectfully; but the emperor was so carried away with passion, that he seized the preacher by the throat, and was just on the point of stabbing him. He, however, recovered himself, and was contented with commanding his son to dismiss the tutor.

Maximilian, however, did not imbibe his father's principles: he was accustomed to observe, that to endeavour to rule consciences by force was in fact an effort to take heaven by storm.

Among those about him who were like-minded to himself was the distinguished physician Crato, to whom he always gave his full confidence. One day the emperor was taking a walk alone with Crato; the conversation turned on the divisions by which Christendom was torn, and the emperor asked his favourite which of the varied Christian sects seemed to him to approach the most nearly to apostolic simplicity.

"I do not know any of whom it can be said more truly, sire," replied Crato, "than of the Brethren who are also called *Picards*."

"I believe that myself," replied the emperor.

This remark encouraged the good physician to advise the Brethren to dedicate their new hymn-book, of which they were preparing a German edition, to the emperor. They followed his counsel: and the dedication is still extant, in which they express the hope that the emperor

would, like David, Josiah, Constantine, and Theodosius, act as a nursing father to the Church.

There is every reason to believe that the will was not wanting in the case of Maximilian; but he was surrounded by those who were able to hinder his efforts for good.

An attempt was made by the enemies of the gospel, in the third year of Maximilian's reign, to have an edict published against the Brethren. The chancellor, Joachim of Neuhaus, came to Vienna, and succeeded by art and determination in inducing the emperor, against his own will, to sign the edict. But the attempt was frustrated in a remarkable manner. The chancellor had just left Vienna, and was crossing the Danube, when a part of the bridge over which he was passing gave way, and he and his suite were precipitated into the stream. A few of his attendants reached the shore. A youth of noble birth, who was among them, endeavoured to uphold his master till a boat came to his assistance; but it was too late to save his life. The body of the chancellor was brought out of the water, but the chest which contained the persecuting edict remained at the bottom of the river, and could never be rescued. Thus the danger was averted for the time. The young nobleman who had tried to save Neuhaus, became a convert to the Brethren's faith, and lived to an advanced age.

In 1575, Maximilian held a general Council of State, and declared his "Utraquist" subjects free to draw up a general confession of faith, which would be recognized by the State.

The term Utraquist (or partaker of the communion in both kinds) was, properly speaking, another name for the Calixtines; but it was here applied to all the Protestant confessions, Picards, Lutherans, and Calvinists (of these two last there was now a considerable number in Bohemia).

The Jesuits and "Pseudo-Hussites" availed themselves of the minor differences of these churches to throw obstacles in the way of any general compact; but, in spite of all their intrigues, a form was drawn up, to which all the Protestant confessions could subscribe.

In 1576 the excellent Maximilian died, and was succeeded by his son Rudolf, who was like-minded to his father, and for the first six years of his reign maintained, like him, entire religious liberty.

In 1602, a fresh effort was made by the Jesuits, under whose influence Rudolf passed an edict confirming the decrees of Wladislaw against the Picards. But the numerous influential noblemen who were friends to the Brethren, succeeded in preventing the decree from being put in force, except in closing for a time some of their churches.

It was, indeed, quite against the convictions of this enlightened and merciful sovereign, that any kind of force should be laid on the consciences of men; he is said to have exclaimed, when he heard that one of his principal cities in Hungary had been taken by the Turks, "I expected something of the kind, when I had begun

to allow the sovereignty over conscience to be wrested by man from God."

This cloud, too, was then to pass away. Rudolf was able effectually to prove his tolerant principles, by bestowing on his Protestant subjects the "*MAJESTATSBRIEF*." This was an edict empowering them to open and maintain churches and schools wherever they would, and forbidding any violence being offered to the members of any confession, on religious pretexts.

The Estates met together on this occasion, and a convocation was called, consisting of three Calixtine clergy, three from the United Brethren, three from the other evangelical confessions, and three professors of the university. These twelve men were called on to arrange the ecclesiastical affairs of the whole kingdom. The first "administrator" was chosen from the Utraquists, the rest from the other confessions indiscriminately. It was agreed that each church should have its own elder, to superintend its own concerns, who should stand in rank next to the administrator. But all was to be carried on in a spirit of brotherly union and order. The Bethlehem Church, the scene of Huss's early preaching, was given up to the United Brethren, as being more emphatically the spiritual children of Huss.

The joy and exultation was general. On the very church doors might have been seen inscriptions like the following:

"The churches are open; the lion of Bohemia rejoices! Max has protected the faith; Rudolf establishes it."

An agreement was drawn up, which Romanists and Protestants were invited to sign, to the effect that all were determined to maintain mutual union and peace.

The compact was solemnly confirmed and signed by the emperor and his privy council. Three chancellors alone, of the Romish Church, refused, as they declared, on conscientious grounds, to sign the compact: these were the Chancellor Zdenko of Lobkowitz, Slawata of Chlum, and Jaroslaw of Martiniz Smeczansky. The two last were to play an important part in the subsequent history of the country.

With this exception, all seemed to go smoothly. It was a time of hitherto unexampled prosperity for the pure faith; and, indeed, it was said that at this period scarcely one in a hundred Bohemians could be found, who had not declared himself an adherent of evangelical teaching. But the more pious and thoughtful men saw ground for anxiety even in this very blaze of prosperity. The Church of Christ can seldom bear much sunshine without danger to her spiritual growth; and the evil effects were already becoming apparent. A spirit of carelessness and worldliness was beginning to mar the purity of the Reformed communities, and many feared that a time of chastening would be needed to awaken them from their sleep.

Alas! the hour of trial was not far off. The little cloud was already in the horizon, which was shortly to darken into a storm.

To explain how these troubles began, we must recapitulate a little.

Rudolf's power of granting religious liberty to Bohemia and Silesia had arisen partly from a division which had taken place in the empire, which indirectly strengthened the emperor's hands by weakening his subjects. In consequence of certain political combinations, Austria, Hungary, and Moravia, had deserted Rudolf and chosen his brother the Archduke Matthias for their sovereign. This led to a war between the countries; the forces of the above mentioned States had entered Bohemia in January 1608, and advancing upon Prague, demanded not only the Hungarian crown, but also the cession of Bohemia to Matthias.

Bohemia and Silesia, however, remained faithful to the emperor; and Matthias evacuated Bohemia, having secured the crown of Hungary, and the promise of that of Bohemia at Rudolf's death.

The Bohemians, however, demanded and obtained from the emperor, as a reward for their faithful adherence to his cause, the promise of complete religious freedom, and full control over the consistory and the university.

Rudolf felt keenly the mortification caused him by the revolt of Austria and Hungary, and the usurpation of his brother. His situation was rendered more critical by the position now assumed by Spain, who was threatening not only Bohemia, but the whole German empire, with destruction. He was anxious to take measures for the safety of his dominions; and in selecting instruments to carry out his plans, his choice fell on two barons, on whose fidelity he considered he could fully rely. These were Kaln from Austria, and Schmidt from Bohemia. Both were of Styrian origin, and had been banished from their own country by the Archduke Ferdinand, on the occasion of the counter-reformation movement in 1600.

Rudolf summoned these barons to Prague in 1610, and laid his plans before them. He dreaded the idea of Matthias being his successor; the latter was, like himself, childless, and being entirely devoted to the Romish Church, Rudolf knew he would be persuaded by the clergy to adopt his nephew, Ferdinand, who was also their tool, as his successor.

Rudolf, on the other hand, had determined to make choice of the Archduke Leopold, Ferdinand's brother, to succeed him on the Imperial throne. Though a bishop of the Romish Church, he knew Leopold had a more merciful and kindly temper than his brother, and would be more easily influenced by good counsels.

To secure his nephew from being led astray, the emperor had planned the foundation of an ORDER OF PEACE, which should be based on the great principle of freedom of conscience. The watchword of the order should be, that none who called on the name of Christ should be liable to suffer on religious grounds; and he proposed to invite all the Protestant princes, and all the Roman Catholic ones who would consent to it, to enter the order. He had already drawn up a list of

these princes, and a formula of the oath to be taken on entering the order, which he read aloud to the two barons, at the same time giving them each a gold chain as a badge, which he had woven with his own hand, and ornamented with symbols of peace. He intended to give one of these chains himself to every member of the order.

The two barons listened with astonishment to the emperor's discourse. He asked them if they were ready to help him in carrying out these plans.

They replied, they knew not how they could be of any assistance.

"You can do so," rejoined the emperor, "by acting as ambassadors for me: you, Kaln, to the German princes; and you, Schmidt, to the chief nobility of Bohemia and Moravia. But I must first take strong measures to protect myself and my throne. You must first go to Passau, to the Archduke Leopold, with credentials written by my own hand, and lay before him my intentions. If he agrees to them, you must see that a sufficient force is raised, and return to me with the army."

The two barons were completely bewildered by this speech. The scheme seemed to them nearly a hopeless one. The emperor, perceiving their surprise, gave them three days to consider the undertaking. At the end of the time they promised to carry out his views to the best of their power.

But the scheme was not destined to meet with success. Baron Schmidt, after performing his mission in Passau, went as delegate from the emperor to the Bohemian and Moravian nobility, to announce to them his master's intentions. But no one was inclined to give credit to his representations. The whole affair was looked on as a piece of idle ceremonial, perhaps serving as a cloak to some intrigue.

There was a simplicity and a romance about the undertaking, which to practised statesmen appeared absurd; and they feared, with some reason, a war between the rival monarchs.

Schmidt announced the failure of his embassy to the emperor, who sprang from his seat, violently irritated, and throwing open the window from which he could look down on the city, exclaimed: "Prague, ungrateful Prague! thou hast been renowned through my means; but now thou wouldst repulse me, thy benefactor. May the vengeance of God rest on thee and on all Bohemia!"

Baron Schmidt himself, in his old age, related this incident to the writer of this chronicle, showing at the same time the chain which had been given him as a badge of the Order of Peace. As he drew this relic from its hiding-place, the old man said, gazing on it with tears: "The pious emperor wove this chain with his holy hands, and the malediction he pronounced on the ungrateful city has indeed fallen on us!"

Rudolf's plans all met with the same ill success. The army he had been at such pains to collect at Passau, did indeed march to Prague, but Matthias was equally or

better prepared on *his* side. He met the army of Passau with his troops, gained a complete victory, and was immediately proclaimed King of Bohemia. Rudolf, grieved and disappointed, died of a broken heart.

It was well for the good emperor that he did not live to see all his worst fears realized; the results, indeed, were just what he had anticipated. Matthias entered Bohemia in 1617, accompanied by his nephew Ferdinand. Being himself childless, he formally adopted Ferdinand as his son and successor, and commanded the Estates of Bohemia to receive him as their king.

After having arranged for a general meeting of the Estates of the country, he passed into Saxony, with a view of winning the Elector's friendship for his adopted son. On his return the States met; their numbers, as he had expected and hoped, from the short notice given, and the time chosen (which was one peculiarly inconvenient to most landed proprietors), were but small. The emperor announced his intention of adopting Ferdinand, and requested the States to receive and crown him. The States objected, that so important a step could not be taken in the absence of the nobles who held fiefs under the empire. The emperor replied that Bohemia, being the principal and most important country of the empire, its Estates could well decide in the absence of the others.

The States, however, disliked the proposal, and had further objections to urge. They complained of the expression, "receiving a king." "It is for us," they said, "to elect our own sovereign, not to accept one chosen by others."

The emperor, however, was determined on carrying his point; and by dint of intrigues he succeeded. Ferdinand was obliged, however, to pledge himself to non-interference in religious matters. With this understanding the Bohemians consented to crown him king.

From this period the enemies of the gospel began to manifest their hostility with more confidence and determination, and the Evangelicals were threatened both openly and secretly. The Jesuits in Olmutz raised a triumphal arch, on which were depicted the Bohemian lion and the Moravian eagle in chains, and beneath them a hare sleeping with open eyes, and the inscription above it,—

"I am accustomed to it."

This was a reflection on the sleepy and careless manner in which the Estates had suffered themselves to be taken in by the emperor and his adopted son.

And indeed it soon became apparent that Ferdinand, though he had sworn to the States of Bohemia with his *lips*, had sworn fealty to the Pope with his *heart*. From this hour no pains was spared to bring about measures injurious to the Evangelicals. Their rights were violated by cunning and intrigue, and their patience purposely tried in order to urge them to some imprudent step which might justify retaliation. All the nobles attached to the Papacy, as well as the bishops and

clergy, oppressed their vassals in direct opposition to the "*Majestäts-brief*." Even in Prague and in the royal free cities the same was attempted.

The publishers were forbidden to print anything without special permission from the chancellor; while the enemies of the gospel circulated calumnious and scurrilous writings of every kind against their opponents.

Meanwhile those pastors who were inclined to the temporizing measures of the Pseudo-Hussites were secretly tampered with, to induce them to petition that the Utraquist consistory should be placed under the control of the archbishop, as in former times. Twelve of them had been persuaded to sign this, when the principal of them, Matthew Paczuda, who had been enticed by the hope of being appointed administrator, was attacked with dangerous illness, and feeling himself at the point of death, was seized with repentance, and not only recanted, but warned his companions against the intrigues to which they had lent themselves.

This put a stop to the attempt in question; but the adherents of the Papacy were not idle. The lordship of Karlstein was taken from the Count of Thurn and given to the bigoted Smečzansky, who lost no opportunity of oppressing his new vassals. The Evangelical churches in several towns were destroyed, and their inhabitants persecuted in various ways.

The States, irritated beyond endurance at these infringements of their rights, at last held a numerously attended meeting in 1618. They assembled, armed, in the citadel of the Hradschin, and in their rage against the chief fermenters of the divisions, Slawata and Martiniz, and the Secretary Fabricius, they flung them from the windows of the castle. Falling on a heap of soft earth, they were uninjured, which their friends professed to regard as a miracle. To the other party it appeared that they were preserved as a scourge for Bohemia.

This act of violence was in fact equivalent to a declaration of war. The States took on themselves to banish the Jesuits from the kingdom. The Bohemians then sent an embassy to the king, declaring that they had done nothing inconsistent with their respect for his majesty; but had merely punished those who had infringed the articles of the *Majestäts-brief*.

They entreated the emperor to assure them that he would view the matter in the same light.

But Matthias, influenced by Ferdinand, determined to have recourse to arms to punish the offence. The Bohemians put themselves on the defensive, and chose thirty directors for the time of the interregnum. Silesia and Moravia espoused the cause of Bohemia. The emperor refused to listen to those of his council who advised peaceful measures. Ferdinand is said to have answered the Bishop of Vienna, who spoke with regret of the probable devastation of the flourishing and beautiful country of Bohemia,—

"We would rather have a kingdom laid waste than damned."

An imperial army was accordingly sent to attack this

most prosperous and valuable portion of its sovereign's dominions, backed by a Spanish force. Such were the means to which the emperor trusted for the conversion of his refractory subjects. But Matthias's reign was now at a close. His death interrupted the proceedings, and the Bohemian States, with those of Moravia and Silesia, met to deliberate whether Ferdinand, who had been forced on them as their king against their will, and had endeavoured to destroy their privileges and liberties, could be still regarded as their lawful sovereign.

They decided in the negative. They then sent ambassadors to Frankfort, where the electors were assembled, to choose a new emperor, entreating that Ferdinand, whom they refused to acknowledge as King of Bohemia, might not be elected Emperor of Germany.

Their remonstrances were in vain. Ferdinand's party was too powerful among the German electors to permit the objections of one part of the empire to have any effect. He was elected Emperor of Germany, in an evil day for the cause of liberty and true religion.

The Bohemians now took the matter into their own hands. They could not prevent the ruler they so dreaded and disliked from being chosen supreme head of the "Holy Roman Empire;" but they *could* firmly refuse to acknowledge him as their king. They made choice of Frederick, Elector Palatine (who was married to the daughter of James I. of England), as King of Bohemia. He, unwisely for his own interests, accepted the offer.

Both parties now took up arms. An overwhelming force was collected by the adherents of the emperor. The Bohemians had valour, patriotism, and a just cause on their side, but against such fearful odds they had no chance. A decisive battle was fought under the walls of Prague, on the 8th of November 1620. The newly elected king—the "Winter King," as he was denominated—was driven from the country; the Bohemians were totally defeated, and the whole of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia lay crushed at the feet of the conquerors.

(To be concluded in our next.)

France and its Reformation.

VI.—FRANCE'S YEAR OF VISITATION—1533.

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D.

Calvin preaches in his native place—A prophet without honour in his own country—Goes to Paris—His great qualities as an evangelist—How kings and diplomatists sought to establish the Reformation—Charles V., Francis I., Henry VIII.—The gospel painted as Communism—League of Smalcalde—Francis, repulsed by the German Protestants, turns to England—Is again disappointed—A great Power, which the King of France is unable to see—Margaret of Navarre opens the Louvre for the preaching of the gospel—The sermon attended by great crowds—Two churches opened—Great congregations—The city of Paris moved—The rage of the priests—The churches closed—More stakes demanded—Preaching and martyrdom of Laurent de la Croix—The year of visitation passes, and France is not saved.

WE closed our former chapter with the martyrdom of BERQUIN. A nobleman, a scholar, an humble Christian, a zealous evangelist, many thought that they saw in Berquin that assemblage of great and holy qualities which fitted him for being the reformer of his native land. It was not to be so, however. His light had shone for a brief space, but now it was quenched. The fire had done its work upon him, and all that now remained of his once manly form was a handful of ashes. Great was the joy of the Sorbonne; profound the sorrow of the Evangelicals; but it was the ashes of Berquin only, not of his cause, that lay around the stake. When the martyr went up in his chariot of fire, he dropped his mantle on one who was standing by, and Calvin, endowed with a seven-fold portion of the spirit of Berquin, went forth from the pile of the martyr, as it were, to

spread over France and the world that truth which lived when Berquin died.

We have explained how Calvin came to be in Paris when Berquin was put to death. When busied in evangelistic work in the province of Berry; preaching the gospel in its capital, Bourges; and planting in the towns and villages around churches destined to furnish martyrs in days to come, Calvin received tidings that his father was dead. He started instantly for Noyon, taking Paris in his way, and in due course arrived at his native town. His journey was gone in heaviness of spirit. Behind him was the pile of Berquin; before him was the home of his childhood, where his father no longer waited to greet him. On every side was gathering, as it seemed, disaster around the gospel. But God, he tells us, comforted him by his Word. In fact, the things that appeared so adverse were working for the

good of the Reformation. We know why the light of Berquin was put out, even that a greater might shine; and if Gerard Calvin was removed by death, his son was able the more freely to enter that path which, if it implies a surrender of those worldly honours to which Gerard had destined his son, leads in the end to truer glory even on earth, and to glory unspeakably higher beyond it.

Calvin had quitted Noyon a mere boy; now he returns to it on the verge of manhood, bringing back with him that same pale face and burning eye which had marked him when a child. His townsmen were eager to hear him preach, for the rumour of his fame had reached even them; and if not unmixed with an occasional half-hinted suspicion of heresy, they were on that account only the more desirous to hear him. Calvin still held the chaplaincy of La Gesaine. He had not formally separated himself from the Church of Rome, as Luther had done; on the contrary, he still cherished the hope that it might be possible to reform the Church by preaching within her the pure doctrines of the Bible, and so there was no reason why he should not gratify the wishes which had been so generally expressed to him. When the day came, the church of Pont l'Évêque was filled with a great crowd made up of his father's neighbours, his own early companions, and the young nobles, especially of the Momor family, with whom he had been brought up, each more anxious than another to see and hear the cooper's grandson. It was the old doctrine which Calvin preached, but it was new under that roof, and new to most part of the audience which pressed round him. The sermon awakened very different feelings in different minds. By some—among others Nicolas Picot—it was welcomed as the true bread, and having tasted of that bread, they never again turned to the husks of Rome; but in the case of the most part they evinced but little relish for a salvation from sin, much preferring that which the Church offered, even a salvation in sin: and as regarded the priestly portion of the audience, they but too surely divined to what the preacher's doctrine tended, even the subversion of the "Church's" authority, and the utter drying up of all her influence and revenues. Noyon, which had given a reformer to Christendom, refused herself to profit by that reformer, and Calvin

was no exception to the proverb which says that "a prophet is not without honour save in his own country, and among his own kindred."

The Reformer's stay in his native place extended only to two months, when he left it, never more, so far as appears, to return to it. Noyon continued to watch the career of her great citizen, but not with pride. When Rome was trembling at his name, and Protestant lands were pronouncing it with reverence, Noyon accounted it its greatest blot that it had given birth to him who bore it. This, however, did not trouble the Reformer. Having now to choose a new field of labour, Calvin did not for a moment hesitate. His choice instantly fell on Paris. It was the capital; for although France had then many capitals, Paris took precedence as the seat of the court and of the great seminaries, and the centre of influences which, sooner or later, made themselves felt in the remotest parts of the kingdom. Moreover, Paris had just become a greater focus than ever of literary light. Francis, the king, who still strove to maintain a neutrality between Rome and the Reformation, and, though frowning on the gospel, patronizing literature, had invited to his capital some eminent professors of the Greek and Hebrew languages. Skill in these tongues, newly recovered in the Renaissance, lent more lustre, in those days, to the men who possessed it, than did titles or high dignities; and Francis was ambitious of having that glory reflected upon his court, his kingdom, and himself. Calvin hastened to where the light was shining; for the faith of the Bible is the only one that courts scrutiny, and loves to unfold its claims amid the blaze of intellect and learning. The study of the original tongues of the Bible was leading men to the Bible itself. Its simplicity, purity, sublimity, had charms for many who did not much relish its holiness, and they obtained from it an illumination of the intellect, although they failed to obtain from it a change of heart. This was the case especially with many of the students at the universities. They studied the Bible in the original tongues, and a little proud, it may be, of their learning, and not unwilling to display their polemical skill, they disputed in the courts of the university, and in the streets, with the champions of the old orthodoxy. Paris was at this moment ringing with a

warfare partly literary and partly theological, and Calvin wisely resolved, instead of going to Bourges and gathering up the broken thread of his labours there, to repair to Paris and place himself in the midst of this agitation; and notwithstanding the scholars and disputants with which the capital of France abounded, there was room for Calvin.

And, indeed, there was one prime quality, essential for his times and his work, in which Calvin excelled all others. In the beautiful union of intellect and devotion which characterized him, he stood alone. He was as skilful a controversialist as any of those noisy polemics who were waging daily battle on the streets; but he was something far higher. He fed his intellect by daily prayer and daily perusal of the Scriptures, and he was as devoted an evangelist as he was a skilful debater. He was even more anxious to sow the seed of the kingdom in the homes of the citizens of Paris than he was to win victories over the doctors of the Sorbonne. We behold him passing along the street, dropping quietly in first at one door, then at another, no one suspecting his errand, his humility and modesty being his shield; and while others were simply silencing opposers, Calvin was enlightening minds, and leaving traces that were imperishable in the hearts of men. In these we see the humble beginnings of a great work—a work that was to endure and fill the earth when all the achievements of diplomacy, all the trophies of the battle-field, all the distinctions of the schools, would pass away and be forgotten.

Leaving the evangelist going his rounds in the streets and lanes of Paris, we now turn to the public stage of the world, and attend a while to the movements of those who, as the possessors of thrones or the leaders of armies, thought they were in the place of Providence, and could mould at will the destinies of the world. The Reformation must wait on them—so they thought. They could plant it, or they could pluck it up. The greatest monarchy of the day was Spain. Its sceptre was stretched not only over the fairest portions of Europe, but over vast territories in both the Eastern and Western Hemispheres in addition. Its armies were invincible and its wealth was boundless. At the head of this vast empire was a prince of great sagacity and of

equal courage, Charles V. Although by no means a devoted Papist as a man, Charles was, nevertheless, as a sovereign, the firmest prop of the Papacy. This was the man from whom the Protestants of Germany had most to fear. If they stood in the way of his schemes he would, without scruple, trample them into the dust. It was not Clement VIII. of Rome only, they knew, with whom they had to do battle, but Charles, the master of one-half of Europe, and of the two Indies to boot.

But a counterpoise had been provided. France was made to weigh upon the arm of Spain, that it might deaden the blow should the emperor strike at the gospel through the sides of the German Protestants. He did wish to strike; and he sent his ambassador to poison the mind of Francis against the Reformation, and to assure him that, if he succoured the Protestants, he would pay for his folly with the forfeiture of his throne and kingdom, and that the gospel which these men were seeking to propagate meant concisely three things: first, the destruction of property; second, the destruction of the family; and third, the destruction of monarchy. "Espouse this cause," said the emperor's ambassador, "and you let in the deluge." It is surely instructive to mark that the imaginary creed of the Protestants, as the Spanish deputy painted it, has now become the actual creed of a large part of the Roman Catholic world; and that the words of Charles's ambassador very fitly portray the Communism which is rearing its head in the capital of France at this hour. This bugbear was held up to the king of France to frighten him into opposing the Reformation. He did oppose it; and now after three centuries comes this avenging Nemesis to chastise France!

But we return to a brief survey of those political rivalries which God employed to shield the infant Reformation against the material force which rose up on all sides to destroy it. Spain and France united would have crushed the Reformers; but God divided these two great crowns; and how? The defeat of Francis at Pavia inspired him with a dislike and dread of Charles, and casting his eyes around to discover how he might strengthen himself against his great rival, he turned to Protestant Germany as the likeliest

quarter to find allies. Thus the balance of power was thrown into the hands of the German Protestants, although the smallest by very much of all the political parties of the time. They could play off the crowns of France and Spain against one another.

At that hour a great tempest was gathering. Everything betokened war between the Romanists and the Protestants, and in the face of that terrible eventuality a loud cry arose from the latter for a league of defence among themselves. In March 1531 the representatives of the Protestant States met at Smalcalde, in the electorate of Hesse, and nine princes and eleven cities entered into an alliance for six years "to resist all who should try to constrain them to forsake the Word of God and the truth of Christ." This league was not formed to attack others; it bound its members to draw the sword only in the event of being attacked. They had their civil liberties to defend; for where else could they find foothold for their religion. Had their purpose been to propagate truth by the sword, they would have been cherishing a miserable delusion. But this idea did not enter their heads; their simple design was to obey the dictates of reason and fulfil the rights of manhood by standing for their lives and liberties.

Meanwhile the projects of Francis ripened, and next year he sent a special deputy to negotiate an alliance with the German Protestants. The man whom he entrusted with the mission was one of the most accomplished in his kingdom, —Du Bellay, brother to the Archbishop of Paris, who wished nothing more than to see his master Francis and the kingdom of France detached from the Pope, and fairly embarked on the path of the Reformation. Du Bellay offered the Protestants, in the name of his master, every aid in the shape of men and money, provided only they would join Francis against the Emperor and the Pope. But Du Bellay's advances were coldly received. Luther, who had a horror at spilling blood, and who dreaded that were an alliance patched up between France and the Protestant States, the Germans, feeling strong, might be tempted to embark in war, and bring the scandal of bloodshed upon the gospel, protested with all his might that their hope of making their cause triumph must be rested not

on carnal but spiritual weapons, that the gospel was not to be advanced by battles, and that the Almighty did not need the aid of diplomacy and the succour of warlike alliances.

Repulsed on the side of Germany, the king of France turned next to England. Henry VIII. had broken with the Pope, and there was ground therefore to hope that he might ally himself with France. Having opened the way by sending an ambassador across the Channel to feel the pulse of the English king, Francis met Henry on the Field of the Cloth of Gold at Boulogne. Amid the bustle and gaiety of tournaments, masquerades, and other royal fashionable pastimes of the age, the two monarchs found time to arrange a league in which they engaged to raise between them an army of not less than fifty thousand men, ostensibly to attack the Turk, but in reality to begin a campaign against the Emperor and the Pope. This great army might have shed much blood; it could have enlightened no consciences. It might have won victories for Francis and Henry; it would have won no victories for the Truth. It might have done much injury to the Pope; but the Papacy it would have left as strong as ever. But again the king of France was doomed to be disappointed. No sooner had he gone back to Paris than Cardinal Wolsey, as astute an intriguer as any monarch of the time, set himself, in the interests of the Pope, to undo what the two kings, with so much skill and pains, had arranged; and the consequence was that this league, which looked so big and promised so much, came to nothing. The great army that was to humble the emperor was never raised, and the scandal which the Reformation would have incurred, had its friends been the first to draw the sword, was happily averted.

While Francis was looking anxiously around him for friends, and deeming it a point of wisdom to lean on the monarch who could bring the largest army into the field, there was one Power which he missed seeing—in reality the greatest power in the world. It had neither fleets nor armies at its service, and so Francis deemed it the weakest of all powers, and carefully eschewed all close connection with it. It was doomed to go to the abyss, in his opinion; and should he link his cause with it, it would drag him down

into the same destruction with itself! The king of France's mistake was a very natural one. The invisible forces are ever the strongest, and these were all on the side of the Reformation, and were to lift it one day to sovereignty; and it would have borne Francis and his kingdom upwards with it, and done more for him than either Spain or England with all their armies. But it is the eye of faith that sees these forces, and Francis looked only with the eye of sense, and that eye could see nothing in the future but disaster for the Reformation; and so Francis stood aloof from a cause which had so few friends and so many powerful enemies. He did not openly oppose it, for he needed the help of its friends in Germany: and he had no love for the monks; their vulgarity and ignorance were offensive to him, and he was not sorry to have it in his power to moderate their zeal and restrain their worst excesses, but beyond these temporizing and wary expedients he did not venture. The holiness of the gospel was still more repulsive to him than the coarseness of the monks.

And now, leaving princes and courts to intrigue and plot for their own political ends under cover of advancing religion, let us turn to the work itself, and mark how it proceeds by instrumentalities very different indeed from those which kings know to employ. This brings before us once more an illustrious personage and sincere Christian who has for some time passed out of our view—the sister of the king, the Queen of Navarre. Margaret, emboldened by the alliances her brother was seeking to form with Henry of England and the Protestants of Germany, was growing every day more full of zeal and courage. She was cheered with the hopes that at last the hour had come when Francis and his kingdom would range themselves, once for all, on the side of the Reformation, and that in the martyrdom of the noble Berquin France had seen the last blood that ever would be spilt on its soil, and the last stake that would ever blaze in the Place de Grève for the cause of the gospel. She reflected that she stood near the throne; that not her own salvation only, but the glory of her house and the prosperity of France, were bound up with the gospel; that it became her to ward off the guilt of innocent blood from throne and kingdom, which

one day would have to be reckoned for; that many thousands in all the countries of Europe looked to her in the hope that she would interpose between the persecutor and his victims; and she girded herself for the part which fell to her in this great work. "The gospel," she said, "shall be preached in Paris; and not in private assemblies merely, but in the churches and cathedrals." This was the better way; a thousand times better than the method of diplomatists, who were seeking to establish the Reformation by leagues and battles. Had Margaret won over the masses of Paris to the Truth by the preaching of the gospel, the kingdom would have been saved—the St. Bartholomew of the sixteenth century and the Revolution of the eighteenth would never have been.

Let us follow Margaret's experiment. Much depended upon it, although France knew it not at the time. It was a second day of visitation to that country. Its first was under Lefevre and Farel. That day had passed, and the opportunity it brought with it was lost. But here are the messengers returned; and it may be that the city which, on the first occasion, was deaf to the voice of the charmer, may open its ear now. If Paris shall be converted, in all probability France will embrace the gospel; and if that shall happen, what a future of prosperity and blessing awaits that country!

The king was absent; but so much the better for Margaret, who resolved to act on her own authority, and was the likelier to have things her own way—in the beginning, at least—that her brother was not upon the spot. She issued her command that the churches should be opened to certain preachers whom she had selected; but she found that she had under-estimated the influence which the Sorbonne and the monks still possessed with the populace of the capital, and that she must proceed more slowly if she would gain her end. Even her power could not open the pulpits of Paris; but she was not therefore to be baffled. If she could not command the pulpits, she could command the saloons and halls of her brother's palace; from these the monks could not shut her out, nor exclude the preachers of her choice. And scarce was her resolution taken when it was acted upon. She threw open the gates of the Louvre; she caused public

announcement to be made that at certain hours of certain days sermons would be preached, and that all would be welcome. The preachers selected were the more pious and eloquent of the converted friars. An affair so novel and so extraordinary attracted great attention, and the crowds that repaired to the Louvre to hear sermons were greater than the largest hall in the palace could contain. The device was had recourse to of throwing several apartments into one: the crowd still overflowed, and the extemporized chapel became too small for the audience. As many as five thousand, says D'Aubigne, came day by day to the Lutheran sermon. It was a strange sight, considering what different scenes had been recently enacted in the streets of Paris. When one thought that only a few months before one of the most distinguished nobles in France had been burned in the Place de Grève, and that now the very same doctrines for professing which Berquin had died were being preached under the very roof of the palace, it appeared to one a dream—a revolution almost incredible. And then to think what a brilliant assemblage gathered round the preachers! The nobles, the lawyers, the men of letters, the rich merchants, all crowded in, at the hour of sermon, at the gates of the Louvre. Nor were the representatives of the tradespeople wanting. There, under that gilded roof, and mingling with that august assembly, which always comprehended the king and queen of Navarre, sat the sons of toil, eagerly listening to the Word of Life. Verily he would have been a despondent man who, at that hour, would have doubted the triumph of the good cause in France. The friends of the gospel were overjoyed, believing that their cause was won, or on the eve of being so. In so concluding, they did not take into account the hold which the Papacy had upon their country, nor how many interests and passions it had enlisted in its defence, and that a system which had been growing for ages could not be expected to fall in a day. A revolving storm of three centuries and more was to be needed to shake it into ruin. But these tragedies were hidden by the curtain of the future, and happily that curtain they could not lift.

Meanwhile Margaret had gained a great victory. She had moved the city, and, emboldened

by the success which had attended her efforts hitherto, she now returned to her first idea, which was to get possession of the churches, turn out the monks, and substitute for their ribald harangues the preaching of the pure gospel. Her aim was to open a fountain of living water in the capital, knowing that streams would go forth throughout the whole land, and France would soon become a garden. Her brother was at this time sojourning in the northern part of his kingdom, but she wrote to him, earnestly craving the use of the churches for the Reformed preachers; and Francis, not unwilling to do the Reformation a favour, knowing that his overtures to the German Protestants would speed none the worse on that account, placed two of the churches of Paris at the service of Margaret. Two Augustine friars, pious, earnest-minded men, took possession of their pulpits, and preached with simple but persuasive eloquence to great crowds. Paris was more deeply moved than it had yet been. "The churches were filled," says the historian Crispin, "not with formal auditors, but with men who received the glad tidings with great joy. Drunkards had become sober, the idle industrious, the disorderly peaceful, and libertines had grown chaste." Every day greater crowds were pressing to hear, and every day the fruits of the gospel were becoming more visible. There had been nothing like this in Paris before, and there has been nothing like it in Paris or France since. The same Spirit which, in the days of Noah, strove with the men of the Antediluvian world, shut up under sentence of the Deluge, was now manifestly striving with the men of Paris and of France, imprisoned under a sentence which delivered them over, unless they repented, to the great day of the wrath of the Lamb.

In proportion to the exultation of the Reformed was the rage of the priests. Was the barque of Peter to founder? they asked. Was the "eldest daughter" of the Church to break with Rome? It did seem at this hour as if this terrible disaster was about to befall the Papacy. The guardians of the darkness woke up in right earnest. They rushed to the pulpits; they thundered in the churches; they shouted "heresy." They implored the Virgin, and especially did they demand more stakes. They even went so far as to threaten the king, telling him

that if he did not put forth the strong hand to check the new opinions, the kingdom would be drowned in a flood of monstrous evils, political and social; that revolution would sweep away the throne; and that society itself would succumb beneath the attacks of impiety and irreligion. Had these persons lived to our day, they would have seen their vaticinations fulfilled in amplest measure:—the throne in the dust, the dynasty swept away, and the nation consuming in the fires of an atheistic revolution. But, whatever the cause, it certainly has been no tenderness towards what the Sorbonne styled heresy that has brought these evils on France. If stakes and blood could have kept out revolution, France had been the most orderly country in Europe.

The Virgin appeared in no haste to succour the Sorbonnists, for the congregations of the preachers continued to grow. The remedy the monks had prescribed for this outbreak of the Lutheran pestilence was more blood-letting; and to that remedy they now had recourse. A pile is the best confutation of heresy: they who are so answered never again reply. A Dominican friar, Laurent de la Croix, a native of Normandy, and a member of one of the monasteries of Paris, was converted by the gospel. Throwing off his cowl and cloak, and changing his name to Alexander, he fled to Switzerland, and began to evangelize amid its grand mountains and free cities. He was a man of great talents, of remarkable eloquence, and of most unwearied zeal; and his success in persuading men to embrace the Saviour whom he preached was something marvellous. The condition of poor France, from which he had fled, began to weigh heavily upon him; and though he must expose himself to untold perils, he could not restrain the yearnings of his heart to return to his native land. Crossing the frontier, he entered Lyons, the second city of the kingdom, and began to preach. The scene in early times of the ministry of Irenæus, and the seat of a church whose martyrs are amongst the most renowned of the primitive age, it seemed as if the gospel, which had here lain a thousand years in its sepulchre, was to have a resurrection under the preaching of Alexander. His power to move the hearts of men was unexampled; and, to his other qualities, he seemed to add invis-

bility, for the police, always upon his track, never could discover the hiding-places to which his friends conveyed him the moment his sermon was ended. To his enemies he was mysteriously invisible, yet his presence was felt in all parts of the city. At last, his friends abating somewhat of their caution, Alexander was apprehended and sent to Paris, escorted by bowmen, and loaded with chains. He preached all the way, the congregations increasing at each successive village where they halted for the night; and when they entered the capital, several of the guard were among the converts of the prisoner.

He was tried by the Parliament of Paris. They first tortured him cruelly, and next condemned him to be burned. The sentence was pronounced with unusual solemnity, on purpose to terrify the martyr; but when he heard it a gleam of joy shot athwart his face. Next came the ceremony of degrading him. They shaved his head, scraped his finger-tips, tore off his frock; in short, did all the customary rites by which the myterious virtue of priesthood is exorcised from the bodies of heretics. "If you speak a word," said they, "we will cut out your tongue;" for about this time this horrible barbarity began to be practised upon the martyrs. Last of all they brought forth the *robe de fol*. When the martyr saw himself about to be attired in this dress, he could not, says Crispin, refrain. "O God," said he, "is there any greater honour than to receive this day the livery which thy Son received in the house of Herod?"

Hastily providing a rude cart, they placed the martyr in it. On his way to the Place Maubert, where he was to die, he stood up, and, leaning with his hands upon the cart, preached to the thousands who thronged the streets, commending to them that Saviour for whom he was about to die, and exhorting them to flee from the wrath to come. The smile had not gone off his face; nay, it appeared to brighten and glow the nearer he drew to the stake. "He is going to be burned," said the onlookers; "and yet he seems a better and a happier man than they who have condemned him." Being come to the place of execution, he was lifted out of the cart (for the torture had mangled one of his legs), and placed against the stake, and held up till he was bound to it

with chains. He begged one last favour,—even permission to speak yet a few words to the people. Leave being given, he spoke with the impressiveness of one who had come from another world to beseech and warn them. The executioners trembled as they stood around the pile, gazing with a mixture of wonder and awe on this strange man. The crowd shed plenteous tears. For the martyr there was verily no cause to weep. A few sharp pangs, and then to him would come joy for ever. But cause there was to weep for themselves and their children, for whom the blood of the martyr, and of thousands more who were yet to be slain, was preparing a future dark with woes.

Now that we are advanced three hundred years beyond these scenes, and can look back on all that has come and gone in France since, we can clearly see that this year of preaching—1533—was a year of special visitation to Paris. The Spirit of God was manifestly striving with France.

Providence distinctly put it to that nation, "Will ye be a reformed country?" and France as distinctly replied that it would not. With London and Paris how different! The masses of London were leavened with the gospel by the faithful preaching of many excellent ministers, and hence the happier career of England. But in France Queen Margaret's attempt to convert the masses of Paris was withstood. The churches were closed, the burnings were resumed, and from that hour forward the population of the capital remained steadfastly on the side of Rome. The fate of Paris determined that of France; for Paris, in a sense, is France. And France remaining on the side of the Papacy, the domination of Rome has been prolonged these three centuries in Europe, with all the miseries which have come out of that domination, and which have been felt in no country more fearfully than in France itself.

HOW THE PROPHET DANIEL PRAYED.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BINNIE, D.D., STIRLING.

IT would not be easy to name one Old Testament saint, after Moses the Man of God, whose piety has been so highly commended by the Lord himself as that of Daniel the Prophet. When the angel Gabriel came to him with the famous prediction about the Seventy Weeks and the advent of Messiah the Prince, he delivered it with these words: "O Daniel, I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding.....I am come to shew thee; *for thou art greatly beloved*" (Dan. ix. 22, 23). Considering the channel through which it came, the commendation thus bestowed on the statesman-prophet is singularly strong. And it is only one of several proofs of a similar kind which show him to have been a man of almost unexampled piety. What a testimony to his excellence is implied, for instance, in the way his name is mentioned in the fourteenth of Ezekiel. Denouncing on Jerusalem and Judah the desolations of the Captivity, the Lord expresses his determination thus: "Son of man, when the land sinneth against me by trespassing grievously, then

will I stretch out mine hand upon it, and will break the staff of the bread thereof, and will send famine upon it, and will cut off man and beast from it: though *these three men, Noah, Daniel, and Job*, were in it, they should deliver but their own souls by their righteousness, saith the Lord God." This remarkable conjunction of Daniel's name with those of Noah and Job is repeated four times over in the course of the prediction (Ezek. xiv. 14, 16, 18, 20).

It would have been a high honour, in any circumstances, to be thus ranked along with two of the brightest stars of the ancient firmament. But the full force of this testimony to Daniel's character is not appreciated unless the circumstances in which it was delivered are taken into account. Let these two facts be noted. In the first place, *the testimony was not a posthumous one*. Daniel was still alive when the Lord thus named him along with Noah and Job. The prediction in which his name occurs was delivered by Ezekiel to the children of the Captivity, among whom that great prophet ministered by the river Chebar; and

while Ezekiel was fulfilling this ministry by the banks of the Chebar, Daniel might have been seen any day toiling in the business of his office at Babylon, as one of the civil servants of the empire. Ezekiel and Daniel, being both of good family—the one a priest, and the other a scion of the royal stock—had been carried away from Jerusalem, along with the flower of the nation, some years before the general captivity. It is to be noted, in the second place, that *the Lord's emphatic commendation of Daniel's piety took place while he was quite a youth*. This can be easily made out. The prediction in which it is found was delivered (as the terms of it show) in the interval between the captivity of the first exiles and the captivity of the whole nation. Now we know that Daniel outlived the seventy years during which the captivity lasted. It is plain, therefore, that his name was inscribed in the Holy Scripture, alongside of those of Noah and Job, sixty years before his latest predictions were delivered—sixty long years before he could say, "My warfare is accomplished, and I have finished my course." I do not remember anything in all the history of the Church that quite comes up to this. Here is a young man of about thirty—a man immersed in the secularities of high office in a heathen court—who, besides being already a famous prophet and the darling of his nation, is named far and near as a paragon of wisdom and piety, and is mentioned by a holy prophet as one who has already been found worthy to rank with hoary saints of the ancient time, like Noah and Job.

It is hardly necessary to say that the promise of Daniel's youth was amply fulfilled in his after life. No one in reading the fourteenth of Ezekiel finds any incongruity in the conjunction of Daniel's name with those of the two more ancient saints. The question accordingly presents itself, Whence this singular eminence in piety on the part of one so young? The question is one which, if the materials for answering it are accessible, we are much concerned to press. And, I think, Scripture does furnish the materials. The Holy Spirit has been careful to show us, at every stage in Daniel's long life, the fountain from which his piety flowed. He was a man much given to PRAYER; and the facts relative to his devotional habits present a

field of most pleasant and profitable study. Let us collect them with what care we can.

I. That Daniel was A MAN OF PRAYER might well have been assumed, although there had been no express record of the fact. Indeed, it is not the usual habit of the Scripture to take up room with statements to the effect that this or that saint was wont to retire daily for converse with God. When I see a willow shooting up rapidly, I do not need to be told that the ground is moist. When I see a man unfolding the graces of the divine life, I do not need to be told that he converses much with God in prayer. Circumstances occurred, however, in Daniel's case which, calling public attention to his custom of prayer, led to its being recorded in Scripture; and the terms in which it is described throw an interesting light on the manner of his converse with the Lord. We thus come into the possession of facts which would have been hidden from us if the decree into which Darius was entrapped had not withdrawn the veil.

"Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed, he went into his house; and his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem, he kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God, as he did aforetime" (Dan. vi. 10).

This, then, was Daniel's constant habit, "aforetime" and now. In the morning, before going forth to the business of the day, he knelt before the Lord in prayer. In the evening, when the business of the day was over, he knelt again in prayer. To these two daily seasons of stated and solemn prayer, he added a third, to which good people in this country are less used. In the latitude of Babylon the mid-day heats render necessary a complete cessation of labour for an hour or two. It was so likewise in Palestine; and David, in one of the psalms, tells us how he was accustomed to turn to account this break in the work of each day. "Evening, and morning, and at noon," he prayed and cried aloud. It was in compliance, therefore, with this ordinary custom of God's people in those Eastern parts that Daniel also "kneeled upon his knees three times a day, and prayed, and gave thanks before his God."

This he did "toward Jerusalem." And this is a circumstance exceedingly significant, as attesting that the spring of Daniel's supplications was a humble faith in the Lord's covenant. Solomon, in his prayer at the dedication of the Temple, was led to anticipate the sad reverses that were to befall the nation for their sins, and to mark out clearly the duty and privilege of the faithful in a time of captivity. "If they sin against thee, and thou be angry with them, and deliver them to the enemy, so that they carry them away captives into the land of the enemy, far or near; yet if they shall bethink themselvesand so return unto thee in the land of their enemies, which led them away captive, and pray unto thee toward the city which thou hast chosen, and the house which I have built for thy name: then hear thou their prayer and their supplication in heaven thy dwelling place, and maintain their cause" (1 Kings viii. 46-49). Clearly Daniel has that great prayer in his eye as he opens his window towards Jerusalem, and looks toward that dear quarter of the heavens, while he pours out his soul to the Most High in prayer. And this, I repeat, is a significant token of the respect he had in prayer to the Lord's covenant. Daniel certainly was not a narrow-minded man. There was not a touch of Pharisaic exclusiveness about him. He knew that God is not the God of the Jews only, but of the Gentiles also. When he speaks to the King of Babylon, he commonly calls the Lord "the God of heaven;" and doubtless he would sometimes call upon him by that name in prayer. But I am sure that he would oftener use other names; for he knew that it is not in the character of God as the Creator and Governor of all—the God of heaven—that a sinful man can find a ground of sure hope, but rather in God as the God of Abraham, who had chosen Israel, and who dwelt between the cherubims. This faith in Jehovah as the covenant God of Israel Daniel expressed by praying towards the city He had chosen to place his name there. He prayed towards Jerusalem just as we pray in the name of Christ, by way of professing his trust in the blood of sprinkling and the promises of the covenant.

Thus Daniel prayed to God continually. It was his known and constant custom. Every

man in Babylon who had become acquainted with the Hebrew statesman and his manner of life knew that no consideration, whether of inconvenience or reproach or danger, was ever suffered to interrupt or set aside his habit of retiring, three times a day, for prayer to the God of his fathers. We may be sure that a habit like this would not be easily maintained by a man in his station. Even in times when a certain profession of religion is deemed respectable, people who are much burdened with the cares of business are apt to suffer prayer to be crowded out or thrust into a corner. If they do not "watch unto prayer," the likelihood is that they will cease from it altogether. Daniel must have had ample experience of this kind of danger, for his office must have been a very onerous one. And, besides, his life was passed among heathens, many of whom were very glad to take occasion from his devotional habits to bring him into disgrace or danger. How nearly they succeeded in an attempt of this sort, no one needs to be told. It is worth remarking, that the edict of Darius and the casting of Daniel into the den of lions, because he would not cease to pray to his God, took place when he had reached extreme old age. He must have been at least ninety years of age—a time of life in which he might well have hoped, were it only in consideration of his long services and his gray hairs, to be undisturbed in his religion and to be suffered to finish his course in peace.

There are two sorts of people whom Daniel will, to a certainty, rise up and condemn in the day of judgment. There are the men of business who live without prayer, and excuse their neglect of it by the engrossing nature of their pursuits. A hundred examples could be cited along with Daniel's in proof of the hollowness of the excuse. For the truth is, that the thing they make an excuse for neglecting prayer is a loud call to abound in it. The heavier my burden, the more do I need God's help in bearing it. The greater the trust committed to me, the more do I need God's blessing on my endeavours to discharge it faithfully. The other sort whom Daniel's example condemns are those who omit prayer when it entails scorn or persecution. I have known people who omitted Family Worship, or celebrated it furtively and "with maimed rites," be

cause they had ill-natured neighbours, and were afraid of their derision. This is a clear dereliction of duty, and falls under the condemnation of being ashamed of Christ. If the threat of the lion's den would not have justified a Jewish exile in omitting to call on the Lord as he had been used to do, much less does the fear of an ungodly neighbour's scorn justify any man in being ashamed of Christ.

II. The specimens of Daniel's prayers which are preserved throw an interesting light on the subjects about which he resorted to the throne of grace. In particular they show that **IN HIS PRAYERS HE REMEMBERED ZION**. We shall have occasion to refer more particularly by-and-by to the remarkable prayer which occupies the greater part of the ninth chapter of Daniel. For the present, I simply call attention to the circumstance that, from beginning to end, it has respect to the cause of Zion. The sins confessed are the sins of the nation; the tribulations mourned over are those that had befallen the nation; the blessings craved are national blessings,—the return of the tribes, and the rebuilding of the city and the house of the Lord. Surely this ought not to be passed by without notice. The Lord's great directory for prayer runs thus: "When ye pray, say, Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name; Thy kingdom come; Thy will be done in earth." Daniel did not possess that rule. His special rule of direction in prayer was the Book of Psalms. But in the point now under consideration the two rules coincide. The cause of God and the interests of Zion have the same place in the Psalms as in the Lord's Prayer. Undoubtedly Daniel's care to cherish a public spirit in his hours of devotion is meant to teach a lesson to God's people everywhere and at all times. I am much mistaken if the lesson is not sorely needed by many. There are Christian men and women not a few, who, when they kneel before God, seem to think that the only matters calling for mention are those that relate to themselves personally; or, if they remember others at all, it is only to make intercession for their immediate neighbours and friends. They are right, of course, so far as they go. Prayer is not prayer at all, if it does not begin at home. One who

does not beg mercy and grace for his own soul has no warrant to pray for other people. But although our prayers are to *begin* at home, they are not to stop there. Noah's faith saved his house. The prayer of Daniel and of the other godly exiles brought about the decree of Cyrus, which gave liberty to the Jews to return. Our stated and more solemn prayers ought never to lack the element of intercession—intercession for friends, and especially for the Church of God. Not only have we reason to trust in God that these will procure the benefits sought in them, but we know that they will bring home a blessing to ourselves. Hearty intercessions sweeten the breath of prayer. Job's captivity was turned when he prayed for his friends.

III. When Providence seemed to call for it, Daniel used to **SET APART TIME FOR SPECIAL PRAYER**.

Two instances of this are on record. In the first year of Darius, Daniel satisfied himself, by the study of the Scriptures in the light shed on them by recent events, that the prophetic period set forth in Jeremiah was on the point of expiry, if it had not already expired. "I understood by books the number of the years, whereof the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah the prophet, that he would accomplish seventy years in the desolations of Jerusalem." Well, how did this conclusion affect him? Did he regard the certainty of the predicted return from captivity as a reason why he should give himself no trouble in the matter? On the contrary, believing that the set time was come, he not only (as we may well suppose) gave the good of Zion a warmer place than before in his daily devotions, but he arranged to devote some time to solemn and special supplication with reference to this matter. "I set my face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplications, with fasting and sackcloth and ashes" (Dan. ix. 2, 3). It is seldom that God's answer treads so closely on the heels of his people's prayer as it did in this case. While Daniel was speaking and praying, and confessing his own and his people's sin, and presenting his supplications for the holy mountain of his God, even before he had risen from his knees Gabriel was sent to him with an answer—an answer which

went much beyond what he had ventured to ask. He had prayed for the restoration of the people and the sanctuary: the answer, besides conveying to him an assurance on these points, spoke also of the Seventy Weeks and the advent of Messiah the Prince.

The other instance of this sort on record in Daniel's life occurred a few years later. "In the third year of Cyrus king of Persia a thing was revealed unto Daniel; and the thing was true." The occasion of this revelation is thus described: "In those days I Daniel was mourning three full weeks. I ate no pleasant bread, neither came flesh nor wine in my mouth, neither did I anoint myself at all, till three whole weeks were fulfilled" (x. 1-3). On this occasion Daniel, it appears, was able to devote three whole weeks to special prayer. It may be doubted whether he had ever been able to set apart so long a time before. However, he was now in extreme old age. The third year of Cyrus was about seventy years after the year in which Daniel commenced his prophetic office by interpreting Nebuchadnezzar's dream. Long before this, one would think, he must have been relieved from active service, and have become master of his own time. The notice before us affords an illustration of the way in which he delighted to occupy his leisure. He gave himself to the study of "the Scripture of truth;" he wrestled much in prayer for light that he might see more deeply into the mind of God, and for a blessing on the people of the Lord. It is remarkable that this season of special prayer was followed—as promptly as the former—with an answer of peace from God. "Behold, an hand touched me, which set me upon my knees and upon the palms of my hands. And he said unto me, O Daniel, a man greatly beloved [the reader will remark how often the statesman-prophet is thus addressed], understand the words that I speak unto thee, and stand upright.....Then said he unto me, Fear not, Daniel; for from the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard, and I am come for thy words" (x. 10-12). The most striking tokens of the Lord's delight in Daniel came to him immediately after he had been setting himself to seek God by prayer and fasting.

In regard to this point in Daniel's walk with God, it would be wrong to speak so strongly as we did in regard to the two that were mentioned before. No absolute rule has been laid down in Scripture respecting seasons of special prayer. We are expressly commanded to pray; to continue instant in prayer; and in our prayers to offer up intercessions for our fellow-men and the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ. In regard to these points our duty is imperatively prescribed. But there is no such express command to set times apart for more enlarged prayers: and God's children must not suffer themselves to be bound in a matter of this kind in which their Father has left them free to shape their conduct according to the circumstances of their lot and the calls of his providence. It is very doubtful (as has been observed already) whether it would have been either possible or right for Daniel to have set apart whole days in succession to prayer and fasting when the government of great provinces devolved on him. At any rate, I am sure that many true saints are so situated that they cannot command many hours for devotional exercises at one time. Many a mother, for example, finds it impossible to set apart any considerable portion of a day to such exercises, without neglecting more clamant and essential duties. People in such circumstances ought not to be disheartened. God will have mercy and not sacrifice. He can enable his saints in a busy time to throw more of real supplication into their brief prayers than is found in the longer prayers of others who have more abundant leisure. Still, it is plain from the approved examples of Daniel and other Bible saints that at critical times, whether in one's own history or in that of the Church or commonwealth, an endeavour ought to be made to secure time for special prayer. Our blessed Lord himself set time apart for such prayer before the more momentous steps in his public ministry. Enlarged blessings may confidently be expected in answer to enlarged supplications.

IV. One other fact in regard to Daniel's prayers claims notice. There is evidence to show that, WHEN HE HAD SOME VERY WEIGHTY PETITION TO URGE AT THE THRONE OF GRACE, HE WOULD ASK HIS INTIMATE FRIENDS TO CONCUR WITH HIM IN IT. It is a little curious that we find no mention

of Daniel's having frequented the Sabbath-day assemblies of his brethren for public worship. The synagogue system, which we see in operation everywhere at the time of the Lord's advent, is known to have been first established on a large scale during the Captivity, when the exiles, being shut out from attendance on the Temple, were led to seek edification in the simpler ordinances which the synagogue brought within their reach. One cannot doubt that both in Babylon and in Shushan, where the Jewish population was so considerable, synagogues would be organized, and Daniel would make conscience of attending them. But, in the absence of positive information, it is needless to speculate about these points. This we do know, however, that in a time of extreme peril he not only prayed himself but asked his three closest friends to concur with him in his petition. Nebuchadnezzar having, in his furious rage against the wise men for their failure to tell him his dream, decreed that they should be put to death, Daniel ventured to promise that he would resolve the king's doubts, if a little time were given. He and his three friends, since they had been enrolled among the wise men, were involved in the common peril. On coming forth from the king, Daniel, we are told, "went to his house and made the thing known to Hananiah, Mishael, and Azariah, his companions: that they would desire mercies of the God of heaven concerning this secret; that Daniel and his fellows should not perish with the rest of the wise men of Babylon" (Dan. ii. 17, 18). Daniel's prayer was offered in concert with those of his three friends; and accordingly he looked on the deliverance, when it came, as God's answer to their united cry; for he says (verse 23), "Thou hast made known unto me now what *we* desired of thee." This is not exactly a case of social prayer. It is the concurrence of friends, by agreement, in urging the same suit simultaneously in secret prayer. Daniel was happy in having, within the circle of his compatriots and bosom friends, three who were so

like-minded with himself that he could open to them what was in his heart and could reckon on their concurrence. Of all the benefits of Christian friendship, none is more precious than this. It is a kind of communion which can only be very imperfectly realized in connection with casual acquaintance. Many of the things about which we would most earnestly covet the help of others' prayers are of a kind too tender to be laid open to any but the most intimate and long-trying friends. One to whom God has given bosom friends such as Daniel's three companions—friends in whom warm affection is associated with wisdom and unfeigned faith—has reason to thank God for such a good gift, and is much to be blamed if, when trials or anxious times befall him, he omits to ask their concurrence with him in prayer. It is to be feared that this heavenly way of manifesting and exercising friendship is far from being so common, even among true Christians, as it ought to be.

Let the reader review the facts we have been collecting and commenting upon, and he will see that they shed a flood of light on the source of Daniel's ability to shine as he did in the ways of the Lord. He was enabled to manifest in early youth, and to continue to unfold, more and more, through a very long life, a singular excellence of piety in a singularly difficult station. By enabling us to follow him into his chamber and take note how he prayed to God, the Scripture has let us see the secret spring from which his piety was fed. "I live" (he might have said with Paul); "yet not I, but Christ liveth in me." His example is unfolded for our instruction and encouragement. If we pray as Daniel prayed, we may hope—not indeed to shine so brightly in gifts as Daniel did, or to serve our generation in so wide a sphere—but at least to be kept unspotted from the world, and, in our more humble sphere, to be enabled to do real service to our generation by the will of God, before we fall asleep and are gathered to our fathers.



The Church in the House.

BY THE EDITOR.

XXIII.

EXALTED TO GIVE.

ACTS V. 31.



HE murderer is haunted by the ghost of his victim. The haunting is real, although it may exist only in the mind of the criminal. It is of God that the shadow should follow and torment him. It is a part of the sublime machinery of Providence constructed for the punishment, and so for the prevention, of crime. It is one of the lines of defence thrown around human life by the Creator's watchful care.

All history teems with examples to show that the innocent blood which tyrants have shed rises up to avenge. Witness Herod: his courtiers imagined they would interest their master when they told him of the mighty miracles performed by Jesus. But the news only filled him with horror. The gory head of the Baptist came back; and though the murderer shut his eyes, he was compelled to see. He could only reply to his officious informants: "It is John the Baptist, whom I beheaded; he is risen from the dead." Many a time and oft the Baptist "rose" in the haunted imagination of that unjust judge. When the victim rises, the murderer undergoes a righteous retribution. He gave no mercy; and in his blind terror he expects none.

These high priests who had compassed the death of Christ were in Peter's address compelled to undergo this inevitable sentence, "Whom ye slew, God has exalted." Their victim has risen, and the murderers tremble. Woe to them if he whom they crucified is exalted! They showed him no mercy, and they expect none at his hands.

But come, ye crucifiers of Christ, come to him and be forgiven. Take the truth which fell once from your own lying lips, "This man receiveth sinners." That sneer becomes now the hope of your souls. It is because he receiveth sinners that now, when he is exalted, he will not put forth his power for vengeance. "Him hath God exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and remission of sins." Strange and attractive word! *Exalted to give!* When these Jewish rulers, who had sworn his life away before the tribunal of the Roman governor, heard first of his resurrection, they remonstrated with the witnesses—"Ye intend to bring this man's blood upon us." The resurrection of Jesus had no other meaning to them than vengeance coming on their own heads. They reasoned, If he whom we slew is exalted, woe unto us. But it is to these very men that the apostles preach pardon. They

proclaim that Jesus is exalted for the purpose of showing mercy to his murderers. He is exalted *to give*; and he gives even to them—he gives to all, and upbraideth not. Now that he is exalted, and his enemies are in his power, instead of *taking* vengeance, he *gives* remission of sins.

Fix your minds on this precious word. It belongs to us as well as to them. It is over all, like the vital air. In this end of the world, it is as cold waters to thirsty souls to hear that Christ is exalted in order that he might more largely "give." In the Seventy-second Psalm this remarkable promise concerning the Messiah is found,—“He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass: as showers that water the earth” (verse 6). It is true, as elsewhere written, that God “giveth us rain from heaven, and fruitful seasons.” But a greater gift is here. It is not he shall *bestow* the rain, but he shall *be* the rain. Not he shall send down the rain, but he shall come down as the rain. This refreshing is by the presence of the Lord.

The water is exalted into the heavens in order that it may give rain upon the earth: it is exalted to give. It is drawn up, as by a resurrection; and arises pure into the heavens, that it may be in a capacity to send refreshing to the thirsty ground. In the same way, he who comes as rain on the mown grass was exalted that he might give—that he might give himself, as the living water to his own.

This exalted Giver bestows every kind of good. He is head over all things to his Church. Every good and perfect gift is from above. But the fundamental benefit—the boon without which all others would be of no avail—is the twin gift promised in the text, “repentance and forgiveness of sins.”

These two go together to constitute one whole redemption. These two God hath joined, as he has joined right and left sides of a body to make one organized life. As well might the contending mothers at Solomon's judgment-seat be comforted by getting each a half of the divided child, as any sinner expect to be either safe or happy with one of these gifts if he wanted the other. These two are one; to separate is to destroy them.

Forgiveness of sin is an act of the supreme God, and repentance is an act of sinful man; and yet both are the gift of the risen Redeemer. It is not like two portions of an extended straight line; it rather resembles two halves of one great revolving ring. As it goes rapidly round, all in one solid piece, it seems sometimes as if this half were impelling that; and sometimes as if that half were impelling this. From one point of view, repentance in the man seems to draw forgiveness from

God; from another point of view, forgiveness freely given by God seems to work repentance in the man. In some sense both these views are true; but the one is not a living truth apart from the other. It is the circle that revolves, not either half of it. One thing we know, that the whole circle and all its movements have been bestowed as a free gift by him who is exalted a Prince and a Saviour. It is true that repentance draws pardon from God; and it is also true that pardon from God bestowed free makes the sinner's heart melt in penitence.

It is true that Christ says, "If any man open, I will come in;" but it is also true that no one would open unless he were moved and won by the plaintive voice of the divine Endurer, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." It is the opening from within that lets the Saviour enter; but it is the pressure of the long-suffering Saviour without that causes the fastenings of the closed heart to give way at length. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." We are accustomed to think of this as a description of faith's agonizing pressure at the gate of heaven's mercy; and the thought is right. But the phrase, in the light of Scripture, has another and greater meaning. Christ himself is the strong man who by force casts out the usurper, and spoils his goods and occupies his room. The kingdom of heaven is within us. And if it come not first into us, we shall never enter into it. Now this kingdom suffereth violence; the mighty One takes it by force. The force he applies is this same "forgiveness of sins." It is forgiving love, streaming from Christ exalted, and beating on the closed gate of a human heart, that drives the fastenings in at length, and floods it to its brim.

We cannot determine the precise point at which the process begins. We cannot be certain that it begins in all cases at the same point. The sewer, when she sets her machine agoing, grasps the wheel at some part of the circumference and sets it in motion. It is indifferent to her what part of it she may grasp. She never grasps it twice in succession at precisely the same place. So in the circle which consists of forgiveness and repentance, I do not know the very point which the Spirit of the Lord touches in order to communicate motion. All that I know is that he gives it motion; and that when one point moves, all points move.

And this wheel is like Ezekiel's, "so high that it is dreadful." The upper part of its rim is in the heavens, while its lower edge rolls upon the earth. Forgiveness of sin is an act done by God; it is an official act of the Judge on the great white throne. Repentance is a work and a rending and a melting here on the earth. It goes on within a human heart. The lower part of this circle is in the chambers of a sinner's heart here; and yet every movement of a hair's-breadth in that deep place is accompanied by a corresponding movement on high.

"There is joy in heaven, in the presence of the angels,

over every sinner that repenteth." Repentance in the deep places of your soul is so connected with the fountain of grace in God, that the slightest movement here is felt there.

I dare not say that in any case there is repentance in man before there is forgiveness from God; neither can I dare to say that in any case there is forgiveness with God before there is repentance in the man. But I know that wherever may be the spot where movement begins, the whole system moves together. In proportion as my soul draws by repenting, God gives by pardoning; and in proportion as God gives by pardoning, my soul receives through repenting. When the receiving channel is clogged, the outflowing channel is left dry; when the outflowing channel is filled by a rushing flood, the clods that choked the receiving channel are washed away, and there is a great refreshing.

There is one obvious practical lesson that should be interposed here—it is repentance that lies to our hand. It is with it that we have to do. Our business is to repent.

These two were joined in Peter's own experience. When Peter had denied his Lord, the Lord looked on Peter; that look conveyed pardon, and the repenting disciple went out and wept bitterly.

XXIV.

GAMALIEL.

ACTS v. 33-42.

The word on Peter's lips was "sharper than a two-edged sword." The audience were cut to the heart. Such convictions cannot pass away without some practical result. They will either melt the heart on which they fall, or make it harder. Those who have trembled like Felix under the preached word will either submit to the gospel, or resist it with increased enmity.

In the case of judges and rulers, if there is not true penitence, the enmity reveals itself in active persecution; but in private life the convictions that are resisted are for the most part kept secret. When conviction ripens into conversion and peace, the fact becomes known in the Christian brotherhood: but those piercings which are successfully resisted seldom become known beyond the breast of the convict. When he overcomes his convictions, he keeps the conflict to himself; when his convictions overcome him, his friends will hear of his surrender. I think there is many a conflict between Christ and the world which is never blazed abroad in history. When the world wins, and shuts the door in the face of Jesus, the strong man armed not only keeps his goods in peace, but keeps his victory a secret. When the lion has caught his prey, he devours it in silence.

At first the prevailing opinion in the court was that measures should be taken forthwith to secure the death of these two troublesome preachers. The Jewish rulers

thought that they should carry out the policy which they had already begun, and treat the scholars as they had already treated the master. At this juncture they were turned from their cruel purpose by the politic persuasion of one of their own number, "named Gamaliel, a doctor of the law, had in reputation among all the people." On his suggestion the accused were removed from the bar, that the court might deliberate in private on their sentence. In the private conference, Gamaliel succeeded in persuading them that it would be wiser in all the circumstances to desist, and leave the case to Providence.

In ancient times the opinion prevailed that Gamaliel interfered from secret sympathy with the Christians. There is an ecclesiastical tradition that he became a disciple. It was thought by many that he was already in secret a Christian when he exerted his influence to save the lives of Peter and John.

The prevailing opinion in modern times is different. Later critics have thought that it agrees better with all the circumstances to suppose that Gamaliel was really a Pharisaic Jew, that he had no sympathy with the disciples of Jesus, and that he continued to the end an unbeliever.

He was indeed a calmer and fairer man than any of his fellows. Besides, being a leading doctor of his sect, he had a personal and party interest in protecting the apostles at this crisis; for the real root of the charge against them was their doctrine of the resurrection. The apostles were suffering under Sadducean influence for the very doctrine which the Pharisees maintained as their distinguishing characteristic. The Sadducees were the movers at this stage of the persecution, and they moved in it because the resurrection of the body, as taught by Peter and John in connection with Jesus, went to demolish the corner stone of their distinctive system.

As the Sadducees gave their influence against the apostles because they preached through Jesus the resurrection from the dead, it was natural that the Pharisees should draw back when they discovered that by joining in the persecution they were in effect strengthening the hands of their rivals. Gamaliel, accustomed to lead his party, seems to have discovered as the case advanced that the Pharisees had glided unawares into a false position. He found that in swelling the triumph of the Sadducees in their crusade against the witnesses of the resurrection, they were mining the ground under their own feet. Accordingly, by a cautious speech and a temporizing motion, he succeeded in extricating his party from the scrape into which they had inadvertently stumbled.

In all that lay between the Pharisees and the Christians, Gamaliel was a Pharisee and anti-Christian; but in as far as the Sadducees were compassing the death of Peter and John for asserting the resurrection of the dead, he felt that his proper place was on the side of the apostles, and against the rival sect. At a subse-

quent stage of the history, Paul employed the conflict between the two parties on this very point, to rend asunder the cordon which his united enemies had drawn around him; and through the opening made his escape. (Chap. xxiii. 6.)

The Lord over all is wont to cleave a path through hosts of foes, as through the sea, when he desires to set his imprisoned servants free for further usefulness. If there had been no divisions in Israel,—if the nation at that time had not been arrayed in two hostile camps against each other, the witnesses might have been crushed at the outset of their career. In this way God in providence divides, that he may conquer the strong, and so deliver the weak out of their hands.

A remarkable parallel is found in the division of Israel into two rival kingdoms after the death of Solomon, and the consequent preservation of the Pentateuch from wilful adulteration. The mutual jealousy between Samaria and Jerusalem rendered mutilation or addition impossible. In the same way the Scriptures were preserved from interpolation in the earlier Christian ages—before the invention of printing—by the mutual jealousies between the Roman Church and the various sectaries that successively arose and asserted their liberty. Between Pharisees and Sadducees there was a rent, and the apostles went out free: between Ephraim and Judah there was a rent, and the Pentateuch came through entire.

The proposal of Gamaliel, with the reasons which supported it, have been much canvassed by modern critics; but I suppose the view generally taken now is that it does not manifest great depth of wisdom in the court. The philosophy of the speech is flimsy, and its religion more than doubtful. It is probable that the Sanhedrim were by this time frightened at their own shadows,—in bodily fear lest the people should rise in insurrection, otherwise they would not have yielded so readily to the arguments which the great doctor advanced. Probably Gamaliel knew very well that his reasoning was weak; but he perceived also that it was sufficient to afford an excuse, which the court wanted, for dismissing the panels from the bar. His reasoning is substantially though not formally a dilemma. He says in effect: The cause is either of God or of men: if it is of God, ye cannot overthrow it, and therefore in that case you should let it alone; if it is of men, it will crumble to pieces, and in that case also you should let it alone.

To this notable piece of wisdom they all agreed. I suspect they desired to reach this conclusion with a view to their own safety, otherwise they would not have reached it on such grounds. Persecutors are neither consistent nor dignified. The prisoners, though unconvicted, were beaten in presence of the court, and dismissed with a command to preach no more in the name of Jesus. They might have understood by this time that they might as well command the tide not to rise on the beach as command these men to hold their peace.

The disciples "departed from the presence of the

council rejoicing:" and what was the ground of their gladness? That they were set at liberty? No; but that they were counted worthy to suffer shame for his name. What a word! And what a thought! It was new in the world. The world was incapable of comprehending the idea which inspired these martyrs. This joy of theirs was as new and strange as if a second sun had appeared in the sky. This is a joy which their Redeemer gives—a joy that no man taketh from them.

Again they grandly disobeyed the impotent orders of the Sanhedrim. Every day, in public and in private, they continued to teach and preach Jesus Christ. There is a great lesson in this last word. It is not enough to say that they preached. The power lies not in the act, but in the object. They pressed Christ as a divine Redeemer to the hearts of weary men. This is the true apostolical succession—to know nothing as a cure for men's sin but Jesus Christ and him crucified; and no sin which his blood cannot wash away. None but Christ for any; and Christ sufficient for all.

XXV.

THE DEACONS.

ACTS VI. 1-6.

As an introduction to the narrative of the discontent that sprang up, it is intimated that "the number of the disciples was multiplied." We gather here that the bulk of the society had something to do with the troubles that arose. In a large community certain disorders are apt to occur, from which a smaller body may be comparatively free. It was necessary to institute new offices to meet new demands.

But besides the increased numbers, we must also take into account the liberal provision for the poor that had been made through the generosity of a fresh young faith. It is remarkable that both the internal disorders—the hypocrisy recorded in chapter v., and the murmurings recorded in chapter vi.—sprang directly from the open-handed charity exercised towards the poor. In that rich soil, several rank weeds suddenly sprang up, to test and exercise the wisdom and faithfulness of the infant Church. The falsehood of Ananias, and the discontent of the Hellenists, grew in different compartments of the same field. One root of bitterness grew in the givers, and another in the receivers. Both are recorded, that Christians in subsequent ages might be warned on either side.

From the beginning hitherto, the Church has been exposed to manifold dangers at the point where she comes into necessary contact with the world. How many sorrows and how many sins have sprung up with gifts—with money! Contributions are necessary: without them, even the faith of disciples would often be crippled in its action for want of instruments. But the contributions, especially in large bodies and in an artificial state of society, afford a cover in which the adversary conceals himself when he seeks to devour.

Both givers and receivers need to be watchful. No Church on earth can be free altogether from danger here. Our prayer should be, not that we should be taken out of the world, but that we should be kept from the evil. Great liberality is a beautiful fruit of faith; yet in this sweet fruit a worm may gnaw.

Hitherto the apostles had personally superintended the distribution of the gifts. It was not possible that they should take charge of every detail. The work must have been to a large extent delegated. It was natural that Jews of Palestine should in the first instance be employed. These would be best acquainted with their own countrymen; and so it might happen that the native poor were at first better provided for than the poor Jews who had been born in Greek countries and understood only the Greek tongue. How far the grievance was real, and how far sentimental, we do not know; we know only the fact that the Hellenists complained of undue partiality in favour of the Palestinians. Murmurings are dangers to the peace and prosperity of the Christian society. As soon as the apostles heard of the complaint, they took effective measures to satisfy, and so remove it. They surveyed the case, and promptly formed their resolution. At a glance they perceived that if the same methods should be continued, they must personally attend more minutely to the details of the distribution. But this would distract their attention, and occupy their time with secondary affairs, to the manifest detriment of their chief work, the ministry of the Word.

A new order of officials must be appointed to superintend this business. The apostles, in the first instance, made up their own mind as to the kind of office that should be instituted, and the qualifications which the officials should possess; then they submitted their proposal with reasons to "the brethren." Thereupon "the whole multitude" accepted the proposal, and at once proceeded to choose fit and proper persons for this specific work. Having elected the seven deacons, they presented them to the apostles. The apostles on their part accepted the choice of the people, and ordained the deacons by prayer and the imposition of hands.

In making the proposal regarding the institution of the deacons, the apostles state briefly the grounds of their decision. These grounds are permanently true and precious. The foundation so laid will bear more than the particular weight then and there imposed. If the apostles declined to administer charitable gifts to poor disciples, lest it should interfere with their spiritual ministry, many other things, if they had lived in our days, they would have declined for the same reason. It becomes all Christian ministers to walk humbly in the apostles' footsteps, rather than to set up an exclusive claim, on some transcendental ground, to be accounted their successors.

It is eminently worthy of regard, that although the specific work to which the deacons were in the first instance called was the distribution of money and other

material gifts, a necessary qualification for office is, that they be "full of the Holy Ghost." Grace in large measure is announced to be a necessary requisite in one who shall handle "the outward things of the house of God." It is on this border belt, where the Church and the world meet, that corruption is apt to spring; and it is especially important that those who are called to duty in that sphere should be eminently spiritual men.

In distinguishing the specific sphere of the deacon, the apostles incidentally define their own. This definition is of great value. The duties of their office are "prayer, and the ministry of the word." Like the rest of the "acts" recorded in this book, and in strong contrast with the flimsy and fantastic ideas of the sub-apostolic age, the definition exhibits both the clearest logic and the broadest common sense. The work consists of two parts; and these two are arranged in their natural order. By prayer they *get* from God, and through the ministry of the Word they *give* to men. Like Paul, they are "vessels;" the vessels must first be filled, and then they bear about and spread the blessed Name that fills them. We find no priesthood and no ritualism here. These two constitute the apostolic ministry, as understood and explained by the apostles. They knew their own mind better than monks of the Middle Ages. It is in the Scriptures that you breathe the free fresh air of heaven; when you descend into the arena of the fathers, real mountains and mist-clouds are so intermingled that you cannot distinguish with certainty between them.

Prayer and preaching, alternate or simultaneous, are the right and left side of a living ministry. The preaching work may be laboriously and conscientiously performed without comfort and without success if the other side be from any cause paralyzed. I watched once with interest the operations of a brick-maker in a field of clay. There was great agility in his movements. He wrought by piece, and the more he turned out the higher was his pay. His body moved like a machine. His task for the time was simply to raise a quantity of clay from a lower to a higher level, by means of a spade. He threw up one spadeful, and then he dipped his tool in a pail of water that stood by. After every spadeful of clay there was a dip in the water. The operation of dipping the spade occupied almost, if not altogether, as much time as the raising of the clay. My first thought was, if he should dispense with these apparently useless baptisms, he might perform almost double the amount of work. My second thought was wiser; on reflection I saw that if he had attempted to continue the work without the alternate washings, the clay would have stuck to the tool, and his progress would have been altogether arrested. Right well did the skilful workman know that to plunge his instrument in water every time it was used furthered and did not hinder his work. Indeed, it was this that made his work possible.

I said to myself, Go thou and do likewise. The ministry of the Word, as the world goes, is like the

effort of the workman to lift the clay; prayer is the baptism which makes progress quick—makes progress possible.

XXVI

TROUBLES BEARING BLESSED FRUITS.

ACTS vi. 7-15.

These wise and prompt measures were immediately followed by blessed results. The murmuring was silenced. The irritating leaven of discontent was cast out of the Church. This was done, not by a high-handed authority, exerted to silence the murmurers, but by acknowledging the existence of the grievance, and instantly devising the means of redressing it. Justice was administered at once; there was no vexatious delay. The boon was bestowed gracefully, and left no sting. There was no taunt. The redress was complete as well as prompt; for there is reason to believe that all, or nearly all, the deacons appointed belonged to the section that complained. All the seven have Greek names. This does not necessarily imply that they were all Hellenists, for many Palestinian Jews bore Greek names. Andrew and Philip, in the college of the twelve, bear names that are purely Greek, and yet they were natives of Palestine. These two, although really Hebrews, may have had some family connection with Greeks. Besides their names, there is the interesting circumstance, that when some Greek strangers at Jerusalem (John xii.) desired to obtain an interview with Jesus, it was to these two disciples that they applied for an introduction. It is probable that most of the elected deacons were Hellenists; for it was in order to satisfy that section of the Christians that the appointment was made. There is great wisdom in this straightforward and frank mode of dealing. It takes all the bitterness away, and sweetens the breath of the society. Best of all, it removes the hindrance, and promotes the spread of the Word. Divisions impede the progress of the kingdom; but divisions wisely, generously, promptly healed, not only restore matters to their former condition, but carry the common cause further forward. When a broken bone is healed, the limb is stronger than it was before. Thus it often happens in Christian communities, that where faith and love are in exercise, incidental difficulties become the occasion of edification and progress, according to the promise that God will make all things work together for good to his own. The troubles, in regard to the distribution of charity, that threatened the peace of the Church, became the occasion of displaying truth and love and fairness in the character of the leaders, and so a new impulse was communicated to the common work. "The word of God increased, and the number of the disciples multiplied in Jerusalem greatly."

Of the seven men Stephen comes first to the front, and stands out the chief. After him Philip is distin-

guished in the apostolic history. These two men, of one spirit, were led by different paths, and employed in different kinds of service. Stephen suffered early, and Philip preached long. The Lord had need of both as his witnesses. Stephen by his faithfulness unto death, and Philip by his faithfulness in life, served the Lord in their generation ; and now they rejoice together.

Without explanation and without comment the narrative proceeds to intimate that these men, chosen and ordained for the specific duty of distributing the Church's charity, proceeded forthwith to preach, and to preach with power and success, the gospel of the kingdom. Stephen was full of the Holy Ghost and of faith ; we need not therefore be surprised that he could not limit himself to the serving of tables. The very qualities which recommended him for that office, carried him beyond it. He burst through the borders of his own special department. He volunteered apostle's work in addition to the work of a deacon which had been prescribed to him. No one interposed to restrict his efforts within the narrower sphere. I take the facts as I find them. I love them as they are. There is great freedom and elasticity along with order in the organization of the Church as it appears in the New Testament. A free development belongs to the nature of the gospel. Wherever the love of Christ is kindled within the heart, it will burn its own way out. It will keep the higher law of the Lord ; but it bursts through all human official regulations. In a quickened time the lower offices instinctively rise to the higher work : in a dead time the reverse process may be observed—the higher offices, and those who hold them, gravitate down to the sphere of the lower, and beyond it. At such seasons those who claim the apostolate practically desert prayer and the ministry of the Word, and strive for mastery in the various ambitions of the world. In our day the stream has often manifested a tendency to overflow its banks. Those who hold only private station in the Church have, through strong spiritual instincts, glided ere they were well aware into the heart of the ministerial work—into prayer and the ministry of the Word. Irregularities may be expected to appear at such a time. Let these be watched and corrected with all the wisdom and faithfulness available to the Church : but beware of mere suppression. I would rather undergo much toil and trouble in looking after the embankments and guiding the course of the stream, than be relieved of labour by seeing the waters fall like a tropical torrent, and leave the land a desert.

Stephen's great power provoked a great opposition.

There is a list of the adversaries, but not of the subjects in debate. We know, however, what the contention was. These Jewish teachers, even the most devout, held to the dead letter of the law, overlaid as it was by the endless superstitions of the Talmud. The preaching of Stephen made short work with their childish ritualism. It tore up their phylacteries and interrupted their long prayers. It grasped the Pharisee fast by his conscience, and threw his stately figure prone on the ground beside the repenting publican, announcing, with authority and not as the scribes, except ye repent ye shall perish. This preacher did not go about the bush. He told them that all their sacrifices and all their washings would not serve as a substitute for faith and holiness. All this, they thought, was a bold assault on Moses and the law.

Saul's name has not been pronounced yet ; but here we begin to feel the firmness of his hand. Saul was there, acting in some formally subordinate but really dominant capacity. The business is not conducted as it was at the last meeting of the court, when, under the temporizing initiative of Gamaliel, the persecutors allowed the victims to slip through their hands.

Here from the first the reins seem to be held in an inexorable grasp. The witnesses are ready : they had conned their tasks ; their precognitions have been taken. The prisoner is placed on his defence with a foregone conclusion that he shall not escape.

The martyr has a distinct presentiment that this will be his last witness-bearing. The sheen on his countenance betokens the triumph in his soul. It has generally been considered to be a supernatural glory. I am not disposed to dispute this theory ; for it would be in accord with other examples, and with the purpose of God to give unbelievers yet another testimony. But I rather like to think of it as a natural brightness—as the direct and non-miraculous effect of great inward peace coinciding with great outward trouble. All God's children attain in measure to the serenity of countenance which corresponds to internal faith and hope ; but in some cases this effect is produced to such an extent as to excite the admiration of observers. I think it probable that it was Stephen's victorious faith, and blessed hope, fanned by the fierce persecution into greater force, that glistened that day on his face, and almost persuaded some of his persecutors. At eventide there shall be light. In the near prospect of glory, he was so elevated above the world, that the dawn of an eternal day reached him before the time, and crowned the victim for the sacrifice.



The Children's Treasury.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

BY F. S. A.

[Note.—In the public schools of America the rich and poor meet together more than in the schools of this country.]



WONDER if other children have to go without as many things as I. My mother says I am not alone, and that many have much less than I do. She often says, too, I am a foolish boy to wish for what I cannot have. I suppose she is right; but I go on wishing.

We live in the country, but very near the sea; and it is fun to watch the big ships as they come up to the landing and unload. Sometimes I go on board, for Charley Porter's father owns several, and Charley and I are great friends. These ships bring silks and tea, and lots of good things, such as boys delight in; and Charley is always ready to share his dainties. Then, too, he lives in a handsome house; and, as he is the only boy among many sisters, he is greatly petted. Anything Charley wants he can have; while I, with five brothers and as many sisters, share equally with the rest.

Our house is small and old, and my parents work hard to feed and clothe us. Two of my brothers are through school, and earn a little money. I am only twelve years old, yet I am almost as busy as they. We have a great many hens and chickens, and my business is to feed and care for them. I often wish I had the money the eggs and chickens bring; but, when I say so, father answers I shall when his ship comes in.

When I was younger, I really thought he owned a ship, which would one day come into port. But, as the years come and go, and his ship never arrives, I fear he was only jesting. Every day I wish we were rich; but mother tells me I should be no happier if we were. I should like to try it. Would it not be fun to have a long purse filled with money?

These were my feelings a year ago; but scarcely had a week passed ere I was in doubt if money would make me so happy. I went to school one morning, and found a new scholar in the seat next to mine. I had heard of him. His father had bought the large house on the hill; and such a house as it is—full of handsome pictures, and furniture, and everything money can buy. The stable is larger than our house, and the horses are just splendid.

But Harry, the only child, is almost a cripple. At first I did not perceive it—not until the bell rang for recess. Then I saw him stoop for his crutches. One of them was beyond his reach. I sprang to get it, and helped him along. As many of the boys stopped to look, and the colour came so quickly to his cheeks, I proposed that we should wait until the crowd got out.

After a while we followed the rest; but he could not join our game. He would not let me stop beside him; but said he would look on while we played. Somehow, I did not enjoy playing that day; he could never run nor jump, and my heart ached for him.

When we returned to the school-room, I forgot it, for we found that he could read and spell and write as well as any of us. Indeed, some of us thought we should have to work hard to keep ahead of him. When school was done, Charley, Harry, and I lingered to talk. In a few minutes a man looked in at the door, who said, "Master Harry, the phaeton is here."

I had never seen a phaeton; but as Harry seemed to expect us to go with him, we went. There was a low carriage, with a dear little pony, waiting for him. The man assisted him in; and Harry, nodding good-bye to us, took the reins and was off.

Charley was silent a few moments. Then, clapping his hand on my shoulder, he said, "It is dreadful; isn't it, Ben?"

"Yes," said I. "How can he bear it?" and, as I looked at my two good feet, I thought I should never care again how old and patched were my shoes.

A week went by, and we liked Harry more and more. We found him a real good fellow, always ready for fun. Nobody can draw such pictures as he; and the men and horses he cuts from wood and bone are perfectly comical. Almost all the boys had new knives, and one day I went home determined to persuade my father to give me one. He did not come in to supper until we were most through; then I heard him tell mother he had been disappointed in getting work. It was not a good time for me to proffer my request; but, boy-like I could not wait. So I said,—

"There is one thing, father, I must have."

"Ah!" said my eldest brother, "Ben is quite moderate. Only one thing you want to-day! What can it be, Ben?"

"It is a new knife," said I.

"I want new knives too," said mother. "These," and she took up some on the table—"these have been in use most twenty years."

"But I want a jack-knife," was my reply; "all the boys have them. Can't I have one, father?"

"Yes," said he, "when my ship comes in."

"But it will never come," I said, half crying; "you have not any."

I was so earnest that I hardly perceived the tremble

in my father's voice, as he said, "I begin to think, Ben, I have not, either. I wish I could give you what you wish, my boy, and mother the knives. But I hope you can be happy without them."

I did not respond; but I heard mother's whispered words: "You need not doubt it, husband. While we have each other we shall be happy."

So I had to go to school without my knife, and I stood idly by at recess while my companions whittled and talked. All at once Harry slipped his knife and a block into my hand, saying,—

"Try, Benny, and see if you can make a horse."

Trying I found not all that was essential. So I soon returned the knife to its owner, while I said, "You can do most everything, Harry."

"I wish I could," he replied. "If I only had two—"

He did not finish his remark; but, as he took up his crutches, I heard him say: "If wishes were horses, then beggars might ride. Did you ever hear *that* before, Benny?"

No, I never had heard the words; but it was the old story. I was not the only one who indulged vain wishes. But through that day I did not cease to envy Harry. To be rich, and have all that money would buy, I thought I would be willing to be lame, even as he.

Early the next day, John, the man who waits upon Harry, came to our door. He brought to me an invitation to return with Harry from school, and spend the rest of the day. It was well I knew all my lessons before the invitation came, for, as I was the first boy to be asked by Mrs. Lewis, I could think of little else all the forenoon.

John was in waiting when we came out of school; but I rode in the carriage with Harry, and was allowed to drive the pony. I never felt so grand as at that moment. Harry talked and laughed as usual, until we arrived at his house. I leaped from the carriage; but John was ready for my companion. It was pleasant to see his care of him.

Mrs. Lewis was at the door. She gave me a pleasant greeting, and then her eyes rested upon her son. Her smile was sweet; but, boy as I was, I saw deeper thoughts than appeared on the surface. She led us through the broad hall to the piazza at the back of the house. Here were three or four chairs and a little table. On the latter was a large dish of fruit; and, pointing to it, she said to me,—

"Make yourself at home, Benny; for I hope you will visit us often."

When was it difficult for boys to eat luscious pears and peaches, or to have a good time generally, with everything to favour? The hour before dinner went upon wings, and the hour after we spent at the barn. The horses, cows, and pigs all seemed to know Harry, and he had a name and a word for every one. When we returned to the house, we went to the sitting-room.

"How pretty!" I exclaimed as I stood upon the

threshold. Truly the appearance of the room justified my compliment. The sun was shining on its three large windows; the canaries and the mocking-bird were answering each other; while flowers and pictures were on every side. But my gaze was directed toward one painting. It was of two heads; the eyes and mouth so expressive they almost seemed to speak, and I turned again and again to look at them. At last I felt Harry's hand upon my shoulder, and he said,—

"Are they not beautiful?"

"Yes," said I. "Who are they?"

"My brother and sister." He paused a moment, and I heard him sigh; then, with evident effort, he said, "I wish they had lived, and I had died."

It seemed so strange to hear a boy no older than myself wish for death! But I replied, "I never should have known you then, Harry."

"Should you have cared, Benny? There would have been some one else—some one who could run and leap as I never can."

He had never alluded to his lameness before, and I knew not how to answer him; so I pressed the hand that was around my neck, while I said, "Tell me about them."

We seated ourselves on a low divan, within sight of the picture, and Harry told his story.

"I was born twelve years ago, and was as well and as strong as any baby could be, until one day the girl who had the care of me took me out of my carriage. This she had been forbidden to do; but, in her haste to meet a friend, she disobeyed, and running across the street, fell upon the ice, and I with her. I have never walked without crutches since, and never shall."

I pressed his hand again, and he went on,—

"But my brother and sister came bright and beautiful, and every day they grew prettier and brighter. Merry children they were, too, and whiled away many a weary hour; but," continued Harry, "one day they grew sick, and in one short week I had neither brother nor sister."

"I am very sorry," said I; "it was very hard for you to bear."

"Oh yes, you can never know how hard; but I could have borne it if I were the only one to suffer. But my father and mother—they have only me, and I never can be anybody."

"You are some one to love and care for," I replied; "and that is what my mother says we all need in this world."

"I never thought of that before," said Harry. "So I am, and they give me lots of petting. Sometimes when I am with father, and we are sketching and talking, he almost seems to forget I am not like other boys. But how I wish I had two good feet, like you and Charley!"

How I wished it too! All the evidences of wealth around me appeared as nothing compared with my own feet, if their coverings were patched and worn.

We were so absorbed that we did not notice the entrance of Mr. Lewis until he spoke. Then a pleasant voice asked,—

"Are you holding a Quaker meeting?"

Harry sprang up almost as quickly as I, and his voice was calm and sweet as he answered,—

"Oh no, sir! I never should make a good Quaker. I love to talk too well for that."

Then turning to me, he said,—

"This is my friend Benny, papa."

"Very glad to see you, my boy," was the salutation I received; and looking up, I saw a face that corresponded with the words. Oh, how I loved that man! Perhaps he guessed what had been our subject; if he did, he understood drawing our thoughts away from it. He showed us rare birds from tropical climes, many of which he had shot and stuffed. Each had a story connected with it, and one led to another, until, as the twilight deepened, we heard the tea-bell and Mrs. Lewis's voice summoning us to the supper-room.

Then after tea she opened her piano and commenced to play. All at once I heard her voice, and in a minute more Harry joined in; and I forgot all else but the music, and that I was singing too.

We have no piano at home; but we all sing, and I was a glad boy when Mrs. Lewis praised my singing, and said she would teach me to play.

I was sorry when I heard the clock strike eight, for mother had said that I must come home then. They all said they were sorry too; and, as I bid them good-bye, I said to Harry,—

"You will come and see us soon, I hope. We have nothing to show you but ourselves; but we will be glad to see you."

"All I want is a welcome," said Harry.

He had the welcome the very next week. It was vacation at school, and I was feeding my chickens, when I heard wheels, and, looking up, saw his bright face. His eyes were upon my sisters; and, strange to say, neither of them ran away. Nelly is shy of strangers; but she went quickly toward the carriage and helped Harry to alight, as if she had known him all her life. I wondered if he would notice how faded and worn were our carpets and furniture. But I think he did not notice either; his eyes were only for Nell and Katie.

"Oh," said he, more than once, "you are rich, Benny!"

"Rich!" I exclaimed. "Rich! Harry, what do you mean?"

"Why, what I say, Ben. I call you rich to have two such sisters. Money is nothing compared to them."

And I think Harry was right. Before he went home he had seen every corner of our house, and admired all. He thought my big brothers were splendid; and little Alice, our treasure, he called her the most charming of all. Somehow his very entrance into our home brought pleasure with it. Just before he left, he spied a little door at one end of our woodshed, and asked,—

"What is in there, Benny?"

"Come and see," was my reply, and we went through the door into my father's shop.

"Oh," said Harry, "this is real nice."

It is a little room, just large enough for my father to stand at his bench and plane and saw, whenever he is so fortunate as to get work. How much Harry guessed of our needs I do not know; but the next morning he was at our door again. Katie saw him and ran out to his carriage. He would not come in, but said his mother wanted a closet made in the kitchen. Could father come and do it that day?

Very glad was my father to go; and the closet was only the beginning of good things to us. Hardly a week passed but what some work was needed. And then other families found out that he was a good workman, so that now my father has all the work he can do.

Two days, a fortnight since, he was at Mrs. Lewis's all the time; but I could not learn from Harry what he was doing; until Wednesday afternoon, Charley and I were invited to tea with Harry. The barn is always the great attraction to us all; but after a little I saw that Harry was anxious to have us return to the house. His slightest wish is over law, and we followed him up to the third story. A door stood open, through which we entered; and, to our astonishment, saw that it was fitted up like a carpenter's shop. Every imaginable tool was in its proper place, and my father, I saw, was seated in front of the bench, with a most comical three-cornered cap upon his head. Harry waved his hand toward him, saying,—

"This is Professor Carpenter, boys; and I am his most obedient pupil. He is to give me lessons every Wednesday afternoon. If you will like to join the class, you can do so, free gratis for nothing."

So we voted to begin that very afternoon. It was really no play, but hard work. I blistered my hands; and Charley hammered his, instead of the nails he attempted to drive through a board. But we pleased Harry, and ourselves also. For, except the one time I have narrated, I have never seen my friend at all depressed on account of his lameness. He always sees the bright side of everything, and it is good to be with him.

This evening I have been counting the money we have cleared for our eggs and chickens during the year. Brother Sam taught me how to keep the account, and every penny has been recorded on the large slate that hangs in our kitchen. Much to my surprise, it is a hundred and twenty dollars. I had added it for the last time, when father came in, and, putting the slate in his hands, I said,—

"Only see, father, how rich we are."

"Yes," said my father, "our ships have all come into port together. For a while the winds were contrary; but now everything favours. With a home like ours and good steady employment a man cannot fail to be happy."

"Nor a boy either," said I.

As I spoke, my father dropped into my hand a knife,

just such a one as I so earnestly desired a year ago. My mother, too, was smiling with pleasure; for she held in her hand a new basket, and in it I saw were a set of table-knives and forks.

She thanked my father in the way he likes best; but I heard her say, as she did so, "They are just what I wanted, father; but I could be happy without them."

"I know that," he replied; "it is everything to a man who is struggling to get along to have a wife like

you. I hope my sons will be equally fortunate in their choice."

Just then Sam called to him, and they went out together; but I heard mother singing to herself these words:—

"When all is done and said,
In th' end thus shall you find:
He most of all doth bathe in bliss
That hath a quiet mind."

New York Independent.

PROUD OF HIS MOTHER.

IT was a cold night in winter. The wind blew, and the snow was whirled furiously about, seeking to hide itself beneath cloaks and hoods—in the very hair of those who were out. A distinguished lecturer was to speak, and notwithstanding the storm, the villagers very generally ventured forth to hear him.

William Amnesley, buttoned up to his chin in his thick overcoat, accompanied his mother. It was difficult to walk through the fallen snow against the piercing wind, and William said to his mother,—

"Couldn't you walk easier if you took my arm?"

"Perhaps I could," his mother replied, as she put her arm through his and drew up as close as possible to him.

Together they breasted the storm, the mother and the boy who had once been carried in her arms, but who had now grown up so tall that she could lean on his. They had not walked very far before he said,—

"I am proud to-night, mother."

"Proud that you can take care of me?" she said to him, with a heart gushing with tenderness.

"This is the first time you have leaned upon me," said the happy boy.

There will be few hours in that child's life of more exalted pleasure than he enjoyed that evening, even if he should live to old age, and should, in his manhood, lovingly provide for her who, in his helpless infancy, watched over him.—*Richmond Paper.*

INCIDENT IN A WALK.

THE day was piercing cold,
And yet a cheery day,
If neither hungry, weak, nor old,
Warm-clad you took your way.

Clad warmly for the walk,
Light-hearted we set out;
The hoar-frost shone on tree and stalk,
Like diamonds hung about.

We passed an urchin troop;
They were a pleasant sight;
With bounding ball and whirling hoop,
A picture of delight.

Then children three we met
(With them my tale's concerned):
The younger two did sorely fret;
I to the elder turned.

"Now, tell me what's amiss?"

The cause she quickly told:

"Oh, Betsy Jane takes on like this
'Cause Johnny is a-cold."

The simple truth she spoke;
No whining beggar's lie:
They were not of the abject folk,
Full steeped in poverty.

They all looked cold enough,
Poor Betsy Jane and all;
But then her heart, how warm its stuff!
Her tears for *Johnny* fall.

You ask me, "Did you aught?"
The point's not there, my friend.
This child had that which can't be bought;
That is my story's end.





THE STRUCTURE OF THE DECALOGUE :

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE COMPLETENESS OF THE WHOLE, AND THE LOGICAL RELATIONS OF THE PARTS.

BY THE EDITOR.

MY subject is not the theology of the Law, but the logic of the Decalogue. Taking this summary of human duty as we find it in the Pentateuch, and passing in silence most of the points which in earlier and more recent times have occupied the attention of theologians, I propose to examine its structure and the order of its parts. Sacred literature is rich in the exposition and application of its several precepts—and rich, too, in polemic regarding its authority under the dispensation of the gospel ; but, as far as I have observed, not so full in what relates to the *rationale* of the Decalogue as a code of human duty, united, conservative, and complete. It may be found necessary as we proceed to expound, more or less fully, the meaning of a particular precept ; but such exposition will be employed incidentally as an instrument, not directly sought as an end. If I touch here and there the theology, I shall touch it on this occasion mainly with the view of elucidating the logic of the law.

I shall not touch any of the questions that have been earnestly agitated of late regarding the permanence and place of the law under the new dispensation ; but I hope, by showing what the law is, to contribute indirectly an answer to the question where it should be placed. Its character, if we are enabled to perceive it, will go far to determine its position.

The law of the Ten Commandments is ushered in by a twofold introduction. In the first verse (Exod. xx.) Moses introduces to the reader the record of what was spoken from Sinai ; and in the second verse Jehovah introduces his own law to the trembling auditors who stood round the mountain's base. The reporter's preface is, "And God spake all these words : " the Author's preface

is, "I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage."

God spake these words : in this respect the Ten Commandments are altogether peculiar. It pleased God to make known these laws in a manner totally different from the manner in which he made known the various institutes of the Mosaic ceremonial. Other ordinances were written by Moses under the secret monition of the Spirit ; but these words were spoken from heaven by God's own voice, and in the hearing of assembled Israel. Afterwards they were, by his own immediate operation, engraven on tables of stone, and, by his own command, preserved in the ark of the covenant. This portion stands out in its own nature distinct from the ceremonial law ; and the distinction was broadly marked in the manner of the original communication. A voice of thunder proclaimed this law from heaven, thereby intimating that it is for men ; and it was engraven on tables of stone, its Author thus intimating that it shall continue in force when other ordinances have passed away. In manifest allusion to the writing of these tables, the apostle intimates that it is the work of the ministering Spirit now to write these same laws on the living tables of the heart.

The Author's preface contains the germ of all motives to obedience. The obligation is twofold. Two motives are needed ; but these two are enough. The progress of human life along the path of duty is like the progress of a flock along the highway : one hedge will not keep them on the right path ; but if you have two—one on either side—you need no more. The two sides on which you can approach a man so as to touch him with motives are *fear* and *love*. On the one side, you may drive him by the display of omnipo-

tent justice ; on the other side, you may win him by the display of divine, immeasurable mercy. On the one hand, you may deter him from evil by the threat of righteous retribution ; and on the other, you may melt him into gratitude by the outpouring of a kindness which no provocation can quench. These two are perfectly consistent with each other : they co-operate harmoniously in the jurisprudence both of God and of man.

They are united in the prologue to the Ten Commandments. "I am Jehovah : " stand in awe, and sin not. "I am thy God, which have brought thee out of Egypt : " regard your benefactor with filial love, and love will fulfil the law. There is at once the awful authority to engender fear, and the tender compassion to kindle gratitude. There is a union of the centrifugal and centripetal forces, to keep the moral world circling around its central sun.

Proceeding now to the series of precepts which constitute the Decalogue, the first thing that strikes us is the twofold division, marked in the nature of the subjects rather than in the form of the words, and expressly recognized in the teaching of the Lord. Duty has respect more directly either to *God* or to *man*. The first part of the law accordingly prescribes our duty to God ; the second, our duty to man. The first and great commandment is, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God ; " and the second, which is like unto it, is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself." This division is so essential that it is necessary to notice it ; but it is at the same time so obvious and so familiar that it is not necessary to do more.

The commandment which is first in place is evidently first in nature. The stone which is first laid in this building is evidently the foundation-stone. The belief in God's being and the knowledge of his character constitute the main-spring of morality in man. There is a tendency in our day to diminish the practical importance of the first table, and exaggerate the importance of the second. The spirit of the age, in as far as it rejects the Spirit of Christ, makes little of duties which have direct reference to God, and much of duties which have direct reference to our neighbour. In this respect it may be said of the philosophy as well as of the theology of the

Pentateuch, the old is better. From the constitution of humanity it may be inferred, and from the history of the world it may be demonstrated, that the fear of God lies at the foundation of a regard for man. The matter of the first table is not a barren speculation ; it is eminently practical. It is charged with results that must determine the condition and shape the destiny of the nations. To expose atheism, so far from being useless in the actual conflict with vice, is to lay bare the root of bitterness which produces and ripens every form of evil. A life without goodness springs from a life without God.

As the First Commandment is the basis of all morality, whether as regards God or as regards man, it has a yet more peculiar relation to the remaining three precepts of the first table. Of these four, the *first* affirms the existence and unity of God ; while the remaining three prescribe the service which he requires from intelligent creatures. The *second* forbids the use of images, demanding a spiritual worship for God, who is a spirit. The *third* forbids the profane and careless use of his name, requiring a sincere and reverential worship of the great and terrible Lord God. The *fourth* requires a stated worship, and sets apart a specific portion of time as holy to the Lord. These three commandments are stones polished after the similitude of a palace, rising gracefully one upon another ; but all lean on the everlasting foundation,—"I am Jehovah thy God ; thou shalt have no other gods before me."

Keeping in view the practical object which lies before me, I shall make no further reference to the first and third, but proceed to direct attention to the peculiar treatment which the second and fourth have received from different classes of men.

These two precepts seem to be the exposed outposts of the moral law. They have borne the brunt of the onset in as far as the secret enmity of an evil heart has burst out into open rebellion. One of these defensive outworks is planted so as to cover the very nature of God as the one living and true God ; the other is planted so as to cover the manifested name and worship of God in the world. If the outwork of the *Second* Commandment is gained by the enemy, all right conceptions of the one living and true

God will be overrun and destroyed; if the outwork of the *Fourth* Commandment is carried, the veneration of his name and the united worship of his people will be gradually undermined. Against these twin pillars of the truth, accordingly, the armies of the aliens are skilfully disposed. On the extreme right Superstition, and on the extreme left Secularism, leads on the attack. The prince of this world wisely keeps the two wings of the besieging army asunder; for they snarl at each other when they meet; and yet under one direction they are unconsciously prosecuting the same cause. The most drivelling worshippers of Mary and the Saints are advancing in concert with non-religious philosophers against the law of God. The Papists advance against the *Second* Commandment, and the Secularists against the *Fourth*. As the point of attack is different for the two wings, so also is the method of warfare. On this side, Popery puts forth her own hand to blot out the *Second* Commandment. She omits it from her catechisms and conceals it from her people. On that, the Secularists, still more daring, declare that God has himself expunged the *fourth*, and left nothing for them to do. The facts are all notorious. The Papists expunge the *second*, and the Secularists say that Christ annulled the *fourth*. I have set the several forces in somewhat of a military attitude in order to make it more palpable that superstition and scepticism, though in professed hostility to each other, are wielded by one spirit, and employed to accomplish one end.*

The immediate reason why the Papacy has chosen the *Second* Commandment as the object of attack is abundantly obvious. That precept is intended to preserve and propagate the spiritual conception of the one living God; but the main pillar of Popery is the supplanting of the true God from the heart of man, and setting a creature up on the empty throne. In order to accomplish this, the stern watcher—"Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image"—must be put out of the way. The Pope is against the *Second* Commandment, for the very plain and

natural reason that the *Second* Commandment is against the Pope.

The reason of the assault by modern Secularism on the Sabbath law, though perhaps not at first sight so obvious, may by a brief consideration be made equally clear. The two elements which constitute the ground of hostility seem to be,—*first*, it touches directly and sensibly temporal interests; and, *second*, the duty which it enjoins is duty to God, not to our neighbour. It is peculiar among the commandments in combining these two features. The first three precepts have the one and the last six the other; but only the fourth has both. To keep the letter of the *Eighth* Commandment, for example, sensibly touches a man's temporal interest; but he dare not on that account advocate the abrogation or relaxation of the law; for this would bring him into immediate collision with his neighbour's interest. The *Fourth* Commandment in the same way requires a sacrifice of immediate temporal good, a sacrifice of time, which is money; but in this case the rest is prescribed as a duty to God, and a refusal does not necessarily touch the substance of your neighbour. A man who has no fear of God before his eyes, respects the *Eighth* Commandment, for a breach of it means a quarrel with his fellow; a man who has no fear of God before his eyes disregards the *Fourth* Commandment in practice, and openly inveighs against it in theory, because he can see in the breach of it a temporal gain to himself, without a deadly quarrel with his neighbour. The fact that it touches his own interest makes him desire to oppose it; and the fact that the violation of it does not directly bring his neighbour down upon him, leaves him at liberty to gratify that desire.

I shall throw out yet another suggestion bearing on these two precepts of the first table. These two are like each other, and unlike all the rest, in regard to the amount of space which they occupy. These two are longest, as we may all remember from the time when it was our duty to commit them to memory. When we examine their structure, we find that the difference between them and the rest in point of length does not occur in the enunciation of the precepts. Examine and you will find that the disproportionate length of these two precepts is due to

* These are the two powers that at this hour are destroying France. These are the two wings of an army, alternately withdrawn and pushed forward, which set in combination for one end, without knowing either the end or the combination.

these two causes, in equal proportions—viz., first, a detailed enumeration of cases, that no man may pretend to be ignorant of what the commandment is ; and, second, an array of grounds on which the commandment rests, that no man may dare to openly oppose it. Some of the others have a reason briefly expressed ; but it will be found that in respect of detail in the enumeration of cases, and enforcement of grounds, these two stand alone. This circumstance, taken in connection with the peculiar treatment which they have received, seems an instance of the prophetic wisdom which is frequently displayed in the Scriptures. In the Scriptures, as in nature, provision is often made beforehand for a crisis, unseen at the time, that shall afterwards emerge.

These two are certainly not peculiar among the Commandments in being often broken ; but they are peculiar in that large classes of men openly break them, and justify their course. You meet with one large section of the community, claiming the Christian name, who deliberately practise and defend the act of bowing down devotionally before certain images, and another who deliberately practise and defend the prosecution of labour on the Sabbath. You do not meet with any corresponding section of a Christianized community who in a similar way justify the breach of any other commandment of the Decalogue. It seems to me that the divine Lawgiver, foreseeing that against these two the efforts of the adversary would be chiefly directed, has fortified them by sanctions and grounds that are peculiar and exceptional. If a wise master-builder had occasion in the construction of a harbour to set up ten pillars ; and if he foresaw, from his knowledge of the tideway, that two of them, on account of their position, would be subjected to a greater strain than the rest, he would, in the original construction, strengthen them exceptionally by a wider base, and by supporting buttresses. It seems to me that the Designer of the Ten Commandments, from a similar foresight, and for a similar end, has prepared extraordinary defences on those spots that were exposed to extraordinary onsets.

When we reach the *second* table of the law, the enjoined duties occupy a lower sphere, but they rest on the same authority. The law

begins with God, but it does not end with him. The Creator's honour is its first care ; but it does not rest till it has secured also the creature's right. The second table could not stand alone : it leans on the first for authority and power. Religion is the foundation of morality. The necessary connection between these two is expressly recognized in Scripture, and may be read in human history. While he who loveth God is expected to love his brother also, he who does not fear God is not expected to regard man.

It is instructive to observe the place which the Fifth Commandment occupies in the series. It comes, indeed, *after* the duties which we owe directly to God, but *next* them. It belongs to the second table, but stands at the head of it. It does not stand first by accident ; it has a right to precedence.

The second table is divided, by the nature of its subjects, into two parts. The fifth constitutes one part by itself, and the remaining five constitute the other. Here the first division, consisting of one precept, takes cognizance of those relations in which we are bound to some of the human family by special ties ; and the second takes cognizance of the relations which every individual bears to the whole human race. What the sixth commandment requires is due to all men alike : what the fifth requires is due only to a few. The fifth stands alone in this respect, that it demands in favour of some persons what is not required in favour of all. It sanctions the particular social relations of human life.

It is of very great practical importance at the present time to observe that the divine law, whether written in the Scriptures, or inserted in the human constitution, declares against that philosophy which would merge particular affections in the general, and prescribe an equal affection towards all. It will be found in experience that the love which is equal to all is not fervent to any.

It accords with the plan of the Decalogue to include many particulars under one head. The ruling principle of a law is condensed within the limits of a few words ; but the germ is capable of indefinite expansion, and in other parts of Scripture is expressly expanded till it reach all analogous cases. The law, as given from Sinai,

is not burdened in detail with the duties of brother and sister, husband and wife, master and servant: these are opened and enforced throughout the Scriptures, as occasions emerge; but in the condensed epitome of the Decalogue it is sufficient that one of these cognate relations should represent the whole family.

There is an obvious reason why the one that has been selected, and no other, should be made the representative of the whole. It is the foundation of all; it is the first duty that a responsible being is called to exercise. From this centre the issues of life proceed; and to this point accordingly your effort should be applied when you desire to influence the whole man. The inner centre touched, and the first circle formed, others concentric and parallel are generated, and generate in turn: outward and onward they move, feebler and fainter as they recede from the centre and enlarge their circumference, yet the furthest and feeblest retaining the form and proportions that were generated at the heart. The figure—beautiful still, though trite by frequent use—of a stone cast into a smooth lake, is fully applicable here. When the first duty—that which springs in the fountain-head of being, the duty of a child—is rightly discharged, when children obey their parents in the Lord, when a child honours a father on earth, with an eye to the will of a common Father in heaven, other family relations, lying near, will share the same hallowing influence. From these again the impulse will thrill outward on the relations of fellow-citizens—fainter, indeed, as is becoming, but yielding to the power and retaining the character of the first central impulse. Thus the affection in every relation possesses the measure of strength that properly belongs to it, and all will own allegiance to the supreme will. Though they be many, and often lying near each other, when they are generated thus they will never foul, never cross.

If there be the fear of the Lord, the beginning of wisdom, the child will be dutiful to parents: the dutiful child will be an affectionate brother, a faithful husband, a kind master, a good neighbour, a true patriot, a loyal subject. These outer circles, though fainter, will take their form from the pure emotion in which the series began—an instinct of nature, hallowed by the spirit of grace.

The law informs us where to begin if we would have all relative duties rightly fulfilled. Men lose their labour when they begin at the wrong end. How many laborious efforts to improve the community fail because they do not begin at the beginning—do not begin by bringing the divine law to bear on the earliest exercise of the child's affections! What can the best political institutions and the fullest political freedom do to make a well-conditioned, well-conducted population, if the interior relations of the family are rudely broken, or have never been cemented at all! The most effective, the only effective method of obtaining good citizens for the commonwealth is to obtain good children in families—children that, through natural instincts, illumined, guided, and hallowed by the Word of God, honour their father and mother.

Suppose a man, learned in political economy, and bent on the regeneration of society by means of improved political institutions; and suppose such a man, standing on the margin of a smooth glassy lake, to form the conception of that beautiful phenomenon—a series of circular concentric wavelets, trembling on the surface of the water; suppose further, that, in order then and there to realize his conception, he takes a long slender wand, and therewith sweeps a wide and graceful curve in the water, hoping that the circle he has described will generate and repeat itself inward, and culminate in a well-defined point at the centre. He tries and tries again, whisking his wand vigorously through the water in extended and elegant gyrations, eager to form first with his own hand the *outer* circle, so that it may produce the *inner*. Notwithstanding all his efforts nothing is produced but a few bubbles, that float a moment on the surface and then disappear. Wearied, he desists, and sits down on the grassy brim of the lake to rest. He gazes idly on the water, inwardly fretting against it because it would not assume the form which he so much desired to impart to it. The water, when he lets it alone, soon becomes smooth again. A little child is passing by. As he passes, he throws for sport a pebble into the lake near the spot where the philosopher had been conducting his unsuccessful experiments. Or the instant the wearied wise man sees the exquisite phenomenon which he had

tried in vain to produce. Such seems the difference in method and success between the secular economist who endeavours to make a nation happy by political combinations of the mass, and the Christian patriot who strives to reach the reformation of the mass through the application of God's Word to the heart of each component atom at that primal stage of life when the affections are tender and pliable.

The same principle which explains why the filial relation is introduced rather than any other, explains also why the child's side of that relation is selected as the example rather than the parent's. The apparatus is so constructed that when a stroke falls on one side, a rebounding blow, of almost equal force, is thrown over upon the other. Obviously the child's duty to the parent is the first that falls to be exercised in the experience of the individual. True, a parent cherishes his child in point of time before the child obeys his "parent;" but that parent obeyed as a child long before he cherished as a parent. The obedience of the child is the first social duty that is set agoing in the machinery of human life. To that first link in the chain accordingly the law points, and if the first impulse is successfully given there, it is comparatively easy to direct the subsequent course. If the affections that are first exercised are successfully moulded according to the law of God, those that emerge afterwards may more easily be kept right. "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

I request the reader's attention now to the remaining head of the second table, consisting of five separate precepts, and presenting the duty which man owes to man, wherever and whenever they meet. Here, omitting for the sake of brevity many points which might legitimately have come under review in this sketch, I shall occupy whatever remains of my space with the statement and illustration of one feature which I count of great importance,—the *order of succession* among these five precepts, and the *reason of that order*. It is not satisfactory to look at them in mass, as if they had been thrown together by accident. If we can discover and exhibit the *rationale* of the actual arrangement, the inquiry will be both interesting and profitable. It will be satisfactory

if we can perceive not only that each commandment is by itself "sure," but also that the collective whole is "well ordered."

I think there is a logical order here, that it may be discovered, and that, when discovered, it is not a barren curiosity, but throws a flood of light over the whole subject. There is a reason why the series of precepts which regulate man's duty to his neighbour should begin with *Thou shalt not kill*, and end with *Thou shalt not covet*. These are the links that lie on the two extremities of an extended chain; and they could not, without producing confusion and weakness, be transferred to the middle of it.

The two persons whose conduct towards each other it is proposed to regulate are a man and his neighbour. That neighbour with whom he comes in contact represents all the world to him; for what he owes to that man, he owes to every man who may come within his reach. Now the series of commandments begins on the side *furthest from the man to whom the command is addressed, and nearest to his neighbour*: it traverses the space between them, and ends at the side *nearest the man to whom the command is addressed, and furthest from his neighbour*. When this law of the Lord is laid on me, it begins at a point as far distant from me as any act of mine can reach, and receding, step by step, it terminates not only near me, but within me, leaving the accents of its awful "Thou shalt not" grumbling like broken echoes of thunder in the susceptible deeps of conscience. The first of these five touches a point that is at once closest to your neighbour and furthest from you. That point is his life. For injury to him, you cannot further go. You can kill the body, but after that you have no more that you can do. The shield of God's law is first thrown round at a point nearest the injured, and furthest from the injurer. Next to a man's life, that which is nearest and dearest to him is his other self—his wife. By God's appointment, sanctioned expressly by the lips of the Lord Jesus, a man and his wife are one. On this point accordingly the next prohibition is laid. Outside of this line again lies his property; and though it is intrinsically less precious, it is similarly protected by the law of the Lord: *Thou shalt not steal*. Around all that he has, like a girdling

atmosphere, impalpable but effective, as a natural defence of life, purity, property, lies the man's good name. This, accordingly, is in turn secured against encroachment by the law: Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour. Last of all—furthest from him, but nearest you—those covetous thoughts against him that may be nursed secretly in your bosom are tracked, overtaken, exposed, and condemned. Thou shalt not covet. Further the commandment cannot—need not go; and there, accordingly, it terminates.

These precepts are expressed in a negative form, and therefore I adopt that form too, in submitting an illustration of their order and relations. It is well, however, to remember that the law has a positive side, and requires the exercise of love as well as abstinence from injury.

Maintaining the negative form for the sake of precision in conception and expression, I invite your attention to these five precepts as a consecutive series, comprehending all duty that man owes to man. The law looks on you as the possible aggressor, and it proposes to defend your neighbour from your assault. By its first stroke the law drives you, the aggressor—and if you be not an aggressor, you in that matter need not the law—from the innermost and dearest treasure of the aggrieved,—his life. Next, it drives you from that which lies nearest his life—it shields the person and the purity of her who is as himself. Following your retreat, the law finds you, as it were, spoiling the man's goods, when you were unable to do him any more internal deeper wrong, and it warns you away on peril of God's displeasure. When you have yielded to this divine appeal, and abandoned all attempts to enrich yourself out of your neighbour's goods, the law follows you still, and finds you meditating a cowardly onslaught against his good name. You may have imagined that "off hands" is fair, and that the law could not touch you as long as you touched no material property that was not your own. But again you are overtaken and arraigned. Even in word you are not free to injure any brother. Thou shalt not bear false witness. Discomfited at every point, and driven back now within the recesses of your own bosom, you imagine that you have found an asylum where, though powerless against your neighbour's life,

purity, property, and character, you may at least indulge in secret impotent wishes for his fall. As a man's house is his castle in the maxims of human law, you would fain have your heart recognized as a privileged sanctuary, over whose boundary the avenger of blood dare not follow the discomfited malefactor. But, lo! the law, after defending from your assault all that belonged to your neighbour, and chasing you through his property and over the boundary of his good name, enters with you, like the victorious besieger crossing the drawbridge along with the retreating defender of the city—enters with you into your own soul, and scatters the evil thoughts against your neighbour that were brooding there, as the wind drives smoke away. The law bursts into the most secret chamber of your heart, and, after foiling all the robbers that had successively attempted your neighbour's goods, strangles these robbers in their den. Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries; into the heart accordingly comes the law of God, and crushes the roots of bitterness there, so that they cannot ripen their fruit. Thou shalt not covet.

Human law, led by the light of the divine, keeps company with it, as far as the Ninth Commandment; but having protected a man's good name from injury by false words, it has reached the verge of its sphere, and halts exhausted. At that impalpable bourne between word and thought human legislation must part company with its heavenly guide. After having exhausted its powers, it is fain to "abide by the stuff," while the law of God alone bounds unwearied over the barrier, and expatiates as firmly and freely in the region of thought as in the sphere of action. The law of the Lord is like the Lord himself; it is everywhere. Whither shall we flee from its presence?

In the sphere of the physical there is a similar gradation. The capacity of man to understand, subdue, and utilize nature, has advanced step by step, so that it can keep company with creative power until it reach the last and highest region. There it must leave the Creator to reign alone at an invisible distance, and an inaccessible height. Thus, on the solid crust of the globe man can plant his foot, and walk,—man in his lowest estate. Art advances; and at the next stage man can sail on the surface of the water. Again

another advance, and he can skim the air ; but he cannot now, and never can, penetrate through the atmosphere, and expatiate in the illimitable blue. As in physics man cannot transfer his person through the bounds of the material atmosphere into infinite space, so in morals he cannot carry his legislation beyond the familiar regions of deed and word. He may, indeed, legislate within the sphere of thought, as he may stand on the ground and gaze into the sky ; but he cannot enforce his legislation there. He can neither detect nor punish transgression. The human soul, like the boundless infinite, is beyond the inspection and control of man : it belongs to God alone.

There is mercy as well as severity in the absolutely universal range of the divine law. Those who know it best do not complain that its scope is too great, or its glance too intimate. "Thy commandment is exceeding broad. O how love I thy law ! it is my meditation all the day" (Ps. cxix. 96, 97).

The disease that destroys us is in the joints and marrow ; the sword that shall cut its way to a cure must penetrate the joints and marrow too. After sternly cutting off all the external and visible effects and manifestations of the disease, the law, like a good physician, runs its instrument into the patient's body, following the ailment to its last hiding-place, and cutting out its roots. Paul felt the iron thus entering into his soul, and yet did not complain : "The commandment came, sin revived, and I died. I had not known sin but by the law : I had not known lust except the law had said, Thou shalt not covet."

The human heart is the dark womb where the wickedness that wastes the world is conceived. The sword of the Spirit is thrust through all coverings into its most secret chambers, to crush the serpent brood—to strangle them before their birth ; "for when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin : and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death."

"I WILL LEAD THE BLIND BY A WAY THAT THEY KNOW NOT."



LED by a way that we know not, wrapped in the darkness of night,
Tossed by the storm and blinded, we cannot walk by sight.
Knowing and trusting our Leader, we know that our path is right ;
Child-like we follow Him onwards,—follow Him into the light.

Led by a way that we know not, a way that is thorny and steep,
Footsore already and fainting, upward and onward we creep.
One who Himself has trodden each step of the thorny road,
Bids us take courage and follow Him into the presence of God.

Led by a way that we know not, a dreary and desert way,
While snares encompass our footsteps, and lions roar after their prey,
Helpless and trembling, yet trusting, we cling to our heavenly Guide,
For, in the gathering dangers, safe are the weak at his side.

Led by a way that we know not, a way that is lonely and long,
Feeble and faint are the pilgrims, but their Redeemer is strong.
Kept by his arm from falling, cheered by his words of love,
Onward we go rejoicing,—on to the mansions above.

Led by a way that we know not, but led by a Guide whom we know,
Let us not seek to discover more than He pleases to show :
Step after step as we follow, we know we are nearing our rest ;
Surely the way that He leads us, must be of all ways the best.

ON EXTREMES IN OPINION AND ACTION.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG MEN. BY SAMUEL RALEIGH, ESQ.

(Concluded from page 329.)

II. PRACTICAL EXTREMES.

COMING to the region of practical life, we have no difficulty in discovering abundant instances of the hurtful influence of extremes. A few examples in this department will suffice.

1. *Over-Study*.—Let me warn you, my young friends, against the excess of over-studious application. The opposite extreme, of sloth and negligence, I will not insult your ingenuous natures by mentioning as a serious danger in your case. But it may be of importance to some of you to be reminded that over-study is always a mistake, often a source of mischief, and sometimes the cause of fatal disaster. It is always a mistake, for its natural effect is to neglect and starve one part of your nature, and over-stimulate and unduly develop another. The body has its rights, which cannot be outraged with impunity. The claims of society and the duties of practical life demand their proper share of time and attention; and whoever entirely absorbs and monopolizes all his time and effort in the acquisition of book-knowledge and the cultivation abstractly of his mental faculties, will sooner or later find, as regards the real ends of life, that his labours have been largely in vain, and that for purposes of practical usefulness his strength has been very much wasted. Over-study is often a source of mischief, because it tends to undermine the health of the body, and, as a consequence, to weaken the mental power itself. Many an over-taxed student has had to pay, by years of pain or melancholy in after life, for the studious excesses of his academical career. Many a desperate struggle for honours or rewards, in some hard-fought competition, has left behind it a listlessness of mind (the result, it may be, of some physical strain) which excites only the surprise or compassion of friends and compeers in after life. Over-study is sometimes the cause of fatal disaster, because it lures its spell-bound votaries to danger, and even to death. The temptations to it are the greatest where mental

endowment and promise are the most distinguished. For a time it may cover the aspiring enthusiast "thick with blushing honours," but its "path of glory" often leads by swift descent to an early grave. The cypress which waves above the ashes of many nobly gifted students, "dead ere their prime," may well give solemn warning to all who tread the same over-arduous path.

I have in my time known some well-marked instances in which the over-zealous prosecution of study has either brought on fever or nursed the seeds of organic disease into fatal activity. One of these—the late W. H. Hewitson—with whom I was well acquainted, lived, as I know, during his distinguished college career, in the matter of diet and sleep, in systematic violation of the laws of health, and, in so doing, laid the foundation of that extreme delicacy which "sick-lie'd o'er" his whole after life, and at last terminated prematurely his fervent and spiritual ministry of a few years. Hewitson resembled the poet Kirke White in the character of his mind, in his self-sacrificing devotion to study, with the noblest aims and impulses, and also in the destiny which overtook him as he bore onward and upward, "not wisely, but too well," "the banner with the strange device, Excelsior!"

We do not think quite worthily of such martyr souls by likening them, as Byron did Kirke White, to—

"The struck eagle, stretched upon the plain,
No more through rolling clouds to soar again ;"

finding their keenest agony in beholding—

"Their own feather in the fatal dart
That winged the shaft that quivered to their heart ;"

But neither should we approve the high-souled folly of Longfellow's "hero," and commend the transcendent lunacy, however picturesque, of any Alpine pilgrim who should despise all warnings of prudence, brave all perils of storm-tossed pine and fateful avalanche, and wilfully rush into the embrace of inevitable death. Rather should we counsel those who love the noble banner, to set it up in inhabited plains and valleys, in the field

and in the workshop, in the mart and in the forum, in the church and council-room, that through all the haunts of men it may guide admiring beholders in the practical duties of a useful life, consecrated, in a way of common sense and sober-minded perseverance, to "the relief of man's estate, and the glory of the Creator."

2. *Prematurity in Public Effort.*—Another extreme to be guarded against, in a free country and an active age like ours, is the undue sacrifice of time and strength in promoting public interests, to the neglect of those private and personal duties which have a primary claim upon our attention. It is no doubt desirable that every member of the community should exercise his own judgment upon all questions affecting the public weal, and that every member of the Church, and every member even of a Christian family, capable of independent thought, should take a lively interest in all the questions that arise affecting the truth of God and the progress of Christ's kingdom. At the proper time, also, and as occasion presents itself, every one, even the humblest, should be ready to declare their mind, and rank themselves with those who stand up for truth and righteousness. Nothing is more refreshing than to find, in the quiet walks of life, a man who, though the pressing duties of his own business may have engrossed his time, has, in opinion and sympathy, a "public soul," clear in its judgments and fervent in its aspirations respecting the advancement of every good cause. But while we condemn the callousness which would refuse to care for the interests of the public, and the selfishness which would suppress opinion for reasons of policy or considerations of ease, as being an extreme of a still baser sort, we speak now of the error of prematurity in point of time, or unduly in respect of degree, taking a laborious part in those organizations and agitations by which social, political, and ecclesiastical objects are promoted in our day. Many a young mind, which, in the modest seclusion of its own thoughts, would have grown to greater breadth and clearness, has been stopped in its progress, narrowed and vulgarized, by rushing into controversy, or engaging in some engrossing work under the public eye. Many a warm young Christian heart, which would have

expanded its affections and become strong for duty and trial in after years, by living habitually, for a sufficient space of time, in divine fellowship, through punctual attention to private devotion, has been rendered comparatively hard and joyless by too early engrossment in a round of public engagements, which absorb alike time and thought and feeling, and are apt to render those who go into them, at an unripe stage of their development, mechanical and overstrained in their mental and emotional processes. Instead of yielding in their life the music as of a living voice, they become "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal."

Public life and duty should grow naturally out of personal character and attainment, and whosoever reverses this order and proceeds to undertake a public position or the discharge of any public duty with opinions unfixed, with character unestablished, with heart unsettled in the greatest of all questions, is doing what he can to place the pyramid of his life upon its apex, and may one day find how ludicrous is the disaster he has prepared for himself, when it topples over in the eyes of all beholders.

Let every man effectually discharge his own personal duty, thinking, working, providing for his own (thus escaping the apostolic brand, "Worse than an infidel"), and thereby indeed fulfil his first duty to the state. When that has been secured, and means, leisure, talents, and a clear call of public exigency all concur, then let him go forward into the wider arena, and do battle for the right.

Let every Christian man first settle the foundations of his own religious character in clear convictions and sincere affections. Let him thoroughly know his own mind and heart, and then, when attainment, opportunity, and spiritual call unite, let him put his hand to the plough and never turn back.

3. *Living above or below Allotted Means.*—As we have thus dwelt upon the extremes of over-study on the one hand, and over-engrossment in public engagements on the other, we might speak of other practical extremes which involve, in yielding to them, not only great error, but grievous hurt.

The error, for instance, of living in a style and manner below the means and position which

Providence has conferred, is one which in a great measure will deprive a man of the social respect and consideration which forms an important part of the daily comfort of life, more especially if it be known to be adopted from a desire to accumulate money. The opposite error of living in a style and manner above the means which a man can fairly reckon as his own, though that is sometimes prompted and excused by generous feeling, is still more fatal to happiness and self-respect, and is still more difficult to reconcile with either natural virtue or Christian principle.

The error is great of the man who, thinking only of the hazards and probable wants of an after time, and having no proper trust in divine providence, seeks, by painful saving and other avaricious devices, and by the sacrifice of present comfort and duty, to make the future rich, and, as he imagines, invincibly secure.

But the error is equally great, if not greater, of him to whom in any practical sense the future is a blank, who lives in the present only, satisfied if he can keep up the show and form of life which he esteems necessary to his taste or his dignity, and careless of the many sad but too probable contingencies by which those naturally dependent on him may be left in penury.

"My other piece of advice, Copperfield," said Mr. Micawber (the impecunious, grandiloquent, and theoretically judicious Micawber), "you know. Annual income, twenty pounds. Annual expenditure, nineteen, nineteen, six. Result—HAPPINESS. Annual income, twenty pounds. Annual expenditure, twenty pounds, ought, six. Result—MISÉRY."

In connection with the kind of extremes now alluded to, the peculiar and characteristic value of Life Assurance might very appropriately be urged. It balances the limited means of the present against the contingencies of the future more perfectly than any other arrangement that has ever been devised. It helps powerfully to relieve the careful heart of a load, which might otherwise depress it to faithless fear or awaken within it avaricious greed. It suggests and sanctions a generous freedom in the enjoyment of the present which it could not otherwise possess, and spreads over the middle class families of our country an amount of comfort and security which

no other system whatever could so largely and effectually command.

4. *Other Extremes.*—Then, again, we might speak of the extremes of trusting exclusively to the influence and patronage of others for advancement in life; or, on the other hand, of that surly independence which would repudiate with scorn all help of others, and refuse to be indebted to anything whatever but a man's own right hand in the battle of life. Or we might select, as an example of extremes in practical life, one which the circumstances and experience of this country in recent years has rendered painfully familiar. I mean the habit of embarking in hazardous speculation means which the adventurers cannot spare from their own business or family necessities, and the loss of which therefore entails ruin upon the speculators.

But this, with others, we leave to your own judgment and consideration.

General Practical Lesson.—On the whole subject let me say, that I know no exercise fitted to be more profitable (whether you are seeking to form a sound opinion upon any question, religious or secular, or to decide wisely when different courses of action are presented to your choice in practical life) than to ascertain if you can what, in the matter involved, are the extremes to be avoided, and what are the points of deviation at which the *via media* is forsaken? By determining these points, you obtain the means of commanding the whole field of thought, and of arriving at a safe and generally satisfactory conclusion. By adopting this course, you will very often find that the apparent or reputed extreme is not always the real one, and that a course of action characterized as wild or absurd by opponents is often notwithstanding the path of duty and sobriety.

In conducting such an exercise it is scarcely necessary to say that we should carefully note the predominating elements of our own character, and the influences which have been strongest in our life, the objects with which naturally we most warmly sympathize, and the interests to which by taste or circumstances we have become most strongly attached, so as to be on the watch against the particular tendencies and proclivities by which we are most likely to be swayed towards particular extremes of opinion and action.

Conclusion.—Finally, to close this (I fear) too tedious prelection, I have again to refer to the gospel of Christ as the only effectual antidote and protection from all extremes and from all errors.

Hugh Miller, in his "Schools and School-masters," has described with his usual power how in his own religious experience he long wavered between the two extremes of instinctive, half-superstitious belief on the one hand, and intellectual scepticism on the other, until he found a secure "middle ground" on which he could at once reason and believe,—namely, on that true centre, "the Word made flesh." "Around this central Sun of the Christian system," he says, "apprehended not as a doctrine, but as a divine Person—so truly man that the affections of the human heart can lay hold upon him, and so truly God that the mind through faith can at all times and in all places be brought into direct contact with him—all that is truly religious takes its place in a subsidiary and subordinate relation. The divine Man

is the great attractive centre, the sole gravitating point of a system which owes to him all its coherency, and which would be but a chaos were he away."

In the region of practical life also the same views of our blessed Redeemer will be found to dominate and vivify all our rules of prudence and all our principles of virtue. When we desire to behold a Human Life which was free from every extreme, while it exhibited the perfection of moral force and equilibrium, we see its single embodiment in the character of Christ, who was heroic, fearless, uncompromising, yet gentle, tender, considerate; full of repose as of majesty; rebuking all extravagance by wise and deep words, as well as by calm and unexcited action, yet resolute in his true testimony and steadfast in his holy purpose; meeting and subduing the banded powers of earth and hell by invincible meekness, and in all the beauty of this full-orbed obedience "giving us an example that we should walk in his steps"

CHRISTIAN FURCHTEGOTT GELLERT.

A MEMOIR BY W. O. VON HORN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

CHAPTER IV.

IN reading the life of Gellert, one cannot help feeling depressed by the fact that so noble-minded a man should have experienced so many privations. It seems almost incredible that for his professorial labours he should have received only the paltry sum of one hundred thalers (£15) a-year, on which, of course, he must have starved, had not the generosity of his friends afforded him the needful means of support.

Mitchell, the English ambassador at Dresden, who greatly admired his genius, zealously endeavoured to procure a pension for him; but no sooner did Gellert hear of this than he entreated the ambassador to discontinue any exertions for such an end; and himself represented to the prime minister that, as the country was still bleeding from the wounds received in the late war, the greatest economy in the public expenditure was advisable. He was pained at the thought that, while his countrymen groaned under the hard times, he should live in what he was pleased to consider affluence.

On the death of an aged professor, Gellert might have

obtained the vacant chair, and thus have considerably improved his position; but he was obstinate in his refusal of it, to the dismay of his friends. However, at length a pension of four hundred and eighty-five thalers was settled on him in spite of himself, instead of the appointment which he had declined.

Yet even now he occasionally found himself in difficulties. He writes to his sister at Hainichen:—

"Again I was obliged to contribute twenty-five thalers, and shortly after sixteen more, to the war-tax; so must do without a new coat this winter also. I enclose one thaler for you, and eight groschens for the poor." What a picture of his tender heart! We may be sure that he kept very little for himself, when he had only one thaler for the beloved sister who, like himself, was groaning under the heavy burdens of the war.

Gellert was held in high esteem by his sovereign, the Elector Frederic Christian of Saxony, from whom he frequently received letters full of benevolence and sympathy, accompanied by gifts, which helped him out of his troubles and enabled him to do good to others. When the Elector visited Leipzig, Gellert was com-

manded to lecture before the assembled court, after which the prince asked for a copy of his lectures to his class, saying that he wished to read them for his own instruction.

Gellert frequently went to Carlsbad for his health; and the description of his life at that watering-place, as we find it in his letters, is very attractive. If he expected to enjoy unbroken quiet there, he was altogether out in his calculations. His acquaintance was eagerly sought by persons of the highest rank, from whom he received many tokens of esteem and sympathy. He was by no means indifferent to the honours thus paid him, although his letters furnish ample proof that they never led him to indulge in vain self-complacency. The conversation of men of rank and genius could not fail to render his life more enjoyable, and to make him for a time forget his sufferings.

Two men whom Gellert met at Carlsbad deserve honourable mention. One was the brave and godly old General von Ziethen, one of Frederic the Great's most valued officers. Between this venerable man and Gellert there existed perfect sympathy of heart and soul. When they met for the second time at Carlsbad they embraced like brothers, and spent many a happy hour beneath the shade of the beautiful lime-tree avenues of Carlsbad, where they often walked together.

The other was the celebrated General Laudon, who had been opposed to Ziethen in the Seven Years' War. He, like Gellert, was afflicted by depression of spirits. He said on one occasion,—

"Pray, tell me, Herr Professor, how you contrive to write books so full of humour and playfulness? When I look at you, it surpasses my comprehension."

"I will tell you," replied Gellert, "but should first like to know how you happened to win the battle of Cunnersdorf, and to take Schweidnitz in a night. To look at you it seems impossible."

Gellert adds that this was the first time he saw the general indulge in a hearty laugh.

While at Carlsbad Gellert enjoyed daily intercourse with many more of the first men of the day, and women of education and refinement likewise appreciated and sought his society. He was, in fact, the most popular man in the place; the centre of attraction to all its visitors. Often he sighed under the burdens inseparable from literary celebrity.

Unhappily, he returned from his third sojourn at Carlsbad as ill as he went; and from this period allusions to death are very frequent in his letters. In spite of his fast failing health, he attended to his daily work with painful conscientiousness, being diligent in his preparation for his public discourses to the very last. The culture of his own mind and the reading of congenial works were never neglected by him; and, above all, he could not brook the slightest interruption during the hours which he set apart for devotion, his never-failing solace in his deep affliction. He bore it all with child-like submission, while his tender conscience caused

him much self-reproach for the complaints which his now incessant sufferings sometimes extorted from him, and for which he earnestly entreated the divine forgiveness.

Rheumatism and sciatica were now added to the internal disorder and violent headaches to which he had long been a victim. The latter complaint especially had now become almost intolerable. "My head! my head!" he writes to his beloved sister; "it is almost more than I can bear!"

Amidst all these sufferings, even when undergoing acute pain, he punctually discharged the duties of his office. Though his discourses, perhaps, lacked somewhat of the life and fire of former days, the attendance on them was as numerous as ever; while the touching gentleness and tender melancholy of his manner left a deep impression on the minds of his audience. The extraordinary degree of personal influence enjoyed by Gellert over the Leipzig students was remarkably displayed at this stage of his career by the following incident:—

In the summer of 1768 a spirit of wildness and insubordination hitherto rarely witnessed at Leipzig broke out among the students there. The diligence which had previously distinguished them became a thing of the past; parties were arrayed in the fiercest opposition to one another; assaults and duels were of daily occurrence; in short, the spirit of law and order had vanished, and every one wondered where the wild confusion would end. The enactments of the authorities were utterly set at nought, and for the most part produced an effect directly opposite to that intended.

Gellert, deeply grieved, thought it right at the close of one of his lectures to address some words of earnest exhortation to his hearers, numbering about two hundred. The youths were evidently affected by the exhortation of their beloved professor. The disturbances subsided, and for a few days it seemed as if a change for the better had taken place. However, it too soon became apparent how deeply seated the evil was. Once more the magistrates of Leipzig, as well as the Senate of the University, were obliged to interfere, but without any favourable result; and the citizens became the horrified spectators of excesses by the students which threatened to become the order of the day. At this crisis the Senate, as the authorities of a university are called, requested Gellert to address the students. Always ready for a good work, however intense his bodily sufferings, he responded to the call. The students met in the Aula, the hall where they assemble on public occasions; and Gellert, evidently labouring under great emotion, appeared in the desk. Summoning all his vigour and eloquence to the task, he commenced an address to the students. Deathlike silence prevailed among the hundreds who thronged the hall, and one might see by their faces that the pathos as well as the eloquence and ardour of Gellert's words began to tell upon their minds while they listened in breathless at-

tention to their revered professor. After commending the justice and forbearance of the authorities, he concluded by saying,—“And shall we not show our gratitude and honourable feeling by leading under them a quiet and peaceable life in all godly conversation and honesty? I now quit this hall, which I would far rather never enter again than that my earnest hopes and fatherly injunctions should remain unfulfilled.” The numerous assembly dispersed in quietness, and the affectionate yet solemn and persuasive appeal bore rich fruits. The spirit of insubordination vanished, and peace and order once more reigned supreme; while, as a matter of course, Gellert’s reputation rose higher than ever both in the city and university. This was one of the choicest fruits of his labours, a triumph unspeakably precious to him, for which he praised God with tears of gratitude, saying, “Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the glory.”

It was now too evident that he was fast sinking under his painful maladies, and his spirit alone seemed to sustain its frail tenement. Ever since his last visit to Carlsbad the thought had been present with him that the Master would shortly call him to Himself. He was now more diligent than ever in studying the Scriptures and in prayer to the Good Physician, and more anxious to disengage himself from worldly affairs, and to raise his thoughts and aspirations from things temporal to things eternal. One earthly wish he still cherished—to visit Meissen, where he had spent his early days; Oberau, the scene of pleasing reminiscences, and the abode of dear friends; and, finally, Hainichen, his native place, where were the graves of his parents, and where his beloved sister and her family still resided. He had a presentiment that this would be his last journey. At Hainichen he was received with enthusiastic delight, the citizens being thankful that for his sake their little town had been so gently dealt with during the war, while many other places had intolerable burdens imposed on them; as well as proud of the fame he had acquired, and of the regard he still cherished for them. We may imagine the delight of his beloved sister on again beholding him, though her joy must have been sadly marred when she perceived by his sunken features that death had marked him for an early prey. They visited together the green mounds beneath which the fond hearts of their parents had long ago crumbled into dust, and sat together under the shade of Gellert’s linden, now a stately tree, with wide-spreading branches. Often he rested alone beneath it for hours, feelings of reverential awe preventing any one from intruding on the meditations of the man of God, whose eyes now contemplated scenes fraught with the sweet memories of childhood, gazed on the distant hills and verdant meadows, or sought with believing expectation the heaven he hoped soon to enter.

When the bitter hour of parting arrived, he gave his farewell blessing to all his dear friends, last of all to his beloved sister, pressing her to his heart in a long and

last embrace. As the carriage bore him away he leaned back in a corner, wholly overcome by his feelings. He had taken leave of those dearest to him on earth with the prayer, “God bless them, and have mercy upon me!”

On his return to Leipzig, one care weighed upon his mind—the preparation for the press of the lectures which had been so abundantly blessed in turning many to righteousness, and which were undoubtedly the crowning success of his literary activity. His friends had often urged him to print them, and, in compliance with their desire, he at length resolved to carefully revise these works, on which he had already bestowed no common amount of labour.

His severe bodily sufferings did not prevent him undertaking this task with all his characteristic zeal and indefatigable industry. But, alas! he did not live to complete it, and the long-expected volume was published after his death, edited by two of his friends, when it was eagerly bought up.

For several years Gellert had ceased to use medicine, which either had no effect on his enfeebled constitution, or else only aggravated his pain. “I take no physic,” he writes, “save regimen and exercise, with patience, prayer, and work.” These remedies were doubtless the best he could have employed, and prayer, we may rest assured, was the most effectual of them all. Nothing but constant communion with God can produce patience like Gellert’s, accompanied by the resignation which cries, “Not my will, but thine be done!”—the assurance of divine support and aid, and the “hope that maketh not ashamed.”

When at length pain and weakness prevented him from leaving his bed, he found rich consolation in the daily visits of beloved friends, and, above all, in the ministrations of his sister-in-law, the amiable wife of his brother, the Postmaster-General Gellert, who, at the first intimation of his alarming illness, hastened to his side, and attended him with the tenderest and most unwearying care.

Four days before his death, he spoke to his physicians about the publication of his works, appointing two absent friends to edit them.

This done, he sat up in bed, uncovered his head, which suffering had rendered prematurely gray, and in feeble, yet perfectly audible accents, uttered a prayer full of faith, love, and child-like confidence. He then sank back in exhaustion; but the devout expression of his countenance, his clasped hands, and moving lips, showed him to be still engaged in prayer.

The pious Pastor Thalemann, whom Gellert highly esteemed, visited him at his own desire, and had a long interview with him, during which he expressed a cheerfulness in the near prospect of dissolution, such as proceeds only from lively faith in Him who has robbed death of his might and the grave of its terrors.

When Thalemann applied to his case the words in the story of Lazarus, “Lord, he whom thou lovest is sick,”

Gellert said, with deep emotion, "Ah, if that could only be said of me!" Then, after a pause, he added, taking comfort, "Now I trust in thy mercy, O my Saviour, that thou lovest me too as one of thy own." Again: "What a true and precious saying that—'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief'! But," he added, in a cheerful tone, "I have obtained mercy." He employed his remaining strength in a solemn confession of his penitence and faith, and assured his spiritual adviser that he had never before experienced so fully the power of the gospel promises.

The news of Gellert's illness had reached Dresden, and given rise to much solicitude at the palace of the Elector. The court physician, Demiani, was ordered to start at once for Leipzig, that Gellert might enjoy the benefit of his superior skill; and couriers were sent thither daily, to bring the Elector accounts of the patient. Gellert expressed his warm gratitude for his sovereign's sympathy and kindness; adding, however, the words, "'Put not your trust in princes,' whose help cannot always avail, great as may be their good-will. 'My help cometh from the Lord.'"

His sufferings, caused by inflammation of the bowels, now becoming intense, he said, "What is my pain compared to the sorrows of my Redeemer! He was reviled by his own, while I, all unworthy as I am, am honoured by my prince."

He entreated the bystanders to sustain him, in event of his agonies increasing, by prayer and words of comfort. "I cannot understand much now," he said, as his strength rapidly declined; "only let me hear you pronounce the name of the Redeemer; the very mention of him never fails to inspire me with fresh courage and joy." These pious and holy sentiments were displayed in the brightest light when he received the Lord's Supper from the hands of Thalemann. With the liveliest faith he appropriated to himself the gospel promises, while he exhorted the bystanders to rejoice with him, and praise God for his mercy. He repeatedly assured Thalemann that he now experienced the all-conquering power and sweetness of divine consolation; and that now, more than ever, he pitied the wretched condition of those who neglect to seek and find their only comfort in the merits of the Redeemer.

When at length he felt death to be close at hand, he asked the physicians how long the final conflict was likely to last; and when told about an hour, said, with uplifted hands and beaming countenance, "Well, thank God, only one hour longer!" Then, turning on his side, he engaged in silent prayer, Thalemann and his other friends commending his soul to God; and shortly fell asleep, to wake no more for this world. This took place towards midnight on the 13th of December 1769. It was truly the happy death of the righteous, which Gellert had so often asked of the Lord.

When morning dawned, and the news spread through Leipzig that Gellert had died in the night—that this faithful servant had entered into the joy of his Lord—

the voice of mourning was heard throughout the city; and the deep sorrow displayed by all classes of the community testified to the rare degree of affection which the departed had enjoyed among them, and exemplified the words of Scripture, "The memory of the just shall be blessed." Throughout Germany his death was lamented, while his merits were extolled in terms which sometimes overstepped the limits to be observed in the praise of a fellow-creature.

Multitudes thronged the house of mourning, to behold once more the beloved features now fixed in death; and many kissed the folded hands of the dead, and bathed them with their tears; while a vast company of mourners from far and near followed his remains to their last resting-place. A monument was erected to him in St. John's Churchyard; and afterwards another, more worthy of his memory, was raised to him in the interior of the church. His beloved brother, the postmaster-general, who died of grief at losing him, was buried by his side.

In summing up the individual traits of Gellert's character, the first that attracts our notice is his deep piety, manifesting itself so plainly and beautifully in all his life and conduct. To awaken true belief in his hearers, was the prime object of his teaching, while his own genuine faith imparted to his public discourses, as well as to his conversation in private, a marvellous and soul-stirring power. With a true heart he clung to the blessed Redeemer, the very mention of whose name was sufficient to sustain and strengthen his drooping spirit.

From the year 1758 he kept a diary, in which he faithfully chronicles his spiritual experience, acknowledging his faults, and keeping a strict account of his inner and outer life. A good example this, and a convincing proof what a solemn matter he thought it to take up his cross and follow Christ.

His Christian character was well displayed in his rare benevolence and loving sympathy towards others. His affections were specially devoted to the young, while, as we have seen, he was highly honoured of God in his work among them.

His benevolent spirit was equalled only by his deep modesty and humility. Ambition was unknown to him, and whenever any special honour was conferred on him, he became painfully embarrassed, and shrank back as if ashamed. He always thought he deserved no such distinction, and believed himself to be depriving worthier men of their rights.

In his diary, when enumerating the benefits received from the divine hand during the year, he always mentions with special thankfulness the preservation of his good name from scorn and slander. He liked and valued the approbation of his fellow-men, though he never courted it or strove after it. Nothing pleased him so much as the gratitude of persons in humble life. He was overjoyed, for instance, when a Prussian sergeant waited on him, saying that he had not grudged to go several leagues out of his way, in order to see Professor

Gellert face to face, and thank him for the enjoyment obtained from his works. And when, on his last journey from Carlsbad, he was resting at an inn, an aged female servant timidly approached him, and asked if he were the gentleman who had written so many beautiful books, the unfeigned joy with which she seized and kissed his hand was a pleasing recollection to him for many a day. He was extremely unassuming in his manners, and simple in all his tastes. A lady sending him a pair of point-lace ruffles, such as men wore in those days, he returned her his hearty thanks, adding, that he had never worn ruffles, but would now do so for her sake, though in general he attached little importance to externals of this kind.

His conversational powers were of a high order ; and while his talk was attractive in an eminent degree, it was honourably distinguished by child-like innocence and purity. His behaviour, his sayings, his very jests, were pure like his mind. All his words and actions bore the stamp of genuine piety.

Such was Gellert in thought, word, and deed. Shall not you and I, dear reader, acknowledge that the tears shed at his grave were well merited, and pray God that we, like him, may live the life and die the death of the righteous,—that our memory, like his, may be truly blessed ?

[*Note.*—As Gellert's Fables made a great impression in Germany during his own life-time, the Translator, at the Editor's request, has supplied specimens, which are here subjoined. "The Painter" is the one which the author recited to the king.]

I.

THE PAINTER.

IN Athens, in the ancient days,
A clever man—so runs the story—
Who laboured less for gain than glory,
Painting a "Mars," showed it to one whose praise
He hoped to hear, and bid him say his say.
"Well," spoke the critic, after some delay,
"To tell the truth, I can't commend your painting,
Which, to be truly grand, I think, should show
Less striving for effect." The artist, not assenting,
Now in his own defence struck many a blow.
Unflinchingly the critic still maintained
His views, though not an inch of ground he gained.

Next comes a youth not over-wise,
Stares at the god of war, and cries,
Without a moment's pause for thought,
"Heavens ! what a masterpiece you've wrought !
Ah, what a foot ! With what address
The nails you've managed to express !
Mars on your canvas lives, I swear ;
Consume skill and art divine
Alike in shield and helm appear,
And on the sumptuous armour shine."
At this applause the painter winced,
And viewed his friend with rueful air.
"Ah now," he sighed, "I feel convinced
Your censures, if severe, are fair."
Scarce had the witless youngster bid "Good-day,"
When from the canvas "Mars" was wiped away.

My friend, 'tis plain that you've some cause to grieve
O'er work when honest critics cannot praise it ;
But should it e'er a fool's applause receive,
Why, then, there's nothing left but to erase it.

II.

THE USURER.

A USURER a princely fortune made,
Though not by fraud or even tricks of trade ;
But—as he vowed—because Heaven deigned to bless
His honest toil and give him great success.
Eager to show the gratitude that filled
His swelling breast, he now began to build
An almshouse, doubtless hoping that the Lord
This pious undertaking would reward.
When all was ready, in exultant mood,
Viewing the goodly pile, the miser stood,
Thinking how well the work of love would pay.
When a shrewd neighbour chanced to pass that way.
The miser, who most ardently desired
To hear his stately hospital admired,
Now in a tone of triumph asked his friend
If it were large enough to suit the end.
"Why not ?" was the reply ; "'tis nobly planned
A welcome refuge for a numerous band ;
But if you mean it as a home for all
Whom you've made poor, the building's far too
small !"



France and its Reformation.

VII.—THE FLIGHT OF CALVIN FROM PARIS.

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLLIE, LL.D.

Paris; its twofold influence—Grandeur of history—An ancient woe repeated—Calvin evangelizing—Calvin in the palace—Cop's oration—The Sorbonne in a flame—Cop flees—Calvin escapes, disguised as a vine-dresser—His life at Angoulême—The "Institutes"—Interview between Calvin and Lefevre—Goes to Poitiers—Forms a school of disciples—They meet in a cave—Abbot Pontius—First celebration of the Supper in France—First mission of evangelists—Visit to Poitiers in 1569—Its present aspect—Its university—Sculptures of its cathedral—Decay and dreariness.



HERE are spots to which the somewhat remarkable property belongs of originating two entirely opposite sets of influence, and so of becoming by turns the devastators and the renovators of the world. The capital of France is one of those spots. If Paris gave Pepin to the popedom, not less is it true that Paris gave Calvin to the Reformation. The first of the Gothic kings to present himself at the baptismal font, and to bow in spiritual vassalage before the chair of Peter, Pepin was rewarded for his submission with the lofty title of "eldest son of the Church," and that distinction the rulers of France have proudly worn ever since; and through all the vicissitudes of thirteen centuries they have striven to show themselves not undeserving of it. And what has the consequence been? Even this, that all through the Middle Ages, and down even to our own day, Paris has been the main centre of that political influence by which the Pope has been able to establish his kingdom of darkness, and hold the nations of Europe in chains.

But, by the ordination of an all-wise Providence, when the Papacy had completed its cycle of dominion, and the time came that it should begin to fall, there arose in the capital of France another chief yet mightier in the spiritual than Pepin had been in the political sphere. If Noyon was the scene of Calvin's first birth, Paris was the scene of his second birth; and this last it was which made him the Reformer. With the day of his second birth at Paris, began those influences which, waxing stronger every day, and holding on their course amid battles and stakes and revolutions, were destined to subvert the empire of Rome, and rend the chains by which she held the nations in slavery. Like another

Moses at the court of Pharaoh, Calvin's spiritual cradle was placed beside the throne of the "eldest son of the Church;" and from the foot of Pepin's chair he went forth to liberate his brethren. These contrasts in history are very instructive. They shed a beautiful light upon the providence of God. They show us that the great Ruler has fixed a time and a place for every event and for every man, and that he sets the good over against the evil.

What a sublime scheme is History, as it passes before the eye of Him who sits upon the throne of heaven; how vast its range, how orderly its movements, and how perfect its equity! With what an admirable balance is one event made to stand over against another, and with what inflexible righteousness do the calamities of one age redress the crimes of a former. We who remain but a few years upon earth can see only a fraction of the circle. We ought to prolong our sojourn here three centuries at least before pronouncing an exhaustive judgment upon any one event. What could one who lived only during the sixteenth century have thought of the gigantic crimes of that age? How often must the doubt have risen in his mind whether there was a God! But had he tarried till the nineteenth century, and gone round the nations and thrones by whom these crimes were done, and seen the woes under which they lie overwhelmed, he would have had no need of one to vindicate the ways of Providence, and to assure him that the government of the Supreme is inflexibly just; and that if it delays its vengeance, it is only that the stroke may be the more crushing when it falls. "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

We left Paris commoved. Great multitudes were day after day thronging the gates of the

Louvre, and filling its spacious saloons, and when these could no longer contain them, crowding the churches till nave and aisle overflowed. What has happened? Two converted friars are preaching, and the city is flocking to hear. Verily it does seem as if the hopes of the evangelicals, so often baulked, are now at last to be realized. And with the conversion of Paris will come the conversion of France; and if the gospel shall triumph in the kingdom of Pepin, what nation may it not hope to bind to its chariot-wheel? Can Spain, can Italy long shut out the light? What a glorious morning is breaking on the earth; and what an array of nations, with France at their head, are coming out of the darkness, and are beginning to wash their robes and make them white in the holy beauties of Christianity! But, alas! France faltered on the threshold, and with France, Spain and Italy turned back; and as they take the downward road, we fancy we can hear the same Voice which pronounced the doom of Chorazin and Bethsaida of old passing sentence upon them, and adjudging them to abide three centuries in the darkness, and to endure woes a hundred times more terrible than any they could possibly have encountered in fighting their way into the kingdom of truth and liberty. "Woe unto thee," France! "woe unto thee," Spain! "woe unto thee," Italy! "for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you, it shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment than for you. And thou," Paris, "which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works which have been done in thee had been done in Sodom, it would have remained unto this day."

We now return to Calvin, who was the centre of the Reformation, and the successive stages of whose career are the indices of corresponding stages in the progress of the gospel. We left him at Paris, prosecuting with noiseless energy the work of evangelizing. The saloons, the halls of the Sorbonne, the very streets were then ringing with ecclesiastical polemics. In these noisy combats Calvin cared but little to mingle. His ambition was to win victories which, if less ostentatious, would be far more durable. He wished,

like his old sagacious teacher—so wise in his honesty—Mathurin Cordier, to lay the foundations solidly, and not to spend life in rearing structures which after a little while would be sure to topple down. He desired to baptize men for the stake; to make converts who would endure the fire. And so, turning aside from the groups of disputants in the street, he entered the private houses of the citizens, conversed with the family on the things that belonged to their peace, and converted a soul, while his friends outside had but demolished a syllogism. Calvin was the pioneer of all who have since his time laboured for the recovery of the lapsed masses.

The fame he so earnestly sought to flee from did but the more follow him. His name was mentioned in the palace of Margaret. The Queen of Navarre must needs see the young evangelist. We tremble as we behold Calvin entering the Louvre. They who are in kings' houses wear soft clothing, and learn to pursue middle courses. If Calvin is to be all to the Church, he must be nothing to kings and queens. We tremble the more because there was in Calvin, in combination with his sternness of principle and singular uprightness of aim, a tenderness of heart, and a yearning, not for praise, but for sympathy with his views, which might render him somewhat susceptible to the blandishments and flatteries of a court. But God went with him to the palace, and preserved him from the snares spread around his feet. His penetration discovered even then, what became manifest to all in the future life of Margaret, that though her piety was genuine, it was nevertheless clouded with mysticism, and that her opinions were too halting and hesitating to compass a full reformation of the Church. He judged, then, that he could not lay himself fully alongside of the Queen of Navarre. Still there were points of similarity not a few between them, which begat a mutual admiration. There was in both a beautiful genius, there was in both a lofty soul, and in both there was what is the beginning and the end of all piety,—a deep heaven-begotten reverence and love of the Saviour. Margaret did not conceal her admiration of the young evangelist. Around him there breathed the serenity of strength, betokening the presence of a power which, although enshrined in a material

framework somewhat too finely strung, was sure to accomplish great things in the future. Calvin went often to the palace. Margaret consulted him in affairs of moment, so greatly did she confide in his practical wisdom. In short, the bonds between the two were growing stronger every day, when an event fell out that drove Calvin from Paris, and put an end to the danger, if ever it had existed, of sinking the chief of the Reformation in the court chaplain.

Nicholas Cop, the physician, was rector of the Sorbonne, and an intimate friend of Calvin. It was October 1533, and the session of the University was to commence on the first of next month (All-Saints' Day), when Cop would have to grace the opening with an inaugural address. What an occasion! thought Calvin, who longed to have the gospel preached from this the most public of all the pulpits of Christendom. He went to his friend Cop, and broke to him his stratagem of bringing the gospel into the University, as Margaret had already brought it into the churches. But Cop felt unequal to the task of composing such an address as the occasion demanded, and it was agreed between the two friends that Calvin should write and that Cop should read the oration. It was a bold experiment: those who made it were not unaware of its risks, but they had resolved to venture upon them.

The 1st of November came. A brilliant assembly—composed of the professors and students, of many Franciscan friars who more than half-suspected Cop, of the *élite* of the learned men of Paris, and of not a few friends of the gospel who had had a hint of what was to happen—convened on the occasion. On a bench apart sat Calvin. Cop rose, and his first words were waited for in deep silence. He proceeded to pronounce a thoroughly academic address, which set forth, under the name of "Christian philosophy," the fundamental doctrines of the gospel. The noble sentiments were clothed in clear, simple, yet majestic language. "Free grace" was the keynote of the discourse. We can well imagine the mingled feelings with which it was received by the audience. The first expression on the countenances of the hearers was that of blank astonishment. By-and-by a face here and there began to

kindle into delight: the doctrine was there finding a welcome. But others became uneasy on their seats. The monks especially were greatly agitated: they knit their brows, shot out wrathful glances, and muttered hoarsely to one another. They saw through the thin disguise in which the gospel was veiled, and knew perfectly that the doctrines that were being proclaimed would lay their whole system in the dust. When the assembly rose then the storm burst. Heresy had reached an astounding pitch of audacity: it was rearing its head in the Sorbonne. It must be met with equal vigour, and struck down at once.

Cop was denounced to the Parliament, then the supreme judge and executioner of heretics. He was summoned to answer at its bar. Preceded and fortified by the whole insignia and pomp of his office as Rector of the University, he was already on his way to obey its summons. A friend, pressing through the crowd, whispered into his ear that he was marching to his death. He fled to Basle, and escaped the fate already determined against him.

When Cop was gone, it began to be rumoured that the real author of the address which had set University and Parliament in a flame was still in Paris, and that he was no other than Calvin. He must be burned. Already the lieutenant-criminal, the famous Jean Morin, was on his way to apprehend him. A few friends came running into his room, and implored him to flee. Scarce had they spoken when the knocking of the officers at the outer gate was heard. Now their heavy tramp echoed in the corridor: another moment, and Calvin would be on his way to the Conciergerie, to come out thence only to the stake. That would, indeed, have been a blow to the Reformation, and would probably have changed the whole future of Christendom. But God interposed at this moment of peril. While some of Calvin's friends detained the officers at the door as best they could, others, seizing the sheets on his bed, hastily twisted them into a rope, and let him down through the window into the street. Thus he escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowler.

Dropped into the street, Calvin traversed Paris with rapid steps, and reached the suburbs. His first agitation had subsided; and espying a vine-

dresser's cottage, the owner of which he knew was a friend of the gospel, he entered, and with his assistance arranged the plan of his flight. He doffed his own dress, put on the coat of the vine-dresser, and, with a gardener's hoe on his shoulder, set out on his journey. He went forth scarce knowing whither he went—the pioneer of hundreds of thousands who in future years were, in this and similar disguises, to escape from France. Calvin had fondly hoped that the scene of his conversion would be also the scene of his labours. At the very moment when the gospel, as he believed, was about to obtain a triumph in the churches, in the University, and in the Palace of France, he had to flee. Nevertheless he submitted himself to the divine ordering. God had arranged a different future to both France and Calvin from that which the young Reformer had painted to himself. France was to harden her heart that God might glorify his power upon her; and Calvin was to go into exile that he might in solitude prepare those great works by which he was to become the Reformer of the world, and to speak, not to his own age only, but to the ages of the future.

Turning southward, Calvin traversed those fine plains and rich valleys which the Loire and the Clain water; and after some weeks of wandering, he reached Angoulême, the birth-place of Margaret. Here he knocked at the door of the noble mansion of Du Tillet. This family was one of the wealthiest in France: it was scarcely less distinguished for talent than for wealth, some of its members filling high offices in Paris. It was strange that the exile should present himself at this door. The explanation is this, that in Paris Calvin had made the acquaintance of one of the family—a young canon, to whom he had imparted a knowledge of the gospel. He was not mistaken in thus presuming upon the friendship so formed, for he received the warmest welcome from the young Du Tillet, then the only occupant of the mansion; and was forthwith installed in the library, which was one of the finest of which France, or indeed any other country, could in that age boast,—it contained not fewer than some four thousand volumes. The exile needed rest: he needed time for meditation and reading, if he was to be equipped for those great conflicts in which his

whole future life was to be passed. Calvin found it under this princely and friendly roof. He could not but adore the hand of God, which, instead of a dungeon, had opened for him in a wondrous way this quiet asylum. A beam of joy shone into his soul. Around him were the mighty dead, with nothing to interrupt his converse with them. He had come here athirst for knowledge, and at these fountains he might drink his fill. The young canon who had opened the door to him had claims on his society which Calvin could not disregard; and hours of sweet and profitable intercourse did the two friends pass together. But these hours had to be redeemed. Whole nights without sleep, and days on which food was scarcely tasted, would Calvin pass, that he might satisfy his immense desire for knowledge, and his capacity, also immense, of acquiring it. It was here that Calvin projected the noblest of all his works—"the finest work of the Reformation," as D'Aubigné styles it—his "*Institutes*." Not that he actually wrote it here; but here, in this noble library, by reading and meditation, he collected the materials of that imperishable work. It was formed on the model of the apologies which the early fathers offered for the martyrs who suffered under the Roman emperors. Calvin saw men dying at the stake for the same gospel: should he not lift up his voice and proclaim in the face of the world the truth and glory of their cause? This was but justice to the men who were pouring out their blood; and justice, too, to their persecutors, many of whom, moved by a blind but not therefore guiltless zeal, were putting them to death. But to do this effectively, he must prepare himself by years of reading, meditation, and prayer. Then, when he had so prepared himself, he spoke; and spoke with a voice that sounded through Europe, and the mighty reverberations of which will go down the ages, bearing with them the condemnation of the persecutor and the vindication of the martyr. Calvin's "*Institutes*" were the first note of that universal alleluia which will be sung over the fall of her in whose skirts shall be found "the blood of the saints and of the martyrs of Jesus." Years after, a Popish ecclesiastic, on visiting the library of Du Tillet, cast around him a severe look, and exclaimed, "This is the smithy where the modern

Vulcan forged his bolts ; here it was that he wove the web of the "Institutes," which we may call the Talmud or Koran of heresy."

One episode of his sojourn at Angoulême we must narrate : it is a touching one. LEFEVRE, who still survived, was living at Nerac, not far from Angoulême, enjoying the protection and friendship of MARGARET. Calvin, who had never met him, yearned to see the man who had first opened the door of France to the Reformation, and set out to visit him. The aged doctor and the young Reformer met for the first and last time. Calvin was charmed with the candour, the humility, the clear knowledge, and the loving spirit of Lefevre—lights that appeared to shine the brighter in proportion as he in whom they dwelt drew towards the tomb. Lefevre, on his part, was equally struck with Calvin : the depth of his intellect and the range of his views marked him out as a reformer of loftier stature than any he had hitherto known. In truth, he viewed with something of dismay the future as sketched with the bold hand of Calvin ; for Lefevre was one of those who dreamed of retaining the Pope and cardinals and bishops, and transforming them all into evangelical pastors ; in short, of uniting the tyranny of the Infallibility with the liberty of the Bible. Calvin was for taking down the old fabric, and rearing a new one. This, of course, would cause no little noise and dust, as when did not such inconvenience attend the removal of a rotten building ! Lefevre's method was to patch it, and keep it standing ; and stand it did till the Revolution of 1789 came to take it down in "fire, and blood, and vapour of smoke." Lefevre surveyed Calvin, and, recalling his own words to Farel, that God would send a deliverer, and that they should see it, said, "Young man, I perceive that God will make use of you in restoring the kingdom of the gospel in France."

After a six months' stay in Angoulême and the parts in the neighbourhood—Calvin's Wartburg—he returned northward, the storm having blown over, to Poitiers. Two leagues distant from that town is the battlefield where, in 1356, the Black Prince met the armies of France under John of Valois, and won his famous victory. Here, in the spring of 1584, we behold a humble soldier arriving to begin a battle which should

change the face of the world. Thin, pale, and singularly unobtrusive, yet the beauty of his genius and the extent of his knowledge soon drew around the stranger a circle of charmed friends. In this district in former times lived Abelard ; and the traces he had left behind him, not yet wholly effaced, helped to prepare the way for Calvin. Poitiers was then a place of great importance : it was the seat of a flourishing University, and its citizens numbered amongst them men eminent for their rank, for their learning, or for their professional ability. The prior of Trois-Moutiers opened his door to the young Reformer, and introduced him to the professors in the University ; and in their daily walks by the banks of the Clain, Calvin unfolded to these friends the true glory of the gospel and the spiritual nature of the kingdom of God, drawing them away from idle ceremonies and dead formulas to those living truths of the Spirit's revelation by which the heart is renewed and the life changed. Some contemned the words spoken to them ; but others received them with meekness and joy, and in after years died as martyrs for the truth. Among these converts was Ponthus, abbot of a Benedictine convent and head of a patrician family. Forsaking a brilliant position, he was the first abbot in France who openly professed himself a disciple of the gospel. Among his descendants were some who gave their lives for the Reformation ; and to this day the family has continued steadfastly on the side of Protestantism, adorning it by their piety not less than by their rank. The late Count Alexander de St. George, for many years president of the Evangelical Society of Geneva, was a lineal descendant of Abbot Ponthus.

It was at Poitiers that the evangelization of France in a systematic way began. The school or congregation which Calvin here formed comprehended persons in all conditions of life—canons, lawyers, professors, counts, tradesmen. They held their re-unions in the garden of the Basses Trielles, like the Platonists of ancient Greece ; and there, as the Papists have said, were the first beginnings in France of Protestant conventicles and councils.

By-and-by it was thought prudent to discontinue these meetings in the Basses Trielles, and

to seek some more remote and solitary place. The neighbourhood of Poitiers, being of the limestone formation, abounds in caverns. About three miles distant, in the deep ravine which runs past Poitiers, and which is watered by the rivulet of the Clain, is a spot particularly rocky; and there a large cave was fixed on as the place of the future assemblings of these converts. They went in small parties and by different routes to their place of rendezvous. To this day it goes by the name of Calvin's Grotto; and in this cave, so far as is known, the sacrament of the Supper was, for the first time in France, dispensed after the Protestant fashion. The little company of disciples gathered round the symbols; and Calvin, after the reading of the Word and prayer, handed round the bread and the cup, of which all partook, even as in the upper room in Jerusalem sixteen centuries before. The place had none of the grandeurs of cathedral, but the glory of God and of the Lamb enlightened it. No chant of priest and no swell of organ accompanied the service; but the voice of fervent prayer and praise rose there, and with these ascended to heaven the hearts of the worshippers who were holding fellowship with Him whose presence overshadowed them. How often since, in the dens and caves of France, in its forests and wildernesses and mountains, have the children of the Reformation assembled to offer their prayers, and sing their psalms, and celebrate their worship! And He who disdains the gorgeous temple which unholy rites defile has been present with them, and spoken to their souls in these sanctuaries, whose walls were the mountains and whose roof was the open sky.

Another circumstance helps to centre in Poitiers no little of the interest which belongs to that great second birth-day of Christendom. It was from this town that a little band of missionaries commissioned by Calvin went forth to travel through France; and sow the seed of the gospel in that kingdom. This is the first home-mission agency set agoing in modern times. They were only three—a small army for the conquest of so great a country—but all of them were found faithful; and in due time other labourers were added to them. The west of France was their main field of labour; and their success may be

guessed at from the wrath of the priests, of which they soon became the objects, but whose pursuit they contrived to elude. Two of these missionaries laboured in this work to their dying day; the third was seized at Chamberry, in Savoy, and burned, confessing Christ. Calvin himself still abode at Poitiers; and when he took his departure (1534) he did not leave it as he found it. He had kindled a light in it which continued to burn after he was gone. The church which he had founded in Poitiers embraced many men of position and learning, and it took a conspicuous place in the early days of the Reformation.

Would the reader like to know the present condition of Poitiers, and whether it fulfilled the promise of evangelical eminence which it gave when Calvin visited it? The writer, a year and a half ago, traversed the same district of France which the footsteps of Calvin, fleeing from Paris, have made classic ground to the student of the Reformation. We passed along, in the autumn of 1869, by the great valley of the Loire, visiting Orleans, Tours, Poitiers, Angoulême, and Bordeaux. Specially did we halt at Poitiers, knowing who had made it, for a brief space, the place of his sojourn three hundred years before. Poitiers, we dare say, like the little town of Aosta in Italy, is nowadays proud of this episode in its history, and would rather efface all the traces of its illustrious visitor; and to say sooth, Poitiers has been very successful in doing so. We question whether there be half-a-dozen persons in all Poitiers who have the least notion of the facts we have been detailing, or ever heard that Calvin once honoured, or, as they would say, defiled their city with his presence. Persecution has long since cast down and razed to its foundations the evangelical church which the Reformer founded here; and the Poitiers of this day is a most unexceptionably Catholic city, if we may judge from the dreariness and stagnation reigning in its streets, and the vacuity and ignorance which may be so plainly read in the faces of its citizens. The landscape around it is, doubtless, as when Calvin went in and out at its gates. There is the clear, dry, balmy sky overhead; there is the winding and picturesque ravine immediately beneath it on the north, with the rivulet watering

its bottom, and its sides here terraced with vines, there overhung by white limestone rocks, while clumps of cottages amid fruit-trees, and water-mills, are seen along its course. North and south of the town are spread those plains on which the Black Prince, in the fourteenth century, marshalled his English bowmen, and where Calvin, two hundred years later, restored to its original simplicity that rite which commemorates an infinitely greater victory than ever was here, or anywhere else on earth, achieved by warrior. Unchanged too, or, if changed, only slightly, since the times of Calvin, is the town itself. Here has Poitiers been sitting all the while nursing its orthodoxy, till nothing else almost is left it to nurse, and till its churches and edifices have grown hoary and tottering, and till the very chimes of its bells have a weird tinkle, and the faces of its men and women wear an elfic look.

Poitiers has a large quadrangular place in the centre, with fountain in the middle, and a clock-tower in one of its sides. From this square run out narrow and winding lanes in all directions. In one of these lanes are the college buildings, among whose professors Calvin found some of his friends and disciples. The buildings are venerable and monastic looking; their gables turned to the street, with large windows of coloured glass, and around them gardens, with bits of rich sward, and trees old and gnarled, but their boughs laden with rich massy foliage. In another street, in the eastern quarter of the city, with open space in front, is the cathedral, the most remarkable of all the buildings of Poitiers. Its front is like a vast page or volume of history and biography. It is all covered over with sculptures, the subject of which are extremely miscellaneous, and some of them not a little grotesque. Scriptural histories are here chiselled in stone, alternating with rows of saints, and popes, and great abbots; and thrown in among these—why we know not, unless of the very wantonness of caprice—are figures of nondescript monsters, of shape and genus wholly unknown to the geologist. The whole goodly assemblage, under the influence of the weather, is slowly passing away into oblivion; and will by-and-by disappear, leaving only the bare weather-worn stone, unless the chisel come time-

only to the rescue, and gave its various objects a new lease of life. We stepped inside the cathedral, and with the more interest from the thought that Calvin must at times have crossed that threshold. The interior we found very plain, offering a striking contrast to the grotesque gorgeousness of the outside. The walls, covered with simple whitewash, were garnished with a few poor pictures, such as one might pick up at a printseller's for a few pence. The usual nave and aisle were wanting, and a single row of stone pillars, also covered with whitewash, ran along in the centre, and supported the roof of the edifice. At the further end was a priest, before an altar with a few tinsel ornaments upon it, and a gaudy image of the Virgin; and he was going through the same ceremonies as his predecessors three hundred years before might have been seen performing. He had as fellow-worshippers a few women, miserably clad, their faces dark and wrinkled, on their knees on the stone floor, and muttering something before the daubs of pictures that occupied the walls. On stepping in from the living world to witness such scenes, one's ideas begin to be confused, and he thinks that surely he is living in the thirteenth century, or, mayhap, in Pagan times. He must have dreamed only of a Reformation, for otherwise its light would long since have come here and put the darkness to flight. The light did come here, as we have already told, but Poitiers loved the darkness, and turned back into it. How different had been the condition of Poitiers to-day if it had known the time of its visitation in the sixteenth century!

When night fell, the town was plunged in darkness. There were no street lamps; gas seemed an unknown invention in Poitiers. The shops were lit with tallow candles, which emitted only a feeble glimmer; but it did not appear to matter, for there was next to no business doing, except in the cafés, where a few young men were assembled to consume a little coffee and play at billiards. So gloomy was the place that we had no heart to pass the night in it, and resolved to go on our journey. At a late hour the moon rose, and she at least was exempt from the obscuratation and decay which had passed on all else in Poitiers. Her light became the old town better than the glare of day, throwing, as she did, a silvery veil over the

marks of ugliness and the prints of time. By her help we found our way to the railway station, which is situated in the valley below the town,

on the banks of the Clain ; and there, taking our place in the train, we arrived in Bordeaux with the next dawn.

THE PARABLE OF THE TARES.

MATT. xiii. 24-30.

BY THE REV. DR. CALDERWOOD, PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.



HERE are two sowers. The Son of God has just spoken of himself as acting in this capacity. And now he throws the light of his omniscience into the darkness of a night which no moon irradiates. He thus discovers to us a sower who "cometh not to the light." He gives us eyes wherewith we may see in the darkness, and thereby detect one, skulking to his deeds of evil while men slumber. Skulking is the accompaniment of sinning. The manner of sowing betrays the character of the sower. He is the Evil One, whose heart is evil, whose sowing is evil, and who seeks a harvest of evil.

There is an intimate relation between this parable and that of the Sower. The opening words of this, seem to be the commencement of the same parable in a slightly varied form. "The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field." It is still the sowing of the good seed which is the first and most prominent fact, for without this, the Enemy would have wanted the occasion for the exercise of his malignity. But, on the other hand, this intimacy of relation is needful in order that the parable of the sower may be completed. For, while the sower sows his good seed, the whole truth is not discovered when we are told that only some of the seed which he sows yields a harvest. We further need explanation and illustration of the fact that there is seed which he did not sow, which nevertheless springs up, and yields a bitter harvest. The parable before us is introduced as the sad but necessary supplement to the other.

In comparing the two, so as to discover the continuity of teaching involved, we observe a change in the structure of the second parable. In the former, the seed represents the Word of God, the truth of the Gospel ; in this, where a comparison between good seed and evil is introduced, the good seed are "the children of the kingdom," and "the tares are the children of the wicked one." The difference of setting is very marked ; the identity of thought is easily detected. The transition from the truth received, to the person who receives it, and who moulds his life under its guiding power, is naturally and easily made. Such a transition gives us the entire change effected in the structure of the parable. The seed—the germinal principle, out of which the whole result springs—is, in the one case, the truth of God ; in the other, falsehood, which repels from

God. The seed is thus contrasted as the true and the false, the good and the evil, becoming operative within the intelligent moral nature of men. According to the character of the seed received and vitalized within, so is the man who receives it as a principle of life. Practically, then, accuracy of teaching is secured, whether the thoughts conveyed to the mind are spoken of as seed, or the persons who come under the power of such thoughts. The sole difference is this, that in the one case you speak of the germ, in the other of the plant in its developed state, with root, stalk, and fruit-laden head. As, in the first parable, the great Teacher makes the "seed" apply to the truth ; and as, in the second, he makes "seed" apply to the persons, both views are taken, and the parabolic teaching thereby attains greater fullness. We now, then, take the seed as representing the results, using it as applying to individuals. There are good men and evil in the world—children of God and children of the Wicked One ; we, who are familiar with the distinction, are now to be guided to an explanation of the manner in which this complete contrast of character is brought about.

"The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field ; but while men slept, his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat, and went his way." The field is the world. Here is the heavenly kingdom, over which God rules ; but it is a divided kingdom, for there is an enemy within it, who has sway over many who are his willing subjects. The presence of this skulking adversary is now to engage attention. He is the enemy of Jesus, who is the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. This Enemy not only refuses personal subjection, but he scatters evil seed over the world, like thistle-down floating on the autumn breeze. This he does in wilful wickedness. It is not that he wishes to sow tares, and gather a harvest from ground not his own. It is that he wishes to injure the growth of the wheat, and lessen the value of the harvest to be reaped by the owner of the field. He comes designing mischief, and, as each one must who has evil intent, he comes stealthily. He is evil in heart, and defiant too ; but he is timid withal, and would hide himself if he could. Cowardice dwells in the heart of the strongest evil-doer.

As the malicious sowing of evil seed is what a man would not allow on his field, if he were aware of the evil

purpose, the human form of the parable is maintained by representing the time when the mischief was done as the time when "men slept." The story thus naturally harmonizes with the ways of man; and at the same time, by appropriate analogy, represents the doings of the Wicked One as deeds of darkness. If the adversary covets the shelter of the night, there is nothing surprising in the circumstance that he is not discovered either by the owner or by his servants. The natural time for sleeping gives a safe time for mischief-working to those whose evil nature is strong enough to rouse them by night, that they may gain opportunity for executing the dark counsels of their hearts. The night-watchman has his lonely round assigned to him in the great city, in acknowledgment of the danger connected with the time when men slumber. But, natural as all this is, according to the life of men, we need interpretation of it in relation to the Lord of the kingdom, for "he slumbereth not, nor sleepeth." So far as he is concerned, nothing can be done secretly. What, then, is conveyed by this introduction of sleeping-time as the season when the evil is done? Something, obviously, in reference to the feelings and designs of the Enemy; and something also as to the Lord, who has already sown the good seed. These two references, beyond doubt, lie in this marked introduction of intentional secrecy as to the sowing of evil seed. We see, first, how this sowing is thought of by the Adversary while he is engaged in it. He does it, as if he were successful in concealing his agency in the matter. This fancied secrecy, leading to a fancied security, strengthens him in his evil course. He accomplishes his purpose, and goes his way, as if he had never been there. When at length the sun breaks over the scene, all is peaceful, as if the echoes of the night had not been awakened by the footsteps of a solitary wanderer. The mantle of the night has covered the plot. It will take many days until the results discover what has been so quietly done by night. Thus the adversary thinks of the evil work he has set himself to do. The great deceiver is self-deceived. The Lord of the field looketh forth on the scene, for he slumbereth not, while the darkness and the light are alike unto him. He looketh forth from his window, and marks what is done. Yet he utters no cry, such as might strike terror into the heart of the evil-doer. He sits still in quietness. He calls not his servants to his aid. Instead of sending them out to prevent this grievous mischief being done, he lets them take their rest. There is a lesson here as to the moral government of God. Liberty of action is granted to the Adversary. Men are left to be influenced by him, even to the regulation of their whole life, until they are reckoned among the children of the Wicked One. And this double liberty—liberty of influencing and liberty of being influenced—is granted, even to the subversion of God's gracious purpose; because he who exerts the influence, and they who yield themselves up to it, are equally moral beings, and there is no responsibility—that is, no morality—other-

wise than by provision for such liberty of action. This is the one answer to the question, Why does Jesus permit the sowing of the tares? He casts the good seed into the heart ready to receive it. They who do receive it gladly, themselves become sowers of this seed under his guidance. But to him who seeks to sow evil seed, freedom of action is allowed; and they who receive the evil into their hearts, in turn become sowers of evil. The discipline of existing evil, with its power of temptation, is thus under sufferance of the Lord himself. This dark side of the truth was for a moment discovered even in the previous parable. There were thorns in the field, which had been sown somehow, and which were suffered to grow, and even to choke the growth of good seed. As weeds grow in the ground, so that the husbandman has a continual struggle with them in the preparation for his harvest; so moral evil works in the universe, while the Lord of it seeks to gather the fruits of righteousness to his own glory. The full moral significance of this will appear before the parable is brought to a close.

Having considered the conduct of the sower of the evil seed, we must now give a thought to the seed itself, as a representation of the children of the Wicked One. He sows *tares* amongst the wheat. There is very general agreement as to what is intended by our Lord in speaking of tares. The word does not apply to the tares or vetches, often sown by our farmers along with oats, as fodder for their horses. There could be no propriety in such a reference. The word rendered tares applies to the poisonous weed, a species of wild grass, usually known by the name of darnel, and not unfrequently described in common language as bastard wheat. This last designation most aptly describes the thing in view of the moral purpose of the parable. This bastard wheat is so like to wheat in the earlier stages of its growth, that it is difficult to distinguish between them. At a later stage, the difference is so great that a child sees it at once. And this bastard wheat is really a poisonous herb, making it needful that it be carefully separated from the wheat before it can be put to use. The fitness of the analogy in all these points is very obvious.

There is incalculable mischief done when this bastard wheat is scattered all over a field already sown with good seed. For a while it is indeed impossible to detect the mischief which has been done, but a time of discovery comes at length, though only when it is hopeless to guard against the mischief, or to prevent the evil influence of this poisonous growth. The Enemy sowed the tares among the wheat, and went his way. "But when the blade was sprung up, and brought forth fruit, then appeared the tares also." This description is exactly suitable to the darnel, which is so similar in appearance to the wheat, that it is only when the head appears that the complete difference between them is apparent. It is when the blade brings forth fruit, that there is no risk of mistake. The analogy here is fruit-

ful of illustration. The Lord himself observes the sowing, and recognises the distinction in the growth from the very first bursting of the germ. But his servants, as they are without the earlier knowledge, are also without the later. In watching the promise of early life, we know not what may be the result. The good and the evil may be wonderfully alike in youth, so that it is only when character is formed in more mature life, that we are able to say of it, that it is in its very nature either the one or the other. The only certainty given to us, in the first instance, is that of seeing, and not of judging; that of sowing, and not that of discrimination of the appearance of growth. In so far as we are workers in the matter, if we sow good seed, and watch its growth, we may have assurance as to the result. "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." But if we are only observers of those who are not directly under our influence, we are left in uncertainty for a season. We must wait until the blade spring up and bring forth fruit before we can have certainty. The result must declare. Judging at an earlier stage, we may go wrong either way.

The time at length comes for the discovery of the mischief which has been done. The ear is formed, and then it is clear that disaster has befallen the crop. There is not merely here and there a stalk of bastard wheat, which might have been accounted for by the condition of the ground; but all over the field the darnel is growing to an extent which can be explained only on the supposition that it has been regularly sown. Either the seed has been bad, or wilful mischief has been done. What shall be said of this? The servants were in perplexity when they made the discovery. "So the servants of the householder came and said unto him, Sir, didst not thou sow good seed in thy field? from whence then hath it tares? He saith unto them, An enemy hath done this." The servants are in doubt; their master is sure. He knows the quality of his seed, and the state of his ground; and to his mind there is only one possible answer, even though his servants should think it hardly probable that any one could deliberately go over the whole field to scatter evil seed amongst the good. The perplexity and the certainty are as readily found in the spiritual world as in the natural. When the power of evil is made the matter of reflection, it occasions great perplexity even to the disciples of Jesus Christ. How is the evil there? and how does it grow so plentifully? The disciples only raise the questions as these servants did, and feel disturbed by the occasion for raising them, as the servants were. Such questioning is the natural sign of perplexity. The disciples cannot answer the questions themselves. Naturally, as their first and last resort, they turn to their Master for the explanation; but even thus they do not altogether escape their disturbed feeling. Their Master could not have done it; and if not, who could? He is good, and would not sow evil seed.

And is he not sovereign? How, then, did he suffer it? The answer of the parable is, An enemy hath done this. The answer is good and complete for the natural world. It is good, but incomplete, for the spiritual world; and he who teaches us by this parable means it to be incomplete, as all teaching on the subject is. There is ever something held in reserve, and the mystery remains. In the management of men there is no marvel in the case. The owner of the field must retire to his house, and give himself up to sleep; and even when awake and watchful, he cannot always prevent the doing of the mischief which an enemy watches for an opportunity of inflicting. But the Lord of the spiritual kingdom can prevent it. Thus the mystery still hangs over the answer to the question, *Why* is the Enemy suffered to do this thing? This being noted, we must observe that our Lord is here quite explicit in his reply to the question, *How* is the evil so quickly, so quietly, and so widely extended? An enemy hath done this. There are many to whom this answer gives fresh concern. They do not doubt that there are those who are sufficiently at enmity with God to seek to increase the evil in the world. They do not doubt that those who are so evil-hearted have the power to do this thing. All this they allow to wicked men. But they are in perplexity as to the existence of this unseen Enemy. Now let us observe that this is the very perplexity of the servants in the parable, and it is natural enough in its way. The parable deals with this acknowledged difficulty. We do not make a new difficulty when we say that such an Adversary is never recognized by us. This belongs to the very nature of the case as stated for us. Further reflection might show that it belongs to the very nature of the case as stated by us. It may be difficult to obtain direct evidence of the presence of a skulking foe. But for us the question is raised by observed facts. How is the darnel in the field? Even making the most liberal allowance for the natural wickedness of the heart, and admitting that we have direct knowledge only of the evil in ourselves and of the evil doings of our fellow-men, do we not find evil in existence not to be accounted for by the evil purposes of men? Is this not the very thing we wish to have explained? If so, when we are told that the facts to which we point are explained by the working of an invisible foe, it is of no account to reply that neither we nor our fellow-men have seen him. If we had, we should not have needed to ask the question, and the answer itself need not have been given. We may object to invisibility, but such objection carries no force of reason with it. When the shot is flying, it is useless to say that no riflemen are within sight; it is enough if they are within range. And when we are told that an unseen Adversary walks the world, we are pointed to the effects of his working for evidence confirmatory of his agency. The only objection open, is objection to the inference which is drawn, in confirmation of the reply which the Lord gives to the question which expresses

our own perplexity. Our Lord tells us of the existence of an enemy, and we have evidence painfully abundant of the evil work he does on the earth. Still the Adversary finds ready to his hand that which suits his end. It serves his purpose to sow tares, never to sow wheat.

In such a disturbed state of things, the servants of God are naturally in concern as to what should be done to subvert the design of the great Adversary. This concern is the next thing which finds expression in the parable. "The servants said unto him, Wilt thou then that we go and gather them up? But he said, Nay; lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat with them." There is full evidence of consecration to their master's service, in this readiness to do the first thing which occurs to their minds as proper to be done. But they need the guidance of their master, who restrains their eagerness, and shows them the risk of carrying out their plan. The evil is effectually done, and the only course now is to abide the harvest. The significance of this as applied to the kingdom of God in our world is far-reaching, and it is deeply solemnizing to contemplate. Naturally there is, on the part of those who have avowedly and openly committed themselves to a life-service of God, an earnest wish to root out the evil from the kingdom. Uprooting is the word which most adequately expresses the strong desire of their heart. Themselves delivered from evil, they would destroy the evil everywhere, even if it were by the destruction of those who are wicked. This indiscriminating desire to destroy evil is most characteristic of the earliest stage of discipleship. The apostles gave some evidence of their subjection to it. But they who would serve the Lord aright must learn to have their ardour tempered by wisdom. It is a leading feature of the gospel that it destroys this uprooting disposition. That there must be separation between the evil and the good, the Lord allows. But the time for that separation is not yet; it does not belong to us to effect it. By-and-by that separation shall come, and then it shall be complete and final; but for the present the good and the evil must continue mingled. Wisdom and love are displayed in this determination of our Lord. In the midst of that field, where the tares and wheat are growing in hopeless confusion, there is unseen a fountain of mercy, welling up from the depths, and quietly sending forth its waters for the nourishment of the weakest life there. Even if the evil thereby grow strong in their iniquity, drawing encouragement from this marvellous forbearance, there are tender plants which are thereby being nourished, in prospect of their yielding a rich harvest at last. Here the servants of the Lord must enter into the spirit of their Master. Christian zeal, if it burn as a flame, must not be of a consuming kind. A hand which is eager to pluck, may do grievous harm; while the hand which is diligent in the use of all means of doing good, may unexpectedly promote a wider growth of righteousness.

But there is a far-reaching application of the owner's

words which now demands attention. The determination as to both growing together is only temporary forbearance, and that only for the sake of the wheat. We are thus introduced to a striking contrast. The Enemy sows the tares, only to destroy the wheat: the Owner spares the tares, only to save the wheat. There is a deeper truth still underneath this, concerning a more wonderful exercise of divine mercy; but it is not here discovered to us, for no parable is sufficient to convey the whole truth. We must wait for a later parable—that of the Leaven—before this deeper truth is fully discovered. Meanwhile, guided by the present line of illustration, we pass on to contemplate from afar the final separation of the evil from the good. We must not forget, that the provision for this really begins here; for the sowing of the good seed into hearts ready to receive it, is effectual separation of them from others, who either refuse to receive it, or receive it in vain. It is the sowing which determines the harvest. Where wheat takes root there is a harvest of fruit: tares will yield according to their kind. The gospel call is the spiritual test by which separation is begun. What is set out to view, far in advance, is complete separation, such as takes place at the harvest, when the tares are separated from the wheat. The ground of the separation lies in the difference of the two. It is because they do so completely differ now, that they shall be separated at last. The word now is, "Let both grow together;" but it is only "until the harvest." For the owner of the field adds these words: "And in the time of harvest, I will say to the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but gather the wheat into my barn." Under the analogy here employed, this is the foreshadowing of the great future which awaits our race. It is indeed analogy which is set before us; but the analogy is employed on account of the accuracy of its teaching. And it is to be remembered that wherein it differs from the reality, it differs by being so much *less* than the reality, not at all by transcending it. But lest we should shelter ourselves behind the uncertainty which may attach to analogy, because of the impossibility of its carrying the full statement of the truth, Jesus himself here interprets for us, and in words which leave no room for doubt: "The harvest is the end of the world; the reapers are the angels. As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire; so shall it be in the end of this world. The Son of man shall send forth his angels, and they shall gather out of his kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity; and shall cast them into a furnace of fire: there shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." The completeness of separation at the time of harvest is explicitly declared. All things that offend, and them which do iniquity, shall be gathered out of the kingdom. Such separation is inevitable, whether you consider the holiness of the kingdom, or the evil nature of them which do iniquity.

The whole dread reality cannot be told. Figurative language flows over from the parable into its interpretation. The fire of the one, is still a furnace in the other. We can reach but a faint conception of the reality of divine condemnation. Of the dark side, as of its opposite, distinguished by exceeding brightness, we must say, "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive." We leave behind us the parabolic, and come here in view of personal responsibility, and the perfect vindication of divine sovereignty. God's holiness is vindicated. His own people have suffered by growing up in companionship with the evil; but they have gained too. If the marks of the ordeal are upon them at the end, by the

grace of God they have passed safely through the evil, and they are saved from the evil to come. Hampered here, they shall be set in a large place hereafter. "They shall shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." And again we must say, God's holiness is vindicated. Personal responsibility is brought to light; they who have refused the gospel, and have preferred to do evil, are condemned according to that which they have done. The Enemy himself, the sower of the tares, does not here come into view. But his condemnation is really involved. He sowed the tares to destroy the wheat, and yet the wheat harvest is gathered in safety; and the furnace into which the tares are cast is that "prepared for the devil and his angels."

NOBLENES.

BY THE LATE DR. JAMES HAMILTON.

[The fifth volume of Dr. Hamilton's Works, just published (James Nisbet and Co., London), besides partaking of all the charms with which our readers are already familiar in the earlier volumes, exhibits one new feature of great interest—it is posthumous. We have been accustomed to the extraordinary combination of qualities which constitute his style. When sailing along the smooth surface of his periods, we have been startled by a sudden ripple on the water, and a gleam of sunshine on every little wave; but we are conscious all the while that he meant it so. He wrote it for the press; and it was corrected by his own hand. We would fain learn what difference may be found in his methods, when he is, so to speak, off his guard—when he is writing simply for the instruction of his congregation, and not with a view to publication.

Here and there in this volume a lecture terminates abruptly, with a few jottings of topics that might be illustrated extemporaneously at the close. These do not sensibly impair the completeness of the treatment, while they place before the reader's eye the evidence that the whole is a fresh stream flowing direct from the well-furnished mind, and warm from the Christian heart of the preacher. Some bear on the MS. a note of having been written at a country retreat, whither he had gone during the vacation in search of health; and some of having been finished during a railway journey. On the whole, the posthumous volume, while here and there it contains a mark just sufficient to show that it had not received the final touch, yet exhibits the genius of the author in unabated force. These selections, made by his friends after his departure, come not a whit behind those which were during his lifetime selected for publication by himself.

From the volume we select (with some omissions for brevity's sake) the second in a series of eight lectures on "The Ethics of the Gospel."—ED.]

"Whatever things are honest."—PHIL. IV. 8.

HONEST," as it is used in modern English, is a homely word, falling far short of its Latin ancestor, "honestus," and giving no notion whatever of the word employed by St. Paul. That word comes from a root which means to worship, to venerate, to stand in awe; and although it may not be easy to find an epithet in our language the exact equivalent of the apostle's *σεμνά*, there can be no difficulty as to his meaning.

Occasionally, actions are performed, so heroic, so brilliant, so self-devoting, that you cannot help regarding them, at least for the moment, as superhuman. Like the people of Lystra, when Paul preached so eloquently, and he and Barnabas made the lame man leap up, the feeling will be, "The gods are come down;" or, under the influence of a clearer faith, God is with them: his gift is this eloquence, his mercy is in this miracle. And as it is with certain incidents, so is it now and then with some person or other. Occasionally men are raised up whose entire character towers above their

fellows. Their walk through the world is on so high a level, their whole history is so sublime and separate, their stature so colossal, the strides they take in their progress from life to immortality so amazing, that it is no wonder you feel as if there were in them something above the range of mortality. Except on viewless pinions—except on wing not the less real because invisible—it would be impossible for flesh and blood to soar so high or sustain a flight so arduous; and as you view the marvellous career of men like Xavier, Vincent of Paul, John Howard; as you view the long miracle of such a life as Elijah, Daniel, Paul, you feel that to raise and sustain them so long above the selfishness and ordinary frailties of humanity needed better than the wings of eagles; and although you do not bow the knee or burn incense, you magnify in them the grace of God, and are grateful for examples which nobilitate our nature, and send your thoughts to heaven.

Such are the patterns, such the traits of character which the apostle bids us ponder. Whatever things

are so lofty, so heroic, that they call up the religious sentiment; whatsoever things are so grand as to be well-nigh worshipful;—these things he bids us think upon.

1. Of deeds so heroic that we feel them sublime, the first class which we would specify is the dutiful. The instance is often adduced of the soldier at the gate of Pompeii. The city was destroyed by an outburst of Vesuvius, but most of the inhabitants escaped. And this man had every advantage for saving himself: already at the gate, with no goods nor household to look after, with nothing more to do than run away. But he was a Roman, and he was a soldier and a sentinel. At that gate he had been posted, and there it was his duty to abide; and though thousands swept past him in their flight, there he stood, amid the deepening darkness and the stifling dust-storm, there he stood, till no more stragglers passed, and till a Mightier than any earthly commander spoke the word of release; and there he lies with helmet and spear, a monument of soldierly steadfastness.

Happily this spirit did not die out with the Romans, and any one who remembers the battle of Rocroy, after which an entire Spanish regiment was found prostrate on the field, every man in his order; and, expiring at their head, their colonel, the old Count de Fuentes, who, too sick to stand, had been carried to his post in a chair: any one who remembers the wreck of the *Birkenhead*, where on the sinking deck stood five hundred gallant warriors silently awaiting their watery grave, whilst the boats with the women and children went away,—will be proud to believe that, more precious than brilliant outbursts of valour, there still survive the calm instincts of duty and the courage which is ever prepared to obey.

In the Revelation of John and the Epistles of Paul, the language is frequently martial; and it is a great point for us to remember the continual conflict raging around. Even the members of the Peace Society must take some side. *He is no saint who is not a soldier*; and although in the great contest there may be room for dash and for feats of daring, there is more habitual need for duteousness. The charm of discipline is this, that by moulding a multitude, and making them all one will, it makes them to every intent one weapon—a weapon, like the cherub sword, all edge, all flame, turning every way, and in the hand of a mighty man irresistible. But discipline means obedience, and in Christ's army they are the best soldiers who most entirely merge their will in his wisest will, and who watch the most attentively the great Captain's sign. If the myriads enlisted were now doing this, it would immensely shorten the campaign. If it were the one anxiety of Christians to be and to do exactly what their Lord desires, long as the feud has raged between light and darkness, right and wrong, we should soon see tokens of the end. But even as it is, marvels might be wrought by a Gideon's handful—a sifted company—true "volunteers," as the Psalmist calls them, willing people—a people whose will

is the best possible, for it is Christ's will, a will intent on God's glory and the world's welfare, and wise enough to know that the best thing for either is to do the great Master's bidding.

Apart, however, from mighty movements and grand engagements, a good soldier may render important service in a lowly post, or on a lonely enterprise; and he may do it, not by seeking it out, but simply because it comes to hand. The Captain says, Go: go on this errand; and at once you set out: Come, take this station, and you take it. But you have not been long there till, like the sentinel at Pompeii, the volcano bursts; till, like Antipas at Pergamos, Satan's seat rises in fury, and there comes the unsought but unevaded martyrdom. It is needful to be upright, and for telling the truth you lose your appointment. Your acquaintance does wrong and you remonstrate, and your faithfulness loses your friend. The deadly sickness enters your dwelling, and, ministering to the plague-stricken inmates, you lose your health or your life. But if a good deal is thus lost, much more is gained—gained to the cause, gained to the martyr; to the martyr, who for Christ's sake losing one life finds a better; to the cause, in which no good soldier ever dies, and in which every duteous deed itself is a conquest.

2. Apart from such deeds there is a class still more striking. For although some acts of simple duteousness cannot be surpassed in moral sublimity, and although in the widest sense duteousness takes in the utmost that any man ever did—for the best servant feels that he has done no more than it was his duty to do,—yet there are acts which rise so far above the average of conscientious performance, that fellow-servants, at least, are bound to applaud them; they are "virtues" which we ought to "praise." When Arnold von Winkelried threw himself on the Austrian spears, and opened a passage for the patriots, he only did his duty to his country, and he only obeyed the impulse of his own brave heart; but the heart capable of such an impulse is so rare that for six centuries history has rehearsed the deed as the very type of heroic self-devotement, and we justly feel that such a way of doing duty soars far above the daily level. Like a vein of porphyry, or a granite peak, such a deed, shooting high into a nation's annals, tilts up the tameness of a thousand years, and the slow sedimentary formations from the sleepy ages which went before, it carries with it towards the sky. The nations which never had such noble men, or which have allowed too long an interval to pass without repeating them, are table-land, dreary swamps, or brackish Sunderbunds, impressive with no name of renown, and summoned to noble deeds by no majestic memories.

Hence in all great contests, in fights for freedom or nationality, in fights for the altar or the hearth, the value of magic names and rallying-cries; such memories as were Marathon to Greece, and Lake Regillus to Rome; such memories as to Switzerland are Sempach and Morgarten, to England the Spanish Armada; such

names as to the later Hebrews were the Maccabees; to the Scots, Bruce and Wallace; to the Dutch, William of Orange; and such as to the Americans ever will be Washington. Hence to the Christian Church the mighty spell of its glorious martyrs. Not that one in a thousand ever dreams that he will lay his head on the block, or go up in a fiery chariot; but every one who has fair information knows how cheerfully for Christ some of earth's best and wisest gave life away; and even those whose information is the scantiest derive their best ideas and inspiration from a Book which thrills throughout with the genius of martyrdom, and in every page of which the paramount presence is One whose self-devotement was peerless, and whose transcendent sacrifice has encouraged and sustained, and sanctified and made effectual a multitude besides which no man can number; martyrs not only for the faith once delivered to the saints, but martyrs for the best feelings originally stamped on humanity; martyrs of the sick-room as well as of the scaffold; martyrs on behalf of the social affections as well as in the cause of religious freedom; martyrs for patriotism, martyrs for friendship, martyrs for truth;—but in as far as they were cheered by his pattern, and upheld by his Spirit, the martyrs, all of them, of Jesus Christ.

It was this feeling of self-devotement which made so noble the conduct of Gustavus Adolphus. With no ambition to impel, with no aggrandizement, personal or national, to make it worth his while, and already wearied with successive wars, he took up the cause of the German Protestants, because there was no one else to do it; and sorrowfully exclaiming, "Henceforth there remains no rest for me save that which is eternal," threw himself into that campaign which saved the Continental Reformation, but left his own lifeless body on the field of Lützen. Hence all honour be to those who, to gratify no natural taste, to earn no riches or renown, at the summons of the gospel, or of some of the gospel's great subordinates, give themselves to the tedious, perhaps the life-long, task, and, educating, evangelizing, urging forward the social reform, spend the years and exhaust their vigour, with scarcely a taste of those joys for which high culture or warm hearts fit them beyond their fellows. All honour to Henry Martyn and Reginald Heber, not only for what they took to India, but for what they left in going. All honour to the like of David Sandeman for the heritage he was content to forfeit in order to preach Christ among the heathen; and all honour to the like of L. Baxter, leaving the best society and the attractions of a refined and Christian home, in order to carry, self-sustained, to the daughters of China, the pearl of great price. All honour to the like of Michael Thomas Sadler, who, importunate to irksomeness, urged his monomania till the noble madness spread, and to please an excited people a hesitating Parliament set free the factory children. And all honour to the agitator, the best whom Ireland has ever yielded, the patriotic Father Matthew, who revealed to

his countrymen a greater danger than heresy, and a sorer oppressor than the Saxon; and who, in banishing strong drink, brought sense and thrift, intelligence and industry, into what till then had been dens of squalor and abodes of cruelty. . . .

3. Self-preservation is an instinct so profound, so primary, that it needs a mighty motive to suspend or supersede it. When such a motive is present, and the love of life or the dread of pain is set aside by some nobler impulse, we cannot help a thrill of admiration; and in our turn we receive an impulse which makes us so much braver than our usual, that in the strength of it we could repeat the "golden deed," or go on and do some other gallant action.

When the bear comes trotting down the glen, self-preservation cries, "Flee!" but when, instead of scampering off, the young shepherd leaps forward, and throwing himself between his flock and the danger, compels the rufian to drop the lamb which that instant he was clutching, and, as ramping on his haunches, growling and alavering, the monster threatens to squeeze out his breath with a grisly hug, or craunch through his spine with those terrible tusks, the stripling closes in, and with blows of his bludgeon smashes the skull of the catiff, we hail the good shepherd who risks his life for the sheep, and we bless God who crowns his courage with victory. So when the Lämmergeier swoops on the hay-field, and carries up to the crag the babe from the cradle, when, instead of swooning in despair, or shrieking in unavailing agony, we see the mother give chase, and up the cliff like a cat of the mountain, till to look makes you dizzy, climbing, still climbing, till the nest is reached, and in rage and terror the old vultures are screaming around her, you admire the holy love which, absorbed in its object, never thought of danger, and you trust that in the future of her boy she will have ample repayment for this feat of maternal affection.

And there follows a good result. Great actions, deeds of heroism and self-devotement, come from Him from whom all goodness comes; and they are wonderfully reproductive, or perhaps we should rather say, they are wonderfully growthful and vital. Like a mighty tree, which becomes a landmark and monument to the country-side, talked of by travellers, remembered by natives in the far land of their exile, and shedding down from its shadow, over children's sports and old men's musings, a sort of dignity—a heroic deed becomes a public benefaction. As in Rome in the nights of winter,

"When the goodman repaired his armour,
And trimmed his helmet's plume;
When the goodwife's shuttle merrily
Went flashing through the loom;
With weeping and with laughter,
Oft was the story told,
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old;"—

so a deed of heroism becomes an enduring presence and a powerful influence. It was not only David's own

sheep which he rescued from danger, but there was not a lad in the Holy Land who did not afterwards learn the story—a story enough to stir up the hireling and make him a good shepherd, and enough to make the good shepherd still braver; and thus, ages after his own arm had withered, that “staff” of his was still protecting the flocks of Palestine. And by the admiration it drew forth, as in the case of Joan of Arc and Agostina of Zaragoza and our own Grace Darling, the daring of that Swiss mother helped to make all her sisters heroines, and taught them that there are times when woman’s passive endurance may overstep its wonted limits, and gloriously assume the form of active courage.

There are times, however, when, if not a sorer peril, it is a fight for a greater prize. There are times when interests are at stake more important than a peasant’s babe or a few sheep in the wilderness, and when the enemy is far more formidable than the bear or Alpine eagle. In other words, there are times when on a single champion, or some small band of which he is the inspiration, depends the fate of a town or kingdom; or, what is more important, the fate for the time being of some great truth or principle. More awful than any bear or lion is the Goliath who comes forth day by day to defy the armies of the living God; and correspondingly great is his service who, going against him in the name of Jehovah, lays low the insulting colossus. And more frightful even than he is the braggart who casts his big black shadow over the minds of men, and who by great swelling words keeps countries in awe, with abject populations crouching at his feet; and proportionally great is his service who slings the smooth stone straight through his forehead—the Wickliffe or Huss who gives the deadly wound to the Papacy, the Tell who shoots his arrow straight through the brow of Austrian despotism, the Wilberforce who runs up, and with its own sword cuts off the head of West Indian slavery.

For such times and services great courage is needful. To be the mound at Marathon—the embanked ten thousand who kept back the Persian million, saving Europe from submergence beneath a stupid stagnant Eastern ocean—to be the living barrier betwixt the sacred and the secular, like Ambrose at the church gates of Milan, making his own weak arm the bolt to hold out the blood-stained emperor—to be the Horatius who kept the bridge, as Alexander Henderson kept it against Court and bishops in the brave days of the Glasgow Assembly—to be the David whose single staff smote the monster as Hampden smote and slew ship-money and unconstitutional monarchy—feats like these need courage; but He who gives the courage gives the guerdon. They scarcely ever fail. In their success we see “God reigneth,” and, irrespective of success, we rejoice that such faith and self-devotion should enter the minds of men. Like the voice of the archangel, they are a trump of God. They break into our earthli-

ness and lethargy, and rouse us to the value of those great objects for which such lives were risked; and when the need returns they call us to repeat them.

4. Duteousness, self-devotion, courage, may be called forth in such circumstances, or may be carried to such a height as to make them sublime. So even with the gentle grace *beneficence*—as when, soldier and saint, Martin of Tours took off his cloak, and with his sword ripped it in two to give half to the beggar—as when Le Pelletier, after giving his fortune to the poor, commenced begging on their behalf from his rich friends in Orleans, and receiving a blow in the face from an acquaintance whom he pressed too urgently, carried his point by exclaiming: “Well, that’s for me; but now for the poor!—what for the poor?”—as when Howard, finishing his long work of beneficence, repaired to the infected bedside, comforted the sufferer, took fever into his own bosom, and died. But like the planet Mercury, so near the sun as to be seldom visible, deeds of this description bring us so near the Man of mercies as to lose in the greater light their separate distinctness. Whilst we gaze, and before we can well cry—“How beautiful!” we are conscious of a more effulgent luminary, and, losing the borrowed beams, ceasing to praise the creature, are dazzled by God’s own charity. . . .

With an eye to such noble traits read the page of history. Our own chronicles contain them in large numbers, and happily they are plentiful in the annals of all Europe. Nor can we avoid saying that this is one of the chief advantages to be derived from a literature now less appreciated than once it was—I mean the classical. Foster may have been right when he denounced Homer as bloody and vindictive, and the Greek dramatists as dark and dreary fatalists; still there is something grand in the way that the ills of life are faced, and fortitude is taught, by these unflinching and often terrible tragedians; and it is only saying that the grass is green to say that Homer is heroic. And surely these qualities are precious. We have no wish to exaggerate or overrate, and we know what a measureless advance on the classical is the Christian. But although it is hopeless to pour the new wine of the gospels out of the old bottles of heathenism; although the Offices of Cicero would be as poor a substitute for the Sermon on the Mount as would be the Odes of Pindar for the Psalms of David, and although we pity the man who has no cosier homestead for his affections, no warmer temple for his worship, than these forsaken Pagan shrines, very much as we would pity the man who chooses a tomb for his dwelling or an ice-cave for his church, yet surely there are lessons in that ancient lore. In the tale of early Rome there is a lesson of patriotism and severe simplicity which can never lose its value as long as commonwealths need to rise on the virtues of their citizens, and as long as the citizen needs reminding that better than an abundant estate is an abundant possessor. In the still earlier tales of Thebes and Troy, if sometimes images pass before us which make the hair

on our flesh stand up, there also flit before us forms of godlike beauty and superhuman majesty, and our imagination gets peopled with impersonations of power and grandeur, intrepidity and fortitude, which even on the Bible cast their useful cross light. And whilst to soft and self-indulgent spirits we would recommend a draught from the cold chalybeate of Marcus Antoninus, and to dull prozers and croakers a sparkling cup from the Horatian well,—we set great store by the music amidst which the cure is pursued, and to the strains of which the frequenters of the fountain promenade. So solemn and stately, so martial and stirring, or so fitful with mysterious echoes and suggestions of the superhuman, you lift your feet lightly or plant them firmly, as the case may be; and in a time like ours, so flippant, so materialistic, and so vulgar, you will find it excellent regimen to visit regions where much is severe and some things are sad, but where much is sublime and where most things are lofty and noble.

Most freely, however, do we confess that they are only the noble images which you will find there, and the lofty ideas—for the inspiration which will make them live over again you must either bring in yourself, or in

search of it you must go elsewhere. The moon is free from frosts and tempests, yet he would be a foolish nurseryman who, even if he could get the lease of it, would choose it for his conservatory; for it affords neither rain nor dew, nor, so far as can be seen, a particle of air; and you may sow the rarest seeds and plant the choicest bulbs, but without oxygen and water they will never grow—no golden or crimson flame will relieve the grimness of that darksome ball—no mellifluous blossom attract humming-bird or bee.

Thus, like a far-off satellite, as a sort of tender to the gospel, we have got the classic moon—an old world in which there were once grand doings, but in which the earthquakes have gone to sleep and the volcanoes burn no more. The scenery is still awful and sublime, but everything is dead. O Pulci, O Politian, it is of no use holding your torch to that cold crater, you will kindle there no heroisms. O Cosmo, O Lorenzo, you need not prophesy to *these* dry bones, for into the calcined ribs of that dead world never again shall spirit enter: where the breath of heaven never comes there cannot leap up a living army.

THOUGHTS ON ATHEISM.

IN TWO PAPERS.

BY THE REV. B. HUNTER, A.M., LATE MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

I.—ATHEISM VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF SCRIPTURE.



MUCH evil has arisen from confounding two essentially distinct forms of negative belief—that which *denies* and that which merely *doubts* the existence of God. It is only to the former of these that the term *atheism* can with any propriety be applied. Can such a phase of belief, or no-belief, exist? We think not. But it will be alleged that a well-known Scripture passage, twice repeated, asserts the contrary—"The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God" (Ps. xiv. 1; liii. 1). When quoted from memory, this verse appears decisive on the question; but on appealing from memory, even to the English version of the Old Testament, its conclusiveness disappears. The words "*there is*" are printed in italics to indicate that they are not in the original. When they are omitted, the "fool's" confession of faith is so brief that it becomes quite enigmatic, being comprised in the two words, "No God." The riddle may be read in different ways. But in perplexing passages it is generally expedient to commence with what is simple, and go on to what is more difficult. Deferring then for a time all consideration of the negative creed itself, we would remark, that whatever its one article or tenet may be, it is sincerely entertained; for the "fool," evidently with much comfort to himself, says, or with bated

breath enunciates it, in *his heart*. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and in ordinary circumstances the "fool's" creed would become presently known; but it does not do so, in fact, which can be accounted for only in one way—namely, that he has substantial reasons for being extremely reticent, if not even hypocritical, as to the nature of his belief. Though it may give him much satisfaction to repeat it quietly in his heart, yet it is of such a character that he would not dare to utter it in public. So, to avoid reproach, if not even actual persecution, he keeps his creed safely confined within the impenetrable recesses of his heart, and very possibly professes himself an adherent of the religious denomination which may happen to possess power in the locality where he lives.

A second point, involving happily but slender difficulty, relates to the intellectual and moral characteristics of the person here designated "the fool." Scripture exegesis, to be trustworthy, requires to be prosecuted on strictly inductive principles; and to give a proper answer to the inquiry now being made, it was needful to compare the numerous passages in Cruden's "Concordance," in which the words *fool*, *folly*, *foolish*, occurred, with the corresponding verses in the original. When this was done the remarkable discovery was made that the above-mentioned

terms are the renderings of no fewer than ten Hebrew words, coming from as many roots. It is, however, with only one of the ten that we have now to do—that which occurs in Psalms xiv. and liii. As the term is one familiar to English readers, it may be well to mention it. It is *nabal*. The appellation, as all will remember, was borne by the surly sheep-master, who was so rude and ungrateful to David during the sojourn of the latter near Maon in Judah. The import of the noun *nabal* is hinted at in the speech by which Abigail sought to deprecate the wrath of David—"As his name is, so is he; Nabal is his name, and folly is with him;" very much as if she had said, Fool is his name, and folly is his nature (1 Sam. xxv. 25). In the copy of Cruden's "Concordance" consulted, there are forty passages enumerated in which the expression *folly* occurs in the English version of the Old Testament, in the text or on the margin. Only in the twelve following instances, however, is the word from the same root as *Nabal* :—

1. Because he had wrought *folly* in Israel (Gen. xxiv. 7).
2. Because she hath wrought *folly* in Israel (Deut. xxii. 21).
3. Because he hath wrought *folly* in Israel (Josh. vii. 15).
4. Do not this *folly* (Judg. xix. 23).
5. Do not so vile a thing—text; do not the matter of this *folly*—margin (Judg. xix. 24).
6. For they have committed lewdness and *folly* in Israel (Judg. xx. 6).
7. According to all the *folly* that they have wrought in Israel (Judg. xx. 10).
8. *Nabal* is his name, and *folly* is with him (1 Sam. xxv. 25).
9. Do not thou this *folly* (2 Sam. xlii. 12).
10. Lest I deal with you after your *folly* (Job xlii. 8).
11. Every mouth speaketh *folly* (Isa. ix. 17; 16 in Hebrew).
12. And now will I cover her *lewdness*; margin, *folly* (Hos. ii. 10; 12 in Hebrew).

In every one of these twelve cases the expression *folly* is applied, not chiefly, if even at all, to intellectual deficiency. It refers to moral guilt; and in nine instances out of the twelve the wickedness charged is of no ordinary character.

There are in Cruden no fewer than one hundred passages under the headings *fool* or *fools*, of which, however, only nine are the rendering of the Hebrew word *nabal*. They are these :—

1. Died Abner as a *fool* dieth? (2 Sam. iii. 33).
2. And as for thee, thou shalt be as one of the *fools* in Israel (2 Sam. xlii. 18).
3. And 4. The *fool* hath said in his heart, there is no God (Ps. xiv. 1; liii. 1).
5. They were children of *fools* (Job xxx. 8).
6. Excellent speech becometh not a *fool* (Prov. xvii. 7).
7. The father of a *fool* hath no joy (Prov. xvii. 21).
8. And a *fool* when he is filled with meat (Prov. xxx. 22).
9. And at his end shall be a *fool* (Jer. xvii. 11).

Omitting the two passages from the Book of Psalms now under inquiry, there remain seven others, of which five might be interpreted either of mental or of moral deficiency; while the other two, the second and ninth on the list, clearly refer to wickedness rather than to stupidity. The evidence is much weaker than in the former case, owing to the number of passages susceptible of a double interpretation; but so far as it goes, it con-

firms the conclusion arrived at in the previous investigation.

Finally, there are in Cruden fifty-nine passages under the headings *foolish*, *foolishly*, or *foolishness*, of which, however, only eight are connected with the Hebrew word *nabal*. They are these :—

1. Do ye thus requite the Lord, O *foolish* people? (Deut. xxii. 6).
2. I will provoke them to anger with a *foolish* nation (Deut. xxxii. 21).
3. Thou speakest as one of the *foolish* women speaketh (Job ii. 10).
4. Make me not the reproach of the *foolish* (Ps. xxxix. 8; 9 in Hebrew).
5. The *foolish* people have blasphemed thy name (Ps. lxxiv. 18).
6. The *foolish* men reproacheth thee daily (Ps. lxxiv. 22).
7. If thou hast done *foolishly* in lifting up thyself (Prov. xxx. 32).
8. Woe unto the *foolish* prophets (Ezek. xlii. 3).

Of these eight passages, one—that in Job—may be of doubtful interpretation, but the remaining seven distinctly point to depravity rather than intellectual deficiency. To sum up, then: Of the twenty-seven verses which have now been adduced to throw light on the meaning of the word *nabal* rendered *fool* in the two psalms under investigation, not even one unequivocally refers to the intellect only, six are doubtful, and the remaining twenty-one clearly indicate moral depravity. It should be remembered, moreover, that the quotations just made constitute the whole direct evidence which Scripture furnishes on the subject of the present inquiry. No hesitation need then remain in asserting that the person designated *fool* in Psalms xiv. and liii. may have received large rather than small intellectual gifts from the all-bountiful Creator. What is asserted is, not that he is stupid, but that he is bad. The passage might have been rendered,—The *wicked man* hath said in his heart, No God. That, in fact, is its exact meaning; and yet we should be sorry to see the substitution of the rendering *wicked man* for that which now obtains—*fool*. The reason is, that such an alteration would obscure the fine philosophy by which the Scripture stigmatizes as a fool, not the person who has received but one talent, if that one has been used in a proper way, but the individual, on the contrary, who has employed for evil ends his talents, whether many or few. When people hear of a case in which there has been blind credulity on the one hand and clever swindling on the other, they are apt to denounce the victim of dishonesty as if he rather than his associate was the fool. The Bible, with a profounder philosophy, reverses the process. With it the fellow who perpetrates the fraud is the fool, and right reason echoes the Bible statement. In what does the victim's silliness lie? In his having taken too charitable a view, if such an error be possible, of his fellow-sinner. Being morally too high himself to perpetrate a cruel fraud, he finds it hard to believe that others, especially if they make fair professions, can be so shamelessly dishonest. This is the head and front of his folly. But what of the other? Presumably he is clever; in other words, much having been given him, from him also shall much be required. Gifted with a soul, in value

greater than a world, he, with a stupidity not to be paralleled by that of his most easily cheated victim, barters it away for some earthly advantage of such trifling importance that one wonders a reasonable being could be found silly enough to do such a deed. For a few hundred pounds gained by forging some one's name to a bill; nay, even for a sovereign or two of money kept back by fraud from one whom he hired to labour for him; or yet, more astounding, for a penny or two-pence saved by a dishonest trick perpetrated on a railway ticket-collector, he freely gives his peace of conscience, his happiness while he sojourns on earth, and all his hopes of eternal felicity in the world to come. Not only is he a fool, but he is a fool to an extent so transcendently great that human language can scarcely describe his senselessness. Therefore it would be a pity to expunge the word *fool* from Psalms xiv. and liii. We had much rather let it stand as it is.

Two points have now been settled. The creed of the fool is sincerely held, but it is so unpopular that it dare not be uttered. Moreover, the word *fool* in the passage means really *wicked man*. If the difficult portion of the verse, the "fool's" creed itself, be compared to a fortification regularly besieged, then what would on that bold metaphor be termed the third parallel should bring us so nearly to the end of our task, that the fall of the fort itself will immediately follow. The new position to be occupied is this: That a careful study of the whole Fourteenth or Fifty-third Psalm shows that the creed, "No God," is not that of a handful of men labouring under intellectual or moral monomania, but is that of all mankind with the single exception of the regenerate. For how runs on the chain of connected statements verse by verse? "The fool hath said in his heart, 'No God.' They [*i.e.*, the fools or wicked men] are corrupt; they have done abominable works; *there is none that doeth good*. The Lord looked down from heaven to see if there were *any* that did understand, and seek God. They are *all* gone aside; they are *all together* become filthy; *there is none that doeth good, no, not one*. Have *all the workers of iniquity* no knowledge?" &c. The passages which have been italicised clearly show that the creed, whatever it is, is not that of a few speculative thinkers, or some half-dozen men of abandoned character, but is the cherished dogma of the whole unregenerate portion of mankind. And it will be remembered that reference is made to the verses now quoted, and the broad or general interpretation put upon them, by the inspired apostle Paul in the third chapter of the Romans (Rom. iii. 10, &c.).

To advance at last to the negative creed itself. No person will, we think, assert that the unregenerate portion of mankind actually disbelieve in the existence of God. The Scripture nowhere brings such a charge against our race as this. Universal experience, too, declares that if atheism exists at all, it is held by only a few. What then is the fool's creed? If to read *there is no God* is to fail in solving the enigma, what other words than *there is* should be supplied? We think that the correct meaning designed by the Spirit of God will be reached if the verse be read thus,—"*The fool hath said in his heart, 'No God for me'*"—that is, I dislike the idea of God; I wish I could banish God from my thoughts; I wish I could satisfy myself that there is not a God; I have often tried, but never could succeed." Alas! this creed, absolutely worse in one sense than that of speculative atheism, is universal among the unregenerate. "Haters of God," said the Apostle Paul, speaking first of the heathen Romans (Rom. i. 30), but extending the charge afterwards to all unconverted men (ii. 1). And to omit other passages, in the Book of Job there is a remarkable description of a family on whom the all-beneficent Ruler of the world had showered abundant prosperity, but who were so far from being moved to gratitude by his goodness that it made them whisper in their hearts, if not even utter with their lips, the insensate and ungodly creed of the fool,—

"Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power? Their seed is established in their sight with them, and their offspring before their eyes. Their houses are safe from fear, neither is the rod of God upon them. Their bull gendereth, and falleth not; their cow calveth, and casteth not her calf. They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave. *Therefore they say unto God, Depart from us: for we desire not the knowledge of thy ways. What is the Almighty that we should serve him? and what profit should we have if we pray unto him?*" (Job xxi. 7-15).

The creed of the family described by Job is precisely that of the fool in the psalm, "No God for me;" "I dislike the idea of God."

We think that it is an incorrect rendering of Scripture which makes it assert the universal prevalence of speculative atheism. What, in our view, it does state—and all experience confirms the allegation which it makes—is, that ungodliness, practical though not theoretical atheism, dislike of the divine presence, and a desire to place as great a distance as possible between the soul and God, is the universal procedure of unregenerate humanity.



PRINCIPAL CUNNINGHAM.*

BY THE REV. D. MACGREGOR, M.A., ST. PETER'S, DUNDEE.



ALTHOUGH the life of Dr. Cunningham was devoted mainly to work in specific connection with the Presbyterian Church in Scotland, its results are the property of the Church at large. Although circumstances gave a particular form to most of his efforts, his heart was thoroughly catholic, and his judgment peculiarly clear and fair. His memory, we think, should be specially dear to all true Protestants. He was by far the ablest and most learned British theologian of his time, and he has left his mark upon our age more deeply than any theological professor of this century. The graphic pen of the lamented Mr. Mackenzie of Dunfermline gives us a vivid sketch of his life down to the time of the Disruption in 1843; the subsequent period is admirably handled by Dr. Rainy.

William Cunningham was born at Hamilton in October 1805. He was only five years old when he lost his father. But the loss only tended, perhaps, to develop the strength of his character. Like many great men, he owed more than words can express to the wise and godly upbringing of his mother. She was a tall, stately-looking woman, descended from the old Covenanting Pedens, and imbued with their spirit. The brave woman had a sore struggle for many years, but she performed her part nobly. She lived to see all her sons useful and honoured, and to see William, who was the eldest, in the full height of his power and usefulness. It is interesting to find that the physique of the Pedens was transmitted through several generations to their descendants. Dodds, in his "Scottish Covenanters," describes Peden as "a man of massive frame, and noble and impressive countenance." Peden's massive build, as well as his fearless spirit, came down to Principal Cunningham.

About 1815 the widow, with her three boys,

removed to Dunse to be near her brother, who was minister of the parish. William made rapid progress at the parish-school, and became a distinguished classical scholar. At the annual examination of 1819 his extensive classical knowledge astonished the examiners. The following touching item belongs to this date: "He was thirteen years old, when one evening, as his mother proceeded to 'take the Book' for the usual family-worship, he said, 'Mother, I think I can do that for you.' She was surprised, but allowed him to try. The boy read a chapter, and then knelt down and prayed. From that time forward he conducted family-worship every night as long as he remained in his mother's house" (p. 19).

He entered college in 1820, where he became the intimate friend of John Brown Patterson of Falkirk, too soon called away to his rest—formed other friendships which were destined to last for life—became the central figure in a coterie of young men of evangelical sympathies, which included James Bannerman, William Bruce Cunningham, Alexander S. Patterson, John James Bonar, Robert Johnstone, &c.—became a leading member of the diagnostic, dialectic, and speculative societies, and acquired that unrivalled power in debate which fitted him to be afterwards the great adversary of Moderatism.*

"That book-hunger, which whole libraries could not satisfy," says Mr. Mackenzie, "was already strong in him. The second summer he began to keep a journal of his reading, which he continued for the next six years, up to the termination of his course in Divinity. The books he read are carefully classified, with subdivisions, under the heads of Classics, General Literature, Philosophy and Science, Theology. His reading, during the five months of the vacation first chronicled, amounts to eighty volumes. 'The whole of Homer's Iliad' in Greek appears as one of the books read—not amiss for a boy under seventeen. By this time he had acquired

* "The Life of William Cunningham, D.D." By the Rev. Dr. Rainy, and the late Rev. James Mackenzie. In One Volume. Large 8vo. T. Nelson and Sons, London, Edinburgh, and New York.

* This term, which, in dealing with recent Scottish history, can scarcely be avoided, indicates a certain unevangelical spirit which sprang and spread in the Church of Scotland during the latter part of the last and the earlier part of the present century. In its fully developed form, it not only frowned on popular privileges, but also kept back the distinguishing doctrines of grace.

French, for he reads Molière. Barrow's 'Treatise on the Pope's Supremacy' and Jeremy Taylor's 'Ductor Dubitantium' also appear among the books read that summer. The entire list contains five hundred and thirty distinct works, besides pamphlets, magazines, &c" (pp. 22, 23).

The following sentence from a letter to his friend Patterson is very characteristic :—

"I bought a copy of Bishop Hoadley's Discourses on the terms of our acceptance with God, and several other scarce books in divinity, very cheap, at a sale of books in Dunse lately. I got St. Chrysostom on the Priesthood, with a discourse of St. Gregory of Nazianzus on the same subject, with Notes, and a Latin translation, for sixpence; the whole works of Lactantius, excellent order, with Notes, for the same sum; the 'Apostolic Constitutions,' by Clemens Romanus, for twopence. I bought also, for small sums, Clarke on the 'Attributes,' Waterland's 'Vindication of Christ's Divinity,' Locke on the 'Reasonableness of Christianity,' and several others" (p. 24).

A sermon by Dr. Gordon from the text 1 Peter i. 23—"Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever"—"first led him," as he himself expressed it, "to embrace right views of the truth." At the age of twenty-five, almost immediately after receiving license as a preacher, he was ordained as assistant and successor to Dr. Scott of the Middle Parish in Greenock. Dr. Scott was a tower of strength to the evangelical cause in his day, and Mr. Cunningham regarded him with affectionate veneration. In an introductory notice to a volume of his sermons published many years afterwards, Mr. Cunningham writes: "I can only say of him as Burnet said of Leighton, that I have the greatest veneration for his memory, and that I reckon my knowledge of him among the many blessings of my life, and for which I know I must give an account to God in the great day" (p. 47). During the four years of his ministry in Greenock, Mr. Cunningham was the idol of an overflowing congregation. There was an earnestness, force, and massiveness about his preaching which carried the convictions of his people by storm; while he won their hearts by the unaffected simplicity of his personal intercourse, and by his tender sympathy beside the beds of the dying. He attended to all the details of a laborious pastorate

with the most systematic thoroughness, and the Lord gave him many seals of his ministry.

"But whatever might be his employments," says Mr. Mackenzie, "the habit of enormous reading suffered no intermission and no abatement. *Luther de Servo Arbitrio*, *Marchii Medulla*, *Picteti Theologia*, *Curcellani*, *Amenii Bellarminus Enervatus*, *Cloppenbergius Ernesti Interpres*, and many other formidable names figure in his Diary. Even on Sabbath evenings, when his tired mind might have craved lighter food, many hours were spent over these and other such ponderous divines" (p. 51).

The Voluntary controversy was at its height. The troubles of the Church were thickening. Andrew Thomson had passed away to his rest. Cunningham had to gird on his armour. He delivered anti-Patronage and anti-Popish lectures in abundance. These services, and the recollection of his distinguished academic career, soon brought him to the front. His tie to Greenock was so strong that he declined calls to Kilpatrick, and St. Andrew's Parish in Glasgow; but the voice of duty became irresistible when he was appointed to Trinity College Church, Edinburgh; and he entered upon his labours there in the beginning of 1834.

It has often been said that his ministry in Edinburgh did not realize the expectations of his friends. To a certain extent this is true. But the explanation is simple enough. The College Church, though beautiful as a specimen of Gothic architecture, was as cold and damp as the crypt of a mausoleum. It stood in a deep hollow. The access to it was wretched. It was almost impossible to hear in it. It was empty when Mr. Cunningham was called to it. "The passenger along the North Bridge," writes his biographer, "as he looked down upon its roof, wondered that men should ever have thought of building a church in that deep bottom. Such a church was cruelly adverse to the efforts of the minister, and to the prosperity of the congregation" (p. 75). It was said in those days of a popular young minister from the West, that he could fill a church on the top of Arthur's Seat. It is wiser for popular young ministers not to try. There were other reasons for the seeming failure. The Ten Years' Conflict had begun. Cunningham could not but feel that the great Head of the

Church was calling him to the sterner work of defending the bulwarks of Zion. He had said when a student at the Hall, "If my life is spared, it will be spent in controversy, I believe." His first speech in the General Assembly of 1833—a speech of twenty minutes—had electrified the crowded house, and struck such dismay into the Moderate party, that Dr. Macknight said across the table to Dr. Cook, "That's Andrew come back"—Andrew Thomson come back from the grave to be the hammer of the Moderates. The truth is, the incessant strain of ecclesiastical work in these years wore out Cunningham's strength, and necessarily affected the force and freshness of his preaching. But there were always many who hung upon his lips with affectionate admiration. One of his co-deputies to America has told us of a sermon he preached in Dr. Boardman's church in Philadelphia from Rev. i. 5, 6—"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever"—which made the profoundest impression upon the vast audience. We quite agree with Dr. Rainy when he says:—

"He accepted the result that his pulpit popularity, so great in Greenock, had not been maintained in Edinburgh, with a great deal too much of good faith. Without saying anything about it, he manifestly laid it down in his mind as 'satisfactorily established' that he was not a successful preacher. This visibly injured his pulpit manner, because it took away the confident expectation of creating an impression, which contributes so much to produce the result. He quite decidedly under-rated the interest which his pulpit services created in the minds of all thoughtful hearers; for, in addition to their undisputed intellectual power, they possessed a peculiar force, which fully kept pace with the other element" (p. 385).

We have no doubt that the justness of this opinion will be abundantly confirmed by the forthcoming volume of his sermons, edited by his early friend, the Rev. J. J. Bonar of Greenock.

It does not fall within the scope of this notice to describe his career in Edinburgh, the various public questions in which he took part, or the battles he fought in the cause of Church-reform. The struggle for Christ's crown and covenant engaged his whole heart and soul. It was a time to favour Zion; and it was a signal proof of the

loving-kindness of the great Head of the Church that he raised up Chalmers, Cunningham, and Candlish at such a crisis. Chalmers was an acknowledged king of men. Candlish was the subtlest dialectician of our day. But Cunningham was the most formidable polemic of them all. His marvellous knowledge of Church law and history—his equally marvellous power of applying his knowledge to the point in hand—his clear stating of the question—his insistence upon it until he sent it home—left his adversary little hope. He was without one particle of imagination—his speeches had no wit, no poetry, no beauty; but he laid siege to the understanding with tremendous force. His tactics were those of a great and honest-minded man. Even when he ruined the hostile argument, you felt his perfect fairness and sincerity. He had no pitfalls, no masked batteries or ambuscades; but he wheeled his forces into action with the masterly arrangement of a Cæsar; and, like a Napoleon, he broke the centre of his opponent's line by the weight of his column and the heaviness of his fire. Towards the close of the 'Ten Years' Conflict, Robertson of Ellon and he were accustomed to watch each other's plumes in the debate; and when either of them showed a disposition to engage, all other combatants were content to stand aside. Mr. Murray Dunlop, who knew the House of Commons so well, speaking of those ante-Disruption Assembly debates, gave it as his deliberate judgment: "I never heard anything like these Assembly debates; we have no men in Parliament like these men; there is no man in the House that approaches to Cunningham."

At the Disruption Assembly he was appointed Junior Professor of Theology in the New College. The Assembly, in making the appointment, took another step quite in keeping with the new-born zeal of the Free Church in those days.

"Deeply impressed with the importance of having the theological instruction in the New College conducted according to the best principles and after the most approved models, and assured that, for accomplishing this, great benefit would be derived from a personal investigation by an individual so qualified for the important duty as Dr. Cunningham, into the constitution and working of some of the most eminent of the American theological institutions, the Committee unanimously resolved that he should proceed for this purpose to America" (p. 202).

Dr. Cunningham accepted the commission, and proceeded to America in the beginning of December, accompanied by Dr. Burns of Paisley, afterwards of Toronto, Mr. George Lewis and Mr. Henry Ferguson of Dundee.

"The outward voyage"—we quote the words of Mr. Mackenzie—"was favourable, but all sea voyaging was misery to him. He was in America from the 16th of December to the 1st of May. Almost every Sabbath he preached three times, and he addressed nearly forty public meetings in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Richmond, Baltimore, and many other places. The Old and New School Presbyterians received him with open arms. Methodists, Independents, and Baptists, all were kind. Mr. Ferguson, who was with him all through his tour, thinks that he never rose to his full height in any of the orations he delivered in America. On American soil he never equalled himself. When the distracting influences of travel are considered, its fatigues, and the thousand interests which engage a man's attention in a new country, this was perhaps inevitable. And the want of present adversaries must count for something" (p. 204).

One of his oldest friends said of Cunningham that he had no style; and his speech in the General Assembly of 1844, giving an account of his visit to America, was an admirable illustration of this. He used the plainest words and phrases that would accurately express his meaning; and although it might be necessary to repeat them frequently in the course of a speech, he never took the trouble of varying them for rhetorical effect. The effect was very remarkable. The writer vividly remembers the grand roll of the following periods:—

"We landed at New York, and met the Presbytery of the Old School Presbyterians and of the New School Presbyterians. We expounded, to the best of our ability, the principles of the Free Church, and the testimony she has been honoured to assert and maintain. We endeavoured to vindicate the constitutional grounds of our resistance to the decisions of the Civil Courts in the Auchterarder and Lethendy cases, and in the Marnoch and Culsalmond cases. And I have great pleasure in bearing my humble testimony that they, one and all, received us with the utmost cordiality and kindness. We then went to Philadelphia, and met the Presbytery of the Old School Presbyterians and the Presbytery of the New School Presbyterians. We expounded, to the best of our ability, the principles of this Church,

and the testimony she has been honoured to assert and maintain. We endeavoured to vindicate the constitutional grounds of our resistance to the decisions of the Civil Courts in the Auchterarder and Lethendy cases, and in the Marnoch and Culsalmond cases. And I have great pleasure in bearing my humble testimony that they, one and all, received us with the utmost cordiality and kindness. We then went to Boston," &c. So it rolled on, like the billows of the sea. It recalled to one's mind the Mosaic account of the offerings of the twelve princes at the dedication of the tabernacle in the seventh chapter of Numbers.

Seldom has a class gathered round a professor that contained so many capable and high-hearted men as the class which gathered round Dr. Cunningham in 1844-5 in the old Divinity Hall in George Street. They were full of enthusiasm, and they had thorough confidence in their leader. The *esprit du corps* among them was strong. Several of them so clearly overtopped their fellows as to justify the anticipation that careers of distinguished usefulness lay before them. There was John Mackintosh, "the Earnest Student," the dux of the Edinburgh Academy, the winner of fresh laurels at Cambridge, the President of the Students' University Missionary Association—whose bright course was arrested before he entered upon his life work. There was George Douglas, one of the most accomplished of modern Orientalists, and one of the most loveable of men, whose exact scholarship, extensive attainments, and ripe opinions upon every question that came up, made many of his contemporaries regard him with envy, admiration, and despair. There was John Henderson, afterwards of Port-Glasgow, in whom the intellectual and spiritual elements were so finely balanced that at an early age he became one of the most popular and influential ministers in the Church, and whose death at thirty-two created a wide-spread sense of loss. There was David Sinclair, the accomplished classicist—calm, judicial-minded—who under a seemingly phlegmatic exterior concealed a heart burning with missionary zeal. There was William Gregg, the foremost of the contingent of Irish students in Edinburgh that year—*facile princeps* in mathematics and physics—who has rendered such noble service to the cause of Christ in the Canadian Church.

There was James Edward Carlyle, who, after a successful ministry in Brechin, became pastor of the English congregation in Bombay, until failing health compelled him to return home, and who now forms one of the strongest links between the home Church and the Protestant Churches on the Continent. There was Thomas Grieve Clark, whose homily "on the character of Christ" unfolded that branch of the Christian evidence with such singular beauty and power that the reading of it was received with reiterated rounds of applause. There was Andrew Cameron, whose name has become a household word as the editor of the *Christian and Family Treasuries*. There was George Brown, whose Christian gentleness has made him a son of consolation to many an invalid in quest of health at Pau, and whose varied accomplishments have long commended Scottish Presbyterianism in the south of France. There was Robert Rainy, who became the successor of Dr. Gordon in the pulpit and of Dr. Cunningham in the professorial chair, and who then showed the same clear head, the same quiet power, the same incisive logic which now distinguish him in the conduct of public affairs. There were many others who, although less known, are faithfully serving the Church either at home or in the high places of the foreign field; and several have rested from their labours.

The course of lectures discussed the Prolegomena of theology—the evidences of revealed religion and the rule of faith. It was a splendid intellectual gymnastic. The whole course, consisting of upwards of fifty lectures, was written during that winter "at the rate of three a-week," as he used to say; and coming fresh from the anvil, they possessed for us an indescribable glow and power. The extent of the ground over which he travelled—his perfect mastery of the subject—the ease with which he handled the masses of literature, of speculation, of argument with which he had to deal—the impression he left upon our minds that while he communicated much there was immensely more behind—the stamp at once of knowledge and of power upon everything he said, filled us with astonishment.

"Many a day we left the class with a droll sense of disgrace, awakening, as it were, to discern the moral enormity of the mental confusion which we had hereto-

fore tolerated or cherished. The first vivid impression of what it is to face, and sift, and do honest justice to a theological question, came to many of us on those benches in George Street. There, too, the hill of knowledge rose before us to new dimensions—as an actual and very considerable *hill*—as we had disclosed to us the amount of reading requisite in order to a 'decent and respectable' acquaintance with our chosen profession; while the summits on which a man might claim a more complete and comprehensive mastery rose in dim perspective far away. We all retain, and shall retain till we die, a peculiar association with the standard of a 'decent and respectable acquaintance' with any subject whatever" (p. 224).

The Thursday was devoted to conversational notices of books—reading interesting passages from them bearing upon the lectures, or giving interesting biographical details about their authors; and it was, in some respects, the most pleasant and profitable day of the whole. The impression which these notices of books gave us of the vastness of his theological learning and the accuracy of his memory it is impossible to describe. Sometimes a remark, dropped in an off-hand way—for example, "In one respect, the real amount of your theological knowledge is just the amount of your critical acquaintance with the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Testament"—had, in the circumstances, though most unintentionally upon his part, all the effect of keen satire. And the effect of the whole discipline of the class was emphasized by the opening prayers. No one who heard them can ever forget their richness and fulness. They were the manifest outpourings of a heart deeply exercised about "divine things and eternal realities." The greatness of Cunningham was like that of a mountain: foreshortened when you are near it, it is only when you remove to a distance you can see how its head rises into the clouds. Thus although we felt at the time that it was no ordinary privilege to sit at the feet of a man of such rare and extraordinary qualities, the feeling is immensely deepened at the distance of more than a quarter of a century.

Dr. Welsh died in April 1845, and Dr. Cunningham was appointed to the chair of Church History. The course of lectures he had completed was useless, and he had to begin to cultivate new fields. During the three sessions which followed he had to write three new courses

of lectures. In Welsh's Life of Dr. Thomas Brown, when describing the great philosopher's methods of study, he mentions that he often wrote the lecture he delivered from the Moral Philosophy chair the evening before. We do not know that it would be easy to parallel as an intellectual labour what Dr. Cunningham did in his first session in the Church History chair; when, after spending the whole summer in the most extensive reading in the theological controversies of the earlier centuries—studied, as his constant habit was, in the works of the original disputants—he found himself at the beginning of the session without written preparation, having the task before him of writing his lectures from day to day, and relying mainly on his memory for the results of his reading. This task, in itself hard enough, was made much more arduous by his being obliged by circumstances to redeliver his former course upon Apologetic Theology. And for two sessions longer he had to bear the same terrible strain. It was a Herculean effort, but one not to be made without risk; and it is questionable whether his health ever perfectly recovered from the strain to which it was then subjected.

“‘I seem to see him even now,’ says one, ‘seated at his desk reading his lectures, hurried along by the course of his argument like a torrent, his arm swinging behind his desk, and his eye sometimes kindling into a glare of enthusiasm.’ It both challenged us and drew us. Very seldom in those days was the catalogue called: the crowded benches showed how needless that was. Then there was the thoroughness of his style and of his work. The question in hand was obviously to him a great moral business, the right disposal of which claimed all the resources of thorough knowledge and thorough discussion. Then there was that indescribable manliness—a feature in which many features assembled. It included his simplicity, his independence, his elevation, his fairness, his keenness, and his gentleness. His simplicity—so that you always felt you saw to the bottom of him, he meanwhile not thinking whether you saw him or not. His independence—the fearless assertion of his own judgment in straightforward language, and the absolute disregard of mere opinion apart from grounds. His elevation—in minding the main things, for it was always evident that he had at hand quantities of student lore that he refused to trifle with, or encourage us to trifle with, and knew of plenty topics and debates from which he turned aside. His fairness—going at once to the heart of a debate, taking the issue on the main points, and stating carefully the opposing

view; a fairness all the more captivating that it was the fairness of a keen disputant, not of a *soi-disant* neutral or unbiassed person. His keenness itself—giving all the zeal of contest to his lecturing, and adding the fire of the irascible sentiment in vigorous, denunciatory windings up. His great gentleness in all private intercourse—his fairness and patience with a student's difficulties, his prompt recollection, kindly advice, constant desire to give all possible help: not that it was a gentleness to be trifled with; dignity on his side and reverence on ours were habitual, and it must have required more than common impudence to have attempted to take liberties with him. Add to all this the peculiar sense of mastery, of unexhausted resource in the professor, which it is the privilege of some men to produce irresistibly in those about them, and Dr. Cunningham's power over his students may be in part understood.”

The power he exercised over us by the gentleness of his manner in private was wonderful. Those who shrunk from approaching him, and almost felt overawed by his vast learning, his argumentative power, and his occasional vehemence in controversy, were alike delighted and surprised when they went into his retiring-room, or had the honour of being invited to his house, to find him as gentle as a lamb. Mr. Mackenzie states that, before he left Greenock, a “Mr. Park, a sculptor of some reputation in those days, was employed to make a bust of him, which is in the possession of his brother-in-law, Mr. Dennistoun of Greenock. ‘Let me tell you, sir,’ said the sculptor to him, ‘I modelled that bust four times before I succeeded. Three times I modelled it under the idea that ferocity was the prevailing expression of the face. I was entirely mistaken—the prevailing expression is repose.’” We believe that every one of the twelve hundred students who passed through his classes will bear testimony to the justness of the remark. The noble simplicity and kindness of his manner put the shyest student at his ease. There was no consciousness, no distance, no reserve, no air of superiority. He placed himself beside us very much as a fellow-student. He took a lively interest in everything relating to us and to our studies: he sympathized with our difficulties, and delighted to aid in clearing them up.

We shall give one instance, which is still very fresh in the memories of some of us, especially as it bears upon an important public question.

Dr. Cunningham was in the habit of impressing upon the fourth year students the necessity of studying the Confession of Faith. He had no doubt, he said, that many young men left the Hall who were very ignorant of the Confession. It was very discreditable that men should subscribe a symbol with whose exact meaning and bearings they were but very imperfectly acquainted. If we called upon him privately, he would be very glad to help us over our difficulties, if we had any.

Accordingly, towards the close of the session, five or six of us called and requested his aid. He received us with his usual kindness. At this distance of time, not having kept any notes of the conversation, we cannot give an exact account of it: probably no two of us would agree in our recollection of the details. But none of us can ever forget his sympathy with our difficulties, the masterly way in which he disposed of them, and the general scope of his argument. On the vexed question of the relation which the civil magistrate bears to the Church, the Principal explained the expressions of the Confession in connection with the history of the times; but as this Magazine endeavours to speak to the Christian Church at large, it would not be expedient to present even an outline of matters that could be fully appreciated only by one denomination. In regard to the general question, he pointed out: (1.) That the statements of the Confession are not, like texts of Scripture, to be regarded as *fountains of inference*. It is true that a doctrine deducible by fair inference from a Scripture text is a Scriptural doctrine. But it is not true that the Confession is to be held as committed to all the conclusions that may be logically drawn from its statements. It is not to be held as committed to *more than it says*. For example, the Confession says (chap. x., sect. 3) that "elect infants, dying in infancy, are regenerated and saved by Christ through the Spirit, who worketh when, where, and how he pleaseth." But there is nothing in these words in the slightest degree inconsistent with the election, and consequent regeneration and salvation, of *all* infants that die in infancy. True, the Confession does not *affirm* this last position, any more than Scripture does; but neither does the Confession *deny* it, any more

than does Scripture. (2.) That the Church, while holding her Confession *ex animo*, and while maintaining that it is dishonest and scandalous to profess to retain a Confession which the subscriber does not believe, does not claim infallibility for her Confession, and must always vindicate her right, through her constitutional courts, to revise, to purge, to alter it. If any of her pastors or office-bearers can show that any part of the Confession is not in accordance with the infallible standard of divine truth, he has only to bring the matter before his presbytery in the usual way. But the revision of a document so elaborate as the Confession—a document which reaches so deep down to the roots of our ecclesiastical life—is a formidable task.

Such was the substance of a conversation which deepened more than ever our feelings of veneration for our revered and beloved instructor.

His judicial qualities and his weight of character enabled him for many years to render invaluable services to the Church in connection with public questions as they arose—such as the Evangelical Alliance, National Education, University Tests, the Papal Aggression; and also in connection with questions of internal arrangement and administration in the Free Church. In his latter years he did not take much to do with Church matters, as he felt it his duty to give his whole time and strength to his special work in the College. He acted as general adviser of the Church, and his counsel carried great weight.

We can only refer to his public appearances: his speeches on the bearing of American slavery on our dealing with American Churches; on the Marriage Affinity question; on the Cardross case; on Union among honest Calvinists and Presbyterians—a subject first fully stated by him to the ministers of the English Presbyterian Church who had been his students, and afterwards discussed in his magnificent speech on the Australian Union in 1861, the last speech he ever delivered in the General Assembly.

The College controversy was a dark cloud while it lasted; but it cleared away. The breach was healed; and the friends of thirty years' standing, from whom he had been estranged for a season, became to him all that they had ever been. The renewal of affection was all the

tenderer. The splendid testimonial presented to him by his friends in the Free Church and beyond it gave him the gratifying assurance that he still held as warm a place as ever in the affections of the whole Christian Church. The graphic narrative of the first interview between himself and Dr. Candlish after their temporary estrangement, and the perfect reconciliation that followed, will touch a tender chord in many hearts. It is one of the memorabilia of the memoir. The Rev. Dr. Beith of Stirling, who supplied it, has laid the Christian community under obligation by preserving the facts of the scene he so dramatically describes (pp. 406-410).

The characterization of Cunningham as a professor, a public man, and a theologian by Dr. Rainy leaves little to be said upon that point. We shall only add that one peculiarity which always struck us in his theology was the breadth and moderation of his statements, the perfect fairness with which he stated both sides of the question, the perfect impartiality of his conclusions. We lay stress upon this, because he has often, even as a theologian, been mistakenly accused of vehemence, one-sidedness, and partizanship. The very opposite is the truth. When reading his "Historical Theology" some years ago, we noted several remarkable instances; but we cannot adduce them here.* The four volumes of his theological works are a precious legacy to the Church of Christ; and we should regard it as a happy sign of the advancement of theological science in Scotland and America if they attained the wide-spread popularity they deserve.

He was often requested by his old students to introduce them to their flocks; and he always discharged the duty with great willingness and with beautiful fatherly tenderness. Here, too, his old idiosyncrasy of not varying his modes of expression, for rhetorical effect, would appear. "The great Head of the Church," he would say, "has dealt with this congregation in no ordinary way; He has given them no ordinary man; they will enjoy from Sabbath to Sabbath no ordinary privilege in hearing the gospel from his lips;

they are laid under no ordinary responsibility," &c.

He took a deep interest in the revival movement. As early as 1846, when the late Peter Macbride gave an account of the awakening in North Knapdale, at a Conference of the General Assembly, Dr. Cunningham spoke with characteristic humility of the comparative barrenness of his own ministry. In his address from the Moderator's Chair in the Assembly of 1859, he dwelt chiefly on the revival which at that time had been going on for a year and a half in the Churches of the United States. "This great work of God," he said, "had not yet excited the attention or produced the practical results in this country which might reasonably be expected from it; and the Churches here ought to beware of letting this most impressive manifestation pass by unimproved." It was the same Assembly that recognized the evangelistic labours of Mr. Brownlow North, and gave him the right hand of fellowship. In welcoming Mr. North, Dr. Cunningham dwelt with heartfelt impression upon the work of God in the land. When the Wynds of Glasgow became the centre of a movement which spread over the city, and which recalled the scenes of Pentecost more vividly than any movement in our time, Dr. Cunningham preached the sermon at the opening of the Bridgegate Church, from 2 Cor. viii. 9: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich." When asked to do this favour, he very readily agreed; but he urged the minister to secure some one else, saying that, unhappily for himself, he had very little experience of Home Mission work, and did not feel that he was at all fitted for the kind of preaching which such work required. At the same time he indicated his willingness to take the opportunity of showing his deep interest, not only in the territorial work with which the Wynd Church was connected, but also in the great work of revival with which that church had been peculiarly identified through the blessing of God. We happen to know that when spending a few weeks at Pitlochrie, in 1861, he walked several miles to preach to a little company of crofters and shepherds. In some of his addresses de-

* We regret, however, the expurgation of some of his most characteristic modes of expression—such as, "Popery, that masterpiece of Satan for blinding men's understandings and ruining their souls," &c.

lived before the New College at that time, he earnestly congratulated the students about to enter the ministry that they were to begin their work in the midst of an outpouring of the Spirit of God. All this is abundantly confirmatory, if need were, of Mr. Mackenzie's statement:—"It might be his lot to spend much of his life in harness, contending on the borders against Edom and Moab. But what moved his arm and animated his battle was that which these frontiers defended—the length and breadth of the Promised Land, and that goodly mountain, and Lebanon" (p. 37).

His death was sudden. Like Calvin and Jonathan Edwards, whom he loved so well, he died when his powers were at their best, when his labours were in full flower, when his friends expected that many years of widely-extended usefulness were yet before him. But his work was done, and his Master said, "Come up higher." When bidding his colleagues farewell, he repeated the lines—lines which ever since possess a super-added pathos to many,—

"A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more."

The reader will thank us for inserting the following beautiful tributes to his memory from two distinguished friends who knew him long and loved him well. In a speech delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Original Ragged Schools, two days after his death, Dr. Cairns spoke thus:—

"A more grievous blank than that caused by the lamented death of Principal Cunningham could not have been made in the ranks of our Scottish Christianity. In hearty piety, in solid learning, in fearless honesty, in administrative ability, in argumentative power, he has not left a superior behind him. His heart was as generous as his speech was open and his front undaunted; and his was the rare courage which triumphed over himself, and at once confessed a fault, or retracted an error, so that I am persuaded there is not one of those whom he ever met in controversy but will drop a warm tear over his grave. He belonged to us all, and was a pillar of strength and a rallying point of union, whom we see torn away with sore and bleeding hearts."

In a funeral sermon which Dr. Guthrie preached on the occasion, from Isa. lvii. 1—"The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart"—he spoke thus:—

"The Church can suffer no loss that, in the proper sense of the word, the world can call irreparable. That is my comfort under the calamity that has not only filled our homes but our hearts with gloom. William Cunningham is dead, that most loving and most loved of men. I saw him yesterday lie stretched out in cold death upon his bed. But Jesus liveth, and liveth for evermore. I shall never forget this, I hope, in this place; nor shall I turn this pulpit into a place for flattering any man. But I may be permitted, in a word, to express my love, my veneration, my affection for him whose loss we mourn, and in a sense whose loss the Church has suffered. Had any man a harder pen, there was no man had a softer heart; no man so fit to advise, and yet no man so ready to be advised; no man less moved by fear, and no man more ready to be melted by kindness. He had the paw of the lion and the heart of a lamb. He had the intellect of a giant, and he had, as I know, the simplicity of a child. There was no man of greater power, and no man of less pride. He was a man of war; and what would we have done in the battle-day if we had not had a man of war? He lived in controversy, and he loved peace. I can certify for that. I have heard him sigh for peace when he stood in the front of the fight dealing blows, like a champion, on the head of error. I do not say he was perfect. No man knew that better than himself, and no man so ready to acknowledge it as himself—no man so ready to acknowledge those imperfections that cleave to the best of men. He had the greatness to acknowledge his infirmities; and I never felt displeased with him so much as when, with rare humility, he exaggerated his own imperfections. I do not say that he was perfect, but he has not, in many respects, left his like behind him. He never loved war; he never wished to war but for what he believed to be the truth. He was a great warrior; and what, as I have said, what had we done without such a powerful man-at-arms, with immense resources, and erudition, and learning, and knowledge; with almost matchless intellect, ready to fence, ready to fight for the truth, and fearing no man. But he did not love controversy, even when he lived in it. He fought because he fought for the truth. And how ready he was when any man threw down the gage of battle! The echoes of the horn at the gate had not ceased when out he came in full armour to do battle for the Crown and Cross of Jesus Christ. No man more loved peace, and yet no man was more fitted for war. And it is in that light that I contemplate him, because it is in that light I knew him best. I followed him in all his history, and my gratitude this day is almost equal to my grief. When, two-and-twenty years ago, he was near death, I remember well the dread that sat on every face at our prayer-meetings, and the anxieties expressed to God in prayer. And God mercifully spared him. He had a great work for him to do. He eminently fitted him for it, and raised him up from the very grave to fight the battle that he fought. He fought it, and fought it well. And now,

as he said himself when dying, 'I have done with fighting. I am going quietly home.'

It is impossible to read the Life of Cunningham without feeling a deep sense of obligation to the late Rev. James Mackenzie of Dunfermline.

It is very beautiful to see the reverent care with which he collected everything that would illustrate the earlier life of his distinguished friend—the only period he was spared to handle; and it is very touching to see his good work arrested by death.

SKETCHES OF BOHEMIAN RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

BY MISS E. J. WHATELY.

PART IV.



THE unrighteous cause had triumphed; and now the enemies of the pure faith set themselves in right earnest to eradicate every trace of it from Bohemia.

But to accomplish this they did not follow the example of former persecuting rulers in other countries, and attack the Reformed Christians as such openly with fire and sword. Rome took an apparently milder but more sure way of accomplishing her purpose. Heresy was a disease which must be cured not by violent remedies, but by a wholesome and careful regimen. The heretics were not to be brought back to the fold by executions in which they might glory as martyrdoms; but they were to be wearied into obedience by slow but sure means. The harsh name of "Inquisition" was to be replaced by the milder one of "Reformation."

Accordingly a decree was passed against the Evangelicals of Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia, which should oppress without destroying them. The instrument for carrying out this work was a Spaniard by birth, named Martin de Huerda, who had lived in Bohemia from his childhood. He must have been of humble origin, for he had begun life as a tailor; but he appears to have subsequently served in the imperial armies, and by carrying off and marrying a noble lady, the Countess Sesinia, he became ennobled. He was fortunate in war, and eventually attained great wealth and the rank of a baron. He was said to have often boasted that he was the messenger who first brought the news of the victory of Prague to the emperor at Vienna, and that he had advised Ferdinand to leave no trace of so rebellious and heretical a people. But the emperor, by the advice of the Duke of Bavaria, determined to try an apparently gentler mode of proceedings.

But although the steps taken against the Evangelicals in Bohemia were to be slow and gradual, it was expedient to strike terror into the rebellious party by inflicting exemplary punishment on the principal persons who had been instrumental in supporting the claims of the Elector Palatine, and opposing the election of Ferdinand as king. But, in order to punish these criminals effectively, a show of clemency was at first employed to prevent their escaping.

Accordingly, after the surrender of Prague, full pardon was promised to all who would lay down their arms and submit to the emperor.

This proclamation led many to remain in the country who might easily have escaped in the first instance. Some, indeed, either distrusting the emperor, or feeling a scruple about breaking their oath to the Elector Palatine, followed him into exile; but fifty of the most distinguished noblemen and gentlemen of Prague, whose high character and qualities had rendered them the ornaments of their country, were induced by the amnesty to remain.

At first they were lulled into security with fair promises: for more than three months nothing was spoken of but favour and mercy, and several who were in concealment actually ventured from their hiding-places on the strength of these promises.

But on the 20th of February 1621 the private houses of the obnoxious persons were suddenly broken into, and all who were found were seized, arrested, and imprisoned in the citadel of Prague.

The next day a mandate was issued, summoning all the absent and exiled nobles to appear at Prague. None of them, however, responded to the summons. They were accordingly proclaimed guilty of high treason, and their goods and life declared forfeit.

In May 1621 the accused nobles who were under arrest were brought before the judges and closely cross-examined. Every effort was made to urge them into a confession of crimes of which they had never been guilty. At last, Count Andreas Schlick, losing patience, tore open his vest, and pointing to his heart, exclaimed,—

"Search me, and tear my body into a thousand pieces, and you will find nothing but what we have already freely avowed. We were moved to draw the sword from love of liberty and religion. But as the Lord has permitted that the emperor should gain the victory, and we should fall into his hands, His will be done!"

Otto von Loss and Herr von Budowa expressed themselves in the same manner.

Week after week passed on, while the examinations continued. None of the prisoners swerved from their convictions, none would confess crimes; but their enemies were determined to have their blood. The pretext for condemning them was political, but hatred

to the Evangelical cause was the moving principle of their opponents. They were really martyrs to gospel truth as well as to political liberty. The emperor caused their sentences to be brought to Vienna, where he modified some of them, to give an appearance of mercy and moderation to the whole proceedings. It was a strange kind of mercy!

On the 19th of June 1621 the sentence was finally pronounced by the judges. Twenty-seven of the prisoners were condemned to death by beheading; some of them were to lose the hand or the tongue *first*. The remainder, whose lives were spared, were condemned to exile or imprisonment for life and forfeiture of property.

The day after the condemnation, when the stadtholder, Prince Lichtenstein, was on his way to mass, he was met by a sad procession—the wives, children, and near relatives of the condemned. They threw themselves at his feet, and implored him to spare the life of their beloved ones. The prince replied that a reprieve was now impossible, but that he might perhaps grant them the favour of being permitted a decent burial.

The weeping supplicants retired, to be tortured with false hopes held out to them by greedy flatterers, who saw that they could find opportunities of plundering the distressed women of their property on pretext of being able to purchase them a pardon—hopes which soon proved to be utterly vain.

In the evening of the 21st, the condemned were allowed to have either a Jesuit confessor or a Lutheran clergyman to administer religious consolation, and give them the communion. The pastors of the Brethren's Church, to which nearly half the victims belonged, were not permitted to have access to them. The Lutherans were probably admitted out of compliment to the Elector of Saxony. But the Jesuits and Capuchins would not wait for a summons; they crowded about the prisoners, harassing them (in the words of the chronicle) like swarms of flies. To some they held out hopes of life, and by this and other means they endeavoured to induce them to recant. But the Lord stood by his people and strengthened them. Not one wavered. The Jesuits at last left them in despair, declaring themselves clear from the blood of these obstinate heretics, who refused to accept the grace of God.

They were compelled to permit the Evangelical ministers to be called in. Six Lutheran pastors were admitted. They appear to have acted the part of true Christian ministers—consoling the prisoners with pious words, prayer, and hymns, and administering the Lord's Supper, to prepare them for their last struggle.

The members of the "Brethren's Church" and of the "Reformed" Churches received these Lutheran pastors with affection and respect as Christian brethren and ministers, assuring them they had always honoured them as such, even when some unhappy divisions had crept in and led, perhaps, to words being said on all sides which, when eternity is near, Christian men would look back to with regret. Most received the Lord's Supper

from these pastors; two of them, Baron von Budowa and Otto von Loss, had some scruples, lest their receiving it from a Lutheran should be misinterpreted by enthusiastic adherents of the Brethren's Church, and therefore abstained, consoling themselves with the words, "Believe only, and thou hast eaten and drunken." But it seems to have been clearly understood on all sides that this abstinence arose from no spirit of hostility to the Lutherans, and perfect harmony was maintained among them all.

There was one other prisoner who refused the communion for a different reason. Dionysius Czerin had, in former years, at the emperor's court, relapsed into Romanism. Now, however, his former convictions had returned to him, and he seems to have bewailed his defection with deep humiliation. He was present when the Pastor Rosacius administered the communion to two of his fellow-prisoners; and when the pastor pointed out that our only well-grounded hope was in the merits and death of Christ, which would be the salvation of all who truly believed in him, Czerin struck his breast, and exclaimed with tears, "That is my belief; and in it will I die!"

He joined in the service till the bread and wine were to be administered, and then, to the surprise of those present, instead of partaking, he drew back to one side, and kneeling, prayed earnestly by himself. When the service was over, and the others thanked the pastor, Czerin expressed his thankfulness that he had been present, and congratulated his friends that they had received so great a privilege. Rosacius expressed his surprise that he had not partaken with them.

"I might, and perhaps I should have done so," said Czerin; "but—" he stopped short, struck his breast, and wept, then continued, "I am content with the grace I have received, and trust that my God will receive my deeply-troubled soul!"

It would appear likely that he had felt too much humbled by his former defection to venture to receive the communion; and however we may regard his scruples, he evidently seems to have shown a lively faith in Christ alone. He refused to the last the offices of the priests, and died with humble Christian words on his lips.

But this is anticipating; we return to the other prisoners. The condemned nobles were in the citadel; the others were all assembled in the Old Town Hall on the Sunday evening, the eve of their death. The Pastor Verbenius was engaged in pious discourse with them, when supper was announced by the gaoler. The prisoners looked at each other.

"We need no earthly food now," they said; "but to strengthen ourselves for the last hour we will not refuse it."

They gathered round the table, one spreading the cloth, another pouring out water, a third arranging the plates, &c., while a fourth pronounced a blessing and helped his companions.

"It is our last meal on earth," observed one; "to-morrow we shall sit at table with Christ in his heavenly kingdom."

These words were interrupted by the mocking of an official who was present. "So you suppose the Lord will have a kitchen for you in heaven?" he said scornfully.

The Pastor Jakesch observed that, even at the Last Supper, Christ and his disciples had been interrupted and hindered in their discourses by the presence of Judas, and it was no wonder that the same should now happen.

Dr. Hannschild, one of the condemned, declined partaking of any meal, saying, "This poor body has been long enough nourished. I need no further food."

While thus conversing, news was brought that the condemned nobles were to be taken to join their companions in the same building. The other prisoners immediately rose and went to the window, as if to receive them; and looking down on them as they passed, sang, in loud and clear tones, the Forty-fourth Psalm to encourage them.

The night was passed in prayer, singing hymns, and pious conversation and mutual exhortation. They sang, amongst others, the Eighty-sixth Psalm; and when they had come to the last verse, "Show me some token for good," John Kutnaw threw himself on his knees, exclaiming, "Yea, show us a token for good, O God! that we, thy unworthy servants, may be strengthened by thy grace, and our enemies put to shame." And he added, as if speaking in the name of the Lord, in an outburst of enthusiastic confidence, "Trust in Him. He will hear our prayer, and show us a sign to-morrow to strengthen us, and to prove that we suffer in his name."

Pastor Verbenius added: "By this sign you shall know it, that death, so bitter to the wicked, shall be sweet to you."

When the morning dawned they washed and put on fresh apparel, as if preparing for a wedding. Kutnaw and some others remained for a time in earnest prayer that God would, if he saw fit, grant them a sign of his favour and their innocence before the people.

The sun rose; and, to the astonishment of all—for there had been no rain for the last two days—a brilliant rainbow appeared, its arch spanning the whole sky. It attracted the attention of all the assembled people; and it can scarcely be wondered at that the prisoners, as they gazed on it from their window, looked on it as a sign of promise, recalling the covenant to Noah and the bow round the throne of God in the Apocalypse. They fell on their knees and praised God aloud.

But, as the last bright colours faded away, the cannon from the tower thundered forth the signal at which the prisoners were to be led forth to die. The pastors went from one to another, with cheering words and exhortations to fight the last good fight bravely and trustfully.

And now was heard the trampling of the squadron of horse who, with a few bands of foot soldiers, were bring-

ing the scaffold for the last sad scene. The streets and the windows of the houses were all filled with eager spectators.

The condemned went forth, calmly and firmly, one by one. Each, as his name was called, passed out with the serene and cheerful countenance of one bidden to a festival, after taking leave of his companions, generally with some such words as these: "Dear friends, farewell! God give you the comfort, patience, and strength of his Holy Spirit, that you may be able to bear witness to the truth you have already upheld with heart, hand, and lips, in a glorious death! I go first, and shall see the glory of my Lord Jesus Christ! Follow me, and we shall all look together on the face of our Father in heaven! Our sorrows are past, and a joyful eternity awaits us!"

The others replied: "God bless your going out, and lead you happily through the dark valley into the heavenly country! The Lord Jesus send his holy angels to meet you! Go forward, dear brother, into the Father's house. We follow. We shall soon meet in heavenly glory. We know in whom we have trusted."

And most abundantly was the help vouchsafed on which they trusted. None of them lost for a moment the sense of their Lord's presence; and their earnest and heavenly words drew tears even from their judges. The people who saw them die broke into lamentation and weeping, which was only drowned by the sound of trumpets and drums. As each passed on to his death, the pastors returned to announce it to those who remained, who praised God for his help, and prayed they might in like manner be sustained.

The first who went forth was Count Andreas Schlick, a man of more than fifty years old, and one of the most distinguished nobles of Bohemia in rank, talents, accomplishments, and valour; and his piety and calmness of demeanour were not less remarkable than his other gifts. He had been high in the service of King Frederick, and, after his defeat, had taken refuge in the dominions of the Elector of Saxony, whose tutor he had formerly been; but the Elector, to please his allies, had his old friend and instructor arrested and taken to prison.

When Count Schlick had heard the sentence that his body should be dismembered and exposed after death, he quietly replied, "The loss of a funeral is an easy one to bear."

On the scaffold he was harassed with entreaties from a Jesuit priest that he would recant. "You have yet time to repent, my lord," he repeated.

"Leave me in peace," replied the count.

As he stood on the scaffold, he looked up at the sun shining in the full blaze of a bright June morning. "Christ, the Sun of Righteousness," he exclaimed, "grant that I may pass through the darkness of death to thine everlasting light!"

He walked up and down in meditation for some minutes, his face so radiant with solemn joy that the by-standers were moved to tears at the sight. He then knelt down and prayed, and received the death-blow.

His head and right hand were placed on the Bridge Tower, and the scaffold prepared for a new comer.

The Baron von Budowa followed, a man advanced in life, but full of animation and vigour, and richly gifted in talents and acquirements. He and Otto von Loss were officially the "Watchers of the Crown;" and feeling that he ought to be at his post, he returned when he had placed his wife, children, and grandchildren in safety.

"I am ready to seal the cause with my blood," he said, when arrested, to a friend who had remonstrated with him on his return. "Here I stand. My God," he added, "do with me as thou wilt! I am weary of life. Do thou take me, and let me not survive the ruin of my country."

On hearing the report that he had died of grief, he exclaimed, smiling, "I die of grief! Scarcely ever had I such cause for joy as now. Here is my pleasure-garden"—and he held up his Bible. "Never did such sweet nectar and ambrosia flow from it as now. No; I live, and shall live as long as it pleases God; and I hope that day will never come when it can be said that Budowa died of grief."

Three days before his sentence he related the following dream to his servant:—He thought he was wandering in a garden, thinking anxiously on the business in hand, when a person approached him and handed him a book. He opened it, and saw that the leaves were of snow-white silk, and on one was inscribed the fifth verse of the Thirty-seventh Psalm, "Commit thy way to the Lord, and he shall bring it to pass." As he pondered on these words, another came to him, and clothed him in a white garment.

"So," said the old man, when he awoke, "I go hence clothed with the robe of righteousness, that I may see the face of God, in whom I have trusted."

The Jesuits harassed him very much upon his trial. "We would show you, my lord," said one, "the way to heaven."

"The way to heaven!" said Budowa. "I know it already, through the mercy of my God."

"You are deceived," rejoined the others.

"My hope," resumed the baron, "is grounded on certain truth; for I know no way but through Him of whom it is said, 'I am the way, the truth, and the life.'"

Later, his enemies reproached him with presumption for his full assurance of safety; and a Jesuit professed to quote Scripture to the effect that man could not know whether he was the subject of grace or wrath. The baron referred to the apostle's words, "Henceforth is laid up for me a crown of righteousness."

The Jesuit objected that St. Paul said this of himself only. Budowa replied by quoting the end of the verse, "Not I only, but *all* who love His appearing."

This silenced the objector; and Budowa asked him in what part of the Scriptures the words he had quoted against assurance could be found. The Jesuit was

not sure. He believed they were in the Epistle to Timothy.

"And you would teach me the way of salvation, and cannot show me these few words in the Bible?" said the baron. "Go, and trouble me no further."

"An honour awaits thee, my gray head," he said, on the scaffold, "to be a witness for the truth, and to wear the martyr's crown." He then prayed for the Church, his country, and his enemies; and commending his soul to God, received the blow of the executioner.

Baron Christoph Henant, a celebrated traveller, was another victim. He spoke of the perils he had encountered for his country's sake, and his wonder that he should be condemned, though innocent, to a traitor's death. But he met his fate with the same pious composure and lively faith as his companions.

The Knight Caspar Caplicz, a veteran of eighty, deserves some notice. He spoke to the Pastor Rosacius, after his sentence, with tears in his eyes, but a cheerful demeanour. "My death," he said, "will be disgraceful in the eyes of the world, but glorious in God's sight; for it is for him I suffer."

He received the Lord's Supper devoutly, lamenting that in his youth he had followed too many of the evil practices of the world, but thanking God that he had awakened him to repentance and a new life.

"Yesterday," continued the pious old man, "my mother's sister announced to me, that if I would ask pardon and mercy from the Prince Lichtenstein, I might have my sentence commuted to imprisonment for life. But I told her I would not seek such a favour. If I asked for pardon, it would imply that I were guilty, and deserved death. And this is not the case. Tell the prince I will seek the favour of Him against whom I have sinned much in my former life. But to the prince I have done no harm. And if he granted me a prison instead of death, it would be a bad exchange for me. I am feeble, and weary of life. My eyes are dim, my ears dull; I cannot walk without support. Life is burdensome to me even in freedom, and what would it be in a prison? I am at peace with God," he added later, "and fear no man. My flesh and heart fail, but God is my portion for ever. Sinner as I am, I am cleansed through the blood of my Redeemer. Let my hour come when it may, I am ready."

As he arrayed himself with unusual care, and in his most costly apparel, he observed to a companion, "I am putting on my marriage garments."

"The righteousness of Christ is the true clothing for the inner man," said the other.

"I know it," rejoined the old knight; "but for the honour of my heavenly Bridegroom, I wish also to be outwardly dressed in festive garments."

He was now summoned to the scaffold. "In God's name," he replied, "I have waited long enough."

Supported by his servants—for he was too feeble to walk alone—he moved slowly to the place of execution, after taking leave of his friends. As he had to descend

some stairs on his way, he said, "My God, give me strength that I may not stumble, and cause my enemies to mock me!"

The old man was too stiff and weak to kneel without great difficulty. He begged the executioner to give the stroke as soon as he was able to place himself on his knees, as he could not remain long in that position. "Lord Jesus," were his last words, "into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Prokop Dworzercky showed the same calm faith and resolution. "I had a long struggle with the old Adam the whole of last night," he said to the pastor; "but, God be praised! through his help I have gained the victory. My Saviour has died and risen again, to be Lord of the living and dead; and I know that my soul will also be victorious, and my body be raised up and made like to his glorious body."

On the scaffold he turned to the imperial judges. "Tell the emperor," he said, "we must now submit to his unjust sentence; but *he* will have to suffer a more severe and more just judgment from God." He gave his purse to a friend, begging him to give its contents to the poor. Then taking a gold coin, with the stamp of the King Frederick upon it, from his neck, he gave it to a by-stander, saying, "I entreat you, if my beloved king should again be restored to his throne, give him this, and tell him I wore it to my last hour from love to him, and now willingly give my life for God and my king."

Otto von Loos was a man of acute mind and high resolve. He had filled situations of trust under both Rudolf and King Frederick.

When he learned that his body was to be exposed and dismembered after death, he said, "I have been among barbarous nations, but such vengeance as this I never witnessed! Well, they may send a portion of my body to Rome, another to Spain, another to the Turks, and another beyond the sea, as they please. I believe my Saviour will gather together all, and will clothe me again with flesh. With my eyes I shall see him, with my ears hear him, with my mouth praise him, and with my heart rejoice in him for ever."

When Rosacius, after accompanying Dworzercky to the scaffold, returned to the prison, Otto rose to meet him in a kind of rapture, exclaiming, "How I rejoice to meet you, man of God, that I may tell you what has happened to me! I was sitting on this scaffold, sorrowing because I could not have a minister of my own Church to give me the Lord's Supper after our fashion, and I began to regret, as I do now, that I did not join the others and receive it from you. While full of these thoughts I fell asleep for a moment, and my Saviour appeared to me, saying, 'My grace is sufficient for thee; with my blood I will strengthen thee,' and he let a drop of his blood fall on my heart. At the touch I awoke, and now I feel myself wonderfully strengthened and refreshed in my soul."

He then broke forth into an ecstasy of prayer and

thanksgiving. "I thank thee, O my Saviour!" he exclaimed, "that thou hast given me such consolation, and hast counted me worthy to feel this assurance of thy grace. Now I understand these words, 'Believe, and thou hast eaten and drunken.' Ah, I feel now that I die with joy; death has no terrors for me."

When he was called on to go to the scaffold, he asked Rosacius to accompany him.

"Willingly," replied the good pastor. "You have just seen the Lord Jesus in a dream," he added; "but soon you will see him among the blest, as he is in his glory."

"I am sure of it," replied Von Loos. "He is coming to meet me with his angels, to lead me to the heavenly marriage feast, where I shall drink of the cup of joy for ever. Oh! I know death will not separate me from him."

On the scaffold he appeared absorbed in prayer; then suddenly raising his eyes, he exclaimed, "I see the heavens opened!" and pointed to the sky, where even others thought they saw an unusual brightness of glory, as of an angelic host in battle array. Commending his soul to his Saviour, he joyfully received the death-stroke.

Bohuslaus von Michalowicz showed the same spirit. He was full of eager longing for martyrdom; and when his companions were led out, one by one, before him, he feared he was forgotten, and exclaimed sorrowfully, "My God, what is this? thou knowest I have given myself into thy hands! Ah! look on thy poor servant, and take me quickly!"

The officer of justice now summoned him. He rose joyfully, and with words of fervent trust in his Saviour laid his head on the block.

Another victim, Tobias Hiffel, a burgher of Prague, a man of gentle and mild temper and eminent piety, seemed depressed but resigned throughout his imprisonment. "I have received good at the Lord's hands," he said, "shall I not also receive evil? I thank the mercy of my God who has allowed me to be the companion of these distinguished men, and share with them the crown of martyrdom."

When he was led forth to the scaffold he raised his hands to heaven, with tearful eyes, and said,—

"When my Saviour died for me, he said, 'Father, not my will, but thine be done!' How, I, a worm of the dust, shall I desire to resist his will? God forbid! See, my God, I come obediently to thee; have mercy on me, and cleanse me from my sins, that not a spot or wrinkle may be found on me, but I may appear purified in thy presence!"

The pastor consoled him with promises from the Scriptures. "A little while," he replied, "and the Lord will wipe away all tears from my face, and all sorrow and anguish shall be changed into everlasting joy!"

With these words he rose, subdued, but calm and trustful, and expired with prayer on his lips.

Jessenius, a Hungarian physician, celebrated for

learning and talent, and who had held high offices under several princes, received one of the severest of the sentences. When he heard of the dismemberment after death, he said, as in a kind of prophecy, "The time will come when our heads, now so shamefully exposed and made a spectacle, will receive honourable interment."

This did actually happen. During the short triumphant career of Gustavus Adolphus, the Elector of Saxony entered Prague with a victorious army, and the heads of the martyrs were taken down from the Tower of the Bridge, and solemnly interred in the presence of a large concourse of people, and a funeral sermon preached by a pastor recalled from banishment.

The Jesuits made many efforts to induce Jessenius to recant. While they were dwelling on the efficacy of good works, he turned to them, and observed,—

"Gentlemen, if I were to come over to your belief, there would not be time left for me to complete so great a collection of works of merit as you demand, and then what would become of my soul?"

"My dear Jessenius," replied a Jesuit, "the *will* to do them is all that is needed; and then, if you die this moment, we can promise you, you will go straight to heaven!"

"Then what becomes of your purgatory, which was intended for those who did not fill up the prescribed tale of good works?" asked Jessenius.

The Jesuits were silenced, and withdrew ashamed. Jessenius was condemned to lose his tongue before his head was struck off. "It is hard," he observed, "to be so cruelly robbed of the tongue with which I have faithfully served so many princes; but I shall not be dumb in the resurrection."

He patiently submitted to this cruel mutilation, and then fell on his knees and prayed with stammering lips, till the executioner's death-blow freed his soul.

"I shall not die, but live, and declare the words of the Lord in the land of the living," said Christoph Boker, another of the martyrs, as he calmly prepared for execution; and commending his spirit to the Lord, he laid his head on the scaffold.

Another repeated with lively faith the words of Simeon, "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." They were his last words.

Nicolas Wodniansky, an aged man, was encouraged by his son John, a burgher of Prague. "Father," he said, weeping bitterly, "if hopes of life are held out to you on condition of falling from the faith, think on the fidelity we owe to Christ."

"My son," replied the father, "I rejoice that you urge me to steadfastness; but how can you think I should give way? Rather let me warn you to be firm in treading in my steps, and keep your sisters and brothers and children in the same steadfastness."

John was conducted to a different gallows from that on which his friend Kutnaw and his father-in-law were to suffer. At first this grieved him; but on being reminded

of the glory of suffering shame for Christ's name, he was cheered, and met his fate with serene composure.

Kutnaw, whose prayer for a sign from God has been already mentioned, was the youngest of the victims (he was scarcely forty); but in his lofty enthusiasm and joyful firmness he almost surpassed them all. A Jesuit who had vainly endeavoured to convert him, said to one of his colleagues, "These men are as hard as rocks; they cannot be moved."

"Yes," said Kutnaw, "you are right. We are founded on Christ, a Rock that shall never be moved."

He was condemned to be hanged, not beheaded. "I know not," he said, "how the executioner will deal with me, and I care not; I only regret that my blood will not mingle with my companions." He embraced his friends warmly; and seeing tears in the eyes of some who were to remain in prison, he encouraged them, saying, "It is but a little while, and we shall all be together in glory."

He sang a Bohemian hymn as he approached the scaffold. His last words were, "I have committed no crime; I die because I have been faithful to my country and the gospel. God forgive my enemies, they know not what they do; and then, Lord Jesus, have mercy on me, and receive my spirit."

His father-in-law, Sussicky, who was nearly of the same age, was hanged beside him. The words in Galatians, "Cursed is he that hangeth on a tree," had been very distressing to him; but the Pastor Verbenius had pointed out to him that Christ, having been made a curse for us, had done away with the curse and condemnation. This cheered his soul, and his peace and joy never left him afterwards. The others all met their fate in the same spirit. Some expired singing hymns of praise, others exhorting their companions with words of faith and hope.

Those who escaped capital punishment had, perhaps, more to suffer. One of them was condemned to have his tongue pierced with a sharp spear, and thus fastened to the gallows, and in this torture he remained two hours. He was then sent back to prison, where he remained four years, and was then banished. This cruel punishment was given him merely because he had been appointed to welcome King Frederick, when he entered Prague, with a greeting in the name of the citizens, and had saluted him with good wishes when he left. Several others were beaten severely with rods, imprisoned, and banished.

The Moravian nobles who had taken part with the Elector were imprisoned for four years, and their goods confiscated.

On the 28th of June, a week after the execution of the prisoners at Prague, the property of all who had been put to death or banished, or who had taken flight in the first instance, was formally confiscated.

The rest of the nobility who had had any share in the late proceedings remained in painful suspense, expecting *their* share of the punishment. It came very soon. In the following year a mandate was published pro-

claiming a general pardon for past offences against the government. But all these political offenders must forfeit to the crown a portion of their estates, to help the emperor, as it was alleged, to pay for the expenses of the war. This so-called pardon, therefore, was, in fact, a heavy fine. It amounted, in fact, to more—to a general spoliation. All the offenders were ordered to make an estimate of their property, with the view of arranging for the payment of the subsidy. But to secure the full amount being paid, they were compelled to deliver up the whole of their property in land, houses, castles, villages, &c., and in return they received a paper or bond for the portion which they were supposed to receive back. In this paper they were directed to await the decision of the Imperial Chamber to receive back the remainder of their property.

But, on one pretence or another, the whole was in this way kept back from them. Some retired to the towns, some undertook the superintendence of their former property to support themselves, others found an asylum with Romanist friends and relatives; a few succeeded, by private interest, or by making a fresh purchase, in recovering their own or their wives' property. Movable property was often included in this spoliation; and some were even compelled to alight from their carriages to give up their horses and the boxes of valuables they were carrying. Many were included in this vexatious measure who had taken no open part against the government; some even who, from sickness or infirmity, would have been utterly unable to do so if they would.

Means were found to seize the property of those who had money lent at interest. The castles, estates, and villages thus seized were divided among the Italian, Spanish, and German favourites of the emperor.

But the vengeance of the conquerors was not limited to the nobility and richer inhabitants. It was to extend by degrees to all—warlike or peaceful, high or low, rich or poor—who followed the doctrines of the Reformed Churches.

The first measure passed generally against the Evangelicals was a decree issued in the second year after the battle against the Anabaptists of Moravia. This sect possessed about forty-five meeting-houses, which also served as dwelling-places to many private families among them. According to the principles they then held, they had their goods in common; they lived peaceably, were a burden on no one, and carried on their various callings quietly and diligently.

In the autumn of 1622 these humble and peaceful Christians were all banished, on the pretext of their having shown hospitality to King Frederick when he passed through Bohemia. It was just the time of vintage; but there must be no delay; these homeless families must leave their houses, and fields, and vineyards loaded with ripening grapes to be gathered by other hands. They placed their families and movables in some hundred waggons; and unarmed, according to their principles, they quietly removed into the neigh-

bouring States of Hungary and Transylvania, where they found a safe and peaceful asylum, and were spared the sufferings which their countrymen and brethren in the faith were soon to encounter.

The next step was to endeavour to expel the "Picards," or members of the Brethren's Church, and those of the Calvinistic or Reformed communions; but this was not so easy at first to accomplish. Many nobles of unimpeached loyalty to the emperor belonged to each of these communions, and some pretext must be found for banishing them, which was a more difficult task than in the case of the poor unprotected Anabaptists.

Then, again, the members of the Calvinist and Lutheran communions could not always be easily distinguished; and, finally, the time was not come when it would be safe to offend the Protestant princes of Germany. But the enemies of the Reformed faith were numerous, zealous, and united; and they were prepared to abide their time. It was determined, as a preliminary step, to place all on the list of condemned, and then to await a fitting occasion for carrying out the plan of action.

One of the principal actors in this well-laid scheme was a Jesuit of low origin, named Paul Michna. His zeal for the house of Austria and the cause of the Pope, and his active spirit of intrigue, had raised him to rank and influence; he had been among the first consulted as to the measures to be taken. He advised delay, because, as he said, the banished nobles might take a good deal of property out of the country with them. The first step must be, therefore, to deprive them of their goods.

In accordance with this plan, after the surrender of Prague, the soldiers had been permitted to plunder the houses of the nobles and rich citizens; and as much valuable property had been stored up in the city, as in a place of safety, the army reaped a rich harvest. Heavy contributions were then levied on the inhabitants; and they were compelled to support the army for a considerable time at their own expense. Some few were induced to renounce the faith in hopes of being freed from these impositions. Promises were made to that effect, which were not kept; and on the sufferers complaining, the Jesuits were ready with their answer,—

"We are treating you," they said, "like children or fools, who must be coaxed with kind words and promises, which we may not choose to keep, to give up a knife or other dangerous weapon they may have laid hold of. We have done this in care for your souls; and now you should show your gratitude to the conqueror by more zealously contributing your money and support to the soldiers."

The kingdom had been, by this means, nearly stripped of gold and silver. The emperor then issued a coinage made of a mixture of silver and gold, which was widely circulated, that the common people, ignorant of such

matters, might be deceived into thinking it genuine ; but the soldiers would be satisfied with nothing less than good coin. The value of gold and silver increased tenfold. In the year 1624 the emperor passed an edict to lower it, and declared that each coin should be worth only a tenth of its former value. It can easily be imagined what general distress was occasioned by this oppressive edict.

At last, after every corner had been searched and plundered, an order was passed to relieve debtors by cancelling every debt, which had been voluntarily incurred during the rebellion, and excusing the interest of part of the principal of what had been lent before the war, while the payment of the remainder was to be postponed for ten years. Thus the prosperity of the whole kingdom was ruthlessly sacrificed in order to carry out the persecuting principles of the Popish and Imperial party.

But to return to the course of events following the battle of Prague. The emperor and his party had now completely despoiled their opponents. The next step was to drive them to desperation by insults and persecution. No expression of scorn or mockery, in writing, printed books and pamphlets, caricatures, and insolent jesting words, was spared. But this was only general persecution, and it could not satisfy the malice of the enemies of the truth. A so-called "Reformation Committee" of monks and Jesuits was formed, whose office it was to go through the various districts, towns, and villages of the country, pointing out the evils of heresy in the blackest colours, praising the Romish Church, and, by flattery, promises, threats, or ill usage, to entice or frighten all into recanting and embracing the Romish faith. Whoever wished to leave the country must first obtain a passport ; but before receiving it, he was harassed and pressed with vexatious questions and exhortations by the Jesuits. If he refused to conform to the Romish Church, he was invited at least to consent to receive instruction. Any one who yielded to this was in the power of the priests, and by daily harassing and urging they too often gained their point. If they refused, they were banished forthwith. Many submitted in order to gain time to arrange their affairs ; but if, after receiving the prescribed course of instruction, they declared their belief unchanged, they were accused of despising his Imperial Majesty, and ran considerable risk of being punished for high treason.

A systematic persecution of the Evangelical pastors of Bohemia followed. A foretaste of this had been already given in the cruelty with which all such were treated who had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Imperial soldiers. A few instances may suffice.

Wenzel Wotic, the aged pastor of Bistritz in Moravia,

was found by a Polish regiment in the emperor's service lying sick in bed ; he was seized, robbed, and shot dead. But his fate was a more merciful one than that of many of his brethren, who, on pretence of being supposed to conceal treasures, were put to the most horrible tortures to force them to disclose them. Several were actually burned alive with their wives, and others put to deaths too fearful to describe. One of these pastors, however, had a most remarkable escape. He was arrested in his house by fifteen horsemen, who bound his hands, head, and feet tightly with cords, and laid him on the ground to await further tortures on the morrow. While he lay in this condition he engaged in earnest prayer, and adopted as his own the language of the psalm, "In thee, O Lord, have I put my trust." Just as he had ended the psalm, he felt, to his great astonishment, the cords loosening round his hands and feet, and presently found himself freed. He rose softly, opened the door, and passed by the guard. Three soldiers were keeping watch, one of whom held the door-latch in his hand ; but all seemed as if stupified, and either sleepy, or unable from the noise of a violent tempest which had begun to rage to hear the sound of his footsteps. He passed them unmolested, reached the city gate, and was then recognized by a soldier on guard. But fortunately the man was a Bohemian, and was won over by entreaties to let his countryman pass ; and the prisoner escaped to a place of safety.

In the beginning of the year 1621 six articles were laid before the General Evangelical Consistory, to which all the pastors of Prague, Bohemian and German, of all three confessions, were required to subscribe. These articles amounted, in fact, to a complete renunciation of the Reformed faith. The pastors were to be re-ordained by the archbishop, to restore all the ancient ceremonies, to separate from their wives, or to request, as a favour, that their marriages might be tolerated.

The pastors unanimously refused to violate their consciences by signing these articles. Their enemies had then recourse to other means. On the 13th December 1621 an edict was passed, under the name of Prince Lichtenstein, laying the whole blame of the rebellion on the clergy of Prague : they were represented as enemies to the public peace, and commanded to leave the city in three days and the kingdom in eight days, never to return on any pretext, on pain of death.

In this manner all the Bohemian pastors were banished from Prague, and their churches given up to the Jesuits.

We can imagine the dismay, the distress of all, and the anguish with which these Christian ministers parted with their flocks.

(To be concluded in our next.)



THE EIGHT WARS OF EMANCIPATION.*



come now, passing over many an intervening example, to our own times. Within the past twenty-two years, not to go further back, not fewer than eight great wars have been waged in the various countries of the world, and the result in every case has been the establishment of religious liberty in the country in which the particular war happened to be waged.

We begin with the year 1848. In that year Piedmont went to war with Austria. The immediate result of this war was the defeat of Piedmont. What a disaster, exclaimed the world, to the little kingdom! Yet no! From the field on which its arms were worsted it reaped a greater blessing a hundred times told than any that victory could have brought it. For some unexplained reason Austria forbore to cross the Ticino. It respected the independence of the kingdom by which it had been attacked; but the King of Piedmont, the representative of the persecuting house of Savoy, humbled by defeat, found it expedient to grant a free constitution to his subjects. That constitution would have comprehended only civil rights, but for a very remarkable circumstance. In the territory of Piedmont was a small religious community—the Confessors of the Alps, to wit—and solely to meet their case, for the rest of the Piedmontese had no wish for any such privilege, nor were capable even of forming a conception of it, was a special clause inserted in the new constitution, granting freedom of conscience. To the war, Piedmont first, and Italy next, owe their free constitution; and to the Waldenses, they owe liberty of conscience, without which the other clauses of the constitution would have been but little worth, and of no long continuance.....

A few years passed by, and then came the war in the Crimea. That was a protracted and bloody struggle, but one blessing of inestimable price was got from it—the only permanent good, so far as we see, that was got from it—the introduction, to wit, of religious toleration into the dominions of the Moslem. The death-penalty which menaced every subject of the Porte who should embrace Christianity was repealed, and freedom of conscience has from that day to this been the law in

Turkey. The Bible, till then a forbidden book, is now openly sold in the bazaars of Constantinople. A Bible-stall may be seen on the Golden Horn, and Turks buying and reading the Word of God. Moreover, within the limits of Turkey is the site of the "Seven Churches" of Asia. The degree of religious toleration now issued covered, of course, these communities. It was like a trumpet summoning them from their sepulchre. Since that day the spiritual life of these Churches has revived, their congregations have multiplied, and their individual members have been increased by numerous conversions. It is noticeable surely that whereas the first war set free the most venerable Church of Western Christendom, the second war brought an end of oppression to the most venerable of all the Churches of Eastern Christendom—the most ancient existing Church of Christian history.

Having done its work in the lands of the Crescent, war next passed eastward to the shores of the Indus. A sudden revolt had shaken the foundations of our dominion in India, and our eastern empire appeared on the point of being wrested from us. Wherein had we come short in our great trust? We had had complicity with Brahminic tyranny; we had taken the part of Brahma against the conscience of the convert. This was our crime. But the fetters which British justice ought to have rent, but did not, war rent. The special outcome of the mutiny, which it cost us much blood and treasure to suppress, was, as in the former instances, freedom of conscience. The Queen was proclaimed empress in India, and the same proclamation set forth that the acknowledged religion of that empire, of which India had now become a part, was Christianity, thus giving a higher prestige to the religion of the Bible in the eyes of the natives than it ever before had, and recognizing the right of every Indian to abjure the rites of his fathers, if so inclined, and to profess the faith of the gospel, without the fear of the vengeance of caste, and without incurring the penalties of law. We have the high authority of Dr. Duff for saying that since the issuing of this proclamation, India has made more progress than for many a long century previous.

Eastward still does war advance, and as it goes on its way we see it, like a strong man, casting down the immemorial ramparts behind which despotism and idolatry had entrenched themselves, that the light of truth might visit the soul. On the far-off shores of China and Japan the French and British cannon are next heard thundering. Scarce has their boom died away when the gates of these countries, closed from immemorial time against the Bible and the missionary, are seen to be open. Thus, once more, the same welcome and marvellous result is wrought out. The

* "The Impending Crisis of the Church and the World; or, The War in its Relation to Prophecy. Embracing Outline of Entire Prophetic Scheme." By the Rev. J. A. Wylie, LL.D., author of "The Seventh Vial," &c. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

Dr. Wylie boldly and consistently applies his principles of prophetic interpretation to events both remote and recent. He presents the great turning events of time in a most interesting light; and his readers may be able to go all the way with his interpretation, prophecy or not, they will be pleased and instructed; and rapid review, contained in his pages, of the peoples and personages and facts of human history, modern.—Ed.

war ended in the ratification of a treaty, securing, among other things, the freedom of missions in these countries. And now, in all the cities and provinces of China, and sometimes even in the very temples, may the tidings of the cross be preached. Well may the rapid march of liberty astonish us. All the way from the foot of the Alps to the shores of Japan has the "Breaker" passed. Through benighted lands and enslaved nations has he held his way, ringing the knell of superstition as he went onward, opening the gates of brass, cutting asunder the bars of iron, and leaving behind him a broad road for the feet of him "that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth salvation, and that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!"

Further in this direction war could not go. This messenger of the God of armies had reached the furthest East. What now do we behold? Why, war returning on its steps, and coming back to the West, where it had still dungeons to raze, and captives to set free. In 1859 the War of Independence in Italy broke out, the fifth in the order of our enumeration. The campaign was short and sharp. The first blood was shed on the field of Montebello, and the slaughter was closed a month after on the yet bloodier field of Solferino. But from the crimson sod of that field what blessing is seen to spring? Why, the very same we have noted in the four previous cases. In at the red gap made by the cannon of Solferino has the Bible entered. Italy is now opened to the gospel from the Alps to the Adriatic, one miserable spot excepted, in the very heart of the country, over which the rod of the triple tyrant is still stretched. The liberation of that spot is reserved to form the fitting conclusion of the marvellous drama we are surveying.

There comes yet no pause. The work cannot be left half done. Whither do we now see war speeding? Westward even, across the sea. But to what shore, and on what errand? It is traversing the same sea over which, in the *May Flower*, were borne the Pilgrim Fathers, to the New World. Strange that war should go thither! But we may be sure there is a cause. On the other side of the Atlantic a hideous system of slavery has taken root, and is growing stronger every year, and it threatens to make frustrate the mission of the Pilgrim Fathers, which was to plant Christianity and liberty in the New World; and so, on its way across the great waters, is seen the messenger of the God of armies. It comes with a commission to dig the grave of a system which is polluting America; and what it was commissioned to do, it did, and did with terrible thoroughness. Never till then had such carnage been seen; but it was on these awful battle-fields that the fetters of four millions of negroes were broken, and the grave of American slavery dug. And now the American nation, rising purified from their baptism of blood, resumed their early and nobler career from which for a moment they had turned aside.

Having accomplished its work in the New World, war

returned once more across the sea to the Old, where there were still bastiles to be put down. It was now the year 1866, a notable year even before it came. The finger of prophecy had long pointed to it, and bidden us watch for its coming. And now that it has come, it is notable, for it did not leave the world as it found it. In 1866 came the war betwixt Prussia and Austria. That campaign was short, but its moments saw the work of centuries accomplished. Nine days only did the campaign last, and its slaughter was summed up in the one awful battle of Sadowa.

What a disaster for Austria! men exclaimed as they surveyed a field on which so much of this world's glory had perished. The fame of a hundred victories, and the prestige of ages of dominion departed in a day! Men could scarce realize it. The great military empire of Austria shivered by a single blow! broken as if it had been a potter's vessel. Although the Alps had dissolved, scarce would men have been more amazed. The Alps of the political world were indeed dissolving, but at the touch of a higher than any earthly power. "He drove asunder the nations, and the everlasting mountains were scattered, the perpetual hills did bow" (Hab. iii. 6). The sun of the 9th of July 1866, when it rose, shone upon the captains and mighty men of the Austrian empire marshalled in battle array, rank gathered upon rank, and swelling into a host, countless in numbers, and invincible in prowess, as it was deemed; and when the sun of that same 9th of July went down, the glory on which it rose was gone, the host was fallen on the field, or was seen fleeing from it in broken, panic-stricken rout. But Austria found richer treasures on that field than any she lost upon it. On that field she found redemption from the yoke of Rome. On that field her people found constitutional government; and on that field they found a greater blessing—freedom of conscience, to wit. The concordat with Rome was broken, and Austria entered the circle of free states. Nay, greater blessings still did Austria reap from what she accounted her greatest misfortune. The same cannon which sounded her defeat, sounded the resurrection of the Protestant Churches of Bohemia and Hungary. Full civil and religious rights were now accorded to these communities, so long trodden into the very dust by the heel of the oppressor. Their piety and zeal have revived, and their influence begins to be felt in Austria, and here and there a new verdure begins to brighten that weary land.

It was not till two years after that the full fruits of Sadowa were gathered in. In 1868 took place the revolution in Spain, and the fall of the Spanish monarchy was the complement of the defeat of Austria. That revolution completed the downfall of that once mighty and invincible empire, by the help of whose arms Rome had triumphed in the sixteenth century,—the great Spanish monarchy, to wit, in both its eastern and western branches. Austria sat at the eastern gate of the Papal dominions, Spain kept watch at the western; but now

both portals were left unguarded, and on both sides Rome was defenceless and open to attack. So far the siege of the great stronghold of darkness had advanced. The position of Rome bore now a close resemblance to that of the ancient Babylon when she saw that her river was dried up, and that her wall had fallen.

This brings us to the war of this summer, 1870—the most stupendous event in this series of stupendous events. We cannot dwell on the fall of the French empire, although an event without its parallel in history. So sudden, so complete, the greatest military empire of our day, for so it was accounted, shivered like a potsherd; gone almost in the twinkling of an eye; its emperor a captive; its soldiers tilling the lands of the conqueror, or rotting in the burial mounds of Alsace and Lorraine; its cities besieged; and its people driven to extremities, and fighting a weary battle for very existence.

But this is not the greatest event of the war. The overthrow of the French empire was only a means to an end; the end is greater than the means. What was that end? That end was the destruction of the temporal sovereignty of the Pope—an issue long foretold: "Sit on the ground; there is no throne: O daughter of the Chaldeans." The King of Prussia made war against the Emperor of the French; but the King of Zion made war against the Pontiff of Rome. It was the true Vicar in heaven fighting against the false vicar on earth. The throne of the false vicar could be reached only through the destruction of the French empire: when that was accomplished the throne of the Pope fell; it "was broken without hand." The war was a series of rapid and brilliant victories for the Germans up to that point; but the moment the special end of the war was attained in the overthrow of the pontifical throne, and the opening of the Papal States to the Bible, there came a pause in the German successes. Not that the war is at an end,—it may yet, before it has run its course, have horrors more awful in store than any we have seen—but meanwhile it has changed its character; it is no longer defeat on the one side, and victory on the other; and this change has clearly marked off the close of its first stage, as if to fix the attention of the world upon its special end, and give it time to revolve its great lesson.

This, then, is by much the war's grandest issue. The world, we know, does not so account it. It lies too much within the region of spiritual events for the world, which ever looks at the seen and temporal, to estimate correctly its true magnitude. Nevertheless, in the plan of Providence it is the crown of the war; and in the judgment of future ages, as well as in the influence it will exert on the destiny of millions now alive, and of millions yet unborn, it will rank as the greatest event of our times, if not the greatest event of the past ten centuries.

Along with the first regiment of Italian troops, the Bible entered Rome. The fact has been touchingly told by the Reverend James Lewis, writing from the Eternal City:—"It was a happy incident," says he,

"which let us accept as a prophecy of the higher freedom yet in reserve for Rome—that with the Italian soldiers who entered Rome on the 20th September was an exiled Roman, who had, during the years of his exile, acted as a colporteur in Italy. As he advanced and passed through the gate with the foremost line of the troops, he bore in his hand neither sword nor Chassepot, but a Bible, which he carried aloft, the symbol of the higher conquest yet to be achieved in a city, whose temporal was but a faint image of its long crushing spiritual bondage."

The spiritual Papacy, "the mother and mistress" of all the tyrannies that have covered Europe, still survives. This the Sword of the Spirit only can slay. And in the complete disseverance which war has effected between the Papacy and the political powers of Europe, and the consequent abolition of all restrictions on the Bible, we see the way opened for that Sword reaching the spiritual Papacy. There is some ground to fear that the Papacy in this form may yet stand face to face with the governments of Europe, and wrestle a fall with them, if but to teach the nations that it was the spiritual, and not the temporal Papacy, which all along was their real oppressor; but prophecy gives us no ground to think that the one will long survive the other. On the contrary, it seems to hint that, as the two have been united in their lives, so they will not be divided in their deaths.

The sum of the matter then is, that we now behold a state of things never realized in history before. The Bible and the gospel are free of the whole of Christendom—of the whole earth. For we do not know a kingdom on the globe of any importance, in which the Bible may not now be circulated and the gospel preached. This surely is a new epoch. We may accept it first as an augury that war draws nigh its end. It has thrown down all those political obstacles that barred the path of the gospel. It has presented the whole world as a field for the regenerating forces to act upon. War's mission then is ended, and henceforward we may expect that the great moral and spiritual agencies, wherewith God renews the world, will come more eminently into play. This we may regard as a prophecy, that war, however terrible its rage at this hour, is about to cease. Having dug the grave of so many things, it has at last dug its own.....

Such is the mission of war. Man employs it to build up tyrannies, God makes use of it to plant liberty. The kings of the earth grasp the sword therewith to forge chains for the nations; the King of heaven overrules it to cut these chains in sunder, and fling open the prison door of the captive. Such has eminently been the mission of that war whose echoes in the past year have shaken the world, and are still shaking it. Its first cannon, fired on the Rhine, reverberated to the Tiber, where it shook the throne of the pope, and laid it in the dust. Then the walls of the world's inner prison were rent, and the light began to stream in upon its darkness.


The Church in the House.

BY THE EDITOR.

XXVII.

STEPHEN'S TESTIMONY.

ACTS vii.

ARK the perfect man, and behold the upright." That object is worthy of regard anywhere; but here it is placed in a position peculiarly fitted to display its grandeur. Everything about the faith of Christians is interesting; but the trial of their faith especially is found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ (1 Pet. i. 7). The flame may live throughout the day, if the supply of oil be constant; but it is by night that the flame is seen. So, though a disciple's faith may survive through a period of prosperity, as a secret bond between him and his Saviour, it is not observed by other men until the night of adversity settles down. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright;" but choose the time for marking him. The beauty of his course is generally best seen towards its close: "The end of that man is peace." The sufferings which enemies have inflicted become the darkness which reveals his light.

Stephen stands before the Sanhedrim, not to be tried, but to be condemned. When he distributed alms to the poor widows, I suppose his face was pleasant to look upon—as that of a loving, benevolent man; but when he stands before his murderers, in the immediate prospect of martyrdom, it is like the face of an angel. The sun is more beautiful at his setting than at his meridian; and if dark clouds cluster on the horizon round him, they serve to receive and reflect his light, and so to increase the loveliness of the departing moment.

The specific charge preferred against Stephen is, that he spoke blasphemous words against the Temple and the Law. The presiding judge, conducting himself in the first instance with at least external propriety, intimates to the accused that he is put on his trial, and invites him to plead: "Then said the high priest, Are these things so?" Not wanting in courtesy, the accused begins with a general salutation of respect.

A question of much interest has been raised regarding the sources whence Luke, the historian, obtained a report of this address. Besides the Church in Jerusalem, where a record of all the circumstances may have been kept, the narrator had a competent reporter at hand in the person of the Apostle Paul. Saul of Tarsus was present at this trial; and every word of the martyr's defence was graven on his capacious memory, as with a pen of iron and the point of a diamond. After he became a preacher of the faith, which at that time

he persecuted, he would still recall the same facts, though invested with a new meaning. Doubtless the beloved physician took the opportunity of the enforced leisure of a long sea voyage to learn authentically from Paul's lips all the particulars of this extraordinary history.

It is in the spirit of a devout believer that Stephen traces the course of Hebrew history. He touches tenderly, and with devout reverence, all the great events in God's dealing with Israel. His speech, in this aspect, must have gone far to refute the accusations that were brought against him. This is not a reviler of the Temple and the Law. This is not a renegade Jew who abuses the authority of Moses. It was not by his historical discourse that Stephen offended his judges; it was rather by his unsparing application of the Word to their consciences. His elegant apologetic essay would have pleased his judges, as the story of the ewe lamb pleased the guilty king; it was his concluding onslaught, "Thou art the man," that enraged the persecutors, and sealed the doom of the intrepid witness.

Whether he had reached the point whence he could most effectually launch his premeditated bolt, or whether he was interrupted by some commotion in the audience, we cannot with certainty determine; but at the 51st verse the discourse takes a sudden turn. From an abstract disquisition on the divine plan, as shown in the Old Testament history, he changes in a moment to a bold, personal denunciation of his judges: "Ye stiff-necked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye." This sudden charge must have produced a great excitement in the court. Hitherto, there is good reason to believe they had listened with rapt attention. The sketch of their own history, given by the accused, must have been grateful to their ears. Perhaps they may have begun to think, "This man doeth nothing worthy of death or of bonds." He had honoured Abraham and Moses and David. He had spoken reverently of God, and acknowledged Israel as the chosen people. As far as he had yet gone, they would have found it hard to convict him of blasphemy. Stephen, I suppose, had a well-defined plan in his mind. He desired to win their attention, and soften their hearts. When at last he saw the gates open and the watchmen off their guard, he made a sudden rush, in the hope of taking the city by assault, and leading its defenders captive—captive to Christ.

The preacher's plan was in the first instance successful. The word in Stephen's lips proved quick and powerful. The sword ran into their joints and marrow. The

immediate object is gained : there is conviction. The judges are "cut to the heart." This is one step of progress, but it is not the end. For those who seek to win souls, as well as for those who try to make a fortune, there is many a slip between the cup and the lip. Conviction goes before conversion ; but conversion does not always follow conviction. When such a home-thrust takes effect on the conscience, a great anger is generated. That anger burns like fire, and it must have some object to consume. It will either burn inward to consume your own sins, or outward to persecute the preacher who exposed them. In such a case there must be a victim. You will wreak your vengeance either on your sins or on your reprovers. Such a word as Stephen preached to his judges will be a savour of life or a savour of death. It makes the hearer better or worse.

In this case the anger which the word generated went the wrong way ; instead of going inward to crucify their own lusts, it went outward to take the life of the faithful reprover : "They gnashed on him with their teeth."

As the fury of the persecutors increased, so did the ecstasy of the martyr. The blast of their wrath against him, like the wind against a kite, carried him higher toward heaven: "But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus." These two sights lie close together. Stephen, I suppose, saw them blended into one, and could not separate them. If the glory of God should appear without Jesus, the spirit would fail before Him, and the souls that He has made. In the Apocalyptic vision of the blessed state, it is said that "the Lamb is the light thereof."

It is noticed with interest by all the commentators from the earliest times, that Jesus was *standing* on the right hand of God when the first martyr obtained a supernatural foresight of his exalted Redeemer. He was not sitting, as in peace and ease ; but standing up, as one who felt the pain that his member on the earth endured. This attitude of the Lord in heaven already foreshadows his own subsequent word: "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" The preparation for stoning Stephen stirred the heart of his Lord. He stood up in anticipation as well as in sympathy. He was preparing to receive with suitable welcome the first witness who should, after himself, ascend in a fiery chariot.

Stephen's ecstatic exclamation was the signal for an uproar in the court. What had up to this point seemed, externally at least, an orderly trial, degenerated now into a fanatical disturbance. The peace and triumph of the martyrs has always fanned the persecutors into a fiercer flame. The murderers have never been able to bear the dying testimony of the victims. Here in Edinburgh, within earshot of where this page is printed, they beat the drums to drown the last words of our Scottish Covenanters. "Argyle's sleep," on the night before his execution, made the blood run cold in his enemies' veins.

While the rude executioners were doing their work

under the eye of a zealous young Pharisee, lately appointed the chief agent of the inquisitors, Stephen himself is occupied too. He is praying. The Mediator stands at this moment in the breach, and to Jesus the last request is expressly addressed. Finding himself in the valley of the shadow of death, he addresses Jesus, present to faith, as David long ago had done: "I will not fear, for Thou art with me."

XXVIII.

STEPHEN'S DEATH.

ACTS vii. 60.

I think the young man Saul was an attentive listener, both to the martyr's sermon and the prayer that followed it. I think that he obtained the germs of his systematic theology that day. Sometimes in our divinity halls a young man receives instruction in the great things of the covenant as he learns languages and mathematics, without having for the time any specific use for his acquisition. The truth is stored in an unrenewed heart, and lies there dormant until the quickening Spirit come. The seed of the Word has been dropped into frozen furrows ; and when the melting comes it is there, ready to spring. Thus the word from Stephen's lips dropped into Saul's memory. I like to entertain the conception that in Stephen's speech Paul found the idea of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Another stage of the martyrdom: "He kneeled down." The stones were overcoming—overwhelming him. He is fainting from loss of blood. Stephen will not remain on his feet till he fall. While he has strength left he will bow down to pray ; and he prays aloud for his enemies : "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." A secret sigh might have reached the throne as well ; but the loud voice made known, both to friends and to foes, the latest exercise of the martyr's spirit. The expression of that prayer may be the means of winning souls, and therefore it is articulately expressed. That prayer may have remained like a barb in the conscience of some of his murderers, which would not let them go until it led them to the blood of the covenant.

"When he had said this, he fell asleep." All things are yours, when you are Christ's, and death among them. This dreaded name is an article in the inventory of a Christian's possessions. When death becomes the property of a disciple, it is baptised and gets a new name. It has many different Christian names. For Paul, it was a departing to be with Christ ; for Stephen, it was to fall asleep. When the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands. A relative of my own lately gave a new name to this messenger, which I had not heard before, and which I rather like. Leaving her own home, to pay a visit of some weeks in the neighbouring city, she said to a friend, with reference to the possibility of not returning, "I am like a passenger, with

my ticket in my hand, waiting at the station till the train come up." According to her secret anticipation the train did come up, ere the visit was over, and she was carried gently away.

Sleep is a very impressive and appropriate Christian name for death. If we were not made indifferent by familiarity with it, natural sleep would seem a very solemn and mysterious experience. We might well be familiar with death, for we have a symbol or rehearsal of it every night. We might be familiar with the resurrection, for we have a symbol and rehearsal of it every morning. If faith were lively, we might lie down every night as an infant lies down to sleep in a mother's arms: we might be comforted in the morning when we awaked by remembering that this same Jesus stands yet at the right hand of the throne, girt for mighty work, as our protector, and alert to receive all his own, when life is over, into the joy of the Lord.

It is remarkable, that of all the Christian names of death, this one should be employed here. It might seem an appropriate epithet, when an aged Christian, on his chair or his bed, after a gradual decay of strength, with a gentle smile on a wan countenance, speaks this moment of his hope in Christ, and the next moment glides away. When death in such circumstances is called a sleep, the analogy is easily apprehended, and at once accepted as true. But a cruel death by stoning, amid the yells and curses of infuriated executioners, stripped like gladiators for their bloody work—death in such a tumult called a sleep! Yes; and there is a design in the choice of the name. God sits King on these floods. Jesus stands up and speaks again to the sea; and at his word there is a great calm. At sight of him "standing" over the waves, the weary voyager is instantly at the land where he desired to be. Sweeter to the martyr would be the glory of Emmanuel's land when he touched its shore, because of the storm through which he had passed.

The executioners, engaged and paid, and held in readiness, to do the work quickly, lest the sentence, lacking the due authority, might be recalled, "laid down their clothes at a young man's feet, whose name was Saul." Such is the first introduction of this man to the readers of the Bible. The Apostle of the Gentiles steps upon the stage, the acknowledged head of a ruffian band, in the very act of shedding the first martyr's blood. What hath God wrought! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!

"When he had said this, he fell asleep; but Saul was consenting unto his death." We should not overlook the connection and the contrast, which the division of the chapters here rather tends to obscure. These two men met for one day, and then went on their several paths;—the one, right on to the joy of the Lord; the other to the work of wasting the Church. The intimation at the beginning of chapter viii. means that Saul approved of the policy adopted in taking Stephen off. It would be an error to impute to him any inhuman cruelty.

Saul was never a man of low tastes and brutal passions. From early years he was a man of most acute intellect, earnest opinions, and lofty aims. At this time his belief was that Stephen's doctrines were subversive of the true religion; and that the best way of checking a heresy was to put the heretics to death. These principles did not die out with the conversion of Saul. They survived, and deluged Europe with blood down to a very recent period. It is only now, in our own generation, that religious toleration has been established. The position of Saul at the death of Stephen was due, not to natural cruelty, but to a perverted judgment. He thought he did God service by slaying the disciples of Christ. His own description is clear and true: "I verily thought I ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus of Nazareth; which thing I also did." He held the opinion that it was just and right to take Stephen off, as a subverter of the law.

I have often tried to conceive the scene at the next meeting of these two men, when Saul also became a martyr, and joined the general assembly and church of the first-born. When they met in the presence of the Lord, there would be no upbraiding on the one side, and no shame on the other. Saul's guilt was indeed very great. The young Pharisee who conducted the case against Stephen with skill and vigour, and plunged into another as soon as the dark deed was done—that young Pharisee was a chief sinner; but the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleansed him from all sin. Stephen would be so much occupied remembering his own guilt, and praising the grace that had blotted it out, that he would have no time and no inclination to cast up the sins of other men. We have not the means of determining whether Stephen or Saul owed most to the Lord. By looking on the surface of the sea we cannot tell what place is deepest; but we know that all places, alike the deepest and the shallowest, are filled, and all present one level surface to the sky. In like manner, as far as we can perceive, all the forgiven are alike. It is only He who bore their sins who can distinguish the aggravations of every case. Certain it is that the first martyr and the man who kept the clothes of the executioners at his death are now at peace. They are one in Christ.

XXIX.

THE PERSECUTION OF THE CHRISTIANS THE INCREASE OF THE CHURCH.

ACTS viii. 1-4.

On that day a great persecution sprang up. The translators have taken the definite term in a general sense—"at that time—" which it may sometimes bear; but there seems no necessity here for avoiding the more specific meaning. It is natural that when the flood of rage had been permitted once to break out, it should flow on and cover all the neighbourhood. It broke out

like a flame, and instantly seized and licked up all that could be converted into fuel. The leaders of such a movement found it their interest that the passions of the multitude, once excited, should have no time to cool. The tiger had tasted blood, and now the creature thirsts more fiercely for another victim. On that day a great persecution broke out.

The favour of the people had gained for the Christians a brief breathing-time, and they had occupied it well. In the interval several thousands had become obedient to the faith. Of these a large proportion were priests, who might be expected to be of special service afterwards to the cause. When they had learned that the Scriptures testify of Christ, they would be better fitted by their previous training than disciples of another class for the work of convincing gainsayers and edifying the Church.

But the popular favour soon failed the Christians. That protection seems to have sprung up as quickly as Jonah's gourd, and withered as soon. Already the defenceless heads of the witnesses were exposed to the full fury of the persecution. They were scattered abroad, the assemblies broken up, and the individual disciples compelled to flee. They betook themselves to the country around Jerusalem, and some penetrated northward into Samaria. Thus, although their steps were directed by events beyond their control, they were exactly fulfilling the Master's commission,—first in Jerusalem, next in Judea, then in Samaria, and thence to the uttermost parts of the earth. The six surviving deacons, and other prominent members of the Church, sought refuge in flight; but the apostles remained still in Jerusalem.

As for Saul, he pursued his vocation. "He made havoc of the Church;" but he was employed as an instrument in promoting the divine plan. The havoc made by Saul scattered the Christians; the scattered Christians were like sparks, kindling a great flame wherever they fell: "They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word."

At this point the historian, according to his custom, abandons the method of general description, and exhibits, by way of example, the details of a particular case. The portion of Christian history selected in this section is the ministry of Philip the deacon. Two specimens of his preaching are given in this chapter; and I think these two have been chosen as a sign for all places and all times. The gospel first reaches Samaria, and then the ends of the earth. The first example of Philip's ministry is among the nearest neighbours of the Jews; and the next is addressed to an Ethiopian, representative of the distant Gentiles. The first is a ministry in a city to a multitude; the next is a ministry in a desert to a single man. These two are types of all. And in both, the preacher's theme was one:—when he went to a city of Samaria, "he preached Christ unto them:" when he met the Ethiopian in the desert, he "preached unto him Jesus."

In the gallery of missionary portraits which this book displays, although some are larger, none are more distinctly traced than that of the evangelist Philip. The sketches given of his life and labours are very short, but very clear. He comes suddenly upon the stage, marches quickly across it, and disappears on the other side when his part is played. Very little time is allowed to examine him, and yet we do not forget him when he is gone. All his movements are remarkable for directness and precision; there is no ambiguous haze hanging over the horizon of his life. This is not the man who at first possesses ten talents; but this is the man who lays out his five with such a will, that they soon become ten in his hands. His movements remind you of Ezekiel's wheels. Like them, he goes straight forward, without turning to the right hand or to the left—whether in going forward or in coming back—whether on his way from the city to the wilderness, or on his way from the wilderness to the city. Like them, too, he moves with the Spirit, and by the Spirit: he goes not unbidden, and goes not alone. Where the Spirit leads, he follows.

Philip was driven into Samaria by the violence of the persecution at Jerusalem. This is the way by which the gospel was propagated in those days. The blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church. In this matter the plan of Providence has been to a great extent changed in our time. It is not by the persecution of Christians in one place that Christianity is carried into another now. In the cognate kingdom of nature vegetation is spread, not always and everywhere by one and the same agency. A part of the work is done by the wind bearing the winged seeds over mountains and moors, a part by birds carrying heavier fruits for objects of their own, and a part by the progressive outspread of the roots under the ground. There is a similar diversity in the method employed by the Omniscient Husbandman to scatter the seed of the Word over the world. Missionaries are now for the most part *sent* out, not *driven* out. This method, though more gentle, is not less effectual. It is the spontaneousness of the scattering that constitutes its glory. "Thy people shall be willing in the day of thy power." On the part of the Church, it is eminently a reasonable service; and yet men are drawn into it by the loving-kindness of the Lord.

Two methods are in operation among civilized nations for filling up their armies: one is a forced conscription from the inhabitants, the other a voluntary enlistment. Both methods have in practice made good soldiers; but in its nature the voluntary service is the nobler of the two, and in its operation the sweeter. In this manner the missionary army of the present day is recruited. It is not that the disciples of Christ preach to the heathen because they are driven from home; it is that they go from home that they may preach to the heathen.

Nor is there any room for self-complacency on our part, when the two periods and the two processes are

compared. It is not that we adopt the gentler method because our love is stronger: I rather think the Lord spares us the sterner method because our faith is weaker. If we were persecuted as the early Christians were, I fear, instead of imparting our religion to our neighbours, we should let go our own. Let us appreciate our privileges and thank the Giver. Let us not be high-minded, but fear.

Further: seeing we enjoy abundant peace, we ought to be abundant in our mission labour. The early Christians did much mission work because they were persecuted; we ought to do more because we are not. Peace has multiplied our resources; if our efforts were proportioned to our resources, we might occupy a continent as easily as the hundred and twenty from the upper room occupied Samaria and Galilee. Our lives and our strength are not consumed by the fires of persecution; we should therefore devote more energy and effort to the service of the Lord.

XXX.

PHILIP PREACHING IN A SAMARITAN CITY.

ACTS viii. 5.

Philip (1.) went down to a city of Samaria; and (2.) preached Christ unto them.

I. *Went down to a city of Samaria.*

1. *Went down*; that is from Jerusalem. The place physically was high; and so the form of expression for going away from Jerusalem naturally came to be, "Going down." Jerusalem was the centre. There were both the thrones and the altars of the house of David. Thither the tribes went up to worship; thence the law flowed out, and thence the gospel.

If there is one grand supereminent and central mountain in a country, to it the clouds of heaven come, around it they congregate. From that mountain, in turn, the water flows in every direction to refresh the land. Such, spiritually, was Jerusalem to the world.

The clouds gathered grand and multitudinous around it on the Pentecost that immediately followed the death and resurrection of the Lord. Under the influence of the rushing mighty wind they were precipitated on its summit, and flowed in vast volumes back to all the surrounding nations, bearing the gospel of grace to people of every tribe and tongue. Out of the temple that day flowed waters that at first rose to the ankles, and then to the knees, and then to the loins, and afterwards became waters to swim in—a great flowing river coursing through a desert world; and wherever it flowed changing the desert into a fruitful field.

Christ's name and work is that central mountain now. The Spirit without measure is poured out on him. The Jerusalem that now is, is the Church of Christ in the world. Around it all heavenly influences congregate; on it they drop down; and from it then flow forth.

Hence missions to heathen and Jews. If you ask, Why do Christians engage in mission work? the answer is, They cannot help it. Why do the rivers flow down the mountain-sides upon the parched plains when once the clouds have discharged their burdens on the mountain's summit? They must flow down, by the law of their being. So Christians must flow: love in the hearts of the redeemed swells, and would rend them, unless they opened to give it vent. From Jerusalem, throughout all Judea and Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth,—behold the law of the kingdom, the kingdom established in Christian hearts.

2. *To a city.*—In congregated masses of humanity, the evil is great when they are evil, the good great when they are good. The efforts of the first Christians were directed not exclusively, but chiefly to the great cities. The spiritual warfare in this respect follows the analogy of the temporal: when the strongholds are won, the surrounding territory is more easily occupied.

Cities seem destined to play a greater part in modern than they played in ancient times. As yet no symptom appears of any natural law that shall check their increase. The corruption of such vast heaps of corruptible matter is enough to make the stoutest heart falter. In presence of modern cities and their phases of corruption we may well lose heart. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith." Lord, increase our faith; for the sight or the thought of London makes our hearts flow down like water.

3. *A city of Samaria.*—It was near; it was needy. Long before, the native Jewish inhabitants had been carried away, and a colony of heathens planted in their stead. These added the worship of Jehovah to their variegated creed. They were a mixed people, with a patchwork religion. In later times they had in a great measure conformed externally to Jewish modes of worship, but conducted it on their own soil. They made a merit of having a common worship with the Jews, and eagerly claimed a common descent.

Samaria is near us to-day: if we are willing to go down to it, we need not lack a mission-field. We have not far to look down to Samaria; and she has not far to look up to us. If she see us like herself,—if she see us as covetous, as vain, as godless,—she will get comfort from us; and such peacemakers are not blessed. (See Ezek. xvi. 54.) If we give the profane and careless multitudes any ground for counting that we are no better than themselves, we heal their wounds slightly, and say Peace, peace, when there is no peace. But if we go down to them with reproof on our lips—with reproof silent but mighty in our lives,—we shall, indeed, make them sorry at first, but out of that godly sorrow the joy of the Lord will in due time spring.

II. *He preached Christ unto them.*—When Philip had reached his proper mission field, he forthwith began his proper mission work.

1. *He preached.*—Take it literally; for in that aspect

it conveys a true, an appropriate lesson. The first and chief work of a missionary is to preach. The missionary is a herald, sent from the great King to a rebel country, bearing his terms of reconciliation. The first business of the herald is to proclaim his message. Indeed, the word which we translate *preach*, has been borrowed from that ancient office of a herald. Teaching and printing become in certain circumstances important auxiliaries; but they defeat their own end, if they occupy the foreground, or usurp the centre.

Nor must we shut our eyes to the reproof which the term conveys to ourselves. Arguments and disquisitions, however just in themselves, and however important in respect of their themes, cannot serve as substitutes for preaching. To preach is to proclaim—to proclaim, as a herald from the great King, the terms on which the rebels will be received into favour. This is the real bone and marrow of preaching.

2. *Preached Christ*.—To this the teaching of the Bible constantly comes round. The true minister preaches, not law, not morality, not doctrine—preaches not philosophy, not religion, but Christ—not the Scriptures, not the true doctrine, but Christ. Proclaims, offers, presses Christ upon men.

3. *Preached Christ unto them*.—He brings the matter home to themselves,—brings it home to each heart. To preach that Christ came into the world to save sinners, is right, but it is not enough. I think I see many near the kingdom, and yet falling short of it on this side: We are all sinners, and we all need Christ as our Saviour. I think I see souls slipping through the opening there and sinking. I fear, through that opening many may be lost. Why so pertinacious in taking a whole armful of other people into your confession? I fear it is sometimes the same instinct that said, "What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus? art thou come to torment us?" What if a soul grasp a great multitude of others along with itself, when it comes near Christ, precisely in order that it may escape personal contact with him! Let others go for a time; change your method; instead of speaking about Christ as a Saviour of all, speak to him, that he may save you. Lord, I am lost, but I cling to thee. Christ to you; you to Christ.

Let the sunbeams passing through ordinary glass be spread over your naked hand; you may hold it under these bright rays for an hour, and experience no inconvenience. If you should shut your eyes, or look another way, you would scarcely know that the sunbeams were streaming on your hand at all. But now let the rays pass through a convex glass, and so be concentrated in one point upon your flesh. That one point will shine with great brightness; and what is more, that one bright point will burn. It will go to the quick, and compel you to withdraw.

Precisely the same diversities occur in preaching and hearing the gospel. It may be the same truth in two cases, as it was the same sunlight; and yet in the one it may be so spread out, in giving it or receiving it,

that it exerts no power—that it falls on indulged sins, and shines on them, without ever making the sinner wince. The glorious gospel, the very truth of God, may be so diffused in the preaching or the hearing, or both, that it shall fall like sunbeams on a field and burn no blade. The same gospel when given on a point, or received into the conscience on a point, may run into the marrow like a sword, and compel the pierced soul to cry out, "What must I do to be saved?"

XXXI.

FRUIT—JOY.

ACTS viii. 6-8.

1. They listened to the messenger. There was great earnestness and great unanimity. They did not rise up against the messenger to drive him away; neither did they remain unmoved, leaving him to spend his strength in vain. They came to him zealously, and they came all.

It is a great advantage to every one when an awakening becomes general. Solitary Christians, with no congenial company within their reach, are like solitary trees near the sea-coast: the cold winds keep down their growth or kill them. But in a thick wood all contribute to shelter each. The spiritual life may be best maintained where there is much spiritual life all around.

So quickly and so generally did a harvest spring up to Philip's hand in this city, as soon as he appeared on the spot, that we are compelled to believe that a sower had previously cast precious seed into the field. The Master himself had with his own hand sown the field on which his servant was now gathering a plentiful harvest. We remember how, at the call of the Samaritan woman, great numbers from the neighbouring town of Sychar came out and heard the word from the Lord himself. This word was not in vain. One soweth, and another reapeth.

2. The people both heard his doctrines and saw his mighty works. Unclean spirits were cast out, and the diseased were healed.

Miracles, in the ordinary sense of that term, ceased with the first or second generation of Christians. We have now the same doctrines preached, and the same results in spiritual conversion, but not the supernatural cures. The miracles constituted the credentials of the first preachers. But perhaps to some minds the cessation of miracles may present as great a difficulty as the miracles themselves. If the missionaries of Christianity performed miracles once, why do they not perform miracles still?

If this question is not articulately answered, the questioner at least is silenced by one of the clearest and surest of all analogies. It is certain and easily demonstrable that some great energy was put forth by the Creator at the beginning of the present order of nature

which is not continued now. To set the world agoing at first, powers were necessary that are not necessary and are not put forth to keep it going after its course has begun. The forces of nature now acting are sufficient to account for the motion of the heavenly bodies, but not to account for how they began to move. The present organic laws are sufficient to account for the continuance of the species, but not to account for its commencement. According to the ordinary laws or sequences of nature, every creature produces its kind; but we know of no law that could produce a creature where there was no such creature previously in existence. Thus a power must have been put forth to begin the present cosmos which has ceased, and never operates now. Why then should it be thought a thing impossible that God should exert a power to establish the gospel at first, which is not needed and is not exerted to keep it going? This is what the Scriptures declare. The declaration is in most perfect accord with what we know of God's method in the material department of his kingdom. The constant process of generation is as wise and wonderful as the miracle of creation. So, although the miracles that introduced Christianity are not now presented to us, it does not follow that they were greater works than those that occur now in conversion by the ministry of the Spirit. The greater and the better work is that which continues to this day. The unclean spirits are cast out, the aliens are reconciled, the guilty forgiven, and the corrupt renewed. "Greater works than these," said the Lord to his followers—"greater works than these shall ye do, because I go to my Father." The converting and sanctifying work that his disciples, by the ministry of the Spirit, were honoured to do after his ascension, were, in his esteem, greater works than those miracles—such as the feeding of five thousand, and stilling the storm—which he had exhibited in the exercise of his divine power over the elements of nature.

3. *There was great joy in that city.*—Hear this, ye butterfly flutterers, that flit from flower to flower, satiate with each sweet as soon as you alight on it, and basting unhappy to another, trying every flower all day, and at night bringing no honey home;—hear this, all ye who study hard to keep religion at arm's-length, lest it should cast a gloom over your heart or your home;—hear this: When an earnest missionary—a man who risked his life for Christ's name—preached in a city, and when the people came out in crowds and hung upon the lips of the strange revivalist, the citizens, instead of growing gloomy, became very glad. This is a phenomenon worthy of your study.

But beware lest you mistake its meaning. The instinct which prompts the vain and worldly to shut the door and keep earnest religion outside, lest it should mar their happiness, is a true instinct. Every creature after its kind. Every creature's instinct is true for its own preservation. The apprehension that Christ's entrance into the vain or vicious heart would be the

death of its joy is a just apprehension. The devils believe this, and tremble at its truth. "What have we to do with thee, thou Jesus?" To open your whole heart for a whole Christ,—to take into your bosom the Christ who was crucified for sin, does indeed torment the old man; and the old man, a strong man armed, keeps his goods in peace as long as he can. The old man will not be spared at Christ's coming: he will be crucified. When he is put off a new nature is put on, and the new nature has new joys. There was great joy in that city when Christ was preached to the citizens. This, however, is the ultimate result, not the first effect of such preaching. "This child is set for the *fall* and the *rising* again of many in Israel." These Samaritans, when we get a glimpse of them, are bearing home their sheaves with rejoicing; but the seed-time was moist with their tears. The pleasures of sin have been rent off, and the patient cried at the rending; but the joy of the Lord has now come.

In the world of a man's own heart and life he lived without God; lived and laughed because God was not there; trembled sometimes in the midst of his mirth with an instinctive dread lest God should burst into his world and quench its mirth in wrath. But at length the Stranger who long knocked outside has come in. At his presence the former joys fled; but with his presence come new joys—the peace of God that passeth all understanding.

Some people at some times—and I mention this outward and visible thing at present mainly for the light which it throws as an analogy on another that is secret and unseen—are found willing to convert the sweet still rest of night into a scene of crowded, noisy, toilsome revelry. They light up the darkness into a kind of artificial brilliance, and deck themselves into a kind of conventional beauty, and they toil like navvies in a close, crowded, suffocating room. When the sun arises on this scene its hollowness is detected, and its false brilliancy put to shame. How dull the flicker of the lamps is now! how yellow the flush that glowed on the heated cheek! how tawdry and dusty the light flowing robes! They are all fain to get out of sight.

But yonder are two youths on the mountain-top, there in time to greet the sun's rising. They drink in the golden glory that precedes and accompanies his appearing in the east; and then, in his mild morning light, they search among the grass for the flowers, that bend their necks to anticipate his coming, and open their bosoms to take in his light.

Suppose now that one of those night revellers should get a glimpse of these two as he is skulking home, and should say, "These are dull fellows, that shut their cold hearts against all pleasure." It is sheer ignorance and impudence. Those youths take in more joy—more natural human delight—in an hour of their morning walk, than the souls of that whole company have capacity to contain.

In like manner, in the secret of a soul, they make a great mistake who think that to abandon the crackling thorns of ungodly mirth is to plunge into spiritual gloom. They who through Christ have been reconciled to God, and walk in the light of his countenance, have indeed allowed one kind of happiness to be chased away; but it is like changing the flickering of the night lamp for the risen sun, and the morning breeze on the

mountain for the breath of the dancing hall when the night is far spent.

There was joy in that city. Christ offered to a city or a soul, and kept out, seems like a cloud of wrath hanging in the heavens over it—a terror; but Christ freely offered, and believingly accepted, by a city or a soul, becomes a joy which life could not give and death cannot destroy.

The Children's Treasury.

"WHENCE CAME THEY?"

Verses for a child, suggested by a passage in "Roots and Fruits of the Christian Life" (pp. 36, 37).


BY A MOTHER.

VOICE.

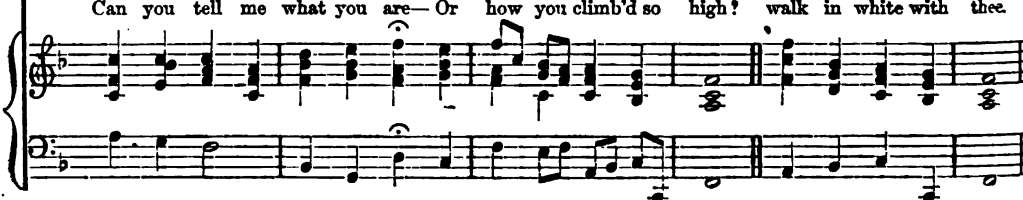


CHILD. Peace-ful clouds, that float so far A-bove us in the sum-mer sky,

PIANO-FORTE.

Can you tell me what you are—Or how you climb'd so high? walk in white with thee.



Last verse to end them.

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?"—REV. vii. 13.

CHILD.

PEACEFUL clouds, that float so far
Above us in the summer sky,
Can you tell me what you are—
Or how you climbed so high?

Were you always robed in white,
Like holy angels round the Throne?
Did you always dwell in light?
And are those robes your own?

THE ANSWER.

Little child! there was a time
When we, like you, on earth did roam;
We were drawn, we did not climb
Up to our sunlit home.

Some from salt sea-billows rose,
And some from clear and sparkling rills;
Some were born where myrtle grows
Among the lonely hills.

Some from turbid rivers come,
Or miry places in the street ;
Some from pools of poisonous acum ;—
Yet here at last we meet.

None is better than the rest,
For all are pure and peaceful now ;
Each with blessing in its breast,
And glory on its brow.

If you ask us how there came
So great a change, we cannot tell ;
We are wondrous works of Him
Who doeth all things well.

[As the volume containing the passage which suggested these lines to their author is out of print, the portion to which she refers is subjoined for the convenience of the reader :—

"On either side, at extremest distance, and in deepest alienation, stand God and the world. Forth from God, on the one side, towards the world, comes *Christ* the Mediator ; from the world, on the other side, drawn by manifested mercy, *these* come to Christ. All are lost by sin ; of the lost, those who come to Christ are saved.

"These ! Ay, but they are the apostles and evangelists, and saints and martyrs—the great and good of other days—they may come and be accepted ; but what consolation lies there for us, who have no such character and no such claim ?

"You grievously misread the record ; look again to the list of names that are written in the Lamb's book of life. Matthew the publican is there ; James and John are there, who meanly sought to steal a march upon absent brethren, and get, by dint of early application, the foremost place in heaven ; Peter is there, not *old*, but *after* all his denials and curses ; Saul of Tarsus is there, with no stain of Stephen's blood now on his garments ; the crucified thief is there ; and time would fail to tell the numbers or kinds of chief sinners who are there, forgiven and renewed and accepted in the Beloved.

CHILD.

May I hope to gain a place
Among the white-robed saints on high ?—
Yes ! for Jesus, by his grace,
Can draw me to the sky.

I'm a little earth-born child,
Far, far away and full of sin—
To thy glory undefiled,
Lord, canst thou take me in ?

Yes ! for thou canst wonders do ;
Oh let thy work appear in me,
Till from sin and death I go
To walk in white with thee !

"See these pure white clouds that stretch, in ranks like rolling waves, across the canopy of heaven in the still, deep noon of a summer day. Row after row they lie in the light, opening their bosoms to the blaze of a noonday sun ; and they are all fair : they are 'without spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.' Who are these that stand, as it were, around the throne of God, in white clothing ; and whence came they ? These are they that have come from various places on the surface of the earth and sea. Some have come from the briny ocean, and some from miry land ; some from yellow, overflowing rivers, and some from cool crystal springs ; some from stagnant pools in lonely deserts, and some from the slimy bed of the Thames or the Clyde, when living creatures can scarcely breathe upon their banks. All are alike welcome to these heavens, and all in their resurrection state equally pure.

"May I, spiritually distant and unclean—may I rise, like these snow-white clouds, from earth to heaven, and take my place without challenge among the stainless witnesses who stand round the Redeemer's throne ? I may,—not because my stains are few ; but because the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth from all sin. I may,—not because my sins are small, but because my Saviour is great."]

A VERY SINGULAR PLANT.

HAVE plants instinct, intelligence, soul ? One is inclined to entertain the startling proposition when considering the curious manifestations of choice, of purpose, of feeling, exhibited in their habits and capacity for voluntary motion by some of the more highly organized species of the vegetable kingdom.

There grows in the boggy lands on the southern lake shore, not far from our city, a little obscure plant, which none but the botanist would ever note or discover, but which possesses most peculiar and surprising characteristics. It consists of a tuft of diminutive, obicular leaves, from the centre of which shoots up in mid-summer a slender stem of inconspicuous flowers. But the leaves are the distinguishing feature of the plant. They are covered with shining, scarlet hairs, which secrete at their tips drops of a clear, viscid fluid, resembling dew. These increase in size and number with

the fervour of the sun, while real dew is speedily dried up by the heat of his rays. It is from this circumstance that the plant derives the name of "sun-dew."

But the design of this novel secretion is yet more curious than the fact of its elaboration. It attracts by its sweetness tiny insects, gnats, flies, and midges, which no sooner touch and taste the fatal liquid than they are lost, its adhesive qualities serving to hold them firmly fast. Then the delicate hairs move slowly but surely upon the victim, and fix their little points like fangs into the body and suck the juices until it is dry. This accomplished, they leisurely relax their grasp, return to their natural positions, and the entanglement of fresh prey. Incredible as this statement seems, its truth has been often proved by the testimony of trustworthy observers.

Moreover, it has been found impossible to preserve these plants by maintaining them in their natural soil,

supplied with abundant moisture, but deprived of the nourishment obtained from animal food. Shut up in a conservatory from which flies are excluded, they invariably die. But apply particles of raw meat to the surfaces of the leaves, and they will close upon them and absorb their fluids, and leave them in the end white, exhausted atoms. Touch those sensitive, sentient hairs with the point of a straw, or bit of paper, and they remain motionless, impassive, as if entirely conscious that neither contains material adapted to their uses. Whence comes this wonderful faculty of discrimination, and how shall we designate it?

The singular habit of capturing insects is also common to the Venus's fly-trap, a plant which is found in the vicinity of Wilmington, North Carolina. Its leaves are furnished at the summit with an appendage fringed with hairs, which is shaped something like a steel trap, and operates much like one. Woe to the luckless fly that chances to brush against one of its long bristles! That trap instantly closes, and generally catching the intruder, clasps it tight until its struggles cease, and it is deprived of life.—*Chicago Evening Post.*

SUMMER FLOWERS.



WEET flowers! whose fragrance
rare

Fills all the summer air,
Would that like you

I might an influence shed,
Pure, mild, and hallowèd,
Over each spot I tread,
All my life through!

Fair flowers! your colours bright
Seem dipped in rainbow light:
Like you, may I
Shine with each heavenly grace—
Faith, love, and holiness—
Till from earth's wilderness
Upward I fly!

Blest flowers! your steadfast gaze
Ever to heaven ye raise,
With looks of love:
Thus may I keep my eyes
Fixed on the purchased prize,
Far, far beyond the skies—
My home above!

Meek flowers! your tender forms
Bend to night's bitter storms:
Thus may I prove
Meekly submissive still
To ev'ry mortal ill
Sent by a Father's will—
Sent all in love!

Pure flowers! ye holy are,
Even as ye are fair;

Still ye retain
Your primal purity:
Ah, how defiled am I!
"Wash each dark spot," I'll cry,
"Till none remain!"

Frail flowers! too soon, alas!
Ye from our fond gaze pass—
Too soon ye fall
Faded on Earth's cold breast;
Soon shall I also rest,
Under the hard turf preat,
Hidden from all!

Dear flowers! how glad are we
Your well-loved forms to see
Brightly arise,
When winter's chilling blast,
Frost, snow, and hail are past,
And spring's soft touch at last
Opea your fair eyes!

Thus, when Death's sleep is o'er,
Living, to die no more,
Let me arise
To an eternal spring,
Never more withering,—
Praising my Saviour-King,
Mount to the skies!

Suffolk.

C. F. H.





EMBARKING ON LIFE,—WITH SOME THOUGHTS ON PARTICULAR RULES FOR SUCCESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE."

EMBARKING on life. A well-worn metaphor lies in these words, which have supplied me with a string for tying together some loose wild flowers of thought. A metaphor well-worn, but yet how apt and suitable! "The waves of this troublesome world." Yes, fitly is the sphere of the uncertain and storm-vexed voyage of life thus spoken of, at that time when the newly launched vessel was taking in the Pilot, and a weather-beaten fleet was gathered around, to wish the frail, untried thing God-speed. I must always think, in connection with this subject, of an old story book of boyhood, which I yet love to read—namely, "The Rocky Island." Some of my readers may remember the description of the tiny boats at anchor before the start. Let me, however, please myself by quoting it:—

"So I saw that he led them round a high rough rock, to where the calm waves of the sea ran up into a little bay, upon the white sand of which only a gentle ripple broke with a very pleasant sound. This bay was full of boats, small painted boats, with just room in each for one person, with a small rudder to guide them at the stern, and a little sail as white as snow; and over all a flag, on which a bright red cross was flapping in the gentle sea-breeze.

"Then, when the children saw these beautiful boats, they clapped their little hands together for very joy of heart. But the man spoke to them again, and said, 'You will all have a deep and dangerous and stormy sea to pass over in these little boats.'"

Yes, here you have a pretty picture of childhood: the new painted little boats at anchor, spick and span, in a quiet bay; a pleasant washing ripple swaying them to this side and that, towards sunshine or shadow; a soft breeze; a

blue smooth sea; a deep calm sky. And when the time comes for the embarking into that great and treacherous, but unknown ocean, then there is a cry of delight, a deep flush of anticipation, an impatience for the start; an infinity of hope lying before them. You may tell them of the shoals and the rocks, of the sudden and tremendous storms, the wrath of vexed ocean, the blackness of the angry sky. But they smile into your grave, loving eyes so gaily, so gladly, so hopefully and securely, that your heart aches for them; and they look up into the untroubled blue, and down upon the myriad laugh of the dancing ripples, and forward, to a dim and lovely coast, that each is sure he has discovered for himself; and if they be demure for a moment, just out of respect for your needless care for them, why, yet their hearts have no real belief for your words: what know they of these things? what prophecy, what foretelling can their inexperience produce to back up your warnings? Or, if there be a Cassandra in their heart's Troy, it is a musical voice, pleasant to their hearing in the delicious dreamy, sentimental moods; it never really wins belief: this their film of silver gauze only enhances the deep blue of their dome. And if you compel your unwilling heart to hardness, and point them to the ribs of old wrecked vessels all about the shore, you cannot even thus dash or damp them. Only a graver gladness comes into their eyes, and then a leap of exultation into the heart, fearing not, doubting not but that *their* barque will weather the storms that indeed have shattered so many a brave vessel, and ruinously ended so many a golden promise.

Embarking on life. Yes, it seems apt to compare childhood with that riding at anchor in the bay, where the sunshine is so bright, and the shadows so fleeting, and just little breezes come

and die every now and then, to mark and emphasize the calm; and to regard the time of youth as that launching out into the deep which we mean by the words, embarking on life. Embarking on life: yes, thus we phrase it. *Seeing life*: thus the young man thinks of it when he leaves his father's home. And there is a wholesome thought latent in the expression; it is, we feel, unworthy of the name of life to lie idly swaying in port; such mere existing does not come up to our idea of living. No; to shoot across the harbour bar, to leave the toy-ripples for real earnest waves, to hear the music of the strong wind thrumming through the cords, to see the bellying sails stretched and filled to their utmost, while the lithe and swift vessel lies almost on its side, but still rights itself again, and speeds over or through the salt billows like a thing of life, winged and beautiful and strong; yea, to meet with and to triumph over tempests, and to battle with storms, and laugh hurricanes to scorn—this, and this only, is, to the young heart, worth the name of *living*.

"A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast.
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Our childhood on the lee!"

This is the idea of life that flushes the young cheek, and kindles the young heart, and quickens the young blood. To be a block-ship, and rot in the ooze?—away with the pitiful thought! Nay, the heart in its freshness scorns the idea of the journey which should be all smooth sea and summer skies.

"Give to me the swelling breeze,
And the white waves heaving high."

Rest? a still haven?—they cannot yet believe that they can ever desire it, when the clean-sailed painted boat dashes out of the harbour. Storms? How the spirits rise to meet them, and a thrill of exultation rushes on to meet their coming.

"There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is wakening loud."

And so on, on. But the waves and the billows are unsparing, unremitting, and that first dawn of strength and spirits and energy fails, and

sinks lower, lower; and the sea and the sky retain, yea, seem to increase their might and their fury; and the barque is crippled now, and the masts are gone, and the cordage rent, and the sails flap in tatters, and the gay colours are dull rags; and then it is that the heart yearns for rest, and knows at last the meaning and the beauty of the idea, and looks now wistfully beyond and beyond the incessant, never-pausing, ever-new dark sullen lines of angry waters, long pallid ridges crested with wrathful foam where the breakers lie ahead, and grows weary of the unceasing contest, and the continued perturbations, and understands at last, what at first seemed a thing to scorn, even the meaning of such words as these: "Then are they glad because they be *at rest*; so he bringeth them unto the haven *where they would be*."

Yet on, brave young hearts; on, gaily, hopefully, gladly; we would not, if we could, check the exhilaration of your start, nor with hollow voices from our storm-beaten vessels hinder the swift scud of the first escape from the quiet harbour of childhood, to which you must never return again. Never again: we know this; we would not desire such a thing, even were it possible. The feeling is right, the impulse that urges you on to meet and to conquer the whirlwind and the storm. You go not out unfurnished, undirected, unsupplied. See how supple and vigorous and blithe a crew mans the vessel at its starting; hopes, and faiths, and feelings—love unchilled, trust unshaken, strength unshattered, endurance and enterprise unworn, unchecked as yet. Strong passions, it has been truly said, are not in themselves evil: "in the strongest and highest natures, *all*, including the desires, is strong." Vigour, energy in the crew; these are surely advantages, not misfortunes, if the captain WILL be able and trained to control them, at the direction of the spiritual PILOT who came into the vessel, and, if you will have it so, stands ever at the helm. Recall one great instance of boundless strength, zeal, energy, restless, untiring, unrestrainable, yet kept in obedience to, not allowed in successful mutiny (albeit this may have been once and again attempted) against the ruling WILL, that so faithfully, so constantly, watched for the PILOT's guiding. "I keep under my body, and

bring it into subjection ;” thus the captain of that vessel was enabled to say,—and oh, with that guiding, and under that control and discipline, what a strong straight speed was kept up even to the last ! But to have a strong crew, and a weak captain, and a disregarded pilot ; ah, this is a disastrous case, yet a case how common ! “I cannot do the things that I would,”—in one shape or another, how often raised is this helpless cry—the cry, not (as in the case of the brave vessel spoken of above) of an aim so high, an endeavour so true, that nothing less than perfection could satisfy, but of that weak will which is content with impotently wringing its hands, when it should be holding a revolver at the heads of the mutinous crew. Strong passions, and a weak will,—what remains but a swift and terrible grounding, perhaps an utter wreck, among the wild breakers, and upon the jagged rocks ?

Still, strength and guidance are to be had for the seeking ; and with these in the vessel we even, who most dearly love you, and most clearly foresee the rough weather, would yet be the last to wish (could this be) the safe, inactive life for the trim, gay vessels. The new paint must be knocked off, and the flag (nailed, it may be, to the mast) be rent and tattered, and the sails be stained and patched ; and we shall not repine—nay, we shall exult—if the fight be well fought, and the haven attained at last.

“ Now to her berth the ship draws nigh :
We shorten sail, she feels the tide.
‘ Stand clear the cable,’ is the cry—
The anchor’s* gone ; we safely ride.
The watch is set, and through the night
We hear the seamen with delight
Proclaim, ‘ All’s well !’ ”

I am to speak about embarking on life. But who, with at all an older heart, surveying the taut and trim vessels in the bay, ready now to launch out into the deep, but must unconsciously wander away in thought to that precarious and doubtful voyage, and to that sweet or dreadful end ? Ah, the end of the voyage that was embarked on so gaily, when I think of that, is it strange that two great pictures, sea-pieces, rise distinct and clear before my mind ? Pictures that the world knows ; a line or two will sufficiently recall them. One, a wide waste of sea,

dull, desolate, under a leaden sky, working in huge hills after the tempest ; and, uplifted on the heavy green mound of water, the broken, deserted hull of what was once the gallant ship. Where are the white sails and the gay banners of the embarking ? where the tall tapering masts and the trim ropes, the spick and span order ? where the gay and blithe and hearty crew ? All gone. These were drowned, or have fled away ; and the masts are gone by the board, and the decks are clean swept, and the huge broken hull is rolled on this side and on that, the poor plaything of the remorseless victor Ocean. Is it not sad exceedingly to turn from musings on the “ Hurrahs ” at the start, and to contemplate this ruin, that seems almost more awful than pathetic, in that great picture of “ THE ABANDONED ” ? Alas ! for the analogies that are so ready to our hand ! and who shall paint the blank horror and absolute despair of the scene, when the picture that we behold is that of the human wreck ?

But we turn to the other picture : gladly, thankfully we turn to that. The sea has spent its furies, and is quiet here. And here also there is the giant hull of a mighty vessel. Not at its launch, nor at its embarking. No ; there are upon it the grim tokens of fierce struggles with storms and foes. Seamed and scarred, beaten and buffeted, worn out, indeed, you may perceive. But now see : this is the rest of the victor, not the ruin of the defeated, that you are now beholding. The gallant crew are manning the vessel yet ; the brave old flag, triumphant, however tattered, is flying still ; the perils of the waters and the perils of the foe are alike surmounted ; and the rest that follows full and faithful service awaits her, as the grand old Fighting *Temeraire* is towed into port. And it is even this lot that we should desire for you, the young, the gallant, embarking in life. Not the smooth prettiness that tells of the absence of wars, temptations, and trials ; but the veteran look that tells of these surmounted. Not as though new from the dockyard, but weather-beaten, and with service seen. Not to have been tempted and tried, and so to keep from wreck ; this were subject for little praise. But to have met with storms and woes, and to have overridden them all, this seems about the best that we can hope to attain in this life—a life

* 1 Cor. xiii. 10.

from which we must expect to bear away marks of the tempest and the battle. Yet we would not, however it be with ourselves, have the young and the gallant ships *only not wrecked* at last. They should be towed to their rest, if rugged and rent, yet, like that old warrior-vessel, as complete and grand as at the embarking, only dreadful and sublime with victory. So we yearn over our own young ones, looking back on our own life,—

"Safe home, safe home in port:
Rent cordage, shattered deck,
Torn sails, provisions short,
And only not a wreck."

Alas ! (we say)—

"Alas ! such words are all
That now are left to me,
When the great calm at last shall fall
Upon my storm-vezed sea.
The winged bark launched so brave and gay,
Now only not a castaway !

"But thou, my bonny boy,
Thy bark is new and brave—
A thing of life and joy
She rides upon the wave :
Tant cordage, sails without a speck,
Her crew upon a stainless deck.

"Oh, might—oh, might she bide
Securely in the dock,
Nor dare the ocean wide,
The thunder and the shock !"
Nay, let her forth for war address,
And pass, through battles won, to Rest !"

The boats in the harbour, it is a pretty sight to see them clustered there. But the intense interest awakens when now they have left the bay, and, still keeping at the start together, are making for the deeper water. And I do feel a keen, intense interest in them at this period of the embarking on those unfathomed, untried waters of life. Untried ; for though they start in company, each must, in real truth, voyage alone. Each shall track an individual, unique course ; no two lives shall be alike ; every barque, every crew, all the stores are distinct, particular ; the path to be traversed is for each that which was known to none before. Finely have Coleridge's lines been applied to the solitary journey and new experiences of every human life,—

"They are the first that ever burst
Into that lonely sea."

They cross the same tracks, it is true, time after time ; they seem to pass the same coasts, to round the same headlands, to anchor in the same bays. But it is only in seeming. Each life is really a thing by itself, different from any other

—a voyage made alone. We talk of the "old, old story ;" but though it seems to be a million, million times told tale, yet it is in every case new, not only to each one newly entering upon it, but in its circumstances, in its explorations, in its discoveries. It is as though the ocean into which they launched out were that great blue infinity of space in which the myriad islands of glittering worlds are sown ; and as though each, making his solitary course, should pass coasts never seen before, and land from time to time in scenery infinitely various. Still, they start together, and they seem to keep together. In the secret of their own hearts the difference lies. And, I repeat, it is, with such thoughts as these, a sight to touch the heart's tenderness and yearning, that of the fleet of these new vessels just embarked on life. I feel such a fascination in looking at a playground full of schoolboys. Impudent young fellows, how little they divined my thought, as, in knots and pairs, meeting, with that assurance which is not exactly sauciness, my meditative gaze, they passed to and fro by me, standing wrapt in contemplation in the midst of the Eton quadrangle. They may be said, I thought, to have embarked in life ; and, indeed, amid the deeps and shoals of school-days there is progress and there is error, which shall affect,—in many cases determine,—the whole after-voyage, and even its ending. Leaks have been sprung there which afterwards brought about that terrible desolation of the abandoned hull. Habits of order and discipline have been begun there ; and an effort, afterwards ripening into an instinct, towards obedience to that highest guiding which, in the end, not only brought the vessel to harbour in safety, but after a triumphant and noble course : cannon saluting, music pealing, flags flying, a joy of shouting among the people on the shore, a great voice over all, distinct with that dearest greeting, "Well done !" In the days of their youth : yes, if they remember then, they will not be likely to ever forget after. When the evil days come not, and the light of the sun, and the moon, and the stars is at the first, newest, magi-glory, and there are many to tell them—yea, their own hearts answer to themselves—that free enjoyment, absence from discipline and restraint, marks the chart by which they are to sail ;—if

then, I say, they remember, and, being enabled, set WILL to be captain over Impulse and Passion, a captain with his eye fixed ever on the Pilot at the helm, what a voyage, what achievements, what noble success may we not anticipate for them! And even in those early days of embarking the storms have begun, the pale puffs are leaving the cannon mouths; and is the brave flag still flying, or is it being, even in the outset, basely hauled down? Ah, what would some of us, knowing as now we know, feeling as now we feel—what would some of us give to have back our school-days again!

The same feeling possesses me, perhaps yet more strongly, as I look, on some great gathering-day, upon the assembled hundreds of university men. They are further on in the voyage, it is true; have perhaps, in a sad experience, left that blue bay of childhood indeed far behind. Still they are even yet not fully embarked; the link with the home of their childhood is yet unbroken, although it be slackened; they leave it for the trial cruises of the terms, and sail back into the bay for the vacations, or *seem* to sail back, for really their voyage has begun through the deep. Begun; and ah, what progress in many cases made towards the desired haven or the abandoned wreck! O fine young fellows, the darlings of our hearts, the blossoms of our homes, I stand, a solitary stranger among you, no longer one of your merry band; lonely now amid the once familiar halls, and snug welcoming rooms; and how little you guess at the dim-eyed yearning with which I am contemplating you! Embarking on life; yes, this is the present stage. But the voyage? but the end? Pardon me, in your mirth and fearless hope, if my thoughts, if my words cannot choose but linger by the serious, and tend towards the grave. *Amid your mirth and fearless hope*, did I say? Ah, how we judge by appearances! The vessel has, in many cases, been even wrecked at this early stage of the embarking. Do I not well know this? And in how many of these brave, fresh-furnished vessels does Care sit captain? and the crew, that ought to be impelling the prosperous course, are busy, busy all day, and in much of the long wakeful night, vainly stopping and caulking the widening leaks, and baling out the fast brimming water.

And yet the outside looks so fresh and smiling. Oh, that a loving word would prevail to make them cease from that anxious, unavailing toil, and seek, in their dismay and perplexity, yet, even yet, that ready counsel and aid which the kind and faithful Pilot, and no other but he, can give! Let me venture here to quote from a wise, loving letter that came once under my notice, written by an old salt to a young fellow who had got his boat upon a shoal:—

“It is a gracious promise of holy writ, about ‘all things being made to *work together for good*,’ and those whom their heavenly Father means to bless with *highest good* are often led to it through difficulties and trial even of their own making.But God rebukes in love; and when his children listen and learn, he knows how to bring good out of evil.”

It seems time now to turn our thought to certain requisites for the embarkation and the voyage. To keep steadfastly to your course, and to triumph in the end, this cannot be done without pains and plan; and a loose, easy, careless advance will never attain to real excellence. It is sad to see great powers resulting in nothing great, the fast ship only just keeping pace with the others, the battle-ship winning no grand victories; and this from indolence and want of pains often—often from desultoriness and want of plan. The saddest sight, however, is that of the vessel which outstrips all the rest, and wins mighty victories, and comes at last to an end which is then perceived to be inadequate, reaches a goal which proves utterly disappointing, grasps a prize which bears upon it the bitter writing, “Vanity and vexation of spirit.” Disappointing success is the bitterest failure; and of what avail to have grasped the crown at last if it fades quite away, even then when it touches the brow? Poets, statesmen, warriors, painters, men of business, men of pleasure—men who have succeeded, not men who have failed; men whom the world has applauded, not those who have vainly sought its plaudits—ah, the sick hearts that were their bosoms’ lord, in many instances, while fame was the perpetual halo round their heads, and their attainments were the envy or the pride of distanced competitors or eager admirers! So Clive, the conqueror, the lightning-flash of war, lies a

suicide amid his heaped gold ; and weary Byron, the wonder of the world, turns from all that it can give him, "sick, sick, unfound the boon, unslaked the thirst ;" and the Roman tyrant, at the height of his power, lays down his dictatorship with contempt ; and the monarch quits his state for a monastery ; and weary Solomon, winning even every prize that life could offer, writes that one famous bitter epitaph upon all.

And from all this, one truth rises distinct and full on our horizon—even the necessity of choosing our goal wisely and worthily (and, to this end, under proper direction,) before we set forth on our quest. What profit to sail swifter and straighter than any other to be shattered upon the rocks, or to be stranded and rotting upon some great waste of desert? or, again, to spend all life and life's powers in pursuit of an eluding phantom, an unreal dream? Like Tennyson's voyagers,—

"We left behind the painted buoy
That tosses at the harbour-mouth ;
And madly danced our hearts with joy,
As fast we fled to the south :
How fresh was every sight and sound
On open main or winding shore !
We knew the merry world was round,
And we might sail for evermore.

"O hundred shores of happy climes,
How swiftly streamed ye by the bark !
At times the whole sea burned, at times
With wakes of fire we tore the dark ;
At times a carven craft would shoot
From havens hid in fairy bowers,
With naked limbs and flowers and fruit,
But we nor paused for fruit nor flowers."

No ; youth with wonderful recklessness affords to disregard the proper delights that lie so ready to its hand. It is still, still the FUTURE, rarely the PRESENT with youth. And since this must be, and is, indeed intended to be, how important the choice, the aim, at the first eager embarking on life! But let us watch our voyagers again :—

"For one fair vision ever fled
Down the waste waters day and night,
And still we followed where she led,
In hope to gain upon her flight.
Her face was evermore unseen,
And fixed upon the far sea-line ;
But each man murmured, 'O my queen,
I follow till I make thee mine.'

"And now we lost her, now she gleamed
Like Fancy made of golden air ;
Now, nearer to the prow, she seemed
Like Virtue firm, like Knowledge fair ;
Now, high on waves that idly burst,
Like heavenly Hope she crowned the sea ;
And now, the bloodless point reversed,
She bore the blade of Liberty."

And so the vain pursuit went on to the end :—

"Again to colder climes we came,
For still we followed where she led ;
Now mate is blind and captain lame,
And half the crew are sick or dead.
But blind, or lame, or sick, or sound,
We follow that which flies before :
We know the merry world is round,
And we may sail for evermore."

Merely premising here that there must be a goal quite beyond all earth's horizons, because there is nothing abiding, no full satisfaction—there can, of necessity, be none—in this brief and dying life, I want to find out, among the many objects and goals, subservient to this, which are sought by the voyagers upon their embarking on life, some principle, some rule of general application to every several instance, which may control and direct their course and the manner of it. And I say that such a rule, capable of being applied to every life-work on earth—the highest, and most dignified and holiest, as well as the least and humblest—is to be found in this maxim, That the aim of life here should be, chiefly and above all, TO BE, not merely TO GET. Thought out, there will be seen much depth in this simple rule, which is, indeed, but the expansion of that great saying, "A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth." External things are separable from us : power, fame, riches, rank—all slip away from us at the hour of death. Not what we *have*, but what we *are*—this is the thing attained, the *possession*. Keeping this in view, a man may pursue the object in life to which his taste or his necessities call him ; and whether he succeed greatly in his pursuit, or but meagrely, or fail in it altogether, may really be a matter lastingly affecting him but little. We throw away the clay mould when the statue is formed: *that* was of little value, but it is everything what the result of its modelling has been.

And this seems a most necessary point to urge against the over-utilitarian and ultra-practical tendencies of the day. There is a school of men, loud talkers, among us, who will have nothing, in either religion or secular knowledge or employment, but such as is of some use in obtaining some substantial benefit in this life. Getting on in life, with them, means winning the world's prizes, rather than *becoming* great and noble and divine in character. Thus every branch of knowledge—however elevating to the mind and conducive to

the training of thought, heart, intellect—is decried by many nowadays, because (in their idea) you get nothing by it. Mathematics, classics—all these are to be superseded, not only supplemented, by French and German, natural science, &c., that our labour may be taken to a good market. I do not wish results to be ignored, but I protest against misleading the young by representing results to be *everything*. Some remarks in a metropolitan journal upon Mr. Froude's speech to the young men of St. Andrew's University, seem to me worth reproducing here, as bringing forward arguments in accordance with my own present train of thought :—

“Choose your path in life—something to this effect ought surely to be the admonition addressed to the youth of a nation by the rector of a university—choose your path. Knowledge and literature, philosophy and culture, are beautiful in themselves, apart from all considerations of saleability. By gaining these you may rise one step higher in the scale of created beings than men who have them not; but that which is most divine in human nature is not a quality for which men who have it in a greater or less degree are paid more or less wages. If your heart is set upon solid pudding, you must go to work in a different way and learn those things a knowledge of which is saleable, instead of those things a knowledge of which is most elevating to the mind. If you can invent a pill that pleases the public, you will be more successful in a pecuniary sense than if you wrote the most glorious poem that the world has ever seen. You will have more luxury and pleasure, probably more of the most refined enjoyment, more pictures and beautiful music, and society of accomplished women, for the pill than for the poem. Choose your path, and understand fully that if you choose to devote your energies mainly to getting on you will not be doing anything wrong, or mean, or dishonourable. But understand this also, and carry the comprehension of it with you wheresoever you go and whatever you become, you, with your pill and your prosperity, will be a humbler creature in the scale of humanity than some one else with his poem and his poverty; you may band yourselves together, all who worship practical success and agree with one another that everything which is not pounds, shillings, and pence is “bosh,”

but your opinions will not alter great and ancient truths, and, happily, will not be remembered by any one, or cared for five seconds after they have been uttered. The leaders of thought and the great philosophers will not grudge you your prosperity, but they will ignore you and make their friends amongst the reverent and patient students and men of mind, whether they are prosperous or not; and these are the men who will be admired, and whose names shall be famous, and whose companionship shall be sought by the wisest and the best.”

And so it is not only *that which pays* which is to be considered in choosing our goal in life, but much more that which elevates, ennobles. Not *getting*, but *becoming*, is undoubtedly the chief thing in this life of probation and discipline; and this kept in view will indeed ennoble every pursuit. For, as I said before, it is a maxim, an idea, which may control, may permeate even every occupation, from the highest to the lowest. Tennyson, in his measured words of wisdom, wisely advises—

“Nor toll for title, place, or touch
Of pension, neither count on praise;
It grows to guerdon after-days;
Nor deal in watchwords over much.”

But this maxim that I would press is one unlikely to over-influence men ever, far less in the present day. Honour, national and private, seems to me to be more and more becoming shelved in favour of this necessity of acquiring, possessing, retaining. Yet there are teachers who would impress upon our thought that the priceless marvel of the potteries is really to be ranked far below the homely earthen pipkin in which porridge can be stirred. But mere utility, though something, is not everything: nor is this the age when there is need for checking the over-sublime and the too-ethereal tendency in men's aims. This is pointed out by the writer whom I quoted just now :—

“Can there be anything more urgently needed at the present time than a stand in favour of intellectual cultivation against the predominant power of money? Young men can only begin life now when they command an income on which their grandfathers would have thought themselves rich. All the gates are thronged with suitors to such an extent that an advertisement of any vacant

post worth the acceptance of a man in the middle class, will bring, we may almost say, thousands of applicants. In the wild struggle for material prosperity all is forgotten but the one inexorable necessity of getting on : it seems not a necessary or urgent duty to decry the folly of pursuing knowledge for its own sake, and to warn people against literary tastes which may lose them the chance of turning an honest penny. The spur of necessity may be trusted to keep people alive to the necessity of making their way in the world. The danger is not that the nation may grow poor and weak through an excessive devotion to intellectual pursuits and scorn of filthy lucre, but exactly the reverse—that the necessity for mental culture, if only the pockets are well lined, should fade away by degrees, leaving the national character grosser and more debased than it need be.”

To be, and not to get. Most beautifully are the contrasting claims of these two great ends of life (for the purpose of every life may be classed under one or the other head)—most powerfully are these contending invitations set before us in that, upon the whole, wise, and certainly charming volume, “*Companions of my Solitude.*”

“Eternally that fable is true, of a choice being given to men on their entrance into life. Two majestic women stand before you : one in rich vesture, superb, with what seems like a mural crown upon her head, and plenty in her hand, and something of triumph, I will not say of boldness, in her eye ; and she, the queen of this world, can give you many things. The other is beautiful ; but not alluring, nor rich, nor powerful ; and there are traces of care, and shame, and sorrow in her face ; and (marvellous to say) her look is downcast and yet noble. *She can give you nothing, but she can make you somebody.* If you cannot bear to part from her sweet sublime countenance, which hardly veils with sorrow its infinity, follow her—follow her, I say, if you are really minded so to do ; but do not, while you are on this track, look back with ill-concealed envy on the glittering things which fall in the path of those who prefer to follow the rich dame, and to pick up the riches and honours which fall from her cornucopia.”

This is in substance what a true artist said to me the other day, impatient, as he told me, of the

complaints of those who would pursue art, and yet would have fortune.

This, then, I offer as a rule applicable to every particular case in embarking on life, bringing it forward, not as though a new thing, but as an old truth always in danger of falling out of sight. That which you *are*, not that which you *have*, is the measure of your loss or gain when life's end has come. Of what value the priceless bales in that abandoned hull ?

But now one or two more *particular* rules for success in life's ventures must be glanced at. One important requisite for success will be, then, the starting with a high aim. I am not speaking now of that highest aim which must watch, like a bright particular star, above all the purposes and plans of life, though in this also they who aim highest attain most. But in the lowest calling, the aim should yet be high. Let none be content with mediocrity in his work. Like boys at a school, if he gain the top of one form, there is then one above that to which he may move. But this will not be if he be content just to keep respectably about the middle.

“Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be ;
Sink not in spirit : who almeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.”

This out of the admirable store of wise advice contained in George Herbert's “*Church Porch.*” And it is always the high aim that leads to great attainment. I have known vessels that *could* have distanced most competitors content merely to sail in company with them, or even to lie a little behind. And I find, as a rule almost, that men are too easily content ; they sit down complacent with a low attainment—retire from work as it were, with a competence merely, instead of going on to riches (you know what I call riches). Such content is ignoble. We are bidden to “*covet earnestly the best gifts.*” A fire soon grows dead and dull if there be no unconsumed fuel above it. So a soul, when it aspires no higher than it has attained.

“In this world, who can do a thing, will not,
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive ;
Yet the will's somewhat—somewhat, too, the power,
And thus we half men struggle.”

For my part, I had rather be the man who

would, but cannot, than the man who could, but cares not. "A man's reach should exceed his grasp;" and to be content with one attainment in this unfledged life, argues an ignoble mind. Success is, to my mind, a thing not indispensable. Endeavour, high endeavour, highest endeavour, is necessary for true greatness. And matters will right themselves in a hereafter; and I know that seeming failures will be seen sometimes to be real success, and seeming success to be, in fact, failure; and last to be first, and first, last. Even in this world, how noisy littleness in the end sinks to its level, and quiet greatness rises gradually, bright and large, on the horizon! But this thought has been exquisitely set to music:—

"The epoch ends, the world is still,
The age has talked and worked its fill,
The famous orators have done,
The famous poets sung and gone,
The famous men of war have fought,
The famous speculators thought,
The famous players, sculptors, wrought,
The famous painters filled their wall,
The famous critics judged it all;
The combatants are parted now,
Uphung the spear, unbent the bow;
The puissant crowned, the weak laid low.
And in the after-silence sweet,
Now strife is hushed, our ear doth meet,
Ascending pure, the bell-like fame
Of this or that down-trodden name;
Delicate spirits, pushed away
In the hot press of the noon-day.
And o'er the plain, where the dead age
Did its now silent warfare wage—
O'er that wide plain, now wrapt in gloom,
Where many a splendour finds its tomb,
Many spent fumes and fallen might—
The one or two immortal lights
Rise slowly up into the sky,
To shine there everlastingly,
Like stars over the bounding hill—
The epoch ends, the world is still."

Perseverance: that is so much a matter of course, that I suppose I need do little more than name this as a requisite. Perseverance, earnestness, and stamina to battle with difficulties, and to *survive failures*. To be easily dashed, this is the mark of the weak character; the man who, after a fall, is up again and limping persistently on, if he cannot run, is the man who wins at last. It is so easy to keep a good heart in a successful career; but true greatness will not blench even in circumstances which seem hopeless. And—we may as well say, for the hundredth time—there is no easy, royal road to high attainment.

"The mighty pyramids of stone,
That wedge-like cleave the desert air,
When nearer seen, and better known,
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

"The distant mountains, that uprear
Their solid bastions to the skies,
Are crossed by pathways, that appear
As we to higher levels rise.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

But it is needful to add a caution. Let us never so earnestly contemplate, or so eagerly endeavour towards an end, as to become other than most sensitively scrupulous as to the means we employ. For whatever prize, or to avoid whatever danger, it is eternally a mistake to do evil, or to give up good. Go steadfastly on in the path of right; never, in the least degree, do evil that good may come; act always and in everything according to your conscience, and leave God to take care of the issue. Do not tell a lie (whatever casuists may say), even to mislead a murderer. God can take care of his world without your sin to help him.

"To live by law,
Acting the law we live by without fear,
And, because right is right, to follow right,
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."

Oh, there is a success which has a million times the bitterness of failure—even that success which was purchased at the disproportionate cost of surrender of principle. I commend to the reader this following forcible putting of this thing:—

"How few men, with the baits of power, elevation, applause before them, can resist the allurements of *indirect means*, such as compromise, abandonment of pledges or obligations, and the like? It is a melancholy and most instructive fact, that there is hardly one of the world's great men in whose private history there is not to be found some stifling of conscience, some departure from rectitude, stern fidelity, and determined abiding by truth and right, in the teeth of danger, or at the cost of failure in their ruling passions. In the earnestness with which they seek their aim, they grow precipitate, unscrupulous, reckless, obdurate; and that in proportion as the end nears, and the strife thickens, and success or failure are in the crisis. One last step, the last act which secures the desires of a life, is often one that henceforward makes life not worth the living. They have succeeded—the point is won.

But at what a cost ! At the price of their heart's faith in the power of truth and right."

There must be found on board the vessel at its new embarkation two at first sight conflicting forces. These are, self-reliance and self-distrust. A little thought will reconcile the apparent contradiction. No one has yet achieved success, attained to greatness, who had not, in the crises of life that calmness of spirit, that swiftness and strength of action, which must arise from consciousness of certain powers both of judgment and execution. But, on the other hand, the foolhardy man, who, in cases in which it is not necessary for him to act alone, disdains to seek counsel, and acts hastily upon his own single judgment, this man will fall into greater perplexities and disasters than the over-diffident man. To act with advice, where this may be, but to be equal to occasions when action must be taken without it ; this is the excellent condition towards which our self-training should tend.

System, and ordered divisions of time : I might say much under this head, but can do little more than mention it. Without it, the time will all be taken up in a series of starts made, but, after all, no race run. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of this rule. To live by rule ; to avoid letting liberty degenerate into license ; this is, in every great endeavour, one most indispensable secret of success. As a rule, fix and keep to your settled hours for things : so many hours' work, as an average, each day ; such a period for meditation and devotion ; such a space for rest and relaxation ; so much time for each employment. This is to cut steps in the smooth rock, down whose side you might otherwise be always sliding, with no progress and advancement at all to show. King Alfred's coloured candles give us an admirable hint. And more precious time is lost by the pothering which follows upon lack of rule and system than in any other way. Rise early, then, and plan out your day ; retaining always liberty, but watching against license.

Simplicity and singleness of aim and work : this most important requisite must have a flying notice. It shall take the form of a quotation in verse :—

"One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;

Some are coming, some are going—
Do not try to grasp them all.

"One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

"Every hour that fleets so slowly,
Has its task to do, or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

"Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor, the daily toll forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

"Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching heaven ; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere the pilgrimage be done."

And the split stream wanders away into a morass, instead of rolling on a strong river. But with almost every precept a caution has to be joined. And it is necessary to say that singleness of aim must be guarded from dwindling into narrowness of view. A word to the wise.

A caution has also to be appended to what has been said as to the high ideal which should, with the brightness and the distance of a star, overlook all our labours. This is not to degenerate into an indolent dreaminess, nor is the aim, however high, to bring contempt upon the homely means. We are not so to repose in that ideal, which is and must be above our attainment, as to slight the acts (however insignificant) which are in our power to do, and which may all tend towards that high aim. Feelings are not to be pampered in luxury, but to be employed in honest labour.

"Unless they be set to work, yea, and unless they come out of work, and thus be kept healthy, energetic, and practical, what can they contribute to form but a mere indolent sentimentalism, which flatters and lulls the conscience, *putting a beautiful and faultless purpose in the place of a homely and imperfect deed ?*"

And note, for morbid hours, *the latter is better than the former.*

Self-love, and love of others : here are two important requisites, worthy of longer notice and more emphasis than I can give them. Butler will say briefly and weightily what has to be said about their importance, especially as to the overlooked importance of the former. Also, better than I can, he will balance one against the other. There does not, he says, "appear any reason to

wish self-love were weaker in the generality of the world than it is. Every caprice of the imagination, every curiosity of the understanding, every affection of the heart is perpetually showing its weakness by prevailing over it. Men daily, hourly, sacrifice the greatest known interest to fancy, inquisitiveness, love, or hatred, any vagrant inclination. The thing to be lamented is, not that men have so great regard to their own good or interest in the present world, for they have not enough, but that they have so little to the good of others."

What a repository of wise rules (even for secular advancement) is stored up in the Book of Proverbs!

And thus ending, shall I apologize for sometimes speaking with grave love to the young, and the vigorous, and the impatient, ready to embark on life? Oh no, for such thoughts are insepar-

ably connected with such a subject; and we cannot speak other than inadequately, falsely, limpingly, if we address heirs of an eternal destiny as though their voyage and its results really ended in time. Bear, then, with my yearning love, nor let it weary you. A good voyage, a brave voyage to you all! A voyage of wars, ripening into victories; of storms, ceasing in an unimaginable calm. On, distrusting yourselves, but trusting your Guide, the Guide whom you have chosen to steer your youth; and when the voyage, dangerous and difficult, but capable of being so sublime a thing, is now nearly ended, be yours the peaceful tenor of these words with which I end:—

"The tide of life has well-nigh sunk, and all
The merry dancing waves of youth are still,
And we behold the shallows and the rocks
That they concealed, and turn our grateful eyes
Upon the Pilot who has steered us through."

"SHE HATH WASHED MY FEET WITH TEARS!"

On seeing one Highland Woman, alone, at the last Table, at a Gaelic Communion.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

SO many hundred years ago!
So many thousand miles apart!
A veiled head o'er His feet bends
low—

Another heart has touched His heart!

These skies no Syrian sunshine fills,
No purple here of Syrian vines;
But purple depths of Northern hills,
And solemn shades of Northern pines.

These matron folds, so pure and white,
Which veil that bent, adoring brow,
Were blanched upon no Syrian height:
Yet one the worship, then and now.

One trembling sense of depths of sin;
One trembling trust in deeper Love:

Love tender, all the heart to win—
Strong, all the burden to remove.

A judging world might gather round,—
One Face alone her heart can see:
"Can He have called! can I have found!"—
Fear not, meek heart, "*He turns to thee!*"

High from the sovereign throne of heaven,
Yet nearer thee than all thy fears,
Breathes through the stillness His "*For-
given!*"
And "*She hath washed My feet with tears!*"

So many hundred years ago!
So many thousand miles apart!
O'er the same Feet a head bent low—
Another heart has touched His heart!



THOUGHTS ON ATHEISM

IN TWO PAPERS.

BY THE REV. R. HUNTER, A.M., LATE MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

II.—ATHEISM VIEWED IN THE LIGHT OF PHILOSOPHY.

IN the former paper it was stated that the two species of advanced unbelief—that which denies and that which simply doubts the existence of God—should not be, as they too frequently are, confounded; and that it is only to the first of the two that the term “atheism” can with any propriety be applied. We saw no reason to admit that atheism of the decided type exists anywhere among mankind. Our translation of the Bible, in a well-known passage twice repeated, asserts the contrary: “The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God” (Ps. xiv. 1, liii. 1). But careful investigation of the original showed that what the inspired Psalmist alleged was in all probability this—“The fool,” meaning not the intellectually stupid but the wicked man, “hath said in his heart, No God (for me)” —that is, “I dislike the idea of God;” “I wish there was not a God”—a miserable enough creed, but not speculative atheism. Assuming that the interpretation now given is correct, then, so far as we are aware, the Scripture nowhere brings the charge against mankind that they, or any section of them, disbelieve in the Divine existence.

Nor do we think that those whose experience of the world has been largest will say that they can recall any instances in which they have met with people sincerely, completely, and permanently disbelieving in the existence of God. A man who would do so would, psychologically considered, be a human monstrosity; more wonderful by far than the giants, and dwarfs, and twins more or less united by physical ligaments, which the multitude are so eager to pay money to see; for what manner of man would he require to be who could say, founding his assertion on sound evidence in his possession, “There is no God”? The celebrated John Foster answers the question so well that we shall give his reply in his own words. After remarking on the extreme rapidity of development which must have taken place before a creature who, a few years earlier, had been “a little child that would tremble at the approach of a diminutive reptile,” could have “matured such an awful heroism” as to deny that there is a God, as if he positively knew the fact of the divine non-existence, the eminent author thus proceeds:—

“But, indeed, it is heroism no longer if he knows that there is no God. The wonder then turns on the great process by which a man could grow to the immense intelligence that can know that there is no God. What ages and what lights are requisite for this attainment? This intelligence involves the very attributes of divinity, while a God is denied. For unless this man is omnipresent, unless he is at this moment in every place in the uni-

verse, he cannot know but there may be in some place manifestations of a Deity by which even he would be overpowered. If he does not know absolutely every agent in the universe, the one that he does not know may be God. If he is not himself the chief agent in the universe, and does not know what is, that which is so may be God. If he is not absolutely in possession of all the propositions that constitute universal truth, the one which he wants may be that there is a God. If he cannot with certainty assign the cause of all that he perceives to exist, that cause may be God. If he does not know everything that has been done in the immeasurable ages that are past, some things may have been done by a God. Thus, unless he knows all things—that is, precludes another Deity by being one himself—he cannot know that the Being whose existence he rejects does not exist, else he deserves equal contempt and compassion for the temerity with which he firmly avows his rejection, and acts accordingly.”

This withering sarcasm is wholly irrefragable in point of argument; for before one is warranted in categorically saying, “There is no God,” the following theorems, if a mathematical term may be permitted, require to be proved.

1st, That the atheist making the assertion is not, like the rest of us, limited in his range to a fragmentary portion of that minute atom of the universe called our world, but that he is at this moment omnipresent through the limitless universe itself, and can authoritatively declare that in no part of it whatever are manifestations of a Divinity to be seen, but, on the contrary, proofs of God's non-existence.

2nd, That the atheist did not, like the rest of us, come into being a few years ago, but that he has existed during a bygone eternity, and can unhesitatingly say that never during the ages that have elapsed have there been any manifestations of Divinity, but the opposite.

3rd, That to the atheist all future ages are at this moment as distinctly visible as if they were actually passing, and therefore he is in a position to inform us that no manifestations of Divinity shall ever take place, but quite the opposite.

4th, That the atheist's powers, mental and moral, are the highest that exist in the universe, so that he is warranted in asserting that where he has failed to trace manifestations of Divinity, no other being can possibly succeed.

Unless the atheist can establish these four theorems, he is not warranted in saying categorically, “There is no God;” nor is he a whit more entitled to make this assertion even if he establish the theorems; for in that case he himself, having given evidence that he is omnipresent, from everlasting to everlasting, and infinite in his intel-

* Foster's Essays. Letter V.: “On a Man's Writing Memoirs of Himself.” Seventh Edition, Revised. London, 1823.

lectual and moral powers, is himself God, and consequently there is a God. The fact of facts—the Divine existence—would really be established by the only method which by strict logic might be supposed capable of absolutely reasoning it down. If then the man anywhere exists who, with unabashed front, says in blunt language, "There is no God," he simply betrays his intellectual or moral deficiency, or both.

Though not believing in the existence of actual atheism sincerely and permanently entertained, yet we admit the occurrence here and there of manifestations which may be mistaken for disbelief in a God. When little knots of idle and liquor-drinking roughs meet in low public-houses in London or Paris to discuss what they deem the very slow and unsatisfactory politics of the day, and consult together as to how they can best support themselves at the expense of the industrious, one can fancy them commencing by speaking evil of all earthly dignities, and then going forward by a natural sequence to rail at the great and good heavenly Dignity as well. Emulation being excited, every one will then try to say something more startling than his neighbour has done; and it is quite likely that in such a convocation the assertion may be made and be received with loud applause—"There is no God." But this is not real atheism. The occupant of the "scorner's chair" spoke hypocritically when he declared his disbelief in the Divine existence; he uttered the faithless words simply for bravado's sake; and the motive of those who cheered was the desire entertained by each to appear a more heaven-defying soul than any one else in the company. We strongly suspect that the "atheism" said to be recently rampant among the smoking ruins of Paris in large measure belonged to the type now described; and if so, then it was not real atheism.

A very important school of so-called atheism next claims attention. It is popularly believed that positivism and atheism are almost convertible terms, but when the actual writings of the philosophers charged with denying the Divine existence are examined, it is found that even the most advanced of them only doubt, and do not disbelieve. To commence with Auguste Comte himself, the reputed founder of the Positive philosophy, Mr. John Stuart Mill, who published an article on the subject in the *Westminster Review* (afterwards extended to a volume of two hundred pages), there uses this language: M. Comte "disclaimed with some acrimony dogmatic atheism" (p. 14)—that is, he was not like those so justly stigmatized by John Foster, who bluntly say "there is no God." Again, as reported by Mr. Mill, "M. Comte says that, assuming the existence of a Supreme Providence, which *he is as far from denying as affirming*," &c. (p. 134). According to this explanation, it is plain that Comte was not, in the proper sense of the word, an atheist; he doubted, but did not disbelieve, the existence of God. But it is by some alleged that positivism necessarily leads to the actual denial of the Divine existence. We cannot see

that it does; it may, even in numerous cases, lead to the sceptical position of Comte himself, but there is no logical cause why it should conduct any person one iota further. Nor do we see any reason why the essential positions of positivism may not be held in conjunction with theism. This also is the opinion of Mr. John Stuart Mill in the treatise already spoken of.

"It is proper to begin by relieving the doctrine [of positivism, he means] from religious prejudice. The doctrine condemns all theological explanations, and replaces them, or thinks them destined to be replaced, by theories which take no account of anything but an ascertained order of phenomena.

"The positive method of thought is not necessarily a denial of the supernatural; it merely throws back that question to the origin of all things. If the universe had a beginning, its beginning, by the very conditions of the case, was supernatural. The laws of nature cannot account for their own origin.

"Positive philosophy maintains that within the existing order of the universe, or rather of the part of it known to us, the direct cause of every phenomenon is not supernatural, but natural. *It is compatible with this to believe that the universe was created, and even that it is continuously governed, by an Intelligence, provided we admit that the intelligent Governor adheres to fixed laws, which are only modified or counteracted by other laws of the same dispensation, and are never either capriciously or providentially departed from*" (pp. 12-16).

The italics in this quotation are ours, and the portion of it thus noted clearly shows that in the opinion of Mr. John Stuart Mill there is no essential incompatibility between theism and positivism. The last part of the quotation seems to allege that the positivist must deny the possibility of miracle, at least "within the existing order of the universe;" but that all who are claimed as positivists—a term, in some cases, nearly synonymous with students of physical science—have not, in fact, denied the possibility of miracle, will be at once apparent when it is stated that among the philosophers so claimed there figure Bacon and Newton (pp. 6, 7).

John Stuart Mill himself is popularly regarded as an atheist—that is, one who denies the existence of God; but there is no reason for believing that he, a philosopher of high powers, and therefore cautious in his statements, holds the utterly unphilosophical position which Foster denounces. One passage in the treatise so frequently referred to seems, at first sight, to place him side by side with Comte in the region of doubt with regard to the Divine existence; but when taken in the connection in which it occurs, it is doubtful whether he is looking from Comte's point of view or his own.

He has just said of Comte, "his religion is without a God"—that is, ignores a God: it is not meant denies his existence. Then, after a time, he proceeds,—

"But to be just to any opinion, it ought to be considered, not exclusively from an opponent's point of view, but from that of the mind which propounds it. Though conscious of being in an extremely small minority, we venture to think that a religion may exist without belief in a God, and that a religion without a God may be, even to Christians, an instructive and profitable object of contemplation" (p. 123).

"It has been said that whoever believes in the infinite nature of duty, even if he believes in nothing else, is religious" (p. 134).

It is evident that at furthest Mr. John Stuart Mill does not go beyond the Comte position in unbelief; and if in the passage now quoted he is looking simply from

the point of view of the French philosopher, then there is no passage known to us that implies him to be other than theistic in faith. Nothing can be more plain than that positivists abstain from denying the existence of God. They may doubt it, but certainly do nothing more. Before dealing with their case, brief allusion must be made to another class of men, somewhat akin to positivists—we mean secularists—some individuals of whom have been accused, but, we believe, unjustly, of actual atheism. In the writings of one, against whom this charge has been brought, we remember meeting with a statement to the effect that he was not an atheist, but was dissatisfied with the conclusiveness of the evidence adduced to prove the being of a God. In other words, he also doubted, but did not disbelieve. We have found no reason to hold that a real atheist anywhere exists. Sceptics with regard to the Divine existence are to be found; and as minds in a state of doubt have a tendency to pass through “phases” of faith, a more atheistic phase than usual may at times be temporarily reached; but not long after the theistic arguments have waned away, and even seemed to disappear, like the moon at her change, a streak of faith will be sure in a little to return, and wax large and bright, till it is not very far from being full-orbed.

To turn attention now to the scepticism or doubt described. Is this the ultimate resting-place for the philosophic part of mankind? We sincerely demur to the conclusion that it is. If all facts were equally important, then positivism would be a perfect philosophy. It would be wise to limit our researches to those facts which were most easily ascertainable, and disregard others for which evidence was further to seek. But when it is taken into account that facts differ infinitely in their importance, then we cannot go with the positive philosophers in confining our studies to those which are most easily proved. A mother has an only son at sea. She has also sown some mignonette seeds in a flower-pot. Almost simultaneously she learns, though on doubtful evidence, that the ship in which her son is a sailor has foundered, and, on the certain evidence of eyesight, that a mignonette seed has projected a first little pair of leaflets above the ground. Is she to ignore the intelligence that her boy has perished because its truth or falsity requires an estimate of the value of human testimony, while to occupy herself solely with the mignonette will necessarily conduct her to positive results on that particular subject? Surely inhuman conduct on her part is not to be commended as philosophy, and its opposite to be censured as obsolete theology or metaphysics. It strongly appears to us that a distinction should be made in the relative importance of facts; and while none should be dismissed as worthless—for the minutest grain of truth is incalculably precious—

least of all should we ignore those inquiries which tend to establish the most important of all conceivable facts,—the being of a God.

Nor can we admit that those who, like Comte, are prepared neither to affirm nor to deny the being of God, are warranted in ignoring the subject. A state of doubt whether God exists ought not, and, we would venture to add, cannot be a state of rest. It should be one of careful inquiry into all known arguments bearing either in favour of or against the Divine existence. Of old, and sometimes even now, efforts are made by the metaphysical to construct arguments demonstrating, beyond possibility of cavil on the part of any opponent, the existence of God. These, if they succeeded, would be on a par with the proof called by mathematicians demonstrative; and they would no sooner be uttered than all minds would instantly assent to their truth. There is no space to enter on a consideration of them here; but that they have not entirely succeeded in their object is manifest from this consideration, that they have not met with universal acceptance. Had they been really demonstrative, they would have been instantly admitted by positivists and other doubters, who never for an instant hesitate to acknowledge that two and two are four, or that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal to one another.

If the *a priori* arguments in favour of the Divine existence which have been brought forward are accepted only by certain minds, then it would appear as if the being of a God were placed, as all other facts of the least importance to our destiny are, on probable evidence. In weighing the validity of this species of evidence, one may suppose that there figures before his mind's eye a pair of balances. He casts into one scale all the arguments that can be adduced in favour of an alleged fact, and into the other all that can be brought forward against it, and is bound to accept or reject the alleged fact as the one scale or the other dips. This consideration we strongly urge, as the immortal Butler does, on the notice of all doubters. Suppose, now, that a positivist doubts, or, like his master, is as far from denying as he is from affirming the existence of God. It becomes his solemn duty to see whether or not he cannot, to a greater or less extent, resolve his doubt. Let him cast into one scale all the arguments he knows in favour of the Divine existence, and into the other all (if any) that he knows against it (for our part, we do not know any); and if the scale, in his estimation, dip even by a hair-breadth in favour of the Divine existence, he becomes morally bound to accept that proposition as more probable than its opposite, and in all respects act as if his doubt had departed, and evidence had been obtained which satisfied him of the existence of God.



THE VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY THE REV. H. WARD BEECHER, BROOKLYN.

(From forthcoming "Life of Christ," now in the press.)

HE long silence is ended. The seclusion is over, with all its wondrous inward experience, of which no record has been made, and which must therefore be left to a reverent imagination. Jesus has now reached the age which custom has established among his people for the entrance of a priest upon his public duty.

But, first, another voice is to be heard. Before the ministry of Love begins, there is to be one more great prophet of the Law, who, with stern and severe fidelity, shall stir the conscience, and, as it were, open the furrows in which the seeds of the new life are to be sown.

Such men, among the old Jews, became prophets. But a prophet was more than one who foretold events. He forefelt and foretaught high moral truths. He had escaped the thrall of passion in which other men lived, and, without help inherited from old civilizations, by the force of the Divine Spirit acting upon a nature of genius in moral directions, he went ahead of his nation and of his age, denouncing evil, revealing justice, enjoining social purity, and inspiring a noble piety. A prophet was born to his office. Whoever found in himself the uprising soul, the sensibility to divine truth, the impulse to proclaim it, might, if he pleased, be a prophet, in the peculiar sense of declaring the truth and enforcing moral ideas. The call of God, in all ages, has come to natures already prepared for the office to which they were called. Here was a call in birth-structure. This was well understood by the prophets. Jeremiah explicitly declares that he was *created* to the prophetic office: "The word of the Lord came unto me, saying, Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee a prophet unto the nations" (Jer. i. 4, 5). When God calls men, he calls thoroughly and begins early.

The prophets, although wielding great influence, seem not to have been inducted into office by any ecclesiastical authority. There was no provision, at least in early times, for their continuance and succession in the community. There was no regular succession. Occasionally they shot up from the people, by the impulse of their own natures, divinely moved. They were confined to no grade or class. They might be priests or commoners; they might come of any tribe. In two instances eminent prophets were women; and one of them, Huldah, was of such repute that to her, though Jeremiah was then alive and in full authority, King Josiah sent for advice in impending public danger (2 Kings xxii. 14-20).

The prophetic impulse had been felt long before the

Levitical institutes were framed. Now and then, at wide intervals, men of genius had arisen, who carried forward the moral sentiment of their age. They enlarged the bounds of truth, and deepened in the consciences of men moral and religious obligations. It is only through the imagination that rude natures can be spiritually influenced. These men were often great moral dramatists. They kept themselves aloof. Some of them dwelt in solitary places, and came upon the people at unexpected moments. The prophets were intensely patriotic. They were the defenders of the common people against oppressive rulers, and they stirred them up to throw off foreign rule. Wild and weird as they often were, awful in their severity, carrying justice at times to the most bloody and terrific sacrifices, they were notwithstanding essentially humane, sympathetic, and good. The old prophets were the men in whom, in a desolate age, and in almost savage conditions of society, the gentler graces of the soul took refuge. We must not be deceived by their rugged exterior, nor by the battle which they made for the right. Humanity has its severities; and even love, striving for the crown, must fight. Like all men who reform a corrupt age, the rude violence of the prophets was exerted against the animal that is in man, for the sake of his spiritual nature.

Had there been but the influence of the Temple or of the Tabernacle to repress and limit the outflow of those passions which make themselves channels in every society of men, they would have swept like a flood, and destroyed the foundations of civil life. It was the prophet who kept alive the moral sense of the people. He taught no subtleties. It was too early, and this was not the nation, for such philosophy as sprung up in Greece. The prophet seized those great moral truths which inhere in the very soul of man, and which natural and revealed religion hold in common. Their own feelings were roused by mysterious contact with the forces of the invisible world. They confronted alike the court and the nation with audacious fidelity. Often themselves of the sacerdotal order, and exercising the sacrificial functions of the priest (as in the instance of Samuel), yet when, in later times, true spirituality had been overlaid and destroyed by ritualism, they turned against the priest, the ritual, and the Temple. They trod under foot the artificial sanctity of religious usages, and vindicated the authority of morality, humanity, and simple personal piety against the superstitions and the exactions of religious institutions and their officials.

Considering the honour in which he was held, and the influence allowed him, the old prophet was the freest-

speaking man on record. Not the king, nor his counsellors, nor priests, nor the people, nor prophets themselves, had any terror for him. When the solemn influence coming from the great invisible world set in upon his soul, his whole nature moved to it, as the tides move to celestial power.

The absolute spontaneity of the old prophet, in contrast with the perfunctory priest, is admirable. Out of a ritual service rigid as a rock is seen gushing a liberty of utterance that reminds one of the rock in the wilderness when smitten with the prophet's rod. Although the prophets were *the* religious men, far more revered for sanctity than the priests, it was not because they held aloof from secular affairs. They were often men of rigour, but never ascetics. They never despised common humanity, either in its moral or in its secular relations.

The prophet was sometimes the chief justice of the nation, as Samuel; or a counsellor at court, as Nathan; or a retired statesman, consulted by the rulers, as Elisha; or an iron reformer, as Elijah; or the censor and theologian, as Isaiah, who, like Dante, clothed philosophy with the garb of poetry, that it might have power to search and to purify society. But whatever else he was, the prophet was the great exemplar of personal freedom. He represented absolute personal liberty in religious thought. He often opposed the government, but in favour of the state; he inveighed against the Church, but on behalf of religion; he denounced the people, but always for their own highest good.

It must be through some such avenue of thought that one approaches the last great prophet of the Jewish nation. The morning star of a new era, John is speedily lost in the blaze of Him who was and is the "Light of the world." His history seems short. The child of prophecy—the youth secluded in the solitudes—the voice in the wilderness—the crowds on the Jordan—the grasp of persecution—the death in prison,—this is the outline of his story. But in the filling up, what substance of manhood must have been there, what genuine power, what moral richness in thought and feeling, what chivalric magnanimity, to have drawn from Jesus the eulogy, "Among those that are born of women there is not a greater prophet than John the Baptist!" But his was one of those lives which are lost to themselves that they may spring up in others. He came both in grandeur and in beauty, like a summer storm, which, falling in rain, is lost in the soil, and reappears neither as vapour nor cloud, but transfused into flowers and fruits.

One particular prophet was singled out by our Lord as John's prototype, and that one by far the most dramatic of all the venerable brotherhood. "If ye will receive it, this is Elias, which was for to come" (Matt. xi. 14)—Elijah, called in the Septuagint version Elias. Malachi, whose words close the canon of the Jewish Scriptures, had declared, "Behold, I will send you Elijah the prophet, before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." There was, therefore, a

universal expectation among the Jews that the Messiah should be preceded by Elijah.* It was an expectation not confined to the Jews, but shared by the outlying tribes and nations around Palestine. There is no real interior resemblance between John and Elijah. Their times were not alike. There are not elsewhere in recorded history such dramatic elements as in the career of Elijah. Irregular, almost fitful, Elijah the Tishbite seemed at times clean gone for ever, dried up like a summer's brook. Then suddenly, like that stream after a storm on the hills, he came down with a flood. His sudden appearances and as sudden vanishings were perfectly natural to one who had been reared, as he had been, among a nomadic people, not unlike the Bedouin Arabs. But to us they seem more like the mystery of spiritual apparitions. When the whole kingdom and the regions round about were searched for him in vain by the inquisitorial Jezebel, then, without warning, he appeared before the court, overawed its power, and carried away the people by an irresistible fascination. Almost alone, and mourning over his solitariness, he buffeted the idolatrous government for long and weary years of discouragement. His end was as wonderful as his career. Caught up in a mighty tempest, he disappeared from the earth, to be seen no more, until, in the exquisite vision of the Transfiguration, his heavenly spirit blossomed into light, and hung above the glowing Saviour and the terrified disciples.

"This is Elias, which was for to come." John from his childhood had been reared in the rugged region west of the Dead Sea, south-east from Jerusalem and Bethlehem (Luke i. 80). His raiment was a cloth of camel's hair; probably a long robe fastened round the waist with a leathern girdle. Whether he lived more as a hermit or as a shepherd we cannot tell. It is probable that he was each by turns. In a manner which is peculiarly congenial to the Oriental imagination, he fed his moral nature in solitude, and by meditation gained that educa-

* Stanley says of this prophet:—"He stood alone against Jezebel. He stands alone in many senses among the prophets. Nursed in the bosom of Israel, the prophetic portion, if one may so say, of the chosen people, vindicating the true religion from the nearest danger of overthrow, setting at defiance by invisible power the whole forces of the Israelite kingdom, he reached a height equal to that of Moses and Samuel in the traditions of his country."

"He was the prophet for whose return in later years his countrymen have looked with most eager hope. The last prophet of the old dispensation clung to this consolation in the decline of the state."

"In the gospel history we find this expectation constantly excited in each successive appearance of a new prophet. It was a fixed belief of the Jews that he had appeared again and again, as an Arabian merchant, to wise and good rabbis at their prayers or on their journeys. A seat is still placed for him to superintend the circumcision of the Jewish children."

"Passover after Passover, the Jews of our own day place the paschal cup on the table and set the door wide open, believing that this is the moment when Elijah will reappear."

"When goods are found and no owner comes, when difficulties arise and no solution appears, the answer is, 'Put them by till Elijah comes.'"—STANLEY, *History of the Jewish Church*, Part II., p. 290.

tion which with Western races comes by the activities of a benevolent life.

He probably surpassed his great prototype in native power and in the importance of his special mission, but fell below him in duration of action and dramatic effect. Elijah and John were alike unconventional, each having a strong though rude individualism. Living in the wilderness, fed by the thoughts and imaginations which great natures find in solitude, their characters had woven into them not one of those soft and silvery threads which fly back and forth incessantly from the shuttle of civilized life. They began their ministry without entanglements. They had no yoke to break, no harness to cast off, no customs to renounce. They came to society, not from it.

Each of them, single-handed, attacked the bad morals of society and the selfish conduct of men. Though of a priestly family, John did not represent the Temple or its schools. He came in the name of no Jewish sect or party. He was simply "the voice of ONE crying in the wilderness."

John was Christ's forerunner, as the ploughman goes before the sower. Before good work can be expected, there must be excitement. The turf-bound surface of communities must be torn up, the compacted soil turned to the air and light. Upon the rough furrows, and not on the shorn lawn, is there hope for the seed.

This great work of arousing the nation befitted John. His spirit was of the Law. He had, doubtless, like his ancient brethren of the prophet brood, his mysterious struggles with the infinite and the unknown. He had felt the sovereignty of conscience. Right and wrong rose before his imagination, amidst the amenities of an indulgent life, like Ebal and Gerizim above the vale of Samaria. In his very prime, and full of impetuous manhood, he came forth from the wilderness, and began his career by the most direct and unsparing appeals to the moral sense of the people. There was no sensuous mysticism, no subtle philosophy, no poetic enchantment, no tide of pleasurable emotion. He assailed human conduct in downright earnest. He struck right home at the unsheltered sins of guilty men, as the axeman strikes. Indeed, the axe should be the sign and symbol of John.* There are moods in men that invite such moral aggression as his. When a large and magnetic nature appears, with power to grasp men, the moral feeling becomes electric and contagious. Whole communities are fired. They rise up against their sins and self-indulgent habits, they lead them forth to slaughter, as the minions of Baal were led by Elijah at Mount Carmel. Not the grandest commotions of nature, not the coming on of spring, nor the sound of summer storms, is more sublime than are these moral whirls, to which, especially in their grander but less useful forms,

rude men, in morally neglected communities, are powerfully addicted.

The wilderness of Judea, where John began his preaching, reaches on its northern flank to the river Jordan. From this point he seems to have made brief circuits in the vicinity of the river valley. "He came into all the country about Jordan" (Luke iii. 3). But, as his fame spread, he was saved the labour of travel. "There went out unto him all the land of Judea" (Mark i. 5)—city, town, and country. The population of this region was very dense. It was largely a Jewish population, and therefore mercurial in feeling, but tenacious of purpose; easily aroused, but hard to change; not willing to alter its course, but glad to be kindled and accelerated in any direction already begun. An Oriental nation is peculiarly accessible to excitement, and the Jews above all Orientals were open to its influence. Fanaticism lay dormant in every heart. Every Jew was like a grain of powder, harmless and small until touched by the spark, and then instantly swelling with irresistible and immeasurable force. Just at this time, too, the very air of Judea was full of feverish expectation. Its people were sick of foreign rule. Their pride was wounded, but not weakened, or even humbled.

The Jews were the children of the prophets. That one Voice crying in the wilderness touched the deep religious romance of every patriotic heart. It was like the olden time. So had the great prophets done. Even one of less greatness than John would have had a tumultuous reception. But John was profoundly in earnest. It was his good fortune to have no restraints or commitments. He had no philosophy to shape or balance, no sect whose tenets he must respect, no reputation to guard, and no deluding vanity of an influence to be either won or kept. He listened to the voice of God in his own soul, and spake right on. When such an one speaks, the hearts of men are targets, his words are arrows, and multitudes will fall down wounded.

And yet no one in the full blessedness of Christian experience can look upon the preaching of John without sadness. It was secular, not spiritual. There was no future, no great spirit-land, no heaven above his world. The Jewish hills were his horizon. It is true that he saw above these hills a hazy light; but what that light would reveal he knew not. How should he? To him it seemed that the Messiah would be only another John, but grander, more thorough, and wholly irresistible. "But he that cometh after me is mightier than I." What would this mightier than John be? What would he do? Only this: "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire: whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with fire unquenchable."

All this was true; but that does not describe the Christ. John saw him as one sees a tree in winter—the bare branches, without leaves, flowers, or fruit. What would he have thought if he had heard the first sermon

* "And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire" (Matt. iii. 10).

of Jesus at Nazareth: "He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised" ? No wonder Jesus said of him that the least in the kingdom of heaven should be greater than he ! John would have said, Purity and then divine favour ; Christ, Divine favour that ye may become pure.

This great Soul of the Wilderness was sent to do a preparatory work, and to introduce the true Teacher. Though he represented the Law, that Law had not in his hands, as it had in the handling of the priests, lost all compassion. There is a bold discrimination in the Baptist's conduct towards the ignorant common people and the enlightened Pharisees. "What shall we do ?" is the question of a heart sincerely in earnest ; and this question brought John to each man's side like a brother.

Knowing that to repent of particular sins was an education toward a hatred of the principle of evil—sins being the drops which flow from the fountain of sin—he obliged the tax-gatherer to repent of a tax-gatherer's sins,—extortion and avarice. The soldier must abandon his peculiar sins,—violence, rapine, greed of booty, revengeful accusations against all who resisted his predatory habits. Selfish men, living together, prey on one another by the endless ways of petty selfishness. John struck at the root of this universal self-indulgence when he commanded the common people, "He that hath two coats, let him impart to him that hath none ; and he that hath meat, let him do likewise." It is probable that he had seen right before him hungry and shivering men by the side of the over-full and luxuriously clothed.

There were others in the crowd besides publicans and sinners. There were saints there—at least the Pharisees thought so. They looked upon others with sympathy, and were glad that the common people repented. Although they themselves needed no amendment, it yet could do no harm to be baptized, and their pious example might encourage those who needed it ! This John was doing good. They were disposed to patronize him !

If this was the spirit which John perceived, no wonder he flashed out upon them with such lightning strokes. "O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come ? Bring forth fruits meet for repentance." These dazzling words did not altogether offend, for the Pharisees were sure that John did not quite understand that they were the choicest and most modern instances of what the old saints had been ! Looking around on the sun-bleached gravel and mossless stones, John replied to their thoughts : "Think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father : for I say unto you, that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham."

A study of the fragments of John's discourses enables us to understand the relation of their subject-matter to

the spiritual truths which Christ unfolded. He dwelt in the truth of the old dispensation. He saw the twilight of the coming day, but did not comprehend it. He called men to repentance, but it was repentance of sin as measured by the old canons of morality. He called men to reformation, but not to regeneration. He summoned men back to the highest conception of rectitude then known ; but he did not, as Christ did, raise morality into the realm of spirituality, and hold forth a new ideal of character, incomparably higher than any before taught. If the very reformer himself, in the estimation of Jesus, was less than the least in the kingdom of heaven, how much lower must his rude disciples have been than the "new man in Christ Jesus !"

Ideals are the true germs of growth. No benefactor is like him who fills life with new and fruitful ideals. Christ gave to every duty a new motive. Every virtue had an aspiration for something yet nobler. He carried forward the bounds of life, and assured immortality to the world as a new horizon. He blew away the mists of the schools, and the nature of God shone out with redoubled radiance. He was the God of the Jews, because he was the God of the whole earth. He was King, because he was Father. He was Sovereign, because love reigns throughout the universe. He suffered, and thenceforth altars were extinguished. He died, and Sinai became Calvary. Where he lay, there was a garden ; and flowers and fragrant clusters were the fit symbols of the new era.

The true place of John's preaching cannot be so well fixed as by this contrast. But John answered the end for which he came. He had aroused the attention of the nation. He had stimulated, even if he had not enlightened, the public conscience ; and, above all, he had excited an eager expectation of some great national deliverance.

The Jew had deep moral feeling, but little spirituality. His moral sense was strong, but narrow, national, and selfish. Tenacious of purpose, elastic and tough, courageous even to fanaticism, heroic in suffering, the one element needed to a grand national character was love. "Thou shalt love thy friends and hate thine enemies" gave ample scope to his nature ; for his friends were few, and his enemies nearly the whole civilized world. The Hebrews looked for a Messiah, and he was already among them. Love was his nature, love his mission, and his name might have been called Love. How should he be known by a nation who were practised in every inflection of hatred, but who had never learned the spiritual quality of love ?

Restless as was the nation, and longing for divine intervention, every portent was quickly noticed. Fierce factions, and from a lower plane the turbulent people, watched his coming. The wretched multitude—a prey by turns to foreigners and to their own countrymen—had, with all the rest, a vague and superstitious faith of the coming Messiah. Holy men like Simeon, and devout people like Zacharias, there were amidst this seeth-

ing people, who, brooding, longing, waiting, chanted to themselves day by day the words of the Psalmist, "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning" (Ps. cxxx. 6). As lovers that watch for the appointed coming, and start at the quivering of a leaf, the flight of a bird, or the humming of a bee, and grow weary of the tense strain, so did the Jews watch for their Deliverer. It is one of the most piteous sights of history; especially when we reflect that he came, and they knew him not.

This growing excitement in all the region around the Jordan sent its fiery wave to Jerusalem. The Temple, with its keen priestly watchers, heard that voice in the wilderness, repeating day by day, with awful emphasis, "Prepare, prepare! the Lord is at hand!" With all the airs of arrogant authority came down from the Sanhedrim priestly questioners. It is an early instance of the examination of a young man for licence to preach.

"Who art thou?"

"I am not the Christ."

"What then,—art thou Elias?"

"I am not."

"Art thou that prophet?"

"No."

"Who art thou, that we may give an answer to them that sent us? What sayest thou of thyself?"

"I am the Voice of one crying in the wilderness, Make straight the way of the Lord, as said the prophet Esaias."

"Why baptizest thou then, if thou be not that Christ, nor Elias, neither that prophet?"

"I baptize with water. But THERE STANDETH ONE AMONG YOU whom ye know not. He it is that, coming after me, is preferred before me, whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose."

There can be no doubt of the effect of John's replies upon the Council at Jerusalem. It was simply a denial of their authority. It was an appeal from Ritual to Conscience. He came home to men with direct and personal appeal, and refused the old forms and sacred channels of instruction; and when asked by the proper authorities for his credentials, he gave his name, "A Voice in the Wilderness," as if he owed no obligation to Jerusalem, but only to Nature and to God.

Already, then, their Messiah was mingling in the throng. He was looking upon men, and upon John, but was not recognized. What his thoughts were at the scenes about him every one's own imagination must reveal.

On the day following the visit of this committee from Jerusalem, as John was baptizing, there came to him one Jesus from Nazareth, and asked to be baptized. John had been forewarned of the significant sign by which he should recognize the Messiah: "He that sent me to baptize with water, the same said unto me, Upon whom thou shalt see the Spirit descending, and remaining on him, the same is he who baptizeth with the Holy Ghost." Although that signal had not been given, yet

he recognized Jesus. Whether, being cousins, they had ever met, we know not. It is evident that they were in sympathy, each having fully heard of the other. Perhaps they had met year by year in the feasts of Jerusalem, to which we know that Christ went up, and at which John, as a man of the old dispensation and a thorough Jew, heart and soul, was even more likely to have been present.

How fierce had been the reply of the Baptist when the Pharisees asked to be baptized! How gentle was his bearing to Jesus, and how humble his expostulation! "I have need to be baptized of thee, and comest thou to me?" His heart recognized the Christ, even before the descent of the Spirit.

Equally beautiful is the reply of Jesus. He had not yet been made known by the brooding Spirit. He had neither passed his probation, nor received that enlarged liberty of soul which was to be to him the signal for his peculiar ministry. He was simply a citizen of the commonwealth of Israel, under the law, and he was walking in the footsteps of his people, "that in all things he might be made like unto his brethren" "of the seed of Abraham."

They went down together—the son of Elizabeth and the son of Mary, John and Jesus—into the old river Jordan, that neither hastened nor slackened its current at their coming; for the Messianic sign was not to be from the waters beneath, but from the heavens above. Hitherto the Jordan had been sacred to the patriotic Jew from its intimate connection with many of the most remarkable events in the history of the commonwealth and of the kingdom. Another Jesus* had once conveyed the people from their wanderings across this river dry-shod. The Jordan had separated David and his pursuers when the king fled from his usurping son. Elijah smote it to let him and Elisha go over, and ere long Elisha returned alone. The Jordan was a long silvery thread, on which were strung national memories through many hundred years. But all these histories were outshone by the new occurrence. In all Christendom to-day the Jordan means Christ's baptism. Profoundly significant as was this event—the first outward step by which Jesus entered upon his ministry—it was followed by another still more striking and far more important. Jesus ascended from the Jordan looking up and praying (Luke iii. 21). As he gazed, the sky was cleft open, and a beam of light flashed forth, and, alighting upon him, seemed in bodily shape like a dove. Instantly a voice spake from out of heaven, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matt. iii. 17).

We know not what opening of soul came from this divine light. We know not what cords were loosed and what long-bound attributes unfolded—as buds held by winter unroll in the spring. But from this moment

* In the Hebrew the name Saviour appears under the different forms—*Hoshea* (Oshen); *Jehoshua* (Joshua); later Hebrew, *Yeshua* (Greek, *Jesus*).

Jesus became THE CHRIST. He relinquished his home and ordinary labours. He assumed an authority never before manifested, and moved with a dignity never afterwards laid aside. We cannot, by analysis or analogy, discern and set forth the change wrought within him by the descent of the Holy Ghost. But those who look with doubt upon the reality of any great exaltation of soul divinely inspired, may do well to see what often befalls men.

It is a familiar fact that men, at certain periods of their lives, experience changes which are like another birth. The new life, when the passion, and still more significantly when the sentiment, of love takes full possession of the soul, is familiar. Great men date their birth from the hour of some great inspiration. Even from human sources—from individual men and from society—electric influences dart out upon susceptible natures, which change their future history. How much more powerful should this be if there is a Divine Spirit! If secular influence has transforming power, how much more divine influence!

The universal belief of the Church, that men are the subjects of sudden and transforming divine influences, is borne out by facts without number. The most extraordinary and interesting phenomena in mental history are those which appear in religious conversions. Men are overwhelmed with influences to which they were before strangers. Without changing the natural constitution of the mind, the balance of power is so shifted that dominant animal passions go under the yoke, and dormant moral sentiments spring up with amazing energy. With such sudden transformations within, there follows a total outward revolution of manners, morals, actions, and aims. Perhaps the most dramatic instance is Paul's. But inward changes, without the external brilliancy, have been made in thousands of men and of women, full as thorough and transforming as that of the great apostle. Indeed, such changes are no longer rare or remarkable; they are common and familiar. And even though we should join those who, admitting the change, account for it upon the lowest theory of natural principles, the main thing which we have in view would still be gained—namely, to show that the human soul is so organized that, when brought under certain influences, it is susceptible of sudden and complete transformation.

If it is thus impressive at the hands of secular influence, how much more if there be admitted a divine energy—as it were, an atmosphere of divine will—in which all material worlds float, and out of which physical laws themselves flow, as rills and rivers from an inexhaustible reservoir! But the soul upon which the Spirit descended over the Jordan was divine. It was a divine nature, around which had been bound cords of restraint, now greatly loosened, or even snapped, by the sacred flame; with attributes repressed, self-infolded, but which now, at the celestial touch, were roused to something of their pristine sweep and power.

All before this has been a period of waiting. Upon his ascent from the Jordan, Jesus the Christ, indued with power by the Holy Spirit, steps into a new sphere. He is now to appear before his people as a divine teacher, to authenticate his high claims by acts so far above human power that they shall evince the divine presence; and finally to be offered up, through suffering unto death, as a sacrifice for sin—the one victim which shall for ever supersede all other sacrifices. Here, then, upon the banks of the Jordan, begins the new dispensation.

There is a remarkable symmetry of mystery about John. He had all his life lived apart from society, unknowing and unknown. Standing by the side of the Jordan, he made himself felt in all Judea and throughout Galilee. The wise men of his time sought in vain to take his measure. Like all men who seek to reduce moral truth to exact forms and proportions, the Pharisees had their gauge and mould; and John would not fit to any of them. If he was not Messiah, or Elias, or that prophet, he might as well have been nobody. They could not understand him; and when he described himself as a voice to men's consciences from the wilderness, it must have seemed to his questioners either insanity or mockery.

We are better informed of his true nature and purposes: yet how little of his disposition, of his personal appearance and habits, the style of his discourse, his struggles with himself, his alternations of hope and fear, do we know! Looking back for the man who moved the whole of Palestine, we can say only that he was the "Voice from the Wilderness." Though the history of our Lord will require some further notice of John by-and-by, yet we may here appropriately finish what little remains of his personal history.

He continued to preach and to baptize for some time after Christ entered upon his mission, ascending the Jordan from near Jericho—where it is supposed that he began his baptismal career—to Bethany (not Bethabara, beyond Jordan, and then, still higher, to Aenon. His whole ministry is computed to have been something over two years. Herod Antipas had long looked with a jealous eye upon John's influence. No man who could call together and sway such multitudes as John did would be looked upon with favour by an Oriental despot. It only needed one act of fidelity on the prophet's part to secure his arrest. John publicly denounced the wickedness of Herod, and particularly his indecent marriage with his brother Philip's wife, Herodias, who eloped from Philip to marry Herod Antipas. John was imprisoned in the castle of Machærus, which stood on the perpendicular cliffs of one of the streams emptying into the Dead Sea from the east, and not far from its shores. There John must have remained in captivity for a considerable period of time. It was not Herod's intention to do him further harm; but Herodias could not forgive the sting of his public rebuke, and watched for his destruction. Not long, however,

had she to wait. By her voluptuous dancing upon a state occasion, at a banquet, the daughter of Herodias won from the king the boon of choosing her own reward. Instructed by her vindictive mother, she demanded the head of John. With a passing regret the promise was kept: and the feast went on. John's disciples buried his body. Thus ended the earthly life of this child of promise—the solitary hermit, the ardent reformer, the last prophet of the Old Testament line.

It was upon these mountains of Moab, or in their ravines, that Moses was buried. Thus the first great prophet of Israel and the last one were buried near to each other, outside of the Promised Land, amidst those dark hills beyond Jordan and the Dead Sea. There is a striking analogy, also, in another respect. Moses came only to the border of the Promised Land, the

object of his whole life's labour. He looked to the north, to the west, to the south, over the whole of it. "I have caused thee to see it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over thither."

John had gone before the promised Messiah, to prepare his way, and to bring in the new dispensation; but he himself was not permitted to enter upon it. Out of his prison he sent to Jesus an anxious inquiry, "Art thou he that should come, or look we for another?" The account which his disciples brought back must have assured his lonely heart that the Messiah had come. His spirit beheld the dawning day of holiness, and was dismissed.

Until this day no one knows where either Moses or John was buried. They were alike in the utter hiding of their graves.

THE PARABLE OF THE MUSTARD SEED.

MATT. xiii. 31, 32.

BY THE REV. DR. CALDERWOOD, PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

IN this parable, and in that of the leaven, which follows it, the Great Teacher shifts the point of view from which to contemplate the spiritual kingdom. It is thus a completely different aspect of that kingdom which is discovered to us here. In the two parables preceding these, under the similitude of a true and a false wheat, we are shown first how men spring up in the favour of God, yielding fruit to his glory; and next, how wicked men grow up, introducing confusion into the kingdom, and yielding an evil fruit, which God must separate from the other. But now we are to see what are the provisions of the kingdom for influencing those who are its subjects. In their relation to God's kingdom men have been distinguished into two classes, subjects and aliens. The individuality of the members of the kingdom thus received prominence. They are as thoroughly distinguishable as the separate stalks of wheat which are seen waving in the breeze.

In the parable before us all is changed. The unity of the kingdom is conspicuous, while the individuality of its members becomes subordinate. The figure is changed accordingly. The kingdom is a tree; the members are as birds sheltering in its branches, and, as with birds in such a position, their distinguishing features are not clearly recognized. The general form of the parable shows that it is designed to represent the order or system set up by God for the spiritual good of men. The kingdom here appears as an organic whole, which is the source of blessings for all who come under it. This being implied in the representation by a single tree, we must settle at the outset what is the view of the kingdom thereby introduced. If in one sense the members constitute the kingdom, that is not the sense

here conveyed, for they are not the tree, but the birds in the tree. The Saviour is not here presented as the beginning, centre, and source of all; for if he were the tree, then were his disciples the branches, as in the fifteenth chapter of John's Gospel. He is the man who took the mustard seed; and sowed it in his field. The Lord and his disciples having thus a distinct place in the parable, quite apart from the tree which is the outstanding feature in it, we are separated from a particular and a general reference—from a contemplation of Christ himself, and afterwards of his people, who are his representatives on the earth. And further, we are completely precluded from references to the lowliness of the Saviour's birth, and the feebleness of his infancy, sometimes understood as implied in the image of the little seed. The incongruity of the description,—“the least of all seeds”—as attributed to the Divine Redeemer, is so glaring, as to warn us off from such methods of interpretation. The kingdom is here represented as something to which men come, and in coming to which they receive shelter and quickening. At first sight we might regard this as pointing to the Church, as the outward manifestation of the kingdom; and this might have been accepted as accurate had it been a tree, the branches of which represented the members of the Church; but when the members are not the branches, but are sheltered among the branches, and when the mustard tree is selected as the appropriate type, something distinct from the Church seems intended. Both in this parable, and in that of the leaven, we understand the reference to be to the truth of the kingdom; this parable being concerned with the outward exhibition of the truth—that, with the inward and hidden application of it. As in the later of the

two, the heaven is certainly not the Church, so neither is the tree, in that now to be considered. The kingdom of heaven is a kingdom of truth; this truth is outwardly displayed to the world through the Church, and inwardly applied to the souls of men by the Spirit; and in harmony with this twofold adaptation we have two parables, the one representing the visible, the other the hidden operation of the truth revealed in Jesus, as the Word, or revealer of the Father, who was made flesh, and dwelt among us.

The truth of the gospel—the truth as to the pardoning mercy and renewing grace provided in Jesus, the crucified one—was, as a very little seed, planted in the earth by the Messiah, and that so quietly that the act hardly attracted the attention of the world. The significance of the act was not understood even by those who observed it. The future must discover the importance for the world of the sowing of this little seed. It was destined to spring up, and attain a great stature, spreading itself forth on every side, and attracting attention all around.

That the mustard tree was selected in preference to the olive, or the sycamore, or the cedar, or the fig, or the vine, merely by accident, or because it was seen growing near, no one will imagine who has critically examined the teaching of the Lord Jesus. There is so obviously, in his discourses, an exercise of careful selection even in details, and so plainly an end to be served by the selection made, that we are deterred from passing superficially over any distinctive term. He has selected a tree whose seed is small, as compared with the height it attains—a fruit-bearing tree, and a tree whose fruit is remarkable for its pungency. These features are not affected by disputes as to whether the plant intended is the common mustard plant, or the mustard tree, known by the name of *khardal* (*Salvadora persica*), as Dr. Royle has maintained. The dispute concerns only the matter of height, and not the properties of the tree—the difference between seven feet and twenty-five; and on the ground of height alone we prefer Dr. Royle's view. But the properties are the same in either case. The mustard seed was proverbial for its smallness; and in this fact one of the required elements of analogy was gained. But in its fruit there is, no doubt, something additionally important for the purpose of illustration. It is not the cedar which is chosen, for the Lord seeks a tree which will yield fruit, and not merely timber; he takes a tree whose main use is found in its continued growth, and not in its being cut down, and divided asunder. It is not the vine which is selected, for that is otherwise appropriated, that the branches may represent believers yielding the fruits of righteousness unto God, whereas this is taken to indicate the yielding of fruit for the use of man. If, then, we are correct in understanding the tree to represent gospel truth, we shall find a natural course of analogical teaching.

The truth known as the gospel of Jesus may be said to embody the constitution of God's kingdom. This

truth discovers the terms on which men may become subjects of the kingdom, the rights and privileges of its subjects, and the prospects in store for them. It is truth bearing on duty, and also on privilege; it imposes obligations, and it guarantees privileges. It is thus appropriately the constitution of a kingdom, as this truth is proclaimed in the name of the king, to be upheld by his power and authority. All truth is fitly represented as a tree—a germ planted in the world, which shows its vitality by shooting up, and spreading forth its branches. The truth made known in Jesus, constituting, by its reception of men, a kingdom of God on earth, is properly represented as a tree providing shelter and yielding fruit.

While, however, a tree affords natural symbolism in this case, we must dwell on the specialties involved in the selection of the mustard tree. First, and most prominent among these, is the smallness of the seed in proportion to the greatness of the tree. The mustard seed is spoken of as "the least of all seeds." This is not meant as an absolute statement, but is introduced as a proverbial one. "Small as a mustard seed," was a current expression among the people to indicate anything insignificantly small. The Saviour accepts this as representing the seed of truth he was then placing in the earth. In doing so, he does no more than indicate what most of the people thought of the revelation he had made. To many of them it was insignificant indeed. To some it appeared as no seed, but a mere dried and withered husk; something of so little worth that, if once put in the ground, it should be buried for ever, and no more heard of. But he who brings it, and leaves it in the earth, says it is indeed small, but it is a *seed*; it has vitality, and needs no more than to be left in order to live and grow apace. Few may observe the sowing of this seed, and few of those who do may have much prospect of its growth. But the Lord himself has no misgiving. That which finds only a hiding-place in Palestine will spring up, and shoot forth on every side, until it arouse world-wide interest. This is the confidence of the great Teacher who proclaims the truth, but finds small acceptance for it. He is like the man who has put a single mustard seed in his garden, and has set a mark to indicate the spot. He is content to wait, and when the first feeble signs of growth appear, he knows well to what extent the plant shall yet expand. The reality is greater than the analogy. It is natural that the God of creation should draw thence the illustrations of his procedure in the kingdom of grace. But to understand aright such illustrations as are employed in this way by our divine Redeemer, we must rise from man's doing to what is God's own part. The man who sows his mustard seed has some reason to acknowledge his uncertainty as to the growth. There are many adverse influences which may obstruct it. But it is otherwise in the case of divine procedure. The God who gives the seed provides the sunshine and the rain to nourish its growth. And so the God who gives gospel-truth provides the Spirit's

quicken power to make that truth extend its range of influence all over the world. Men may cut down the tree to its very roots, but it will sprout again, and grow strong as before. Men may despise this truth hid in the midst of the earth—they may in their heart dislike it—they may first scorn those who receive it, and then attempt to banish the truth from the earth by fierce persecutions directed against those who delight in it and proclaim it. All these things have taken place in the several lands in which the growth of the tree has become apparent. But all with little effect. The scorn has not withered it—the wrath of man has not prevented the growth of its branches—the fire has not scorched it. He who planted the seed has quietly looked down from heaven's height, and beheld the attempts to inflict injury upon the tree of his planting. He has witnessed them unmoved, while he himself has provided the sunshine and the moisture by which it has been nourished. That which is false may grow quickly as the thorns, yet soon disappear; while that which is true grows slowly, but is of sure continuance. Error begins to wither at the top; its development is its destruction. Truth has strength to flourish with the most extended growth, becoming stronger and firmer in its roots the higher its branches rise.

If, then, the growth of the tree be certain, God nourishing it, and man being unable to hinder,—such growth means extension of shelter for men throughout the world. As there is a development of truth, and specially of theological truth, concerning which we hear much at present, it seems essential here to remark that the present parable cannot apply to that. There is a development of human thought on things sacred which we may speak of as in every way legitimate, for the God of Revelation, in discovering to us the essential, has been pleased to leave open a wide field of speculation. But there cannot be the slightest reference in this parable to such speculation. In so far as God's kingdom is a kingdom of truth, it must be complete in itself from the beginning and throughout. It must consist in truth which God gives as constituting his kingdom, and which every man must receive in order to be a member of that kingdom. If we regard it in any other light, we shall be forced to maintain that God's kingdom is not properly existent until speculation on more recondite questions completes itself; and that in the early stages of development, men do not experience the full benefit of the kingdom. But this is directly opposed to the teaching of the parable, in which the kingdom of God is fully represented in the seed, and in the first slender growth. The growth here meant is thus plainly the extended discovery of the same fundamental truth, as an accompaniment of which there is an extended experience of its comforts. These two go together, and are essential to each other. There is an outstretching of the gospel truth, and an ingathering of more men under its branches, that they may shelter themselves under the mercy and love here discovered. As the birds

find the branches ready for them, so do men find the truth of God provided that they may have rest under its cover. This being of the very essence of the parable, shows how certainly the growth of the kingdom must be regarded as a wider revelation of the truth and a wider acceptance of it. This makes speculation a consequence and accompaniment of the kingdom, but no essential part of it, so that the simple believer reaps the benefit of his faith by quietly reposing under shadow of the mercy and grace discovered in Jesus.

But the parabolic meaning is unexhausted, if we rest content with the thought of shelter or refuge for men, which is no doubt prominent. The branches and leaves of any tree will suffice to symbolize shelter. But in choosing the mustard tree, our Lord selected a tree which yielded fruit of a very distinct kind, and of which the birds of the air were particularly fond. So strong was this liking for its fruit, that numbers made this tree their favourite retreat, being attracted thither not merely by its pleasant shade, but also by the relish they had for its seed. In this, we cannot doubt, the Saviour saw appropriate significance. The pungency and stimulating power of the seed were relished by the birds of the country, in this relation well named the birds of heaven, as they are made to be representatives of the children of God. If analogy here is to hold good, these influences must be found in gospel truth, and must be attractive to believing men. And here certainly the analogy does not fail. In the gospel of mercy there is a condemnation of sin, so strong in itself, and so powerful in its effect, when applied to individual souls, that its pungency draws tears of penitence from the eyes, and opens the fountains of sorrows. And yet, searching as this is, the soul once moved by it, so far from being repelled, is attracted, finding a new stimulating power in the truth which so pierces at its entrance. The soul is roused to a spiritual exercise previously unknown. The more it feels its own condemnation, the more is it led to trust fully in saving grace, and to love with ardour of devotion the Saviour, whose troubling of the soul gives peace. Within the shelter of this tree one paradox of the kingdom is explained,—how trouble and peace dwell together—how grief of soul gives strength, and fits for joyful service. And here, too, we see the crowning result, in the fulness of praise ascribed to God by the members of this kingdom in every land. For as the birds of heaven not only nestle in the branches of the tree, and pick freely of its seed, but warble their sweetest songs under its shade; so do men, who rejoice together in the gospel of love, burst forth in praises to the God of heaven, who has discovered himself to us as the God of salvation. Blessed are all they who enjoy the shelter, taste of the fruit, and join in the praises of the kingdom of God. Doubly blessed are they who promote the growth of these sheltering, quickening branches of the tree of life, that others may share the shelter, and that the praises of God may be more widely extended in anticipation of the expected day of universal praise.

Palestine.

BY THE REV. ANDREW THOMSON, D.D., F.R.S.E., EDINBURGH.

V.—MODERN JERUSALEM.

FROM the upper room of our little inn in which we were accustomed to take our quiet meals we looked directly out on Mount Olivet dotted with its olive-trees, and could easily trace the various paths across or around the mountain to Bethany. We remember that on the evening of our arrival, when the moon was out in the cloudless sky, we ascended by an outside stair to the flat roof over that upper chamber, and looked down upon the silent city, with its white domes and tall lance-like minarets, its tall cypresses and softened ruins, while that same Olivet gradually concentrated our notice with a fascination that we could not resist. We pictured to ourselves Him who had so often gone out to it and continued all night in prayer to God, retiring into one of those quiet recesses, or bending beneath one of those shady olive-trees; and we felt how willingly, had he yet been there, we could have gone out and ministered unto him and kissed those blessed feet. Everything was yet subdued and undefined to us in the witchery of the moonlight, and we knew how very much of the charm would be broken when on the morrow we looked out upon the modern city in broad daylight. But still no harsh reality could take from us the satisfaction of knowing that within a circle of less than one and a half miles from the spot on which we were then standing, the most important events in the history of our race had occurred—events whose moral influences, it was probable, reached to the extremest point of the intelligent universe; that here had been the most frequent meeting-place between Earth and Heaven; and therefore we could sympathize to the full with those words of Arnold, and even go beyond them: "Of earthly sights Rome ranks as the third; Athens and Jerusalem are the other two: the three people of God's election—two for things temporal, and one for things eternal."

We shall keep within the gates of the city in

our present paper, and shall endeavour to convey to our reader our impressions of the aspect and condition of the Jerusalem of our own times, as we so recently saw it; reserving for another paper our notices of modern excavations, and of those many objects of Biblical and antiquarian interest, some of which are to be found within the city itself, and more of which immediately rise before us when we pass beyond its walls.

Every one is aware that modern Jerusalem is surrounded by a wall varying in height at different places from twenty-five to fifty feet, according to the natural elevation or depression of the ground, and having towers, battlements, and loopholes at regular intervals, with gates that are constantly guarded, and regularly closed at sunset. The wall is so broad on the top in many places that it is easy to stand or walk on it, as we have sometimes done, without danger or giddiness. Though it is not of sufficient strength to stand the shock of modern artillery, but would be shattered and demolished in a few hours by a well-directed fire from the sides of Olivet or the rising ground of Scopus, it is sufficient for guarding the city from the Bedouin robber, the principal enemy whom the inhabitants, in common circumstances, have cause to fear.

There are four gates, through which there is a constant thoroughfare, and which look with considerable exactness towards the cardinal points. These are the Jaffa-gate on the west, and the Damascus-gate on the north, which receive their names from the cities to which the roads that start from them conduct. The other two are St. Stephen's-gate on the east, so named from a tradition that the first Christian martyr suffered in its neighbourhood; and the gate of Zion on the south, because it stands on a part of that eminence. There are other gates, however, which still continue in partial use, such as the Dung-gate, through whose comparatively narrow entrance we recollect having found our way from outside the

wall to the Jews' Wailing-place. The refuse, offal, and rubbish of the city are still carried out by this gate, and tumbled into a vast heap which finds its way down into the valley of the Kedron far beneath; so that the old practice remains which we can trace back to the times of Hezekiah, when, on occasion of his cleansing the Temple from its filth, its idolatrous symbols and its idols, these were brought forth by the same gate, and hurled down, it is probable, from the same point, to mingle with the offscourings of all things.

The wall, though old according to our Western notions of age, is not of extraordinary antiquity, having been built by Saladin in the sixteenth century. But when one examines it in detail and with some attention, and observes its patched look in many parts, and the enormous stones which here and there diversify the structure, some of them bearing the certain marks of a much earlier masonry, and evidently not in their original places, it is impossible to doubt that the material of Nehemiah's wall, and even of older defences, mingles with those existing walls and towers. There is one vast marble stone laid transversely, and protruding from that portion of the wall immediately above the now built up "Golden-gate," in respect to which the Mohammedans have the grotesque prediction that their prophet is to sit on it on the day of judgment, when the world is gathered for its last great ordeal in the valley of Jehoshaphat beneath. There are many reasons for believing that the present wall in by far the larger part of its circuit follows in the line of older defences. In many places it stands as near to the precipitous edge of the encircling valleys as the nature of the ground will admit; and Lieutenant Van de Velde was able to trace in some parts, the groove in the rock from which the first tier of stones had been partially dislodged by the plough of Terentius Rufus, and in which they had been replaced by later builders. But the ruins of houses still occasionally discovered make it evident that the earlier wall had extended considerably further towards the north-west; while it is certain that Ophel a part of Mount Moriah, and the southern extremity of Zion, both of which now stand outside the wall, formed part of the city down beyond the latest period of Biblical history.

Except in its northern direction, where it is connected by a level tract with the rising ground beyond it, Jerusalem is encompassed by three valleys or gorges, in some places of extraordinary depth: that of Jehoshaphat on the east, at the bottom of which is the bed of the Kedron, now only known as a winter torrent, carrying down the refuse of the city into the Dead Sea; that of Hinnom on the south, intersecting the valley of Jehoshaphat at its deepest point, beneath the shadow of the village of Siloam, which hangs like an eagle's nest on the rock above; and that of Gihon on the west, commencing near the Jaffa-gate, and gradually merging and deepening into that of Hinnom. There are points on the margin of those dark ravines from which it makes one giddy to look down even now: what must have been the effect when the descent was more immediate and terribly precipitous, and before those valleys had gathered into them the accumulated *débris* of two millenniums! It is recorded that at that point, on the north of the city, where there is no natural ravine, the defences had been made so strong by art, as with a brave and united people behind them to be nearly impregnable. Even the proud Sennacherib, it is evident, was secretly reluctant to measure the strength of his Assyrian host against such munitions. What an inspiring sight must it have been to a patriotic Hebrew in Jerusalem's palmy days, when walking about Zion, and going round about her, he considered her palaces and marked well her bulwarks! And when we think of this city in the centre of Judah, far up in her mountain region, away from sea-ports, guarded by lofty walls, encircled by deep ravines, and her besiegers having no more formidable instruments and engines of assault than the battering-ram and the catapult, we can understand how she should so often have been able to defy and to weary out some of the mightiest forces of the old world; and how, when even Rome sent forth against her all the might of her imperial strength, the experience of her astonishing power of resistance, then increased in many places by a triple wall, should have drawn from Titus the acknowledgment that he could never have succeeded in conquering a city so defended, except by the supernatural help of the gods.

Beyond these gorges again, but quite near, there is a circle of hills, not rising in frowning eminences and lofty peaks, and appearing to overtop and hem in the ancient city, but rather seeming to form a respectful guard around a monarch. That hill on the north rising in quiet beauty is Scopus, from which Titus obtained his first admiring view of Jerusalem. Who can fail to recognize in the triple-topped, dark-robed eminence on the east the Mount of Olives? while those wilder cliffs which bound the city on the south and west are the Hill of Evil Counsel and the ridge of Wady Beit Hanfna. At a further distance the eye can trace a second and much bolder mountain circle, in which portions of the hill country of Judah and some of the nearest summits of Samaria come in to fill up the picture, making you see how grandly appropriate is that comparison in the psalm: "As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever."

Modern Jerusalem is divided into four principal quarters: the Mohammedan, the Jewish, the Greek, and the Latin; the names of the quarters indicating that the division is regulated by the creed or religion of the different dwellers in the city. Unquestionably, there is no other spot on the earth on which antagonist faiths are so crowded upon each other and yet are separated by so sharp a division. Go into one part of the city, and you will hear the muezzin cry ringing out from some minaret, calling the Moslem to prayer. Pass into another, and you will meet with rosaries, and crucifixes, images of the Virgin, and rude pictures of the Madonna and her Child. Wander next to that eastern portion of Mount Zion which is inclosed within the city walls, and which looks over upon Moriah, and you will find it crowded with synagogues, and the white-bearded Hebrew with those indelible typical features, cherishing an ancient worship which has lingered around the same spot for three thousand years, and which refuses to amalgamate with any other. The consequence is, that there are three distinct sacred days observed in the different quarters of Jerusalem every week—the Mohammedan Sabbath on Friday, the Jewish on Saturday, and the Christian on the first day of the week. The manner of life of these different classes of religionists, as well as their mutual

animosities, have rendered these local separations expedient in Jerusalem, if anywhere. We believe that the division is, on the whole, very rigidly observed; and it has even been affirmed, though probably with a considerable touch of satire, that the very dogs of the various quarters are jealous against the intrusion of strange dogs from any of the other quarters, and resent it after their own dog fashion.

The population of modern Jerusalem has been very differently estimated, and no doubt it increases by some thousands at the season of the annual religious feasts, but 18,000 appears to be the most probable average population; and while the Mohammedans are the masters, the Jews form the decided majority, being, it is likely, not far short of 8000. They come in a constant stream from every part of the world, many of them on pilgrimages by which they hope to acquire a large fund of merit, and then return again to their native country; the greater number that they may die in the city of their fathers, and obtain the most cherished wish of their heart by being buried on Mount Olivet; and it is remarkable that they cling with a strange preference to that part of the city which is nearest the site of their ancient Temple, as if they still "took pleasure in its stones, and its very dust were dear to them." They are fond of inscribing touching passages from the Old Testament upon the most conspicuous places in their synagogues, such as that in the Hundred and Thirty-seventh Psalm: "By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.....If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." The Jerusalem synagogues, however, are not adorned like many of those in our European capitals, such as we have seen at Leghorn and Frankfort, probably in order to avoid tempting the cupidity of unscrupulous Moslem rulers. It is, indeed, remarkable in how many ways the Jews keep hold of their country as with a trembling hand, and are reluctant to let go the traces and the records of a glorious past. At a later period we visited with a learned Jew remote mountain villages in Palestine, far out

of the common track of travellers, which contained the tombs of old rabbins and learned men, some of them going back even beyond the Christian era, and we found that lamps were kept burning before those tombs night and day. What an amazing tenacity of life there is alike in the people and their faith !

We visited several of their synagogues, and had brief conversations with some of their chief men ; and three things particularly struck us as shedding incidental light upon the Scriptures. Thus, it was curious to notice the close resemblance between the order of religious service in those Jerusalem synagogues in our own days, and that which is described in Luke's Gospel as having been observed in the synagogue at Nazareth on that memorable occasion when our Lord was invited to become the teacher. The correspondence was, in fact, complete at every point, as if the thing had remained stereotyped down through all the eighteen centuries. A roll of one of the books of the Old Testament was carried by a servant from a recess in the wall and put into the hands of the president or reader, who was elevated on a platform in the centre of the synagogue. While the Scripture for the day was being recited, both the reader himself and all the congregation stood up ; but at the close of the reading all the people took their seats, and the reader, seated also, proceeded with his mingled exposition and exhortation.

It was scarcely less interesting to observe that the attendance of the Jews on the different synagogues was regulated by the countries to which they owed their birth. Jews from the coasts of Africa and from the south of Europe usually frequented one synagogue ; German and Polish Jews were to be found in another ; and so it was with other nationalities. But when we turn to the narrative in the Acts of the Apostles we find the same state of things existing in Jerusalem at the beginning of Christianity. Among those who disputed with the youthful Stephen, when " his face shone like the face of an angel," were some from the synagogue of the Libertines—that is, freedmen from Rome and other parts of Italy ; some from the synagogue of the Cyrenians and Alexandrians—that is, Jews from Northern Africa ; and others from the synagogue of Cilicia and the neighbouring provinces—that is, Asiatic Jews.

We confess to having been even a good deal impressed by noticing that the sparrow and the swallow had free ingress into the synagogues, and that they were allowed to build their nests in convenient nooks in those sacred houses. We could hear their busy twittering during every lull in the service. No doubt, the respect for birds which prevails all over the East may so far account for this ; but, probably, the chief explanation is to be found in those words of the psalm, which have given those creatures a kind of right of sanctuary in the synagogue : " Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine own altars, O Lord of hosts, my King and my God."

But while false religions and greatly corrupted forms of the true sadly predominate in modern Jerusalem, there is even there, in the birth-place of Christianity, a Christian worship with much of the simplicity and life of primitive times. To us it was indeed a privilege and a joy, on the only Sabbath that we spent in Jerusalem, literally to ascend Mount Zion, and to worship twice in the church of the excellent Bishop Gobat. His beautiful and spacious place of worship stands on the very crest of the Hill of Zion, almost over against the dark and massive ancient structure known as the Tower of David. We confess to our having experienced emotions of special sacredness when we entered Zion's gates and celebrated the Lord's-day, which is the memorial of our Lord's resurrection, not very far from the spot where he had risen from the dead. The form of worship was so simple that it could not have offended even the most rigid Presbyterian : the preaching was admirably pronounced on the grand cardinal truths of our religion ; it abounded, in fact, in those very truths which Peter had proclaimed in the neighbouring upper room on the first Pentecost after the ascension. That was a Sabbath so solemn in its experiences, and so invigorating to faith, that we could almost wish to remember it in heaven. And yet the enjoyment was only some degrees less when we were called to spend a later evening of the same week in Christian exercises and intercourse with the good bishop and his fellow-labourers in Christian work for Jerusalem and Palestine. We were taken by

surprise when, with genial kindness and liberality, the venerable man put the Bible into our hands, and invited us to conduct the religious services. The Psalms of David were sung on his own chosen mountain; the Scriptures were read; earnest prayers were offered. We had heard of a Sabbath school containing more than eighty scholars, many of them the children of Jews, which was held under that very roof; and so we sang in hope those words of the great missionary psalm: "There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains; the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon: and they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth." Those men around us needed much to be encouraged and sustained by prayer, for they were working in a singularly hard and beaten soil, among a people that were "twice dead, plucked up by the roots." Few Christian workers in Jerusalem more interested us than the Prussian deaconesses from the neighbouring hospital and school outside the gates, who were so active in ministering to the distressed, and in training the young to habits of industry and in the knowledge of religion. The lady superior of the institution was of the bishop's party; and she deeply impressed us by the evidence which her conversation gave of calm energy, shrewd practical wisdom, and lofty devotedness. Indeed, whenever we met with these admirable women in the seaboard cities of Northern Africa and of Western Asia, as in Alexandria and Smyrna, the conviction deepened in our mind that they were doing a great though comparatively noiseless work; hiding the little leaven in the meal, which was to help much in leavening the whole lump.

Bishop Gobat's labours, though not without good fruit in Jerusalem, extend over Palestine, at least as far north as Nazareth, where his son-in-law, Mr. Zeller, is the centre of an effective Christian agency; and the eighteen schools which he has planted in its towns and villages make his influence felt and his name honoured all over the ancient land. These Protestant schools stimulate even the most supine; in proof of which we recollect the bishop's statement, that wherever he established a school, two others were not long in springing up, the one erected by the Roman Catholics, and the other by the

Mohammedans—a clear enough indication that these antagonist communities dread the school as the very right arm of Protestantism. Indeed, were we asked to specify the principal agencies that are acting with appreciable influence on those Bible lands, and promising to be the means of their gradual regeneration, we should name those which are conducted by Bishop Gobat from his Jerusalem centre, and those which are managed by the excellent staff of American missionaries in Beyrout, who have already extended their stations as far as Tyre and Sidon, and are operating with such persevering energy upon the various branches of the Eastern Churches that spread themselves everywhere over the slopes of Lebanon. These, along with those Syrian schools planted by that devoted woman, the late Mrs. Bowen Thomson, the schools of the Saleeby brothers, and the quiet labours of a few medical missionaries and some isolated evangelists specially sent out from England to gather in the dispersed of Israel, make up the sum of evangelistic forces that are working to bring back this native land of the gospel to its earlier and better faith.

Great additional value is to be attached to the labours of Bishop Gobat and his assistants in Jerusalem, on account of the good influence which they exert over European and American visitors to the East. These are increasing in number every year; and a ministry such as that which is maintained in the bishop's church cannot fail to be widely effective, both in the form of attraction and of restraint. This was never more needed than it is now in Jerusalem, not only because of the confessedly deteriorating influence of travel upon the religious life, but also because Jesuitism is most active there in seeking to draw away ill-informed and unwary Protestants from the faith. A certain "Monsignor," whose portrait has been given with an almost cruel accuracy of appreciation by Mr. Disraeli in his "Lothair," and who was leading about his most brilliant prize and pervert everywhere when we were in Jerusalem, was spreading his nets and using his wiles in every direction. In a new Latin church, which had just been completed, in the "Via Dolorosa," he was exercising his oratory in plausible addresses, in which all

the worst points of Popery were cast into the shade, and the differences between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant communions so toned down as to make the passage from the one to the other seem easy. And at *table d'hôtes* there was the same ceaseless proselytism constantly played off upon persons, many of whom, it is probable, had never given five minutes of serious thought to the mighty questions which produced the Reformation, and some of whom were as easily caught in the Jesuit's silken nets as the fly in the web of the spider. As it was impossible to storm the propagandist in his hotel, Dr. Barclay, the learned missionary, challenged him in a most courteous epistle to a public debate on the chief points of controversy with the Protestants. We promised to remain a week in Jerusalem, and share in the discussion. But the *table d'hôte* was a much safer and more congenial field than the open platform; and the challenge was declined. We shall meet with this personage again.

The many-coloured population of modern Jerusalem, with its many antagonist faiths, is far from sufficient to occupy the space which is inclosed within its walls. The impression which our every survey of it left upon our mind was that of a shrivelled old man, who had long ago seen better days, but who had somehow shrunken grievously within his dress. The streets are in many places arcaded and gloomy, so narrow that it is with some difficulty that two loaded camels can pass each other, rough almost as a mountain path, and its houses with so few windows fronting to the street that they unpleasantly remind you of a prison. There are no manufactures in Jerusalem, unless we dignify with this name the carving of beads, crosses, and shells, and the making of staves, paper-cutters, pin-cushions, and boxes from the wood of the olive or the terebinth brought from Olivet or the Jordan, or from some old gnarled vine-stock found in some of the gardens at Bethany, and which are bought in great numbers by visitors and pilgrims. These were all made in public view; and it was curious to notice how much in the primitive artizanship of the East the naked feet, and especially the toes, helped the hands, and in their own slow way did the work of more than one of our Western instruments.

We often found difficulty in understanding how it was possible for even those 18,000 inhabitants to find sustenance. But the greater number of the Jews are subsidized by their richer brethren in other lands. The various convents, though often plundered, are rich still, and circulate money; and the pilgrim weeks are Jerusalem's harvest for the year. You look in vain for streets crowded with a busy population. Often you will meet with only one passenger, but probably that one man will be a picture. Perhaps he is an Armenian with lofty bearing, in garments of fine cloth or rich silk; or a common Arab in his simple shirt of blue cotton; or a wild Bedouin with dark, shaggy locks and sheep's-skin coat. Give him a wide berth to move in, for in that coat and woolly burnouse he "feeds a colony." There are other eyes upon him than yours. He has been seeking to exchange English gold or napoleons in one of those shops, and suspicion is up that he has been concerned in the last robbery down towards the Jordan.

The same impression is produced by a general glance at the modern city from the flat roof of the bishop's house, which stands on one of the most elevated positions in Jerusalem. We cannot remember to have seen a single new house in course of erection. There were heaps of ruins in many places. It was not unusual for the Arab to pitch his tent on bare places within the walls, just as gipsies do on one of our own commons. Several wide spaces were overgrown with rank weeds, or made impassable by tangled thickets of the enormous cactus. We saw a ploughed field, with braided corn sprouting on it, on Mount Zion. The words of Micah, which received their first fulfilment in the days of Nebuchadnezzar, lay spread out accomplished before our eyes: "Therefore shall Zion for your sake be plowed as a field, and Jerusalem shall become heaps, and the mountain of the house as the high places of the forest." How different from the times when, at a Passover or a Pentecost, the very roofs of the houses accommodated myriads of strangers, and many, unable to find a dwelling in the crowded city, pitched their tents on the neighbouring Olivet, and echoed back to Jerusalem the nightly praise; and when, in the words of that striking hyperbole, "King Solomon made silver and gold at Jerusalem as plenteous as stones." It is impossible, indeed, to write of the

modern city, with the background of Old Testament pictures rising in the memory, and not to fall into the strain of Heber's plaintive ode :—

" Rest of thy sons, amidst thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widowed Queen ! forgotten Zion, mourn.
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy throne ?"

We may mention as a remarkable feature in the police regulations of modern Jerusalem, that as it is not lighted at night, every person going out into the streets after sunset is required to have a lamp or lantern carried before him, as we remember having been obliged to do when going to an evening meeting in the house of the Protestant bishop. If you are found without a lantern, you are carried off without compunction to prison for the night, a kind of gratis accommodation intensely to be deprecated ; but should you carry a lantern and be robbed, you have then recourse against the public authorities for compensation. There is advantage in the arrangement entirely apart from this latter condition, as the lantern saves you from stumbling over the many homeless dogs, and sometimes even poor homeless men, that seek a bed in the dark, arched streets. The security for person and property is in this way very considerable within the walls of the city ; but should you remain outside the gates after nightfall, all security is gone. We have seen flocks of goats and sheep regularly brought in at sunset from browsing on the neighbouring mountain slopes, and carefully folded within the city. One morning, while we were sitting at breakfast, our new dragoman entered and announced to us, with an unmistakable twinkle of satisfaction in his eye, that a party of more than thirty persons, who had encamped outside the walls, but within fifty yards of St. Stephen's-gate, had been robbed at midnight. They were all English, and imagining themselves to be safe so near the city, had rashly dispensed with Arab protection. Our dragoman evidently thought, though he did not venture to say so to us, that they had been rightly served for disregarding old prescriptive privileges. We hastened down to the encampment with the intention of offering sympathy and help. We found the places all around the tents littered with trunks and portmanteaus that had been ripped open with enormous knives and swords, by dexterous thieves who had

done it all without awakening one of their victims ; and money, jewels, and ornaments amissing to the value of five hundred pounds. Our mortified fellow-countrymen did not show the amiable side of their character on the occasion, but were in the worst possible humour.

We have restricted our notices in this paper to modern Jerusalem, and there is one scene which comes under this description, though it carries our thoughts far back into the past—the Wailing-place of the Jews. We were without a guide, but following in the steps of an aged Israelite, with a well-worn Hebrew Bible in his hand, we were not long in reaching the spot. Passing by a narrow path through the midst of a dense thicket of prickly pears, we came to a very ancient wall with an open space before it, and with a few wild flowers growing here and there between the joints of its enormous stones, which the Jews believe to be a preserved fragment of their old Temple-wall. It happened to be the Friday of their Passover-week, and the number of Jews assembled was unusually great, probably between eighty and one hundred of every age, from the old white-bearded patriarch with shrivelled features and piping voice to the beautiful, melancholy boy of twelve. It was a touching sight. After the lapse of eighteen dreary centuries, Israel represented there from almost every country in the world, was weeping over her ruined Temple, her ruined city, her ruined Church, her people scattered and peeled. On that neighbouring Olivet long ago, One had wept and prophetically said, " Behold, your house is left unto you desolate ;" and the words had come ringing down as a funeral knell through all those intervening ages. Some of their number were reading aloud out of the Book of Deuteronomy or the Lamentations of Jeremiah. Often there were low murmurs and sobs. Some would approach the wall as if to embrace it ; others would actually kiss its ancient stones. And then at intervals, when some touching passage from Jeremiah was read, such as, " How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger, and cast down from heaven unto the earth the beauty of Israel ;" or, " How is the gold become dim ! How is the most fine gold changed," the sorrow rose in a loud and prolonged wail to the skies. We knew that those poor

mourners were mistaken, and that there was the one blessed fact of a crucified and risen Saviour, which, if they would only believe, would in a moment give them the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness. But their sorrow was real, and their cries at times as one that mourneth for an only son; and therefore let us think of them gently, or, if we blame them, as we must, let us remember how much the unchristian treatment they have so often received from Christians, and the idolatry they have seen mingled with all the Christianity that many of them ever saw, have done to thicken the veil that is over their mental eyes. We acknowledge that we had never been so impressed with the deep humiliation of the Jews, as when we thus saw them weeping as down-trodden strangers in their own Jerusalem, and beholding in that Mosque of Omar, not far off, "mockery sitting on their own Salem's towers."

And yet it was possible to gather comfort respecting Israel even from that spectacle. If the dark side of the prophecy has been thus terribly fulfilled, shall not the bright side be as gloriously accomplished? The Talmud relates how one Rabbi Akiba smiled when others wept, at seeing a fox come out of the Holy of Holies. This verified prophecy, and it made him look with the more certainty for the fulfilment of prophecies of good things to come. And so at that very Wailing-place we could take out our Scriptures and read in hope: "The remnant that is escaped of the house of Judah shall yet again take root downward, and bear fruit upward;" "If the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead?.... And they also, if they abide not in unbelief, shall be grafted in: for God is able to graft them in again." Our heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved.

SKETCHES OF BOHEMIAN RELIGIOUS HISTORY.

BY MISS M. J. WHATELY.

(Concluded.)

PART V.

THE Bohemian-speaking inhabitants of Prague, deprived of their own ministers, now flocked to the German services, which they could in some degree understand; for the German pastors, out of regard to the Elector of Saxony, were not immediately subjected to the same treatment as the Bohemians.

But the indulgence shown them was only temporary. The Jesuits, seeing the German services so numerous attended, resolved rather to incur the displeasure of the Elector than to allow this abuse, as they considered it, to continue.

They did not, indeed, speak of "banishing" the German pastors, but only graciously *dismissing* them; the difference, however, was only nominal. In spite of the protests of the Elector, the pastors were compelled to depart from Prague on the 29th of October 1622.

They were accompanied by a multitude of Bohemians as well as Germans, to whom they preached farewell sermons in the fields, while the air resounded with the loud weeping and lamentations of their auditors.

The next step was to extend the edict of banishment to the pastors in the whole of Bohemia. This work was commenced in the same year, and after a fashion quite characteristic of the whole work. The

"Reformation Commissioners," as they were called, as if in mockery, passed from city to city to carry out the decree.

Michna, at the head of a troop of horse, entered the church of Schlan; it was a festival day, and the pastor, Johann Kaupilius, a man of learning and talent as well as piety, was reading the gospel at the communion-table. A soldier was directed to impose silence on him. The minister continued calmly to read on. Michna stepped forward, drew his sword, and exclaiming, "Shameless preacher, cease your babbling!" struck the Bible out of his hands.

The pastor's reply was to raise his hands and eyes to heaven, with the words, "Woe unto you! for ye shut the gates of heaven, and will not suffer men to enter in! I am ready," he continued, "to suffer this and more for the sake of my Lord Jesus Christ."

"*Your Lord!*" cried a soldier, repeating the sacred name again and again in mocking tones. "*We have the emperor for our lord!*"

The people were struck with horror at the blasphemous words, and many wept aloud. The principal members of the Town Council now came forward, and promised that their pastor would appear when he was summoned; but protested against any violence being shown him. The commissary first threatened to imprison Kaupilius; but, at the entreaty of some ladies in

the city, he consented to set him free on condition of his departing within three days.

Three years afterwards, the faithful pastor died of the plague in his place of banishment. On his death-bed he had a remarkable dream, which he related to his friends. He thought he was standing in a library of choice books. As he examined them, a small volume caught his eye, which bore this title in Latin, in letters of gold: "*It is good that the righteous should be sacrificed: they shall at last receive the crown.*"

He felt moved with ardent love to the book, and placed it under his left arm, to study it at leisure. But he awoke at the same moment, roused probably by the pain which marked the presence of the fatal plague-spot under the arm where he had held the book in his dream.

He had written and published several works during his exile, manifesting the same ardent zeal for truth which had characterized his life.

By degrees the other towns and villages of Bohemia were in like manner deprived of their preachers. The churches were filled, in their stead, with Romish priests; and, as a sufficient number could not be easily found on the spur of the moment, monks from Poland were brought in, and others from other places, many of them of the lowest and most depraved character, whose vices gave general scandal.

By August 1624 all the Evangelical ministers in Bohemia—Lutheran, Picard, and Reformed, German and Bohemian—were driven from the country. Some returned, from time to time, in secret, and endeavoured to collect their hearers in hiding-places among the forests and mountains, where they instructed them and administered the sacraments. But when this became known to their enemies, a fresh edict was obtained from the emperor in July 1625, threatening with punishment all who should harbour a banished preacher, and offering rewards to those who should betray the hiding-place of any such. Several preachers were seized and thrown into prison, where every effort was made by the Jesuits, by threats and promises, to induce them to recant.

Some were, unhappily, driven by fear and suffering to renounce their faith; but, by the grace of God, the greater number of those who had fallen into the hands of the enemy remained faithful. Some few were set free after a long imprisonment, on condition of quitting the country, never to return on pain of death; others were compelled, in addition, to pay heavy fines.

Matthias Ulicky, the deacon of Czaslau, returned in 1627 from banishment in order to visit his sick wife. He was found in a place of concealment, arrested and brought to Czaslau, where Michna and others of the reigning powers were assembled. It was found on inquiry that he had been, during the last three years, concealed in the neighbourhood, and had encouraged many of his former flock to remain faithful to the truth. He was told that his life might be spared if he con-

formed to Rome; but, sustained by a strength not his own, he declared boldly that he held his office not from the emperor, but from Christ, and had never laid it down at the command of men, and that he could never renounce his faith.

He was asked if he celebrated the Lord's Supper "in the Calvinistic fashion" (that is, in both kinds).

"I do so, in accordance with the example and command of Christ," he replied.

Kostschnik, one of the inquisitors, tried to urge him to confess he had taken part against the emperor. "Do not burden your conscience," he said, "by denying your crime."

"I have cared for my conscience better than you have for yours," replied the pastor.

The justice of this reproach so preyed on the mind of the inquisitor that his agitation brought on an illness which eventually proved fatal.

The pastor was led to execution. As he went, the judge proclaimed, with a loud voice,—

"This man is guilty of sedition!"

"No!" replied the prisoner, raising his voice; "I am suffering for Christ's truth."

Professor John Aquila attempted to hand him a hymn book as he passed out of the city gate, for which he was struck with a stick and driven away. Ulicky, however, had a well-stored memory, and sang through the Seventieth Psalm and several hymns; but drums and trumpets were employed to drown his voice.

"To-day," he exclaimed on the scaffold, "my soul will be with Christ!" With these words he knelt down, commended his soul to the Saviour, and patiently awaited the blow of the executioner. His right hand was first struck off, because with it he had held the cup to the laity; he was then beheaded.

All the Evangelical ministers were thus driven from the country, and any who harboured them, under whatever pretext, were liable to severe punishment.

One brave man, the Baron von Zierotin, dared openly to remonstrate against the injustice of being deprived of the ministrations of his pastor. He went himself to Vienna, and laid his complaint before the emperor.

"I cannot conscientiously do otherwise," was Ferdinand's reply.

"But I, too," said the baron, "am pledged to God by my conscience, and I entreat your majesty not to compel me to violate it."

"I will not force you to violate your conscience," said the emperor; "but I cannot suffer you to retain your minister."

"But I cannot dispense with divine service," said the baron, "and for that I require a pastor."

His determination actually gained the day. Without obtaining the permission of the emperor, he persisted not only in retaining his chaplain, Paul Hronow, but, like Obadiah of old, sheltered many others (amongst them, the President of the Bohemian Brethren in Moravia, John Lanetins, a venerable man of more than

seventy) in secret places of concealment, and provided them with food. Hronow held a service in the baron's castle not only for the retainers and vassals, but for all the neighbours who held the same faith, who were admitted freely without fear of consequences. Some other firm-minded men of rank followed this good example, till a general sentence of banishment put a stop to every effort of the kind.

But in July 1627 an imperial mandate appeared declaring that heresy was the root of all the miseries under which Bohemia suffered, and that the emperor's conscience would not permit him to suffer any to remain with this taint upon him. Six months were granted, during which the higher classes were to be allowed time and opportunity for being instructed in the Romish faith, and the "Reformation Commissioners" were appointed to carry out these arrangements. At the end of the six months' probation, all who remained obstinate were to sell their property to Roman Catholics, and depart from the kingdom.

And now was come the sifting time which should show who were really firm in the faith. Those who felt their religion to be a matter which concerned their inmost hearts, and loved their Lord well enough to give up all for his sake, went at once into exile.

Some tried to move the emperor to compassion, and endeavoured to obtain a respite, making all kinds of excuses for not following his directions. Some even succeeded in purchasing false testimonials that they had confessed and attended mass, and thus evaded the decree.

The more upright and devoted left their homes and inheritances, and passed into other countries with their wives and children. Most of them emigrated into Silesia, Poland, and Hungary. Among these exiles was the pious old Baron von Zierotin, who could easily have obtained leave to stay, if he would have given up Protestant worship; but he was one to whom his faith was dearer than all earthly possessions or comfort. He was obliged to sell his estates at half their price, and went, with the emperor's sanction, to Breslau in Silesia.

But even in banishment these exiles were not left in peace. In 1628 they were informed by an imperial missive that they must not remain in any of the provinces belonging to the emperor. They were to be liable to punishment if they did not go entirely out of his dominions.

An attempt was made to compel all Romanists who had Protestant wives to send them out of the country; but some of the highest of the nobility were in this case, and not choosing to part from their wives, they made so determined a resistance to this decree that they were at last permitted to retain them, on the condition that these ladies should withdraw from all festivities and public ceremonies, give the precedence to Romanists whenever they did appear, and at the death of their husbands immediately leave the country.

The Evangelical tutors and schoolmasters, and all who

took part in the instruction of youth, were banished, and it was penal for parents to have their children instructed by any but a Romanist. Severe penalties were laid on all who should infringe a multitude of new regulations relative to the Romish ceremonial; and many chief citizens of Prague and other towns were banished on frivolous pretences.

The Reformation Commissioners were indefatigable in finding means of tormenting or frightening men into giving up their faith. In 1625, on Easter Eve, all the citizens of Leitmeritz were summoned by name to appear at the sermon and mass on Easter Sunday. Every one who attended was to receive a ticket with his name signed by the priest, and a fine was imposed on all who should fail to appear. But the summons was not responded to, or only in part.

A numerous body of soldiers was then quartered on the town, and placed in the houses of the refractory, and every means used to annoy and terrify them into submission. After a year of these efforts an edict was passed, banishing all who would not conform to the Romish religion; and, to the honour of Leitmeritz, it must be said that the larger number of the Evangelical inhabitants preferred emigration to apostacy.

At Königsgratz the Croatian soldiers were called in to help the Romish teachers, and actually endeavoured with drawn swords to force the people into joining a procession. But this only produced general alarm, tumult, and confusion. The Reformation Commissioners called in further military aid, and applied individually to the principal citizens to induce them to submit.

One of the first so addressed was Nicolas Acontius, a physician residing in the neighbourhood, who had been for several years completely laid up with gout. The archdeacon, accompanied by Strauss, the captain of the guard, came to visit the sick man, and asked him "if he would not now become a Catholic?"

"As long as I have no reasons which can convince my mind, I dare not act against my conscience," replied the courageous old man.

"We cannot allow your deceitful tricks any longer," said the archdeacon angrily.

"There can be no deceit where the eye, heart, and conscience are single," replied Acontius.

The priest lost his temper completely. "We shall never bring this town to reason," he cried, "till three or four heads have been cut off!"

"If you find my head is in your way," replied the old physician calmly, "and you have a right to it, you can strike it off at once. I would rather have this poor, half-decayed body cut in pieces, than violate my conscience."

The archdeacon started up in a rage and rushed out. Captain Strauss, as he followed him, said in a low voice to Acontius, "Sir, the world is wide; a way of escape will be opened to you."

The gates of the city were now closed, and the citizens severely threatened to enforce compliance. The

timid promised to allow themselves to be instructed ; those who refused were arrested and placed in confinement. Every stronghold, and even the cellars and anterooms of the town hall, were crowded with prisoners. The houses were filled with soldiers, who were ready to do their part in tormenting the unfortunate inmates.

Most of the prisoners at last lost their courage, and asked for a respite to receive instruction, thus giving themselves up into the hands of the enemy. Twenty-eight alone among the citizens had the firmness to give up all for conscience' sake, and go into banishment with their families. Acontius joined this little band, though so feeble and suffering that it was with difficulty he could enter the carriage which was to convey him to Poland. He survived his exile nine years, bearing his bodily sufferings with cheerful patience, and at last peacefully fell asleep in Christ.

At Bidschow, some miles from Königsgratz, Don Martin de Huerda was employed to terrify the inhabitants into compliance. Their spokesman, John Kolacznicz, said, in the name of his companions: "It does not lie in the power of any one to forget in an hour what he has been instructed in throughout his whole life ; and one could not cast away what he had held as divine truth, unless better doctrine could be taught him from God's Word."

Huerda, beside himself with rage, started from his seat, flew on the speaker, and beat him furiously with the stick he held in his hand. He ordered the keeper of the town hall to be called, and, foaming with rage, he commanded him to drive Kolacznicz out of the town. His colleagues, terrified by this violence, consented to allow themselves to receive instruction. Some tried to save their consciences by flight, and sent their wives secretly before them with their little property ; but the plan was discovered, the women pursued, robbed, brought back and put in prison, whence they were not released till they and their husbands had consented to become Roman Catholics, which, alas ! they at last did.

At Saaz, another considerable town, a number of Bibles and evangelical books were seized and burned. The soldiers were quartered on the people, and made havoc of their goods. A meeting was then called in the town hall, and Don Martin de Huerda declared that all who would consent to go to mass and confession should be freed from the burden of the soldiers quartered on them, but that all who resisted should have double burdens laid upon them.

The majority of the members of the Council seemed paralyzed with terror at the threats of the Spaniard. One of the presidents, Wenzel Wisocky, however, summoned courage to address Huerda. He spoke calmly and moderately, and dwelt on the rights of conscience. Don Martin started up furiously, boxed the ears of the speaker several times, and abused him in the grossest terms. He then called for iron chains, and commanded them to be fastened on the hands and feet of Wenzel, while a thicker chain was placed round his neck and

attached again to his hands, so as to keep him bent forwards. He remained in prison three weeks in this painful and cramped posture, with no food but bread and water. None of his own friends were permitted access to him, and the Jesuits harassed him night and day.

They threatened him with death, but this he preferred to recanting. They then declared he was possessed with a devil, and ordered his chains to be drawn tighter. The poor man, almost distracted with bodily and mental suffering, at last consented to confess. His yielding seems to have been almost involuntary ; and as soon as the pressure was taken off, he showed his real earnestness of belief by giving up his home and country to worship according to his conscience. Being allowed to go to some mineral baths to recruit his broken health, he took advantage of the permission, and left his country, never to return.

More than a hundred citizens of this town escaped secretly, leaving all they possessed. Many of these were men of the highest rank. One of them, Herr von Kraliz, was married to a lady of great wealth ; but both husband and wife were prepared to leave all for the truth's sake. The lady abandoned her property, escaped through an underground sewer, joined her husband with much difficulty, and followed him into exile.

Some fugitives were driven, by extreme want in the land of their exile, to return and endeavour to seek some help from their native country. But too often they were seized and imprisoned. Two citizens of Saaz fell, in this way, into the hands of Huerda, who tormented them till their health and almost their reason were destroyed. They were at last set free when half dead with suffering.

Another persecutor, no less cruel than Huerda, was Zdenko, Lord of Kolowrath. He was sent by Prince Lichtenstein with a troop of horse to the town of Rokycan. After loading the peaceful citizens with the vilest abuse and mockery, he laid before them a paper with three lists. The first contained the names of all who were already Romanists. These were but six in number, and had already apostatized from their faith. The second contained those who were ready to become Roman Catholics in a fortnight ; and the third those who, as Zdenko expressed it, resisted God and the emperor.

The citizens were compelled to sign this register. The number of the recusants was by far the greatest ; and Zdenko loaded them with curses, declaring they were worthy only of the wheel and the cross in this world, and hell in the next.

The next day was St. Thomas's Day. He ordered them all to appear in the church, and himself set them the example by receiving the consecrated wafer at mass. After dinner, he again caused the bells to be rung to collect the people into the church ; but on entering himself, he found the monks and other faithful worshippers unpunctual, and the others remaining absent. The church was empty. Transported with rage, he rushed

into the market-place, entered the streets and the private houses, and drove all he could find to the church with a stick.

On re-entering the church, he found there a leading citizen, named John Streic, well known as a firm Calvinist. Snatching a cudgel from a peasant who stood by, he drove Streic to the altar, cursing him as he went, because, as he said, he had placed himself on the list of the reprobates by refusing confession.

Streic mildly begged him to consider the sacredness of a place of worship, and to moderate his violence. Zdenko replied by a shower of furious blows on his head, face, and hands. Streic threw himself on his knees, and prayed for help. At last, when the tyrant saw the blood flowing in streams from his victim, he cried, "Be off, with your Calvinist blood!" and turned from him.

The pious and brave sufferer quietly left the church; and when met by some who asked what had happened to him, he meekly replied, "I have shed my blood at the altar; but it was for his sake who shed his blood for me in far greater abundance."

Zdenko turned to the other burghers, and endeavoured to compel them to confess. With oaths and curses, he struck some, spat in the face of others; and seizing on one venerable old man, Wenzel Krok, one of the most highly-respected of the citizens, he tore his gray beard, and scattered the hairs over the church.

Returning home, he sent for Streic, and threatened him with a fearful end if he did not resolve the next day to submit. Streic wisely determined not to await the decisive day, but fled in the middle of the night. He was compelled to leave his wife, his children, and his aged mother behind him. The count revenged himself by ordering his property to be confiscated and his wife imprisoned.

How many of the citizens at last gave way we are not informed; but those who did, were compelled to sign a paper declaring they had recanted and joined the Church of Rome of their own free will, and that they thanked the blessed Virgin and Count Zdenko for the salvation of their souls!

Zdenko was eventually recalled to Vienna, where his zeal for the Romish Church did not save him from being arrested and imprisoned for some political offence. Of his further history we know nothing.

In another town, a father, who was secretly carrying his new-born daughter to be baptized by an Evangelical pastor, was seized and thrown into prison. The poor young mother was dragged from her sick chamber to share the same fate; and eventually both were exiled, and two-thirds of their property confiscated.

In the same town the citizens were driven with threats, or won by deceit, into joining a procession of the Host. John Bleyssa, one of the citizens, firmly refused; and on being asked the reason, replied, "Whenever I have received the holy communion, I have inwardly resolved before God to keep away from this blasphemous ceremony."

"But you will not surely oppose the will of the emperor?" rejoined the questioner.

"Never, in what concerns the things that are the emperor's," he replied. "But here it is the things that are God's that are in question."

"There may be means found to force you," said the other.

"God," answered Bleyssa, "requires a free-will service, not a service of compulsion."

Bleyssa, for these bold words, had to endure a nine weeks' imprisonment.

His fellow-citizen, John Jahoda, was punished for a similar refusal by an imprisonment, followed by a command to pay a sum of money towards the expenses of a fresh procession and high mass. "I will not contribute to any such ceremony," he said, as he came forward with the money; "for I know of no sacrifice but that of the Lamb slain for the sins of the world, and lifted up on the cross for us. But I pay the money to show my obedience to the powers that be, who may spend it afterwards as they think best." For this speech he was again imprisoned for a month; and after a second fine had been extorted from him, he was driven from the city with his wife. He died soon after of the plague in Prague, full of faith and peace.

The fate of these confessors was more tolerable than that of many of their countrymen. Numbers of recusants were shut up in noisome dungeons, so close that they could hardly find room to stand; and there they remained, stifled with the poisoned atmosphere and filth till many died, and others were induced to make some show of submission. Many were kept in towers, cellars, or stables, exposed to bitter cold, hunger, and thirst.

At Prostau many hundreds were shut up in the stable of the castle, every window and aperture being closed. Many fainted from want of air, among others the venerable father of Matthias Ulicky (the pastor whose martyrdom has been already recounted), a patriarch of eighty. He was brought out apparently dead, with several others in the same condition. The brutal captain of the "Reformation Commission" declared "they were only feigning, and must be brought to themselves," and ordered a quantity of cold water to be thrown over them. Some were restored to their senses by this rough means; but the old man expired in the presence of his tormentors. They had done their worst for him; and his happy spirit was released to join his son in the rest prepared for those who "loved not their lives unto the death," but had witnessed a good confession.

Others were enclosed in cages so narrow as to force them into a painfully cramped posture, which, at the end of two or three hours, became intolerable torture. The nerves were so affected by the strain on the muscles, that the sufferers became almost beside themselves, and were driven in their distraction to say whatever their persecutors desired. Those whose faith was real and earnest afterwards went into exile.

Many entreated on their knees that they might be put to death at once rather than be driven by such misery into violating their consciences ; but the reply given was, that the emperor desired not their blood, but the salvation of their souls. Their enemies did not wish that they should have the power of glorying in martyrdom. And this is the reason why, in the long and terrible persecution which followed the Battle of Prague, comparatively few martyrs can be counted. The will to die for Christ was not wanting ; but, in the majority of cases, it was only for political crimes that death was actually inflicted, though the deaths in prison, or from the consequences of torture, must doubtless have been very numerous.

The courage and resolution displayed was often quite worthy of the early days of Christian zeal and heroism.

In Prachatitz the imperial army met with actual resistance from the citizens, and one thousand six hundred and sixty of them were slain. The streets were choked with corpses, who lay exposed, often stripped by the soldiers, and for some days none dared to bury them.

At last, two pious sisters, Christina and Benigna Rumpal, buried with their own hands their brother, a citizen of Prague, and their husbands (all of whom had been slain in the encounter), in a grave they had themselves made, and with their words and example of faith and courage led others to follow their example.

A noble lady, Katharina von Loss (she may possibly have been the widow of Otto von Loss, though we are not told so), displayed equal resolution. She would neither give up her faith nor leave her country.

"I cannot go into exile," she said, "from want of means ; my conscience will not allow me to recant. I will do neither. If they try a third plan with me, they may condemn me if they will ; I trust entirely in God."

Strange to say, she was left in peace. Two citizens of distinction maintained the same resolution, and after long imprisonment they were set free.

Four artisans of Koffenburg were kept in prison and exposed to the extreme of cold, hunger, and thirst. At one time they were left utterly without food. A Jesuit visited and threatened them, but Sigmund, one of them, replied—

"We would bear all, hunger, the gallows, the scaffold, rather than sin against God. Do what you will," he added, as the Jesuit left him, "only do it quickly !"

But this poor mercy was denied them. For a time they were only supplied with a small quantity of bread and water twice a-week. Afterwards they were separated and enclosed in different places, one of them actually in a chimney. After twenty-one weeks, in which every effort was made to force them to yield, they were at last dismissed with fines and a sentence of exile. One of them, worn out with hardship and suffering, died on his way.

Another, a clerk, was confined in prison till his feet were covered with sores and utterly useless ; but he was filled with such heavenly joy that he spent his whole time in singing psalms and hymns of praise. He died

at the end of a year, full of joyful faith and trust ; and Huerda, with impotent rage, caused his corpse to be flung over the fortress walls, and buried in the moat by a shepherd.

Such men might well be reckoned among the noble army of martyrs. But some years after, an humble confessor did actually suffer death by the executioner for preaching the gospel. In 1629 twenty-two peasants of Zlonic were accused of having relapsed into heresy after having conformed to the Romish Church. They were led to prison singing hymns of triumph on Christ's resurrection.

Their leader and pastor, George Balthasar, a man of lowly origin and without education, was questioned as to his conduct. He dictated in prison his answer to a secretary, who was employed to write his defence, for it seems doubtful whether he could use a pen himself.

"I have been accused," he said, "of having broken my promise of conforming to Rome, and turning back to the Evangelical faith. My answer is, that I was driven by sufferings during a severe imprisonment to sin against God, my just Judge ; for I had then so weak a faith that I did not believe God could save his own from the hand of man. But I was chastened by him for my sin, and for a whole year could find no hope in his mercy. At last I remembered the sinners of old time who had repented and found mercy, and I cried to the Lord night and day, and watered my couch with my tears. But our merciful God showed me his loving-kindness, for he wills not the death of a sinner, but that he should be converted and live. I received what I had prayed for : God sent me his angel, and I saw his glory, brighter than the sun. I was filled at that moment with the Holy Spirit, and I was born again.".....

He goes on to say that he felt himself called on to speak to others of the truths he had learned. His views seem in some points to have been somewhat fanatical and exaggerated, but that he was an earnest and devoted preacher of the gospel there could be no doubt. He had been preaching for four years, in spite of every effort being made to hinder him ; "but the greater the hindrances," he adds, "the more did God strengthen me by his Spirit."

"I came to Zlonic," he continues, with characteristic naïveté, "to declare the truth to the people, and call them to repentance, as the Lord had bidden me ; and so I did for three days, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday—the last day of the three I had a book with me.....And it was the will of the Lord they should hear me, for they could not snatch the book out of my hand, though they refused to give God the glory, for I was called to warn them all and exhort them to repentance.....Nothing can frighten me ; and I have no anxiety, except to fulfil what has been laid on me, and that I will do without hesitation.....I warn you," he concludes, "not to receive the grace of God in vain, for his rod is already prepared with which he will punish those who will not acknowledge his voice. I have more to say to you ; but

as I cannot write myself, I must conclude, as I must consider others. But if I can speak openly with you, I shall be able to explain more fully. Meanwhile, the grace of the Lord be with us all. Amen."

The parish priest and several Jesuits came to him after reading this letter, and questioned him further. He owned he was only a layman, and unlearned; but he preached, not of himself, but led by the Holy Spirit. "For," he said, "as I already wrote, I passed a whole year in weeping over my fall; and then the Lord Jesus had compassion on me, and showed me his wounds, which healed the wounds of my conscience. He gave me the light of his Spirit, and commissioned me to speak to others; and what I have done for four years, that I will continue to do as long as I live. I am ready to die for the sake of my Lord Jesus."

In these words he continued to answer his persecutors. They could only silence him in one way; and he was condemned to death. He was brought to Prague, and beheaded before sunrise, to avoid a concourse of people; his body being, as usual, dismembered, and exposed after death as a criminal.

It is remarkable that before his death he spoke in a kind of spirit of unconscious prophecy. He declared that the persecutors of God's people would suffer from judgments even in this world, and that the scattered flock of Christ would be again assembled together. The persecuted Bohemians recorded instances in which the first part of this prophecy was verified in the remarkable judgments which came on several of the leading persecutors. They also relate extraordinary signs, appearances in the heavens, &c., which were said to take place at the time of these great troubles in Bohemia. It would hardly be surprising if the overwrought feelings of the sufferers had led them to see omens and portents in simple natural phenomena. A remarkable burst of thunderclaps certainly appears to have taken place on the day when the martyrs of Prague were executed, and an extraordinary hailstorm on the day of a solemn procession of the Corpus Christi at Kuntzenberg some little time later. There were strange stories of fountains of blood, and other wonders, probably originating in the excited imagination of the relaters. Several apostates were said to have been attacked with furious mania, and others with fits of the nature of epilepsy; and other similar cases are recorded.

It was indeed a day of darkness for Bohemia. The rage of the persecutors was not only spent upon men, but even on the very monuments of the dead. Graves were desecrated, bones flung out, monuments in the churches defaced or destroyed. The number of Bibles and Protestant books committed to the flames, or otherwise destroyed, must have been very great. And thus to human eye the Reformation in Bohemia was crushed to this day.

Yet, continues the chronicler, great as the victory of Antichrist appeared, the Church has never been wholly without pious teachers, who openly and secretly, by

preaching and writing, strengthened their hearers against future persecution. But it was God's will that, in the general destruction, those who seemed the pillars of the Church should be overthrown. The greater part of the nobility and a considerable number of ministers were scattered and dispersed; and therefore the enemies who had plundered the Lord's heritage rejoiced and triumphed.

But the wrath of man may be made the means of purifying the Church. There was a great sifting among those who professed to belong to Christ, and many were separated who had been united by blood or marriage in the closest ties. Many husbands went into exile whose wives refused to follow them; and many wives, for the love of Christ, have been compelled to leave their husbands. The persecution was the test which showed what the reality of their faith was. The number of those who preferred banishment to apostasy was very great. In 1630 it was computed that one hundred and eighty-five families of distinction in Bohemia alone, all belonging to the highest classes, had already gone into exile, many of these families numbering from twenty to fifty men; and this did not include the nobility of Moravia, nor the emigrations subsequent to 1630. Above two hundred ministers of the United Brethren were at that time known to have emigrated; and great multitudes of commoners, both from the cities and the country, had even within these first ten years gone into exile. The greater number settled in Saxony; some in Bayreuth, Brandenburg, and even in Holland. Many found a refuge and protection in Poland, Hungary, and Silesia, in spite of the imperial mandate.

Besides the exiles, there were many in Bohemia and Moravia compelled to remain in their country, and who, like the seven thousand of old, would not bow the knee to Baal. Some who were vassals of merciful nobles were protected from severe persecution by their lords, and remained steadfast in the faith. Many, too, are mentioned as being known to the chronicler among those who had been terrified or entrapped into a recantation, who afterwards wept over their fall like Peter, and proved, by the letters they addressed to their exiled ministers, that their repentance was sincere. Some of these were able to reunite themselves to the Evangelical Church, while others awaited, with longing desire, the power of doing the same.

"Thou, our God," concludes the chronicler, "look on our misery. We have been brought very low, and are counted as sheep for the slaughter. Comfort us again after the time thou hast plagued us, and for the years wherein we have suffered adversity. Show thy servants thy work, and their children thy glory. Amen. Amen."

Thus ends the chronicle. We need not do more than allude to the remarkable manner in which these prayers have been answered. The prophecy of the dying martyr was fulfilled, and the scattered flock has, to a certain

extent, been gathered together again. Out of that crushed and hidden remnant, the Church of the United Brethren, or Moravians, has, as is well known, arisen in fresh vigour, and become the centre of much spiritual life, not only in Germany and other parts of the Continent, but literally in the uttermost parts of the earth. In the burning plains of Africa, in the frozen coasts of Labrador and Greenland, the descendants of the Bohemian Brethren have been, and are still, faithfully making known the gospel message, and reaping a glorious harvest.

And in Bohemia itself light is reappearing. The gospel is again preached and taught as in the days when the old Brethren's Church first flourished. At Czeslau, the burial-place of Ziska, and the scene of so much bitter persecution in Ferdinand's days, a new

Protestant church and minister's house was erected on the second centenary of John Huss's martyrdom. A seminary for training evangelical teachers has been fixed on, to be commenced in that city, and it is likely to be a centre of evangelization. We hear of gospel preaching and attentive audiences in that very Leitmeritz where so many died for the faith in the early days of the Bohemian Church, and earnest efforts are made throughout Bohemia and Moravia by many evangelical agencies.

We may take comfort, then, in the thought that He whose ear is ever open to the prayers of his faithful servants, is answering the petitions poured forth in prisons and on scaffolds two hundred years ago, and does, indeed, already "look down and behold and visit this vine," which will yet bring forth fruits to His glory.

France and its Reformation.

VIII.—CALVIN GOES OUT, AND CATHERINE DE MEDICI COMES IN.

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D.

Paul's wish to tarry at Jerusalem—Calvin sets his heart on labouring in France—He is chased from Paris—Catherine de Medici is welcomed to it—The three powers of the world—Project of the King of France to marry his second son to the Pope's niece—Marriage arranged—The valley of Florence—Cosmo the merchant—Contributes to the revival of Hebrew and Greek learning—His villa on Fiesole—Lorenzo the Magnificent—Leo X.—Clement VII.—A storm lowering over the pontifical throne—Clement labours unsuccessfully to avert it—Birth of Catherine—A prophecy—Her character—Her three marriage rings—The Pope sails for Marseilles—The marriage festivities—Clement returns to Italy and dies—Events favour Catherine in France—Grasps the government of the country—Her ambition—Consummates her career by the St. Bartholomew massacre.



AIN would Paul, after his conversion, have remained at Jerusalem. He imagined that from this great centre, where the kings of Judah had reigned and the prophets of Jehovah had spoken, and One greater than prophets had lived, it was to be his privilege to spread the light first among his countrymen the Jews, and afterwards among the Gentiles. But a new dispensation had commenced, and a new centre must be found for it. Christ appeared once and a second time to the apostle, as he tarried in Jerusalem, apparently chained to the spot by his veneration for the Temple and his love for his nation, and commanded him to depart, telling him that there awaited him a wider field than Jewry, and a more prominent position than the capital of his native land and the head-quarters of the Mosaic economy. He must speak where his voice would sound throughout the world. Here its echoes would die away on the narrow shores of Palestine; here he would have only the synagogue for

an audience. He must preach on Mars' Hill, he must testify for his Master at Rome and before Cæsar; and through his instrumentality the Cross must fill a sphere as wide as that which Greek philosophy had occupied, and subjugate tribes as remote as any the Roman arms had ever conquered. But this implied, on the part of the apostle, not only anxiety, privation, and toil—for of these he thought not—but the relinquishment of long-cherished and darling schemes, which clustered around the "holy and beautiful house in which his fathers praised God," and embraced the glory of his kindred according to the flesh, who were, he fondly hoped, to hold the same high place under the gospel as under the law. They were to be the head of the nations, and wield the moral sovereignty of the world.

And so with Calvin—the second Paul of the Christian dispensation—after his conversion. His heart fondly turned to Paris, and to his countrymen of France. They were first in his wishes, first in his hopes, and first in all his visions of

the future. It needed but the gospel to make France the first of the nations, its throne the mightiest, and its people the happiest in Christendom. The progress of the gospel, at this hour in that country, was such as to warrant the most sanguine hope of its ultimate triumph. It had there found martyrs, apostles, and disciples. It had found admission into the Louvre; it had won its way into some of the pulpits and professorial chairs; its converts, which increased every day, comprehended men of all professions and trades, nobles, lawyers, scholars, and artisans. And so Calvin ever and anon came back to Paris; but as oft as he came back some adverse fate drove him hence; till at last he began to understand that it was not the great kingdom of France, with its gallant king and its powerful army, that God had chosen to fight for the Reformation, but only an "election" from its people, whose destined honour it would be to testify for the gospel in their own land by the glory of their stakes, and to help to sow it in other countries by their numerous banishments and exiles.

We now turn to another incident; one that seemed trivial, doubtless, at the time, but which was of sinister device, of most evil augury, and wrought with effect alike decisive and fatal upon the future of France: we refer to the poisonous graft which the royal house received at this time from Italy. We told, in our former chapter, how Calvin, by a too daring attempt to carry the Sorbonne by storm, drew upon himself a tempest, and had to flee. But as Calvin went out, Catherine de Medici came in. It is instructive to mark how nearly contemporaneous were these two events. Scarcely have the gates of Paris closed upon the Reformer, when they are opened to admit the crafty Italian woman. Virtue, which would have built up the State, departed with the one; vice, which corrupted it, and at last pulled it down into ruin, entered with the other. He who would have been the restorer and saviour of that great country was chased from it; she who was destined to be its perverter and destroyer was welcomed to its soil. But let us first explain how it came about that the Pope's niece became a member of the royal family of France.

The three great powers of the world in that age were the Pope, Spain, and France. The Pope

was the centre; and had the two powerful kingdoms which rose by his side united their arms, they would have found it, humanly speaking, an easy matter for them to crush their common enemy the Reformation. But God divided them. The King of Spain was jealous of France, and Francis, afraid of Charles, was always casting about how to humiliate him. He thought he had hit upon a capital device for dealing a blow to his rival. He would detach the Pope, who in that age counted for more than he does in this, from the Emperor. But how? He would offer to marry his second son, the Duke of Orleans, to the Pope's niece, Catherine de Medici. The reigning Pope was Clement VII., of the Medicis of Florence, the famous merchant-princes. Clement was crafty, mean, and inflamed with the ambition of aggrandizing his family, and Francis rightly judged that he would grasp at the brilliant offer. It promised to link him with the throne of France, and place his family among the royal houses of Europe. But would the King of France stoop to an alliance so far beneath him? Would he marry his son, who might one day succeed him in his throne, to the daughter of a merchant? What would Europe think of this? Francis had some difficulty in bringing his mind to it. But the scheme offered great advantages. It would disconcert the Emperor, it would extinguish the league he was then concerting with the Pope, and it would recover for France the hold on Italy which had been lost on the fatal field of Pavia; and for the sake of these weighty gains the King of France was willing to digest whatever mortification he might be subjected to in going through with his project. Accordingly, three commissioners of high rank were despatched to Bologna, where the Pope was at the time living, to negotiate the alliance. Had Francis feared the God of hosts as much as he did the Emperor—had he been willing to stoop as low for the sake of the gospel as for the favour of the Pope—happy would it have been for himself and his kingdom.

Clement, when the offer was made him, could scarce believe his ears. He was in doubt this moment; he was in ecstasy the next. The Emperor, who chanced to be then at Bologna, thought that Francis must be fooling, and counselled Clement to beware of the snake in the grass.

But the ambassadors protested that their master was in earnest; and additional powers arriving from Paris, the business was in due course concluded, and it was agreed that the son of King Francis should marry the Florentine girl. The Emperor was mortified, feeling that he had been over-reached; the Pope strode through his palace halls elate at the prospect of the great honour which had come to his house; and the King of France congratulated himself on having taken revenge for Pavia by this master-stroke of policy. There was one drop of bitterness, to be sure, in the cup of delight which he was quaffing—the marriage, in public opinion, must lower his house as much as it exalted the Pope's. But he set over against this the solid advantages, as he believed, which it would bring with it; for he had sold his son dear—he had bargained that Catherine should bring with her as her dowry some of the goodliest duchies of Italy. And the Pope promised readily all that Francis asked. It was the same to Clement—as easy to promise much as little, seeing he had not the slightest intention of fulfilling aught. Catherine brought enough when she brought herself. It would be long to tell all that followed her. The light has not shone so brightly in France since the day she entered it; and there has been a fire ever since in the blood of the nation, which is not yet burned out. A cup of delight, bating its one bitter drop, was this marriage to Francis; but to his house, and his kingdom after him, it was, alas! a cup of gall and wormwood.

Let us visit the cradle of this woman—the natal lair of this tigress. It was placed in one of the most delicious of the Italian vales. Over it was hung the balmiest of skies, and around it rose the loveliest of mountains. The Arno watered it, and the olive and the cypress clothed it with a voluptuous luxuriance. In this vale is the city of Florence, and here lived Cosmo the merchant. Cosmo was the founder of that house from which the little bright-eyed girl who bore the name of Catherine de Medici was sprung—a name in those days innocent and sweet as any other, but destined to become a terrible one in history, the mention of which evokes images of tragedies and horrors.

Cosmo sent his ships to all quarters of the

globe. They visited the shores of Greece, the harbours of Egypt, and the coast of Syria. The Atlantic they did not cross; for why should they visit a land not yet discovered? It was the morning of the Renaissance: its spirit—a kind of second birth of classic Paganism—was stirring many minds, and, among others, that of Cosmo. He gave orders to his captains, when they visited the Levant and Egypt, to make special search in these countries—equally famous for their literature in the early Christian times and in the classic age—for ancient manuscripts that might still survive. His orders were faithfully attended to; and when his ships returned to Pisa, the port of Tuscany, they carried a double freight—the produce of the countries they had visited, and the works of learned men which had slumbered for ages in the monasteries of Mount Athos and Lebanon, and in the cities and tombs of the Nile. Thus did Cosmo prosecute, with equal assiduity and success, commerce and literature. By the first he laid the foundation of that princely house that long reigned over the Florentine republic; and by the other he contributed powerfully to the revival of Hebrew and Greek learning, which paved the way for the Reformation, which broke out in the beginning of the century after that in which Cosmo lived.

Scholars were then fleeing from the East, for Constantinople was falling before the arms of the Turk. Cosmo welcomed these men to his city of Florence, and entertained them with princely hospitality in his villa on Fiesole. The remains of that villa are still to be seen on the slopes of the Tuscan hill just named, looking down on the unrivalled dome of Brunelleschi, which even in Cosmo's days crowned the beautiful city of Florence. The terrace is still pointed out, bordered by stately cypresses, where Cosmo daily walked, the delicious vale spread out at his feet, with the clustering towers of the city and the bounding rampart of hills full in his eye. "In gardens," says Hallam, "which Tully might have envied, with Ficino, Landino, and Politian at his side, he delighted his hours of leisure with the beautiful visions of Platonic philosophy, for which the summer stillness of an Italian sky appears the most congenial accompaniment."

His talents, his probity, and his great wealth

placed him at the head of Florence, and gave him the government of the duchy of Tuscany. His son Lorenzo—better known as Lorenzo the Magnificent—succeeded him in his vast fortune, in his literary and æsthetic tastes, and his government of Tuscany. Under him the Medici family may be said to have fully blossomed. Lorenzo had three sons—Guiliano, Pietro, and Giovanni. The father said of the first that he was good ; of the second, that he was a fool ; and of the third, that he was prudent. It was the third—John, the prudent—who became Pope, under the title of Leo X. He inherited his father's taste for magnificence, and the Tuscan's love of pleasure. Under him the Vatican became the gayest court in Europe, and Rome a scene of revelry and all sorts of delights. Leo went to the tomb as the light of the Reformation was breaking over the world ; and was succeeded in the chair of Peter, after the short pontificate of Adrian of Utrecht, by another member of the same family of Medici—Gulio, a son of the brother of Leo.

Clement VII, the title of the now reigning Pope, found a storm gathering when he ascended the pontifical throne. Luther was thundering in Germany, and the Turk on the borders of Bohemia. The swords of Spain and France were devastating Italy in settling the question whether Charles or Francis should be the master of its provinces. The infuriated German bands, now scarce amenable to discipline, were hanging like a tempest over the city of Rome, and threatening to make a spoil of all the wealth and art with which the lavish pontificate of Leo had enriched and beautified it. Another visitant—the plague—had entered the Eternal City ; and with the shout of the reveller there now rose the wail of the mourner, and with pomps and festivities were mingled the shadows of the tomb. The disorders of Christendom had come to a head ; but no one was able to find a remedy for them, though many loudly called for one. The sky was lowering and the air thick, but Clement thought, by his great talents and his consummate craft, to avert the storm that threatened ; and, setting about the work, he addressed himself manfully to the four-fold task of extinguishing the Reformation, repressing the Turk, cajoling the two kings who were by turns his friends and his enemies, and

correcting the abuses of his court and capital. In prudence he surpassed John the prudent ; his penetration saw into everything and every one ; his attention to business was unwearied. But all would not do. Labour as he might, he could not cure in a day the mischiefs of ages : one man could not set the world upon its foundations, from which it had fatally strayed. But the storm did not come just yet ; and Clement continued to intrigue and toil only to have the advantage gained by the little triumphs of to-day swept away from him by some terrible disaster on the morrow.

Meanwhile Clement was occupied with the affair of Catherine his niece, whose hand, as we have said, was sought in marriage by the king of France for his second son. It is now time that we should speak more particularly of Catherine. She was the daughter of a brother of Pope Clement's, Lorenzo by name, a grandson of Cosmo the merchant, the patron of letters and the friend of scholars. Those of our readers who have visited Florence may recollect seeing the statue of this Lorenzo, the father of Catherine, in the gorgeous mausoleum of the Medici, and of being struck with the air of meditation and thought which it wears. Her father survived her birth but a few days ; her mother too died when she was yet a child, and the girl, left an orphan, was taken under the care of her uncle Clement VII. There was said to have been a prophecy at her birth by an astrologer to the effect that the child would bring calamity on all connected with her, and would be the ruin of the house to which she belonged. The vaticination, as may be conceived, wrought the child no good ; for after the death of her parents she was but little cared for, or rather, she was put purposely in the way of harm. She is said to have been put in a basket and hung outside the wall of a castle which was being besieged, in the hope that an arrow might strike her, and so the calamity which her continued existence portended be warded off. But the expedient did not succeed. The arrows sped past, the basket received no hurt, and the infant which it enclosed lived on, to occupy at a future day the throne of France.

At the time that she formed the subject of the present negotiation between Francis and Clement, Catherine was a girl of fourteen. A strange

charm appeared to hover round her. All who came into her presence were fascinated by her. Her stature was somewhat diminutive, her form sylph-like, with a fiery light streaming from her eyes. A fairy-looking creature she was, frisky and agile, full of merriment, filling the halls where she played with her laugh and chatter, and dressing her face perpetually in smiles. The higher powers which she displayed in after life had not yet developed themselves. They needed the loftier position of a throne and the wider stage of an empire for their growth. Meanwhile she was simply the volatile, voluble, warm, passionate Tuscan girl, bounding from sport to sport, trying to extract pleasure from everything that came in her way, and, so be that the passing hour was agreeable, not concerning herself at all about the coming one.

As she grew up it was seen that she possessed not a few of the good as well as the evil qualities of her race. She had a princely heart and a large understanding. To say that she was crafty, and astute, and greedy of power, and patient, prudent, and plodding in her efforts to grasp it, is simply to say that she was a Medici. She possessed in no small measure the literary and æsthetic tastes of her great-great-grandfather, Cosmo. She loved splendour as did her great-grandfather, Lorenzo the Magnificent. She was as prodigal and lavish in her habits as Leo X., and withal as great a lover of pleasure. She filled the Louvre with scandals, as Leo had done the Vatican, and from the court she spread a taint through the city from which Paris has not yet been cleansed. The penetration and business habits of her uncle, Clement VII., she inherited, and the pleasures she indulged in do not appear to have dulled the one or interfered with the other. But above all she was noted for the truly Medicean feature of an inordinate love of power; and whoever occupied the throne, Catherine was the real ruler of France. The occurrences which made the reigns of her husband and her sons so tragical had their birth in her scheming brain. Not that she loved blood for its own sake, as did some of the Roman emperors; but her will must be done, and whatever cause or person stood in its way had to *drée* the consequences by the poinard or the poison-cup.

The motive which weighed with Francis, we have said, in seeking this alliance, was the hope of detaching the Pope from the side of the Emperor Charles. There was a curious play of forces around the person of Clement. There was at once attraction and repulsion. Hatred of the Reformation drew these two powerful kings to one another and to the Pope, and hatred of each other again put them apart. Between these alternate antagonisms and *rapprochements* the Pope was hard bestead and much put to, and they no less with him. Catherine was the handle by which the king of France hoped to lay hold on the crafty Clement and secure him for ever. Through Catherine too he hoped to lay hold on Italy, and recover the influence of which the battle of Pavia had stripped him; and so he bargained that, seeing the bride had not a penny of dowery, she should receive as outfit "three rings"—the duchies of Urbino, Milan, and Genoa. It would be easy, Francis doubtless thought, at convenient season, removing these jewels from the fingers of Catherine to the crown of France. "Certainly," responded the Pope, "his niece should have these trifling gifts." To use one of Clement's distinctions, they could be *promised* although they could not be bestowed. These "three rings" never graced the hand of Catherine.

The alliance went forward. And now we see the Pope embarking at Leghorn for Marseilles, where he was to meet the king of France and conclude the transaction. Popes have never loved ships, save the barque of Peter, nor cared to sail in any sea unless the ecclesiastic; but Clement's fondness for the marriage overcame his aversion to the waves. He sailed along, amid soft breezes, over the classic waters of the Mediterranean, and in the beginning of October 1533 entered the harbour of Marseilles. Catherine did not accompany him. She tarried meanwhile at Nice, to be at hand when needed. The interview between the pontiff and the king terminated to the satisfaction of both parties. Clement could have no difficulty in promising *everything*, seeing he meant to perform *nothing*. The chivalrous monarch was not equally matched with the crafty Pope. "Both these kings.....shall speak lies at one table, but it shall not prosper." When

all was ready, the little Tuscan beauty was sent for; and amid the benedictions of the Pope, the congratulations of the courtiers, the firing of cannon, the ringing of bells, and the rejoicings of the populace, Catherine de Medici, all radiant with joy, and sparkling with jewels, became the daughter-in-law of Francis, and the wife of the Duke of Orleans, the future Henry II.

The end of that mirth was to be heaviness to the nation to which the young Florentine now allied herself. In the banquet-hall, in which sat Catherine de Medici as the royal bride, well might a seat have been left vacant for the ghastly figure which the ancient Egyptians were accustomed to introduce on occasions of rejoicing. Never would the angury have been more true. Instead of nuptial torches, martyr fires were in due time to blaze. Instead of bridal garments, raiment of sackcloth was to be put on; and for the marriage songs the realm of France was to resound with mourning and bitter lamentations. But these days of darkness were as yet at a distance. Time must develop the disastrous consequences of the step which the king of France had taken; and before it could fully do so, both Clement and Francis would have gone to their graves.

Catherine was young, and meanwhile was too much occupied with the splendours of her new position to care for state intrigue, or to feel that thirst for power which was to awaken with terrible force in her breast in after years.

The marriage festivities at an end, the Pope turned his face towards his own land. He had come as far as to see the utmost borders of the children of the Reformation, and, like another Balaam, he had essayed to curse them by fulminating a bull, which he had brought with him for this purpose—a fit accompaniment of Catherine de Medici. And now he betook him to his galleys. A second time the winds were propitious; and, undistracted by those influences to which popes, like other men, are subject at sea, he could indulge his reveries as he sailed along before the light breezes towards the coast of Italy. He had taken a new pledge of France that it should not play the part of England. More than ever was it now the eldest daughter of the papacy. He had fortified himself on the side of Spain; and the rapid rise of that power,

to which the popes themselves had mainly contributed, gave Clement uneasiness; for its sovereigns were proving themselves less the champions and more the masters of the papacy than was convenient. It was not likely that Charles would now press so earnestly for a council, the very idea of which was so terrible to the Pope, that he could scarce eat by day or sleep by night. And so, as the coast of France sunk behind him, and the headlands of Italy rose on his prow, he thought of the new splendour with which he had invested his house and name, and the happier days he was now likely to see in the Vatican.

But the horizon did not clear up. The storm still lowered above Rome. The last year of Clement's life—for he was now drawing toward the grave—was the unhappiest of all. There was not one of his fond anticipations that did not give way. If the dreams of ordinary mortals are to be read backwards, much more those of popes. Clement is an instance in point, not to speak of popes of our own time. The Emperor was more pressing for a council than ever, and would take no more refusals; and what gave force to his demand was the growing power of the German Protestants. Catherine's "three rings" were not forthcoming; and the French king, failing to appreciate Clement's nice distinction betwixt *promising* and *bestowing*, threatened to come with his army and fetch them. To fill up the Pope's cup, already bitter enough, and, one would have thought, brimming over, his two nephews fell out about the sovereignty of Florence, and were fighting savagely with one another. To whatever quarter Clement turned he saw only trouble—threatenings, confusion, blood. He found it hard to say whether he had most to apprehend from his enemies or from his friends; from the heretical princes of Germany or from the most Christian King of France and the most Catholic King of Spain. Last of all, the Pope fell sick, and it soon began to be apparent that his sickness was unto death; and although but recently come from a wedding, Clement had to set about the melancholy task of preparing the ring and robe which are used at the funeral of the popes. No sooner was this done than Clement, closing his eyes on a world full of turmoil and oppression,

slept with his fathers. "Sorrow and secret anguish," says Soriano, brought him to the grave. Ranke pronounces him "without doubt the most ill-fated pontiff that ever sat on the Papal throne." But this judgment was passed before the historian had seen the pontificate of Pius IX.

We return for a moment to Catherine de Medici. There are beings whose presence seem to darken the light and taint the very soil on which they tread. Of the number of those was this woman. She was sunny as her own Italy, but there lurked a curse beneath her gaieties and smiles. Where she had passed there was a blight. Around her all that was fair and virtuous and manly, as if smitten by some mysterious but most deadly influence, began to pine away and die. If her breath touched them, or her eye lighted upon them, they seemed to undergo a fatal transformation, and to be unable to struggle against the power of that evil genius. It is instructive to mark that up to this time events seemed to favour the progress of the Reformation in France; but from the day that Catherine de Medici entered it we can trace a marked change. Providence no longer strove with that country. The admission of this woman was a virtual banishment of the Reformation. One thing was clear, the gospel never could mount the throne of France with Catherine de Medici sitting on its steps; and unless the throne was reformed, there was almost no hope, where the Government was so powerful, of the country becoming reformed. Now all things conspired to favour Catherine, and lift her higher and higher. Her presence was like a subtle poison coursing through the veins of the nation. Her influence on France was comparable only to the fatal blast of the desert. Her passions, instead of abating, grew stronger with years, and as every day brought new and unexpected openings for their gratification, Catherine advanced from intrigue to intrigue, and from one tragedy to another, till at last she who, at fifteen, was all radiant with smiles, was seen at fifty dripping with blood. Even Death, as D'Aubigné has strikingly remarked, appeared to be in covenant with this woman, and to strike those whom it was convenient to have taken out

of her path. Not a step was there in her ascent which Death did not assist her to mount. It was not the eldest son of the king of France to whom she gave her hand in marriage, but the second. The probability, therefore, was, that though near the throne, she would never occupy it. But in no long time the dauphin died, and the husband of Catherine became the immediate heir. A second time this friendly ally returned, and took away Francis I., and so the husband of Catherine ascended the throne under the title of Henry II., and by his side sat Catherine as queen. But Death returned, and struck down the husband of Catherine, King Henry; but the blow, instead of diminishing, as might have been expected, only augmented her power, for she now became the real sovereign of France. Her weak-minded son, Francis II., the husband of our own Mary of Scots, wore the title, but his mother governed the country. Her sagacity and astuteness asserted an easy supremacy in all state affairs. Again came Death to the Louvre, but only to bring to Catherine further enlargements of power. Francis II. died, and this event sent Mary Stuart back to Scotland, and called Catherine's second son, Charles IX., to the throne of France. It was now that Catherine found amplest field for her powers of ambition and intrigue. The extreme youth of her son, a boy of ten years, enabled her to grasp the whole machine of the State. She threw off the Guises, with whom till now she had been compelled to divide her influence; and possessing one of those rare minds that reach maturity at an age when that of others begin to decay, she plunged into a course of ambition in which she displayed a shrewder penetration, greater fertility of resource, higher powers of artifice, and a stronger genius for governing men, than at any former period of her career. But she gained no real success. The cause she espoused did not triumph; that which she opposed she could not crush; she but added to the miseries of France and her own guilt; and at last she consummated her wickedness in a crime which stands without a parallel in the annals of history—the St. Bartholomew Massacre.

PRESENT ASPECTS OF THE PAPACY.

BY THE EDITOR.



THE establishment of the Italian Government at Rome as the national capital, which is now an accomplished fact, invites and demands the attention of Protestants. As the scheme of providence evolves itself in history, it becomes all who at once fear God and regard man to mark well the successive stages through which the Papacy is led towards its final fall. While we look to the Scriptures for light, and walk by them as our rule in every transaction, it is not our part to meddle with specific prophecies as bearing on the Papacy. Ours is the safer and humbler task of applying to that system in the present crisis the general principles of the Divine administration as these are revealed in the Word and illustrated in the course of events.

There is room for diversity of opinion on the question whether the loss of the temporal sovereignty will practically increase or diminish the power of the Pope. On the one hand, it may be urged that, as the Pontifical Government was extremely bad, the loss of the temporal power is like a quantity of ballast thrown overboard, and will enable the ship of the spiritual authority to ride more buoyantly through the storm. The argument, although not very complimentary to his Holiness, is by no means destitute of force. It is certain and notorious that the Italians who inhabited the States of the Church under priestly rule were, as to their civil and political condition, "of all men most miserable;" and therefore it may with some plausibility be maintained that the Roman Catholic community throughout the world will more implicitly obey their head when he does nothing more than give ghostly advice to those who want it, and no longer deprives a people of education and freedom, or confines honest men untried in his dungeons, or kidnaps the bodies of young Jews in order to save their souls by his baptism. If a man who is neither just nor humane finds it necessary notwithstanding to maintain a profession of supereminent activity, it seems obvious that if you deprive

him of all power to injure his fellows, you thereby greatly improve his position.

In the same line, some sober and earnest thinkers have maintained that the prolongation of the Pope's temporal sovereignty in the heart of Italy has providentially tended to weaken his hold upon the heart and consciences of the Italian people, and so prepared them in some measure for eventually casting off altogether his yoke. The long-continued possession of despotic power, while all sections of the nation were straining after freedom, gave the Papacy, in a political sense, rope wherewith to hang itself. There is some ground to believe that if the Pope had been sooner dethroned, the Italians might have been more disposed to count him a martyr. As it is, it is not at home in his own country that grief for his downfall is deepest, and zeal for his restoration keenest. In Ireland, in Belgium, in America, volunteers could be enlisted in thousands to reimpose the priest-king on a long-oppressed but now emancipated people. If the Pope is ever reinstated, it will not be by an army of his own countrymen. If he is reinstated after this revolution, it will be in the same manner as he was reinstated after the revolution of 1848—that is, by foreign soldiers over the slaughtered bodies of the Roman people. It would appear that distance lends enchantment to the view of the Holy Father as well as to certain other æsthetical objects. Some Irishmen would fain set up the Pope to reign over the Romans; but the Romans, who may be presumed to know him better, don't want him.

We venture to suggest a dilemma for the consideration of those valiant men on both sides of the Atlantic who preach a crusade for the Pope's restoration. The people of the district which was till lately Peter's patrimony, are either good or bad. If they are good, the Pope has been justly deprived of his temporal sovereignty; for they would not tolerate him a day after the departure of his French protectors: if they are bad, the Pope has been justly deprived of his temporal

sovereignty; for he has long ruled them with absolute power, and they ought by this time to have been in all respects a model people. Whether, therefore, the people of the territory are good or bad, their rejection of papal rule demonstrates that papal rule ought not to be tolerated.

In these aspects the demolition of the temporal seems rather calculated to strengthen the spiritual throne. But on the other side, to mention only one out of many, the fact that the papal hierarchy have striven, and do still strive, with a life and death energy to avert the dethronement, may be taken as decisive evidence that, in their own judgment, an independent sovereignty is necessary to the effective exercise of the spiritual authority. All creatures, clean and unclean, may safely be credited with instincts swift and true for the preservation of their own lives. There is little risk in assuming that the counsellors and administrators of the Papacy are far-seeing and skilful, possessing a goodly measure of worldly wisdom; and therefore the fact that they consider the dethronement a calamity goes far to prove that it is such.

For our own part, we rejoice over recent events in Italy; but it becomes us to rejoice with trembling, lest, after an advancing, we should witness a receding wave. While we rest with unwavering confidence on the cheering truth that the Lord reigneth, and that his kingdom will certainly come, we cannot know beforehand what his times and methods may be. In our bodily constitution we have an eye for seeing forward, and not an eye for seeing backward; but in this respect our moral nature is framed on a principle precisely the reverse. We have memory, a vision that penetrates deeply into the past; but no corresponding faculty to look into the morrow. No man can predict what may be the course of events in another year. It becomes us to consider gravely the past and the present, that we may determine wisely our own attitude and our own course.

The times are critical and testing. In the prospect fears and hopes mingle and alternate.

From a general and comprehensive survey of the Papacy as it now exists in the world, the strange and startling result comes clearly out, that in its old hereditary domains it is losing ground;

and that, in some sense, it is gaining in territories and among peoples that were lost to it at the Reformation.

The loss of prestige and power in Roman Catholic countries is a matter of common observation, and springs from many diverse but concurrent causes. The gradual increase of information, and gradual growth of at least a desire for political freedom in Europe, have, like springs secretly issuing from the earth, caused the river to swell, and rend the icy covering that bound it through a long dark winter from bank to bank. In Italy, Austria, Bavaria, Spain, France, without concert, yet simultaneously and coincidentally, the impulse has been felt. It is a swelling from beneath and from within that has, during the present generation, forced many of the Papal fastenings, and gained for long-oppressed peoples some larger room on which to exercise their frozen faculties. The latest exhibition of this movement has emerged in France, not many days since, in connection with supplementary elections to the National Assembly. As the number of deputies to be elected was considerably over a hundred, it was expected that the additions would decisively affect the political attitude of the Assembly. It was assumed on all sides that a great preponderance of Legitimist and Monarchical candidates would be returned from the rural parts of France under the dictation of the priests. The princes of the dethroned dynasties accordingly swarmed to the spot, and hovered over it, ready to swoop down on the expected prey. The people voted; and, lo! a compact band of moderate Republican legislators took their places in the House; the expectant princes disappeared; and the business of the country is going on. The nerve which heretofore extended from the head in Rome and wielded the will of France as an obedient member seems to have received damage in the war, and lies paralyzed. The command is issued indeed by the head, but it is no longer obeyed by the members.

The most definite and serious wound, however, that the Papacy has sustained in these times, is the schism which has its centre in Dr. Dollinger of Munich, and spreads its ramifications throughout Germany. The Papacy, like a half-witted valetudinarian, confident in its own medical skill

insisted on performing an operation on its own body, which should immensely increase its health and strength, as well as indefinitely prolong its days. After much solemn preparation, the act was performed before a crowded gallery of applauding doctors: Infallibility was brought forth. Alas! the blow struck off an able and honest portion of the Papal body. By no efforts of the parent stem can the severed branch be grafted in again. It remains sturdily apart; by-and-by we may see it taking root and growing up an independent tree.

Those prelates who from the first favoured the dogma of the Pope's infallibility need not be taken into account. If they believed that doctrine, it would be hard to predicate what they would not believe. But a party, considerable in point of numbers, and eminent in point of intellect and learning, did not believe the dogma, and effectually refuted it in the Council. It is interesting to trace the course of this party after the decree was adopted. The vote divided them into two parts. One portion—Professor Dollinger and others, chiefly German—maintained their opposition, counting that the vote of so many ecclesiastics could not change the facts of history, or blot out the faculties of a human mind; another portion, although they conclusively proved the falsity of the doctrine before the vote, devoutly believed the doctrine after the vote. This curious phenomenon has been exhibited in America, and has much puzzled some simple men there.

A certain Archbishop Kenrick, who seems to occupy a high place among the Romanists of the United States, having imbibed some modern ideas in the free air of the West, made an able and elaborate speech in the Council, proving that the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility was false; but on his return to his diocese it was found that he supported the doctrine as true. The New York *Independent*, shocked by the inconsistency, published the speech, and charged the prelate with tergiversation. The conductors of the *Independent*, simple men, imagined that the ordinary laws of logic should bind a Popish archbishop as well as other men. They were soon enlightened. The *Watchman*, an organ of the Catholics in St. Louis, "replies squarely enough," as the *Independent* phrases it. And true enough,

the reply does not take any round-about method. Here it is :—

"Archbishop Kenrick has given to the world a very masterly protest against the dogma in question. He has collected and elucidated all the adverse arguments which reason, history, theology, and Scripture can supply. He has launched forth strong objections; but *he has refuted them—thoroughly, radically refuted them*. He asserted, and surely believed, that the *ex-cathedra* utterances of the Sovereign Pontiff were not infallible, but the Church decided that they were; and he now knows that he was wrongly informed of the teachings of history, in error in his theology, and misled in his Scriptural investigations; he now knows that the successor of St. Peter, when *deciding* a controversy of faith and morals, is *infallible*, 'because the Church has said it;' against whose authority the words of a Paul or of an angel from heaven were anathema."

The comment of the American journal on this piece of Jesuitism is not too strong. "That is," continues the *Independent*, "here are evident forgeries: a herd of ignorant Italian bishops endorses them, and they become veritable historical documents!"

Here then the party who before and at the Council agreed in believing and proving the dogma false diverge into two paths leading in precisely opposite directions. Dr. Dollinger and his supporters hold that what was false before the vote of the Council continued false after it. Archbishop Kenrick and his supporters abandon their convictions and the grounds on which they rested, not to new facts and stronger arguments, but to the assertion made by the assembled prelates that the Pope is infallible.

This is Popery disporting itself jauntily and without concealment before the public gaze in the nineteenth century. The facts—so the minority proved—the facts are all against the doctrine. Then, so much the worse for the facts; for sure enough the votes have carried it.

There is good ground to hope that the infatuated counsels of the Papacy may, under God, conduce to its speedy overthrow. The rash stupidity that compels such men as the Munich professor to believe and profess, on pain of excommunication, a dogma that they have demonstrated to be

false, is an omen of good for the liberty of mankind. But at this crisis it behoves us who enjoy liberty, bought by the blood of our fathers, to guard jealously the inestimable treasure. It should not be denied or concealed that classes in our country, both numerous and influential, have ceased to value the gain which the Reformation obtained for us. For the sake of the nation and themselves, we hope and pray that a certain frivolous stratum of our better-off classes may not know the worth of Protestant freedom by knowing the want of it. There is no way of preventing the loss of the treasure, except by rightly estimating its value while it is still in our possession.

In Paul's letter to the Romans, written long before they became Romanists, occurs an exceeding great and precious promise, with a condition folded in its bosom, to which we would do well to take heed. The promise runs thus: "The God of peace shall bruise Satan *under your feet* shortly" (Rom. xvi. 20). In whatever form the Adversary might for the time appear, the power of God in the covenant of grace was secure on the side of the persecuted disciples; but while it is Omnipotence that crushes the enemy, the enemy must be crushed under the disciples' own feet. The covenant of grace is well ordered. It provides divine power to bruise the serpent's head; but it charges the ransomed captive to trample with his own feet the entwining folds of his vanquished foe. Elsewhere the same rule appears: "The Lamb shall overcome them; for he is Lord of lords and King of kings; and *they that are with him are called, and chosen, and faithful*" (Rev. xvii. 14). You have a supreme and a subordinate ground of triumph, and these two cannot be separated. It is God that worketh in you, and therefore you must "*work out your own salvation.*" Christ's work for his people sends a new life through their being, and that life displays itself in working together with him. The members become active when a new life thrills through them from "the God of peace." He who is the Head over all things to his Church, and the Head of every new man, is pledged to subdue the enemy indeed; but pledged to do so in a particular way, and that way is by employing their own testimony and life. Yield therefore

your members as instruments of righteousness unto God. At the present crisis it is required of all who enjoy the liberty of the gospel that they be found faithful, and that they lay out the talents they have received for the advancement of the kingdom and the glory of the King.

In front of faithful Protestants at the present crisis stand two distinct classes, who both favour the Papacy, but from different reasons, and who consequently must be both opposed, but on different grounds. One class consists of those who believe in the system, and favour it as being their own religion; another class consists of those who don't believe in it, but favour it, partly to show that they are free from bigotry, and partly to conciliate politically its adherents. Passing over in the meantime those who do all they can in favour of Popery because they believe it is true, we have a word or two for those who do not believe it is true, and yet do all that they dare to do in its favour.

I confess personally to a long-continued and severe disappointment on making gradually the discovery that a section of men in this country, who are advocates of human progress and liberty, are at the same time apologists, and in some aspects even partisans of Romanism. As to the political section of the pro-Romanists, I find a fact in ancient history that goes far to explain, though not to justify, their course. A certain king called Ahaz, who reigned in Jerusalem long, long ago, was much annoyed by incursions made on his territory by Syrian tribes from the east side of Jordan, who owned the sway of a ruler in Damascus. Observing that the Syrians had power to gore his sides, Ahaz conceived the idea of turning their weapons aside by paying court to their idols. Surely, he thought, when I offer incense to the same images which my enemies worship, they will be my enemies no more. So he made a grand sacrifice in honour of the Syrian deities; but, alas! the stratagem did not succeed. The Syrian bands continued to invade Judæa, and the costly offering of the too cunning king was thrown away. The narrative is given with graphic simplicity: "And in the time of his distress did he trespass yet more against the Lord: this is that king Ahaz. For he sacrificed unto the gods of Damascus, which smote him:

and he said, Because the gods of the kings of Syria help them, therefore will I sacrifice to them, that they may help me. But they were the ruin of him, and of all Israel" (2 Chron. xxviii. 22, 23). Ahaz was sharp enough to see that the religion of his neighbours gave them unity, and directed their united strength with fanatical enthusiasm against himself and his people, and especially against the Jewish religion, which would not tolerate an idol. The method which he adopted is precisely that which in our age will commend itself to smart superficial politicians, who own no deep convictions—he will disarm the adverse faith by conforming to it.

It is obvious to most of those for whom we write that the Papacy has overlaid the religion of Christ with a thick mass of frivolous and inane idolatry. It is further plain that the Romish hierarchical system, as perfected in modern times by the Jesuits, binds a vast multitude of adherents in one phalanx like an army; and that this army moves and strikes, as all good armies do, like a machine, according to the will of its chiefs. The whole of this military organization is launched against the liberty of men, wherever an opportunity occurs of striking a blow. Political parties feel the onset of this reserve, that hovers on the edge of every battle-field, and offers its sword to the side that promises the most liberal reward. A political chief in a modern constitutional kingdom finds himself in the position of Ahaz before the idolators of Damascus. To fight them is costly, and the result may be doubtful. He thinks twice on the matter; and the second thought—which he counts very wise—is, that instead of fighting them, he will flatter them. He will bid for their favour, and win them over to his side. His rival, perhaps fearing lest he should altogether lose command of the situation, makes a higher bid. Thus is the nation sold by the parties who contend for the hegemony. Alas! the unworthy truckling of Ahaz to the idols of Damascus was "the ruin of him and of all Israel."

The writer is not alarmed and driven from his propriety, as if some supreme disaster were immediately imminent. Besides a trust in Divine Providence, he sees with glad thankfulness that there is yet a bone in the sleeve of the national Protestantism. If any sudden or great step were

taken in the direction of succumbing to the Papacy, the nation would arise, and in its rage hurl the daring leader from his place of power. But meantime, unfortunately, as long as the Papacy on the one hand, and its political partisans on the other, have wit enough to take only a little at a time, it appears that they may have their own way. This great country, it appears, will not awake and growl for a small encroachment on its rights; and there is danger that by many little the foundation of our liberty may be frittered away.

What we need is a band of faithful men, who shall make their voice heard in our legislative assemblies and throughout the land, demanding that while Romanists shall have the fullest toleration for their religion, however false and superstitious it may be, they shall not be permitted, under the plea of toleration for religion, to infringe the liberties of other men. There is a lesson which, though it lie among the rudiments of Christian experience, does not seem to be well understood in the political arena: it is, that a religion is too strong for a policy. If these two join battle without allies, policy will certainly go to the wall. It is like a conflict between a train of carriages on one side, and a similar train of carriages with an engine at their head on the other. A religion gives fire, and life, and power to a policy. The politicians who are in equilibrio as regards religion—equally indifferent to all—will certainly succumb in the long run to politicians who are animated by religious zeal. We need true religion in order effectually to withstand the false. The age and the nation need Protestants with their Protestantism still in them; for, "when the salt has lost its savour, it is good for nothing."

A crisis has arrived which demands a wise discrimination on the part of legislators and administrations. The pretension of the Papacy to rule supreme over the consciences of men has always been prolific of difficulties between magistrates and the people. Now that the Pope is acknowledged by his partisans to be infallible when he gives his judgment on questions of doctrine, he may by an infallible judgment bring matters within his own jurisdiction which in reality belong to the nation and the individuals

whereof the nation consists. Collisions of jurisdiction, which have been rife before, may possibly now increase.* But, in any event, the attitude of our country ought to be one of cautious reserve. The people of this country are apt to glide into self-complacency and pride as long as we look to our wealth and power and prestige among the nations of the earth. There are, however, many considerations lying near that are fitted to humble us. One of these is, that large numbers of our cultivated and privileged classes have of late abjured the Protestant faith, and conformed to Rome. A sensible portion of the wealth of the kingdom is administered for the benefit of the Papacy. Some members of our aristocracy make themselves conspicuous as the devotees of the Pope in presence of the Roman people, who are full of joy over their recent deliverance.

These are some of the ripened fruits that Rome has gathered from our fertile fields: but what

shall we say of the seed whence these fruits sprang, and the band who are busily sowing it! It is high time we should awake out of sleep, and make some efforts to separate between the tares and the wheat.

The sum of the whole matter is, that no power can compete with that false system except the power of divine truth living in the hearts of believing men. People sometimes express surprise that the Romish system, while professing to be founded on the Scriptures, nevertheless practically hides the Scriptures from the people. There is no difficulty and no mystery here. Every creature after its kind. The Pope is against the Bible for the very plain and sensible reason that the Bible is against the Pope. In his weakness lies our strength. In proportion as the Word runs and is glorified, its great adversary will wane. When the kingdom of God is established within us, every usurper is dethroned.

THE TRAINING OF THE TWELVE.†

I.—EMMAUS.



HIS appearing of Jesus to the two brethren by the way was a sort of prelude to that which he made on the evening of the same day in Jerusalem to the eleven, or rather the ten. As soon as they had discovered whom they had had for a guest, Cleopas and his companion set out from Emmans to the Holy City, eager to tell the friends there the stirring news. And, behold, while they are in the very act of telling what things were done in the way, and how Jesus became known to them in the breaking of bread, Jesus himself appeared in the midst of them, uttering the kindly salutation, "Peace be unto you!" He is come to do for the future apostles what he has already done for the two friends: to show himself alive to them after his passion, and to open their understandings that they might understand the Scriptures, and see that, according to what had been written before of the Christ, it behoved him to suffer, and to rise from the dead the third day.

* Certain parties in the Dominion of Canada have lately addressed to the government a solemn protest against being subjected to the jurisdiction of Roman Catholic judges, on the ground that, in certain questions concerning their religion, it is impossible that they should be both believers in the Pope's infallibility and fair administrators of British law.

† From "The Training of the Twelve." By the Rev. Alexander Bruce, Broughty Ferry. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.—A life of Christ, with special reference to the training of the apostles for their ministry—a work that is at once bold and reverent, at once lively and sound, at once concise and exhaustive.

While the general design of the two appearances is the same, we observe a difference in the order of procedure followed by Jesus. In the one case he opened the eyes of the understanding first, and the eyes of the body second; in the other he reversed this order. In his colloquy with the two brethren, he first showed them that the crucifixion and the rumoured resurrection were in perfect accordance with Old Testament Scriptures, and then at the close made himself visible to their bodily eyes as Jesus risen. In other words, he first taught them the true Scriptural theory of Messiah's earthly experience, and then he satisfied them as to the matter of fact. In the meeting at night with the ten, on the other hand, he disposed of the matter of fact first, and then took up the theory afterwards. He convinced his disciples, by showing them his hands and his feet, and by eating food, that he really was risen; and then he proceeded to show that the fact was only what they ought to have expected as the fulfilment of Old Testament prophecy.....

Something analogous to the difference we have pointed out in the experience of the two and the ten disciples in connection with belief in the resurrection, may be found in the ways by which different Christians now are brought to faith. The evidences of Christianity are divisible into two great categories: the external and the internal; the one drawn from outward historical facts, the other from the adaptation of the gospel to man's nature and needs. Both sorts of evidence are

necessary to a perfect faith, just as both sorts of vision, the outward and the inward, were necessary to make the disciples thorough believers in the fact of the resurrection. But some begin with the one, some with the other. Some are convinced first that the gospel story is true, and then perhaps long after waken up to a sense of the importance and preciousness of the things which it relates. Others, again, are like Cleopas and his companion; so engrossed with their own thoughts, as to be incapable of appreciating or seeing facts, requiring first to have the eyes of their understanding enlightened to see the beauty and the worthiness of the truth as it is in Jesus. They may at one time have had a kind of traditional faith in the facts as sufficiently well attested. But they have lost that faith, it may be not without regret. They are sceptics, and yet they are sad because they are so, and feel that it was better with them when, like others, they believed. Yet, though they attempt, they cannot restore their faith by a study of mere external evidences. They read books dealing in such evidences, but they are not much impressed by them. Their eyes are holden, and they know not Christ coming to them in that outward way. But he reveals himself to them in another manner. By hidden discourse with their spirits, he conveys into their minds a powerful sense of the moral grandeur of the Christian faith, making them feel that, true or not, it is at least *worthy to be true*. Then their hearts begin to burn; they hope that what is so beautiful may turn out to be all objectively true; the question of the external evidences assumes a new interest to their minds; they inquire, they read, they look; and, lo, they see Jesus revived, a true historical person for them; risen out of the grave of doubt to live for evermore the sun of their souls, more precious for the temporary loss; coming

"Apparelled in more precious habit,
More moving, delicate, and full of life,
Into the eye and prospect of their soul,"

than ever he did before they doubted.....

That conversation on the road formed a crisis in their spiritual history. It was the dawn of the gospel day; it was the little spark which kindles a great fire; it deposited in their minds a thought which was to form the germ or centre of a new system of belief; it took away the veil which had been upon their faces in the reading of the Old Testament, and was thus the first step in a process which was to issue in their beholding with open face, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, and in their being changed into the same image, from glory to glory, by the Spirit of the Lord. Happy the man who has got even so far as these two disciples at this time!

Some disconsolate soul may say, Would that happiness were mine! For the comfort of such a forlorn brother, let us note the circumstances in which this new light arose for the disciples. Their hearts were set a-burning when they had become very dry and withered: hopeless,

sick, and life-weary, through sorrow and disappointment. It is always so: the fuel must be dry that the spark may take hold. It was when the people of Israel complained, "Our bones are dried and our hope is lost, we are cut off for our parts," that the word went forth: "Behold, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel." So with these disciples of Jesus. It was when every particle of the sap of hope had been bleached out of them, and their faith had been reduced to this, "We trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel," that their hearts were set burning by the kindling power of a new truth. So it has been in many an instance since then. The fire of hope had been kindled in the heart, never to be extinguished, just at the moment when men were settling down into despair; faith has been revived when a man seemed to himself to be an infidel; the light of truth has arisen to minds which had ceased to look for the dawn; the comfort of salvation has returned to souls which had begun to think that God's mercy was clean gone for ever.

There is nothing strange in this. The truth is, the heart needs to be tried by trial before it can be made to burn. Till sorrow comes, human hearts won't catch the divine fire; there is too much of this world's life-sap in them. That was what made the disciples so slow of heart to believe all that the prophets had spoken. Their worldly ambition prevented them from learning the spirituality of Christ's kingdom, and pride made them blind to the glory of the cross. Hence Jesus justly upbraided them for their unbelief and their mindless stupidity. Had their hearts been pure, they might have known beforehand what was to happen. As it was, they comprehended nothing till their Lord's death had blighted their hope and blasted their ambition, and bitter sorrow had prepared them for receiving spiritual instruction.

II.—THOMAS.

"Thomas, one of the twelve, called Didymus, was not with them when Jesus came" on that first Christian Sabbath evening, and showed himself to his disciples. One hopes he had a good reason for his absence; but it is at least possible that he had not. In his melancholy humour, he may simply have been indulging himself in the luxury of solitary sadness, just as some whose Christ is dead do now spend their Sabbaths at home or in rural solitudes, shunning the offensive cheerfulness or the drowsy dulness of social worship. Be that as it may, in any case he missed a good sermon; the only one, so far as we know, in the whole course of our Lord's ministry, in which he addressed himself formally to the task of expounding the Messianic doctrine of the Old Testament. Had he but known that such a discourse was to be delivered that night! But one never knows when the good things will come, and the only way to make sure of getting them is to be always at our post.

The same melancholy humour which probably caused Thomas to be an absentee on the occasion of Christ's first meeting with his disciples after he rose from the dead, made him also sceptical above all the rest concerning the tidings of the resurrection. When the other disciples told him on his return that they had just seen the Lord, he replied with vehemence: "Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my fingers into the print of the nails, and thrust my hand into his side, I will not believe." He was not to be satisfied with the testimony of his brethren; he must have palpable evidence for himself. Not that he doubted their veracity; but he could not get rid of the suspicion, that what they said they had seen was but a mere ghostly appearance by which their eyes had been deceived.

The scepticism of Thomas was, we think, mainly a matter of temperament, and had little in common with the doubt of men of rationalistic proclivities, who are inveterately incredulous respecting the supernatural, and stumble at everything savouring of the miraculous. It has been customary to call Thomas the Rationalist among the twelve, and it has even been supposed that he had belonged to the sect of the Sadducees before he joined the society of Jesus. On mature consideration, we are constrained to say that we see very little foundation for such a view of this disciple's character, while we certainly do not grudge modern doubters any comfort they may derive from it. We are quite well aware that among the sincere, and even the spiritually-minded, there are men whose minds are so constituted that they find it very difficult to believe in the supernatural and the miraculous: so difficult, that it is a question whether, if they had been in Thomas's place, the freest handling and the minutest inspection of the wounds in the risen Saviour's body would have availed to draw forth from them an expression of *unhesitating* faith in the reality of his resurrection. Nor do we see any reason *a priori* for asserting that no disciple of Jesus *could* have been a person of such a cast of mind. All we say is, there is no evidence that Thomas, as a matter of fact, was a man of this stamp. Nowhere in the Gospel history do we discover any unreadiness on his part to believe in the supernatural or the miraculous *as such*. We do not find, *e.g.*, that he was sceptical about the raising of Lazarus: we are only told that, when Jesus proposed to visit the afflicted family in Bethany, he regarded the journey as fraught with danger to his beloved Master and to them all, and said, "Let us also go, that we may die with him." Then, as now, he showed himself not so much the Rationalist as the man of gloomy temperament, prone to look upon the dark side of things; living in the pensive moonlight rather than in the cheerful sunlight. His doubt did not spring out of his system of thought, but out of the state of his feelings.

Another thing we must say here concerning the doubt of this disciple. It did not proceed from *unwillingness* to believe. It was the doubt of a sad man, whose sadness was due to this, that the event whereof he doubted

was one of which he would most gladly be assured. Nothing could give Thomas greater delight than to be certified that his Master was indeed risen. This is evident from the joy he manifested when he was at length satisfied. "My Lord and my God!" that is not the exclamation of one who is forced reluctantly to admit a fact he would rather deny. It is common for men, who never had any doubts themselves, to trace all doubt to bad motives, and denounce it indiscriminately as a crime. Now, unquestionably, too many doubt from bad motives, because they do not wish and cannot afford to believe. Many deny the resurrection of the dead, because it would be to them a resurrection to shame and everlasting contempt. But this is by no means true of all. Some doubt who desire to believe; nay, their doubt is due to their excessive anxiety to believe. They are so eager to know the very truth, and feel so keenly the immense importance of the interests at stake, that they cannot take things for granted, and for a time their hand so trembles, that they cannot seize firm hold of the great objects of faith—a living God; an incarnate, crucified, risen Saviour; a glorious eternal future. Theirs is the doubt peculiar to earnest, thoughtful, pure-hearted men, wide as the poles asunder from the doubt of the frivolous, the worldly, the vicious: a holy, noble doubt, not a base and unholy; if not to be praised as positively meritorious, still less to be harshly condemned and excluded from the pale of Christian sympathy—a doubt which at worst is but an infirmity, and which ever ends in strong unwavering faith.

That Jesus regarded the doubt of the heavy-hearted disciple as of this sort, we infer from his way of dealing with it. Thomas having been absent on the occasion of his first appearing to the disciples, the risen Lord makes a second appearance for the absent one's special benefit, and offers him the proof desiderated. The introductory salutation being over, he turns himself at once to the doubter, and addresses him in terms fitted to remind him of his own statement to his brethren, saying, "Reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into my side: and be not faithless, but believing." There may be somewhat of reproach here, but there is far more of most considerate sympathy. Jesus speaks as to a sincere disciple, whose faith is weak, not as to one who hath an evil heart of unbelief. When demands for evidence were made by men who merely wanted an excuse for unbelief, he met them in a very different manner. "A wicked and adulterous generation," he was wont to say in such a case, "seeketh after a sign, and there shall no sign be given unto it but the sign of the prophet Jonas."

Having ascertained the character of Thomas's doubt, let us now look at his faith.

The melancholy disciple's doubts were soon removed. But how? Did Thomas avail himself of the offered facilities for ascertaining the reality of his Lord's resurrection? Did he actually put his fingers and

hand into the nail and spear wounds? Opinions differ on this point, but we think the probability is on the side of those who maintain the negative. Several things incline us to this view. First, the narrative seems to leave no room for the process of investigation. Thomas answers the proposal of Jesus by what appears to be an immediate profession of faith. Then the form in which that profession is made is not such as we should expect the result of a deliberate inquiry to assume. "My Lord and my God" is the warm, passionate language of a man who has undergone some sudden change of feeling, rather than of one who has just concluded a scientific experiment. Further, we observe there is no allusion to such a process in the remark made by Jesus concerning the faith of Thomas. The disciple is represented as believing because he has seen the wounds shown, not because he has handled them. Finally, the idea of the process proposed being actually gone through is inconsistent with the character of the man to whom the proposal was made. Thomas was not one of your calm, cold-blooded men, who conduct inquiries into truth with the passionless impartiality of a judge, and who would have examined the wounds in the risen Saviour's body with all the coolness with which anatomists dissect dead carcases. He was a man of passionate, poetic temperament, vehement alike in his belief and in his unbelief, and moved to faith or doubt by the feelings of his heart rather than by the reasonings of his intellect.

The truth, we imagine, about Thomas was something like this. When, eight days before, he made that threat to his brother disciples, he did not deliberately mean all he said. It was the whimsical utterance of a melancholy man, who was in the humour to be as disconsolate and miserable as possible. "Jesus risen! the

thing is impossible, and there's an end of it. I won't believe except I do so and so. I don't know if I shall believe when all's done." But eight days have gone by, and lo, there is Jesus in the midst of them, visible to the disciple who was absent on the former occasion as well as to the rest. Will Thomas still insist upon applying his rigorous test? No, no! His doubts vanish at the very sight of Jesus, like morning mists at sunrise. Even *before* the risen One has laid bare his wounds, and uttered those half-reproachful, yet kind, sympathetic words, which evince intimate knowledge of all that has been passing through his doubting disciple's mind, Thomas is virtually a believer; and *after* he has seen the ugly wounds and heard the generous words, he is ashamed of his rash, reckless speech to his brethren, and overcome with joy and with tears, exclaims, "My Lord and my God!"

It was a noble confession of faith; the most advanced, in fact, ever made by any of the twelve during the time they were with Jesus. The last is first; the greatest doubter attains to the fullest and firmest belief. So has it often happened in the history of the Church. Baxter records it as his experience, that nothing is so firmly believed as that which hath once been doubted. Many Thomases have said, or could say, the same thing of themselves. The doubters have eventually become the soundest and even the warmest believers. Doubt in itself is a cold thing, and, as in the case of Thomas, it often utters harsh and heartless sayings. No wonder; for when the mind is in doubt the soul is in darkness, and during the chilly night the heart becomes frozen. But when the daylight of faith comes the frost melts, and hearts which once seemed hard and stony show themselves capable of generous enthusiasm and ardent devotion.

The Church in the House.

BY THE EDITOR.

XXXII.

SENT TO THE DESERT.

ACTS viii. 26-28.



AFTER the episode regarding Simon the Sorcerer, and the mission of Peter and John from the Church at Jerusalem to visit the converts in Samaria, the narrative of Philip's ministry is resumed. He is sent now, not to a populous city, but to a desert; not to a crowd of Samaritans, but to a solitary Ethiopian. A message, which he recognized as from the Lord, reached Philip to the effect that he should "arise, and go toward the south, unto the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza, which is desert."

Both "way" and "Gaza" being feminine, it is not

certainly indicated whether it is the road or the city that is described as a desert. It so happened that Gaza was standing at the period when Philip preached, but was demolished at the period when Luke composed his treatise. Some understand, accordingly, that the words "this is desert" are the historian's note on the condition of the town when he was writing. Others take the words as part of the angel's message, intimating that the path lay through a wilderness. Though both come to the same in the end, the second seems the more natural construction. The road leads through an uninhabited country. There were more ways than one from Jerusalem to Gaza. One led by Hebron southward, and the other took a westerly direction.

"He arose and went:" he was not disobedient to the heavenly vision. If, like Jonah, he had looked for excuses,

he would have found them in abundance. He was well employed in a populous district. He had a wide door—a multitude of listeners when he preached—a multitude of inquirers when he was done. Many believed. The fields were white; and the labourer was getting his bosom filled with sheaves. Had he been called from one Samaritan town to another as large and as needy, he might have perceived the reasonableness of the call. But the demand is that he should leave the city and go to a desert. It is a trial of faith analogous to Abraham's. It required a simple, unquestioning trust, while all the appearances were adverse.

Whether he took the path by Hebron or that which lies more westward, Philip at length passed out of the inhabited regions, and penetrated into the inhospitable tract which stretches southward to Egypt and the Red Sea. Here he threads his way over broken stones and shifting sands, doing his best to keep the track that former travellers have made.

Afloat on the sand-sea, the evangelist is like one of those master-mariners who, at their sovereign's command, set sail with sealed orders not to be opened till they reach a certain indicated spot of the ocean. Philip as yet did not know why he was sent to this place, or what he was expected to do there; but he counted that his orders would open when he reached the spot. The orders, accordingly, all open, like the prison doors for Peter, of their own accord, and the whole plan is revealed: "Behold, a man of Ethiopia, an eunuch of great authority under Candace queen of the Ethiopians, who had the charge of all her treasure, and had come to Jerusalem for to worship, was returning, and sitting in his chariot read Esaias the prophet."

These two men meet in the desert: the one, a sinner uneasy seeking a Saviour; the other, a called and qualified minister of Christ. The one is a thirsting soul; the other is a "chosen vessel" charged with the water of life. The one offers, the other receives Christ. They part again: Philip to pursue his ministry; the Ethiopian rejoicing in the Lord. They met and parted in a day, perhaps in an hour. At the beginning of that interview the Ethiopian was timidly asking, "What must I do to be saved?" At the close of it he resumed his journey, a Christian in the full assurance of hope. They approached from different directions, on converging lines, until they met on a point like the apex of the letter \triangleright ; but having met, they soon separated again, like the crossing lines of the letter X, and probably never saw each other more in the body.

The two lines on which they approached rose like rivers in far distant hills, and flowed on until they met at a point in the desert between Jerusalem and the border of Egypt.

Trace the course of the Ethiopian treasurer. Late in the preceding, or early in the same year, while the mild winter of that region kept mornings and evenings cool, a commotion might have been observed in the principal street of the Abyssinian metropolis at the departure of

a caravan for the north. It is the grand vizier of the queen, starting on a religious pilgrimage. The bystanders do not exactly know the reason of the journey, but one has heard a neighbour tell that the chief treasurer had been much taken up of late with stories, told by travelling Jewish merchants, of a mighty prophet who had arisen in Judea. The treasurer, it was rumoured, was going all the way to Jerusalem to worship the God of Israel, and seek the Messiah who was at that time expected to come.

We lose sight of the Ethiopian grandee, alike on his toilsome journey by the bank of the Nile, and through the wilderness; we never get a glimpse of him among the crowds, native and foreign, who congregate in Jerusalem to worship at the feast. Where he was and how employed during the events which signalized that Pass-over, we cannot tell; but we know that, after waiting long and inquiring much, he called his servants and ordered his waggon, and started on his journey homeward, while the longing of his soul that had brought him so far remained still unsatisfied. He was thirsty; he came to the place where the springs were opened; and yet he went away still athirst. There has not been such a revival meeting since on earth as that one which took place in Jerusalem while the Ethiopian was there; and yet he came away sorrowful. On that day of Pentecost the Holy Spirit was poured on many, but not on him; at least so he thought and felt. After he has come so far, it is sad to see him returning without his errand. Yet it is written in the Scriptures, "Seek, and ye shall find." Can the promise—can the Promiser be true? Yes; and this is a conspicuous example of his faithfulness. This Ethiopian, secretly taught of the Spirit, did not limit God to times and places. As he left Ethiopia and went to Jerusalem seeking, so he left Jerusalem and returned to Ethiopia still seeking. He departed from the temple; but he still communed with God. When the period of public worship had passed, he persevered in private searching the Scriptures.

Mark the man well: he has not abandoned the search. The whole meaning of that sable chief, as he bends in silence over the parchment, seems to be, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." It is true he has not obtained what he sought at Jerusalem, so as to be satisfied when he departs; but he has learned something at Jerusalem which is of use to him now. Although his want is not supplied he knows better now what his want is. As the thirsty blindly gropes for water, he comes near the place where a fountain has been opened. An instinct is stir within him, as true as that which guides an infant to its mother's breast. He is feeling for the sufferings of Christ. Before he saw Philip, or obtained any help, the place of the Scripture which he read was this: "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter." All things are now ready. This man will be born there. In that desert place Ethiopia is stretching out her hands to God, and will not be left to stretch them out in vain.

XXXIII.

A MAN OF ETHIOPIA.

Acts viii. 27.

Pause a little here and contemplate that interesting stranger, while Philip opens to him the word of life. He is a man of Ethiopia. In the main, it is the country which is now called Abyssinia. It lies on the eastern edge of the African continent, north of the equator, and bounded on the east by the southern portion of the Red Sea. It is a land of mountains and rivers. Its climate is warm and its soil fertile. It is of great extent. In those days it was a powerful kingdom; and if its people were civilized, it might become powerful again. Some of the streams which constitute the Nile rise in Abyssinia.

The inhabitants are very black. Although we cannot be certain of the nationality of the queen's treasurer, yet, in the absence of any information to the contrary, we must assume that he was a man of Ethiopia by birth as well as by allegiance. In that carriage Philip sits beside a coloured man, and leads him into the kingdom of God. The Word is not, Blessed are the fair in skin, but, Blessed are the pure in heart. The Ethiopian's colour cannot be changed, but his character may. He may become a new creature in Christ. If he is born again, he will see the kingdom, and enter it too. It does not go by good looks. There is no respect of persons with God. A few days in the grave will make white and black people all alike; and the Ethiopian, if he has been renewed, will be very beautiful in God's sight when he rises from the grave. Angels will gaze in wonder on his gracefulness, as he enters the gates of the New Jerusalem.

This inquirer occupied a very high place in his own country. He was like Joseph under Pharaoh. Inasmuch as the sovereign was a woman, the first lord of her treasury would probably enjoy more power than Joseph possessed under an intelligent and active king. Irresponsible power is not favourable to spiritual humility; but, in this case, grace triumphed over all obstacles. Although the man had much of this world's treasure, it did not satisfy his soul. He did not say, "Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry." He possessed in abundance all that the world could give, and yet he was wretched. In some way, to us unknown, he had found out his sins, but had not yet discovered the way of pardon. His conscience told him of his guilt, but could not reveal a Redeemer. So the great man, to whom everybody paid court in the capital, went about bent under a load of grief, and inwardly sighing, Oh, wretched man that I am!

Some one—perhaps a little maid who had been taken prisoner in war—observing the sadness of the treasurer, intimated that he might obtain a cure at Jerusalem, where they worshipped the one living and true God. Having heard that there was a place on

earth where God makes himself known, he could not rest till he found it. Judging from the length of his journey, the eagerness of his search, and the period of his return, we think it probable that he was in Jerusalem when Jesus was crucified. We have no account of how he spent his time in the city; but it is certain he would frequent the temple at the hour of prayer, and listen to those men of learning who explained the Scriptures in public, and kept alive the hope of a Messiah. It is possible he may have followed the crowd as it streamed along the Via Dolorosa early in the morning towards Calvary, and seen at a distance the elevated cross and the Man of sorrows. This sable stranger, we may be assured, did not mock, or join the cry, Crucify him. He would rather stand by in silent tears.

As yet, however, the Ethiopian did not know Christ. Never man spake like this man; never man lived, never man died, like this man; but still the stranger did not know that here was opened a fountain for sin, and for uncleanness. He was very thirsty, and his lip was near the fountain of living water; yet he continued thirsty still.

He must have been present at the Pentecost revival, and heard in his own tongue the wonderful works of God, spoken by Galilean fishermen. From the public assemblies he retired to the secret study of the Scriptures, and from the Scriptures again to the public meetings for prayer; but all the while he was only a seeker—he had not found peace of conscience, pardon of sin, peace with God.

At last the time arrived when he must leave Jerusalem; and, alas! he must go empty away. He had not found what he came to seek. Having a carriage and servants at his disposal, he would doubtless carry water and other provisions, so that he would incur no danger of want in passing through the desert. But the water that he carried in a skin could not satisfy the soul of the Ethiopian prince. After he drank of that water he thirsted again. He was sitting in his carriage alone one day, with an awning over his head to defend it from the sun. A large parchment lay outspread on his knee. He was searching there for the water of life as eagerly as he would have searched near a group of palm-trees for a spring, if he had found himself alone and destitute in the desert. Some instinct in his soul, stimulated and directed by what he had seen and heard at Jerusalem, told him that near this spot the water of life would certainly be found. "He was led as a lamb to the slaughter." He pauses there. He cannot go past that spot. I think I see a great tear gather in the dark eye of the noble African, and dropping on the book. "Led as a lamb to the slaughter!" This reminds him of the wonderful man whom they had nailed to the cross on Calvary. He muses alternately on the verse which he has read and the scene which he witnessed. His heart is throbbing, and his eyes are swimming. "Of whom speaketh the prophet this?

of himself, or of some *other man*?" Does the word point to that *other man* who died on the accursed tree? Those looks and tones were more like heaven than earth. When he was reviled, he reviled not again. When the thief at his side cried, "Lord, remember me," he answered, God-like, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." That other man! Of whom speaketh the prophet this?

At that moment "the anxious inquirer" lifted up his head, and descried a solitary traveller marching on foot at some distance over the burning sand; for you can discern an object at a distance when the ground is level, and destitute of vegetation. When they meet, the inquirer's question is ready; it had already been brooding silently in his own breast; and now, when he finds a teacher, the demand comes out articulate and intense, Of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself, or of some other man?

Deliverance is near. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise, "Seek, and ye shall find." The Ethiopian was in downright earnest: when he could not obtain pardon and peace in Abyssinia, he travelled to Jerusalem, and when he failed there he started on his journey homeward again; but he continued seeking. He never let go; the line between his soul and the Saviour whom he sought was at no time permitted to slacken. He had leaned on it, and kept it tight. At night, when he fell asleep, he fell asleep in the act of drawing, as if he would by violence draw a pardon down; and when he awoke his spirit was still in the same attitude: I will not let thee go except thou bless me.

The Lord in heaven is well pleased with this pertinacity and perseverance. He opens his hand wide, and satisfies this longing soul.

XXXIV.

THE MEETING.

ACTS viii. 29.

Marriages, they say, are made in heaven: that is, the steps of two, both being God's dear children, are so directed by an overruling Providence, that after each has passed over many windings, the two paths converge, and the two lives meet and melt into one like two rivers, flowing thenceforth one broader, deeper, stronger stream. Marriages are made in heaven; and two or three other things besides marriages are made there. Meetings that are of shorter duration, and partnerships that are less intimate, come under the same rule. God, who gives law to the ocean, does not neglect a dew-drop. The hairs of your head are all numbered. Our meetings and partings are under law to God. It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps.

The meeting of Philip and the Ethiopian prince in the desert near Gaza is recorded with great precision in Scripture. On that meeting much depended; from that meeting great things sprang. What hath the Lord

wrought? and how wonderfully he hath wrought it! If his purposes in creation require the meeting of two circling worlds at some period in the evolutions of time, he will so arrange that the two shall approach and touch each other at the very point of space and time which he has designed. The same might and the same wisdom have been at work to arrange a meeting wherever and whenever one earthen vessel charged bears Christ, and another earthen vessel empty receives Christ at a brother's hand. We must not suppose that this meeting between the evangelist and the Ethiopian was arranged by the Lord, and that he leaves our meetings to the chapter of accidents. This case is recorded as a specimen of the Lord's way. This prophecy is not of private interpretation; not a letter, but a type for throwing off millions. It is not that the Redeemer and Ruler of the world made these trysts in ancient times, and ceased to make them afterwards. He ceased to reveal and record them, after he had given characteristic specimens; but he has not ceased to make them and keep them.

These meetings have been frequent in our own land of late years. Many messengers run to and fro, each bent on fulfilling his own commission, each bent on getting a soul for his hire. How thickly the royal couriers pass and repass. If our eyes were opened, the whole mountain would seem full of chariots of fire and horses of fire. See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, redeeming the time; for ye know neither the day nor the hour when the messenger sent by God to meet you on your path may heave in sight, and offer you the friendship of the king. The place whereon you now stand may be holy ground to you—the birth-place for a better life. On the right hand or the left, in the house of prayer, in the public street, in the lonely path, the messenger may appear, charged to win a soul to Christ.

Brother or sister still unconverted, if a message of love is out from the King to you, it would be sad to miss the bearer in the busy throng of life. Would you not grieve if he should go by? Then fear not: those who desire to meet him will not miss him. That vacuum in a longing heart would draw the messenger and the message to your bosom although they were at the utmost end of the earth. Though the place was desert and the path but dimly traced, and the time not told at all, Philip and the Ethiopian met, with all the exactitude of the tides and seasons.

See on a map—for the actual landscape is too wide to be comprehended in one view—the track of two converging rivers, from their several sources on separate mountain ranges to the point of confluence in the intervening valley. There are many windings in their courses. At some parts, indeed, they flow right away from each other, and sometimes back toward their springs; but in spite of all these partial and temporary divergencies, on the whole the two streams come slowly but surely to a common meeting-place. So spring far apart two human lives, and so these distant lives flow into one. God, who made the mountains and the valleys, and bade

the rivers run among them, brought these lives into being, and brought them into one. He brought them together : and that for a purpose of his own. Stand in awe of the meetings and partings of life. Reverence the friendships which you form and the farewells which you pronounce. When one is a disciple of Christ, and the other is still of the world, the Master meant by the meeting that grace should find its way from the vessel that has been filled into the vessel that still remains empty. Vessel filled, freely you have received, freely give. Vessel empty, although all good comes from Christ the Head, much good comes through Christians the members. The one should strive to be, and the other to get a blessing.

These meetings, long prepared and wisely arranged in providence, are sometimes lost through obstinate unbelief. What a meeting that was in Herod's judgment hall at Caesarea between Paul and Felix ! How far up the lines of preparation for it ran ; and how skilfully they were held in the hands of the Omniscient until the missionary of the cross and the Roman ruler met at last ! The Roman listened, and the missionary began : Now, Felix, now is your time ; now or never. But he hardened his heart and turned away. He cast out the arrow of conviction after it had gone more than half way through the searing of his conscience. Go thy way for this time : this time, fool ! you will never get another. He thought he was only politely putting off the Christian ; but, in reality, he was rudely rejecting Christ. To lose such a meeting may be to lose your soul.

That Ethiopian, on the contrary, being thirsty, welcomed the cold water. He received the kingdom of God as a little child ; and the kingdom became all his own. He believed to the saving of his soul, and went on his way rejoicing. If any place in this world can remain consecrated more than another in the memory of the saints, that spot in the desert near Gaza is a sacred spot to one of the saved multitude who stand round the throne in white clothing, for there he was born to the inheritance which he possesses now.

Philip ran to meet him. Hitherto he had walked, and that, perhaps, slowly. So when two objects afloat attract each other by hidden magnets, their mutual motion towards a meeting is slow at first and scarcely perceptible ; but when they have approached near, the movement quickens, and they traverse the rest of the space at a rush.

The evangelist, on approaching the chariot, heard its occupant reading. The student, though alone, must have been reading aloud. It is a mark of simplicity and earnestness. Like Jacob in a similar solitude, this man wrestled with the angel of the covenant. The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the King loves to feel the violent pressing with all his might at the gate.

This reading aloud also gave Philip a natural and easy opportunity of introducing himself : " Understandest thou what thou readest ? " A very suggestive question, by the way, and very suitable in our own times. To

read the Scriptures is a duty and a privilege, but it is only a means to an end. If the ground do not take in the seed, the seed left on the surface is soon carried away.

XXXV.

THE SEED SOWN AND THE HARVEST REAPED.

ACTS viii. 30-39.

Sometimes a sermon is reported and published word for word in full. At other times the report gives, in a more or less condensed form, the substance of the discourse. We possess a report of Philip's discourse delivered that day in the desert to a solitary listener, but it is in an abbreviated form. It is the briefest report of a sermon that I ever saw ; and yet it is the most complete. It is a wonderful example of much in little. " He preached unto him Jesus." One precious word expresses the doctrine which the evangelist taught : that word is " Jesus." The matter of the sermon lies all in that one blessed name. But even that is not enough. The saving doctrine contained in this name was pressed on the heart and conscience of the hearer. It was not only Jesus ; but Jesus unto him, then and there.

It is perhaps at this latter point that most of our preaching fails. In evangelical Churches there is a full declaration of the gospel. There is much sound exposition. All that is implied in the name Jesus is exhibited skilfully and faithfully before the multitude. But the ministry often halts for want of courage to press Jesus upon the conscience of every man. The outspread sun-rays make all the ground bright ; but the concentration of the rays on a spot makes that spot burn. Under the skilful preaching of Philip, the Ethiopian felt that Christ Jesus was then offered and pressed upon him the same as if there had not been another man in the world, the same as if the Son of God had come for the single purpose of redeeming him from sin, and leading him into holy rest.

While preaching depends effectually on the demonstration of the Spirit, it depends subordinately and instrumentally on the pointed application of the gospel method to the heart of the listener as if he were the only listener, and as if the Lord from heaven stood before him demanding an immediate answer. This home preaching took instant effect. The Ethiopian understood the message, and accepted Christ. He believed, was baptized, and went on his way rejoicing.

" He went on his way." He must tread the desert, although he is now a son of God and an heir of glory. He is not instantly carried home. He pursues his journey under the hot sun, and upon the hot sand. When Christ prayed for his disciples, he said : " I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." The winter is as cold and the summer as warm to Christ's disciples as to other men. They pass through fire and water ; but the Father brings them to a wealthy place at last.

The Ethiopian began that journey before he had

found and accepted the Saviour; and now that he is in Christ a new creature, he does not stop or turn aside. He will complete the journey: when he reaches home he will do homage to his sovereign, enter his office, examine his books, give audience to his subordinates, and generally attend to all the duties of his high office in the kingdom.

Here is a useful lesson for Christians of all ranks and in all times. If your business was lawful and honest before, you need not desert it when you become a Christian. A child at school, a servant in the house, a clerk in the counting-room, a labourer in the field, a mechanic in the workshop, a seaman before the mast, a merchant in the exchange, need not desert his calling when he enters a new life of faith.

Some people indeed must abandon their calling when they come to Christ. If the business has been sinful and injurious, the man will not remain in it an hour after he has become a new creature. Those fortune-tellers who haunted the precincts of the temple at Ephesus gave up their trade as soon as they believed. They came to the apostles to confess their wickedness and to burn their books. They gave up their trade and their stock in trade because, as soon as their minds were enlightened, they perceived that they were involved in an occupation which offended God and injured men. This becomes a test of truth in men, and an instrument of glory to God. Many a mischievous business has been abjured, and many an unjust gain abjured, when the eyes of an evil-doer's understanding have been enlightened and his heart made new.

But this Ethiopian gentleman would probably do more good by going home and conducting his business, than if he had abandoned his office and followed Philip northward. The Lord has need of witnesses everywhere, in schools and workshops, in families, in evening parties, in halls of judgment and legislation, in the army, and in ships at sea. Everywhere the earth is corrupt and needs salt. Every true Christian is a grain of salt; and for the world's good the salt must be distributed, so as to be in contact with evil at every point. It behoves every disciple to have always his savour in him, for he does not know how soon and how often the Lord may have need of him as a witness to truth.

He went on his way *rejoicing*. Reader, did any one ever whisper in your ear that though religion may be safe to die with, it is sad and melancholy to live in? Meet the enemy with the Master's own reproof: "Get thee behind me, Satan, for thou savourest not the things which be of God, but the things which be of men." It is not a sorrowful thing even for this world to know that the next is all your own. It is not a sad thing for any part of your pilgrimage over time to be assured that a place is prepared for you at the journey's end—a place in the mansions of the Father's house, purchased, prepared by him who loved you. It is not fitted to damp your joy in youth to have

a hope each time you lie down to sleep that if you should not awake in this life you would awake in heaven. This Abyssinian prince did not wait till his dying day for the beginning of his gladness in Christ—he began to rejoice the moment he believed; and it is the nature of that light to shine more and more unto the perfect day.

Observe, as a closing lesson, what power a thirsting soul exerts, not over earth, but over heaven. An empty human heart, longing for the living water, can command all the fulness of the Godhead for its supply. There could not be rest in heaven while the eyes of that dignified negro were filled with tears and straining upward in the desert of Gaza. It is said of Jesus once in his personal ministry that he must go through Samaria. What power laid that necessity on the Son of God! Ah! the power was unseen by men, but felt by men's Redeemer. A poor sinful woman at Sychar was thirsty, and he must cast himself in her way. So here, Heaven could not be still while the Ethiopian suffers from an unquenched soul-thirst on earth.

The drawing power of that longing soul was great beyond all calculation. It not only drew Philip away from his successful ministry in the cities; it drew forgiving love from its fountain in the eternal God.

In certain sandy tracts, both of Africa and America, where no rain ever falls, travellers sometimes fall in with a living plant! The sand is dry in which it is rooted, but it is not a dry root; it is a succulent herb! Its leaves are thick and full of sap. When they are cut, a stream of water flows from their veins to refresh the traveller.

How comes this? So far from being left in want, that lowly herb in the Sahara has all the waters of the Atlantic at its disposal. Although chained to the spot, and apparently doomed to die of thirst, it can draw a supply at will from earth and sea. A multitude of microscopic mouths open on the surface of every leaf. These, as they open and shut like the lips of a panting animal, suck the air that leans on their surface—suck from the air what moisture it contains. The air, divested of a portion of its moisture, draws from the distant ocean to fill the void. Thus the little lonely plant in the heart of the continent, growing in a rainless waste, by the mere, silent, passive power of emptiness, draws its supply from the world's great reservoir without stint. The mighty deep is compelled to part with its plenty, in order to supply the wants of the solitary, feeble herb.

Be of good cheer, disciples of the Lord Jesus, ye are of more value in his esteem than many succulent plants of the African desert. Blessed are they that thirst, for they shall be filled. Seek, and ye shall find. When I am weak, then am I strong. In the emptiness of a soul, feeling its want, and longing for supply, resides a power which will draw the water of life from the throne of God and of the Lamb.

The Children's Treasury.

AT THE TWELFTH HOUR.

FROM THE GERMAN.



ONE day in the month of August 1800, the large square in the city of Brünn (capital of Moravia) presented a gay and animated appearance. A vast concourse of people had assembled, principally composed of military men, clad in the Austrian uniform, who had received orders to prepare for active service.

On the 14th June, after a fierce and bravely-contested struggle, which lasted for twelve hours, the Austrians had been completely defeated on the plains of Marengo by the French, under the able generalship of Napoleon. Since then, great exertions had been made throughout the Austrian Empire to raise and organize fresh troops for the purpose of strengthening the army in Italy, which had sustained such fearful ravages.

As a rule, the call to arms had been responded to with enthusiastic readiness; but very different was it in this instance. Those Moravian troops, the greater number of whom, having already served their time, had been honourably dismissed from the army, felt it very hard indeed to be dragged away from their different vocations—from following the plough or out of the workshop, from behind the counter or pursuing learned researches in the study, from happy homes, and, in many instances, from wife and children.

The men looked moody and irritable, whilst muttered expressions of dissatisfaction were heard on all sides.

Suddenly all eyes were directed towards a tall, broad-shouldered man, of commanding mien, who in a stentorian voice uttered impassioned words, which resounded all over the square.

"Comrades!" he exclaimed, waving his hand aloft to attract attention, "listen to me, dear fellow-citizens! I see by the scowl on the brow of every one of you, and your dark defiant looks, that you feel yourselves wronged, even as I do. Let us resist to a man this iniquitous call to march against the foe in a foreign land! Bound by no oath of allegiance, we are free! Yes, comrades, we are free, I say, to go or stay as we choose! No man has asked us to take the oath; how then, in the name of common sense, are we bound to obey the summons?"

"Hurrah! hurrah! we are free! we are free!" were the joyful exclamations which here drowned the speaker's voice. After a few moments he resumed, however, with greater energy than ever.

"Yes, comrades, we are indeed free! We'll not refuse to fight for our emperor and fatherland should the enemy dare to approach the frontiers; but to leave our hearths and homes undefended, and be led forth to stand as marks for the French cannon in Italy, is what we'll never consent to do! The Emperor has

broken faith with us; and again I say we are not bound, we are free! Comrades, let us pile our arms together, and return in peace to our homes and our work! Come, follow my example!" and stepping a few paces forward, he placed his weapons on the ground, amid shouts of applause; then all, without one exception, advanced in turn, to add theirs to the ever-increasing mass.

A court-martial was at once held. Six of the prisoners, who were proved to have been the instigators and ringleaders on the occasion, were condemned to death; the others to imprisonment—some for life, the remainder for a long term of years.

The news quickly spread throughout the city, which now became the scene of lamentation and woe. From Brünn the tidings soon reached every town in Moravia, producing universal sorrow and regret. Six men, still in the prime of life and full vigour of manhood, condemned to suffer such an ignominious death! Six women to be, by one fell blow, made widows, their children orphans! And how many wives and children besides, would for many years to come, not only have to bemoan the absence of beloved husbands and fathers, but also think of them as languishing within the precincts of a dismal prison!

The first outburst of grief was truly heartrending to behold. In their frenzy of despair, women snatched their babes from the cradle, and rushed distractedly through the streets towards the citadel, weeping and crying aloud in the anguish and bitterness of their souls; children following hard after their mothers, joining their doleful cries to the general wail of distress.

The Lutheran pastor, Herr Heinrich Biecke, was specially moved with compassion towards the mourners, whom he followed to the citadel, fully anticipating that admission would be denied to them.

At a late hour in the evening, he hastened to the house of Count von Berchthold, a gentleman of the most benevolent and charitable disposition. When he was ushered into the library, the count immediately rose, and advancing to meet his venerable pastor, shook him warmly by the hand, exclaiming,—

"Ah, how glad I am to see you, my dear friend! You have come, I see, from scenes of terrible distress."

"You have guessed rightly, my lord. I have never in my life beheld such harrowing and painful scenes as it has been my lot this day to witness. My heart bleeds for the poor innocent victims, weighed down under such a load of sorrow. Overwhelmed with grief, they refuse to be comforted; and I have felt impelled to come to you, and ask if nothing can be done to avert this fearful catastrophe from our people and land."

"Well, as I said before, I am glad you have come. I have been sitting here for some little time pondering the whole matter. Such a terrible calamity as this affects not only the immediate sufferers, but sends a thrill of pain to the heart of every member of the community. Something must be done, and that at once!"

After a short consultation, it was agreed that both should write, there and then, to Count Kaunitz, one of the Emperor's ministers, and also to Herr Martin, Secretary of State, recommending the prisoners to mercy; and beg them to intercede with the Emperor on their behalf.

Two days afterwards the answer arrived from Vienna to this effect: "The Emperor does not wish to interfere in this matter, seeing that he has entrusted the military jurisdiction into the hands of his brother, the Archduke Charles, now with the army in Italy."

Without delay, a fresh petition for mercy and pardon was drawn out, and dispatched to the Archduke Charles, by the hands of a courier.

A long week of anxiety and suspense elapsed before the courier made his appearance again in Brünn. The Archduke refused to comply with their request, to pardon the delinquents, and simply ratified the sentence of the court-martial.

Count von Berchthold and the Lutheran pastor were unremitting in their attentions to the poor, wretched families of the condemned criminals. But such grief as theirs could not be assuaged, even by the manifold exertions those noble men made to comfort and console them. All the kindness, sympathy, and tenderness bestowed upon them seemed of no avail. The general gloom and distress deepened and increased as the fatal day approached nearer and nearer.

One evening, Count von Berchthold and Herr Riecke were sitting conversing together in the study of the parsonage. Their countenances wore an expression of deep melancholy. They were indeed grieved and sad in spirit. Having tried every means they could think of to rescue the unfortunate men, without success, it seemed as if the righteous Lord himself wished to frustrate all their efforts.

After a few moments' complete silence, during which each was occupied with his own sad reflections, the pastor, raising his head from the hand on which it had been resting, glanced towards a large map hanging on the wall. As if still absorbed with the subject of his meditations, his eyes wandered carelessly and dreamily over the map, until, in an instant, they seemed arrested and rivetted upon one spot.

Springing suddenly from his chair, and pointing nervously to the name Vienna, printed in large, conspicuous characters, he exclaimed, with some emotion,—

"Look here, my lord! One more expedient remains to us. Let it be tried. Oh, that we did not think of it sooner! But still there is time. You are, I know, as anxious to save the poor men's lives as I am; and you alone can do it."

Grasping his pastor's hand with unwonted energy, Count von Berchthold exclaimed, in a greatly agitated manner,—

"Only tell me what to do, my dear friend, and I will do it with all my heart. What would I not give or do, could I only be the means of averting this dread calamity from our city!"

"You are well known at court, my lord. Repair, without delay, to Vienna, and there intercede personally with the Emperor on their behalf. If the result of your investigations to-day be really true, then the unhappy men have been unjustly condemned to death."

"Yes, it is perfectly true, sir. The oath of allegiance had not been administered to them, consequently they were not legally bound."

"Hasten then, with all speed, dear count. Lose not a moment. Let the thought of the poor, weeping, grief-distracted relatives spur you on! Our heart-felt prayers will accompany you, and draw down the blessing of the Lord upon your errand of mercy. Surely he who delighteth in mercy will smile upon you, and bless you. Oh, think of the inexpressible joy of being able to arrive here on Friday morning with a free pardon in your hand!"

"Thanks, my dear sir, for your grand suggestion. Hope again inspires me with fresh courage and energy; and I am ready to start upon my mission in the name of the Lord, trusting that he will graciously lend his aid, and crown this enterprise with success. Cease not to pray for me, dear and honoured sir; for well I know that without God I can do nothing."

After a few hurried words of farewell, Count von Berchthold returned home to make the necessary preparations for his journey. They were soon completed; and at two o'clock on Wednesday morning he drove through the gate of Brünn on his way to Vienna.

In the dead silence of night, the rumbling noise of the heavy travelling-carriage, as it rattled along through the streets, was distinctly heard by the anxious watcher in his solitary study. Folding his hands, and raising his eyes reverently towards heaven, the worthy pastor lifted up his voice in fervid, importunate prayer, commending his noble friend to the loving care and protection of the Most High, and imploring that a rich and effectual blessing might be vouchsafed upon his momentous but somewhat perilous undertaking.

In the ante-chamber of the Imperial Palace in Vienna, two valets-de-chambre were slumbering peacefully, as they reclined each in a large, comfortable arm-chair. The Emperor Francis had retired to rest at an early hour, and had been asleep for some time. It was about midnight, when suddenly the valets were startled from their slumber. A carriage rolled rapidly across the courtyard, and halted before the gate.

"Ah, that's right!" exclaimed Count Cobenzl, on entering the room. "I am glad you are awake. A carriage has just arrived in great haste. Doubtless it

has brought the bearer of important news, probably a message from the seat of war. We must be on our guard; and by all means detain the gentleman, whoever he may be, here in the ante-chamber. You understand, the Emperor must not be disturbed unless absolutely necessary."

Before a reply could be given, the folding-doors were thrown open, and a gentleman stepped hastily into the room. He was attired in a simple travelling costume; but over his gray coat there hung a massive gold chain, from which the Grand Order of the Golden Fleece was suspended. His countenance was pale and anxious, whilst his whole appearance led one to infer that he had had a long, fatiguing journey.

"Count von Berchthold!" simultaneously exclaimed the chamberlain and valets-de-chambre, with unaffected amazement, having recognized him at the first glance.

"I have arrived at an unseasonable hour, I know; but I must see the Emperor nevertheless without delay," said Count von Berchthold, advancing to a small table, upon which he laid a roll of legal documents.

In evident surprise, not unmixed with dismay, the three men looked for sympathy in each other's faces, till at last Count Cobenzl replied,—

"Your request surprises me greatly, my lord. The Emperor is asleep. Overfatigued in body and mind by the harassing and painful duties which have lately been forced upon his attention, he retired early, hoping to enjoy one night's undisturbed repose, that he might thereby be strengthened and refreshed for the duties of the morrow. Surely—"

"Pardon me, my lord, for interrupting you; but his Majesty must be awakened. The urgency of my mission will plead my excuse. I regret as much as you do the lateness of the hour."

"But, my lord, you must allow me to remind you of the very responsible position I hold here as chamberlain to his Majesty. At such a time as this, when each day seems to bring new cares and fresh anxieties, sleep is doubly precious, and a most invaluable blessing. Under the circumstances, my lord, your request seems too cruel to be complied with. But, besides, I have received the strictest orders not upon any account to disturb his Majesty, except in a case of the most urgent necessity."

"And such is the nature of the question now at issue, my lord. You may rest assured that in awakening the Emperor you will render his Majesty one of the greatest services one individual can do for another. My mission is, believe me, of the most paramount importance. Every minute is precious, my lord. Will you then rouse the Emperor at once, and beg his Majesty to grant me an audience?"

The earnest and solemn tone in which Count von Berchthold spoke, and the anxious, perplexed expression of his countenance, together with his nervously eager deportment, all tended to shake Count Cobenzl's resolution.

Suddenly raising his head, after a few moments' silent consideration, he exclaimed,—

"The responsibility then must rest upon your own shoulders, my lord. I can no longer refuse to comply with your request."

A short interval of painful and anxious suspense ensued, during which Count von Berchthold kept his eyes unswervingly fixed upon the door. He looked paler even than he had done on his arrival.

At last the chamberlain re-entered the room, saying,—

"I am glad to be the bearer of good news, my lord. His Majesty is graciously pleased to grant you an audience at once. Will you follow me, please?"

At these words an involuntary cry of ecstasy escaped the lips of the noble count. A few moments more and he was standing in presence of the Emperor Francis, who, raising himself up in bed, accosted him in rather a peevish, sullen tone of voice.

"It seems you have come from Brünn, Count von Berchthold, to rob me of my sleep, which is more precious to me at present than much fine gold."

"I most humbly beg your Majesty's pardon," replied the count, bowing almost to the ground. "Believe me, I should not have presumed to intrude thus were the consequences involved not a matter of life and death."

"Well, let me hear at once what this weighty and important business is. Do not for an instant hesitate to speak unreservedly, be the tidings ever so bad."

At a sign from the Emperor, Count Cobenzl retired. Then, in a voice trembling with emotion, Count von Berchthold began,—

"May it please your Majesty, I have travelled here in hot haste, because the time is short, to plead for mercy to be extended towards those six men now in the condemned cell of the Castle of Spielberg awaiting their execution on Friday. On my knees I now implore your Majesty to pardon their great offence, and thus avert a terrible and humiliating calamity, not only from the city of Brünn, but from the whole land of Moravia."

"Ha! I thought as much," exclaimed the Emperor, shaking his head impatiently. "It does not much surprise me to have this petition again forced upon my notice. But it is impossible for me to pardon the men. What would the people think? Why surely, Count von Berchthold, you forget that it is for criminals and rebels you are pleading! They have been legitimately condemned, and the Archduke has ratified the sentence of the court-martial."

"But oh," pleaded the count, "bear with me when I remind your Majesty that it is your Majesty's prerogative to exercise mercy, and rescue from a cruel death when no other human being can. Could your Majesty but see the awful misery, and listen to the grievous mourning and bitter lamentation which this sentence of condemnation has occasioned, the men's lives would be spared, and they would be restored to their families; I am convinced they would! But I have yet another plea to bring before your Majesty—I am here prepared to prove that the punishment awarded is too severe; the sentence of death unjust!"

At these impassioned words the Emperor, who had been listening with marked attention, exclaimed,—

"You are bold, Count von Berchthold! Very bold! How can you have the audacity to proclaim the righteous sentence of a court-martial unjust, and consequently unlawful? The case seems to me a very plain one—men wearing the Austrian uniform absolutely refused obedience, and retired to their own homes. What do you call that but rebellion?"

"Pardon me, but your Majesty is doubtless unaware of the fact that, by some unaccountable negligence, no oath of allegiance had been administered to them, and on that account they considered themselves entitled to abide by the former arrangement, which was, that they should only be called out for home-service, in defence of their country. I have come here, your Majesty, not to defend their conduct, which was unjustifiable in the extreme, but to declare them innocent of the main charge upon which they have been condemned. I have thoroughly investigated the merits of the case, and am now ready, with your Majesty's permission, to read aloud the somewhat lengthy reports which I have brought with me for that purpose."

Permission having been granted, Count von Berchthold approached the table, upon which a handsome silver candelabra stood, the large candles of which shed a softened light over the apartment, and unfastening the cord which bound his roll of documents together, he began to read in a clear, firm voice.

Although the reading occupied a considerable time, still the Emperor listened throughout with the utmost patience and attention, never once interrupting the noble count, who, having completed his task thus far, closed with these words,—

"And now your Majesty is in possession of the whole facts of the case, and I venture to express the hope that your Majesty will agree with me so far as to admit that the men have been sinned against as well as sinning. Your Majesty's honour is at stake. What have we, as a people, to depend upon if we cannot rely upon the pledged word of our beloved sovereign? When, after having served their time, the men were honourably dismissed to their homes and various occupations, it was on the distinct understanding that, in the event of war, your Majesty should expect them to face the foe and fight for king and fatherland, but not beyond the frontiers of their own country. That solemn agreement has been tampered with without your Majesty's knowledge. And seeing that no oath was administered to them, the confidence of the men was shaken, and they were seduced into the paths of disobedience.

"As a people we love and reverence our beloved Emperor, having the most implicit confidence in the justice and merciful disposition of your Majesty. Feelings such as these have inspired me with courage and fired my resolution to hasten to Vienna, and, braving all hazards, demand an audience that I might place the true facts of the case in your Majesty's hands, and beseech

your Majesty, as I now do, in the name of justice and mercy, to tear the bloody sentence to atoms, and release the prisoners condemned unjustly to die!"

"Count von Berchthold, your noble generosity touches my very inmost soul, and I duly appreciate your genuine benevolence of heart; nevertheless your reports have failed to convince me. The men have received their just recompense of reward, and the sentence of the court-martial must and shall be put into execution."

The count turned deadly pale. The last fondly cherished hope seemed about to be wrenched from his grasp. With downcast eyes and trembling hands he rolled his papers once more together, then turning to the Emperor, he said, with deep emotion,—

"I have striven to the very utmost to rescue those unhappy men from death. It is not to be. God has decreed otherwise, it seems, seeing he has not put it into your Majesty's heart to grant my petition. God alone knows why it is that all my efforts and pleadings on their behalf have been in vain. They must die: and one reason, perhaps, may be, that your Majesty may be more merciful another time; for I feel convinced that repentance must and will come to the heart of my sovereign, and then will your Majesty remember with sorrowful regret my earnest and unavailing entreaties for mercy and pardon this night. The morning breaks; I must bid your Majesty farewell and return to Brünn, a thoroughly disappointed, disheartened, and dejected man."

"And if," exclaimed the Emperor, "I should, by way of thanks for your bold, audacious speech, cause you to be arrested, and thus prevent your returning to Brünn at all, what then?"

"I should be doubly justified, your Majesty. On the historic page it would be recorded:—The Emperor Francis caused Count Berchthold to be arrested, and his property confiscated, because he had the boldness and audacity to remind the Emperor of his Majesty's word of honour."

Suddenly starting up, and springing out of bed, the Emperor, after hastily throwing a silk morning-gown around him, rang the bell, and approached his writing-table. "Lights here!" he exclaimed, as the chamberlain entered the room. Too impatient to wait, the Emperor drew a chair forward, and placed writing materials before him with his own hands. The chamberlain now drew near, and held the candelabra in such a way as to throw the greatest possible light over the paper, upon which the Emperor now wrote a few hurried lines. Having finished, he looked up, saying, "Step forward, Count von Berchthold, and read what I have now written."

With ready obedience the count at once advanced, and bending over the Emperor's shoulder, began to read, to his great surprise, an order for the immediate release of the condemned men. Tears soon gathered in his eyes, and with a heart overflowing with joy and gratitude, he fell on his knees, and kissed the Emperor's

hand, thanking him in the warmest terms for his great goodness and mercy.

"There—that will do. Rise, Count von Berchthold." Then, having folded and sealed the order, the Emperor presented it to him, saying,—

"Take it, my lord, and return with all speed to Brünn. May you arrive in time to restore peace, joy, and happiness to your city. I readily forgive you the disturbance of this night, because you have proved yourself to be not only brave, generous, and fearless, but also my true and loyal friend." Then, whilst clapping him kindly on the shoulder, "Good-night, my dear Berchthold; I will now sleep soundly and peacefully."

After a few words of grateful thanks, Count von Berchthold pressed the hand of the Emperor to his lips, and then hastily left the room, accompanied by Count Cobenzl.

As his carriage was rolling rapidly along towards Brünn, Count von Berchthold turned round to gaze once more upon the fair city of Vienna. The sun had just risen, and the light morning mist was gradually dispersing. Not a house was visible, the whole city being still enveloped in a pale gray mantle; but the beautiful spire of the cathedral, as it stood out there clearly defined, towering, as it did, high above the fog, looked like a huge finger pointing up to heaven.

Obedient to the sudden impulse of the moment, the count folded his hands, and poured forth a few short ejaculatory sentences of prayer, with all his heart and soul thanking and praising that loving, faithful God who had helped and prospered him thus far.

At an unusually early hour of that much-dreaded Friday morning the inhabitants of Brünn had been issuing from their houses in ever-increasing numbers; and now the streets were crowded with people, who were moving about here and there in a state of restless excitement and eager expectancy. Several large groups of men were hovering around the city gate, whilst far as the eye could reach small bands of citizens were standing as if on guard at short intervals along the highroad, all gazing eagerly in the direction of the imperial city, Vienna. Every cloud of dust was greeted with hope and joy. "It might be—yes, it must be—caused by Count von Berchthold's carriage!" But the poor people were doomed to have many and great disappointments. Hope seemed gradually but surely to be giving place to despair as the hour appointed for the execution of the prisoners drew nearer and nearer.

The commandant of the Castle of Spielberg was a strict and thorough disciplinarian. He had received his orders, and those orders admitted of no alteration whatever. They must be executed to the very letter. Of this the people were well aware.

The six condemned men were sitting in a gloomy dungeon. The loose, white garment worn by criminals condemned to death covered their broad, powerful

shoulders and chests. Their countenances, though sad, betrayed no signs of fear; but wore an expression of calm, stern resignation. They had not yet passed through the terrible ordeal of bidding a last and tender farewell to the wives and children so dear to their hearts, who even at that moment were standing outside the fortress, awaiting, with painfully throbbing hearts, their promised admission to the dungeon. They had already wept so much, that their eyes could shed no more tears. Their agony of grief had been so great, that they seemed stupefied and bewildered by it. With their eyes fixed steadily upon that large, ponderous gate, there the poor wives stood, in perfect silence, each one a picture of indescribable misery and sullen despair, longing for the expected summons to enter.

Not far off, but towering high above the people, there stood upon part of a ruin a tall, dark figure—so rigid and motionless, that one might have been pardoned for imagining that it had been hewn out of stone. But that was no cold statue; it was a living man; and no other than the worthy old pastor, Herr Heinrich Riecke!

From his elevated position he was gazing fixedly upon the highroad; watching, with intense earnestness, for the first signs of his friend's return from Vienna. Hope still beat high in the good man's heart. "So many sighs and prayers could not remain unheard and unanswered. So many cheerful self-sacrificing exertions to rescue from death those comparatively innocent men, God must surely own and bless!" Thoughts like these were ever floating through his mind; and thus, in spite of the terrible anxiety and agitation consequent upon suspense and uncertainty, he never ceased to hope and pray that the deliverer might yet arrive in time with a free pardon in his hand.

As the first bell rang out its ominous strokes, a thrill of agony passed through each wounded heart, causing even the bravest and stoutest amongst that vast assemblage to tremble with emotion. From the plain below now arose the dismal tolling of the cloister bell, warning the prisoners to prepare to meet their God. In feverish excitement and anguish of soul, the moments were quickly gliding by. The third and last bell must ere very long sound forth the fatal peal, when the doomed men will be launched into eternity.

A flourish of trumpets arrested the attention of all. The soldiers who had been appointed to enclose and keep the ground around the place of execution, marched out of the fortress and took up their positions at the word of command. A band of monks began to sing a plaintive, heart-stirring hymn for the dying.

The door of the condemned cell was thrown open. The commandant of the castle stepped forward towards the prisoners, followed by the members of the court-martial, by whose decision the unhappy men had been condemned to death. Amid profound silence, the sentence of condemnation was read aloud in their hearing. Not a word was uttered by them; but a few stifled sobs broke the death-like stillness which now pervaded that

gloomy dungeon. The clock struck half-past nine ; in half-an-hour all will be over !

Suddenly the commandant started. Some far-distant sounds had struck upon his well-practised ears ; and he hastily quitted the cell, without saying a word to any one. Outside the castle he found the people in a frantic state of excitement.

Too much agitated to articulate one word, the worthy pastor, Herr Heinrich Riecke, still standing at his elevated post, was pointing with a tremulous hand towards a cloud of dust which had just arisen on the highroad. The low murmuring sounds, heard by the commandant at a great distance, gradually deepened and swelled out, as from group to group along the road were borne, with ever-increasing volume, to the eager watchers on the hill joyful bursts of enthusiastic cheering.

"Hurrah !—hurrah !—the deliverer's coming !" resounded far and near. "Where ?—where is he ?" was re-echoed on every side ; whilst women screamed with delight, and held their children aloft, crying, "Look !—look ! He comes !—he comes !"

Drawn by spirited, steaming horses, a carriage was now distinctly seen by all, tearing along towards the city at a furious rate. A few moments later, shouts of tumultuous joy and gladness rent the air, as Count von Berchthold was descried, standing erect in his carriage, waving a white pocket-handkerchief, and holding aloft in his hand a paper, which shone out conspicuously in the bright sunshine. Hundreds rushed down to the road to greet and welcome the noble count, from whose lips, as he went sweeping by, were heard the glad and cheering words, "Pardon !—pardon ! The prisoners are free ! There is the imperial order !"

The count was now carried in triumph to the Castle of Spielberg, amid the hearty and prolonged cheering of the populace.

"I congratulate you with all my heart, my dear and noble friend !" exclaimed the pastor, with deep emotion, as he stepped forward and clasped Count von Berchthold's hand in his. "Not only have you wrought deliverance for the prisoners, but you have restored peace and happiness to our beloved city. Truly deliverance has been vouchsafed at the twelfth hour ! A few minutes later, and pardon would have been of no avail to the condemned men. But come and behold the fruits of your noble exertions and intercession !"

Before entering the dungeon, Count von Berchthold and Herr Heinrich Riecke stood still for a few moments, where unobserved they now looked upon a scene which touched a chord in their inmost souls with thrilling power, and brought tears to their manly cheeks. The six condemned men still occupied that gloomy cell ; but oh ! how changed in appearance since last he saw them ! Their countenances, now beaming with pleasure, wore an expression of ecstatic joy, as with beloved wives clasped to their bosoms they were folding them in a close and tender embrace ; whilst joyous children were

clinging around their parents, uttering cries of rapturous delight.

At sight of Count von Berchthold, who had just entered the cell, leaning on the arm of Herr Heinrich Riecke, all sprang to their feet in an instant, and holding out their hands towards him, rushed forward and prostrated themselves before him, each one pouring out of a full heart his sincere and grateful thanks, whilst tears of joy sparkled in every eye.

In a truly kind, but deeply-agitated voice, Count von Berchthold at last exclaimed,—

"Rise up, dear friends ! I feel perfectly overwhelmed, and can bear no more. Believe me, I fully and heartily sympathize with you all in your great happiness ; but I must not take all the credit of bringing about this blessed state of matters. Our beloved and justly-revered pastor here was the originator of the plan for your deliverance which, with God's blessing, has proved so successful. He is, therefore, more deserving than I am of your unbounded and heartfelt gratitude. The sight of so much pure joy and happiness far more than compensates us both, I am sure, for all the exertions and anxiety we have had on your behalf."

"That it does, my lord !" exclaimed the pastor, with deep emotion. "We must not, however, forget Him to whom the full tribute of our thanks and praise is due. The Almighty God, in whose hands are the issues of all things, listened to our humble prayers, and has graciously owned and blessed the enterprise which was undertaken in his name. Let us then, my dear friends, with one accord, lift up our hearts and voices in praise and thanksgiving to our God and Father, in Christ Jesus, who, in answer to our feeble and unworthy prayers, has so mercifully preserved precious lives ; and restored peace, happiness, and prosperity to so many homes."

The short but fervent prayer ended, the necessary preliminaries for the immediate release of the prisoners were attended to ; and, in the course of a very short time, all quitted the dungeon together, accompanied as far as the outer gate by the commandant of the castle, who, whilst cordially bidding them all farewell, congratulated the six men upon their narrow escape from death and happy release from prison.

Shouts of jubilant and enthusiastic cheering greeted the little band, as, headed by Count von Berchthold and Herr Heinrich Riecke, the rescued men, with their wives and children, issued from the gate of the fortress and began to descend the hill. Men, women, and children crowded around them, wild with delight.

Gifts of every description were presented to them by the inhabitants, who by their acts of kindness and generosity sought to make those recently afflicted families forget their acute and terrible sufferings. As might be expected, there were great and universal rejoicings throughout the city of Brünn that night.



HOPE AND ITS REASON.

BY THE EDITOR.



THE best specific against the errors of the present time, or of any time, is the possession of a living hope in Christ. It is when personal hope grows feeble, through some form of entangling worldliness, that external temptation acquires power. If we should endeavour through watchfulness and prayer and meditation to strengthen the things within, that are ready to die, the things without would not give us much trouble. A fresh vigorous life wards off easily many assaults, which would suffice to quench a sickly existence.

I have seen the leaf of a plant plunged into water, and taken out dry. Nay, some leaves are so defended by a fine thick down over all their surface, that water may lie in miniature lakes for hours in their hollows, and leave no tinge of dampness when it is at length poured off. But if the leaf were allowed to flag before being immersed in water, it would lack the self-preserving power. It is not necessary that the plant should be completely withered and dead; if it has lost the fresh vigour of healthful life, it cannot ward off the wetness. The leaf that has begun to droop, and has lost the rigid erectness of present vitality, will admit and retain the water, and when removed will hang helpless and dripping like an inanimate piece of cloth.

Spiritual life in the present day is like vegetable life exposed to a deluge. It is only the strong that will come out untinged, unscathed. And the strong here are not the great or the learned, but the living. The freshest pulse may beat in an infant's veins. Those who have strong faith, whether the physical and intellectual life be more or less developed, will pass through the flood without harm.

From our view-point, faith is not exposed at

present to a very severe strain from the side of science. Our anxiety springs more from the number and constancy of the drops that constitute the volume. In an ill-assorted pair, the husband may have the clearer head as well as the stronger hand; and yet he may be obliged to succumb at last to the constancy and perseverance of a quarrelsome companion. This seems to be the idea conveyed by the wise man (Prov. xix. 13),—"The contentions of a wife are a continual dropping."

The danger at present seems to lie here, that, through the ubiquitous press, thoughts that tend to undermine faith are showered upon people's ears like rain-drops.

We rejoice in the progress of the exact sciences. So far from entertaining any jealousy of those who contribute to increase our knowledge of creation, we regard them with brotherly affection, and—considering our own inability to undertake their work—even with a measure of reverence. All that exists is the work of our God; and we thank every man who helps us to see a little deeper into the infinite of his wisdom and power. It is not that Christians have a creed which they are bound to defend from all aggression, whether of truth or falsehood. What a Christian, worthy of the name, loves, is truth; and he welcomes contributions to truth from all quarters. A Christian who knows his place lies open to receive with passionate fondness all that is true. If he has any fear of any truth, he is false to his name and his place.

But while an intelligent Christian accepts with gratitude every discovered and proved fact, he must resist the superstitions of science as well as the superstitions of Rome. The caution given by a Christian philosopher long ago is not out of date to-day: "Beware lest any man spoil

you through philosophy and vain deceit" (Col. ii 8).

Our purpose at present, however, is not to enter into a controversy with philosophical theories, more covertly or more openly adverse to revelation; we only make the existence and publicity of these theories the occasion of suggesting, for the use of believers, some thoughts that by divine blessing may tend to invigorate personal faith and hope.

"Be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you, with meekness and fear" (1 Pet. iii 15). The Hope, and the Reason of it, are distinct things, though closely related. They are distinct, and yet connected, as the foundation and the edifice which it bears.

Hope is one of the many peculiar gifts which God has bestowed upon man. The faculty and its object, like the seeing eye and the shining light, come both from the Father of lights.

The heir of a kingdom is not a king. He holds the kingdom, not in his hands, but by a longer and less visible line. The grasp is real, and the enjoyment may be sweet, although the object may still be distant. The heir in one sense differeth nothing from a servant, though he be lord of all, but in another, he already enjoys the inheritance.

A ship may be securely fixed to the spot, although fifty fathoms of blue water lie beneath her keel, and all her bulk rise and fall with every wave. She floats indeed on the sea; but her anchor is fastened in the solid beyond the shifting waters. Like a ship on the heaving sea, is a human soul in the tide of time; but like the anchor which grasps a solid world, is the hope of a Christian which takes hold of the Redeemer in the heavens: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast, and which entereth into that within the veil; whither the forerunner hath for us entered, even Jesus."

Those who are heirs of God through Christ are not immediately put in full possession. The inheritance is indeed made sure to them, but they have not yet obtained it. Hope is the line by which they hold it: through this line runs down into their hearts the enjoyment of the blessing

before the time. Hope is like the secret thread, running through earth, or air, or sea, which not only connects two distant objects as any other line might, but conveys to him who touches its furthest extremity a throb of the very fire which is treasured at its source. When I have hope in Christ, I touch the lower end of a line whose upper end is bedded in the love of God—in God who is love. Thus, out of his fulness, even now we all receive.

Faith and hope are not successive lengths, as if faith went so far across the chasm, and hope spanned the remaining space. They are rather parallel lines, which both reach all the way. By faith a Christian holds Christ; and through hope he enjoys already the rest that remaineth. When faith gets hold of Christ, hope gets hold of heaven.

Blessed hope! The time of hope is a good time. It is a space interposed between grace and glory by the wise appointment of our Father in heaven. Expectation is sweet while it lasts; and it will make possession sweeter when it comes.

Night is a wise and kind arrangement of the Creator for this world. It is only by night that the stars can be seen. The period of sojourn appointed here for the children of the kingdom is in some respects like night; but if life here is like night, hope is like the stars. Welcome the darkness, that spreads a ground whereon these luminaries may appear.

The word of God is quick and powerful. The sword is sharp to divide. The hope that is really blessed, is a hope *in you*. It is not hope in the dictionary, hope in the Bible, hope in the creed, but hope in you. What will it profit a man, though he could define and discuss hope with the tongue of men and of angels, if himself have not a living hope? A man may be able to explain the properties of gold, and to detect the counterfeit among the true; but, if he possess not a sovereign of his own, he is poor notwithstanding his skill. A man may understand the elements which constitute bread, and pronounce decisions regarding its quality, which become the standard for the whole community; but, if he cannot obtain a loaf, he will starve. This homely and self-evident remark, I am persuaded, is eminently needed at the present time. The reproof, Thou

hast a name that thou livest and art dead, is a word that liveth and abideth for ever.

The hope that cheers a human heart during this pilgrimage, and will live and shine like the stars of heaven when the very shadow of death is thrown across the pilgrim's latest steps, is, as to its object, a hope in Jesus, and as to its place, a hope in you.

But hope, though inherently the greatest thing, is in this case subordinate to the reason that sustains it: as the house, which for ultimate effect is the greater, yet depends for its existence on the foundation.

The reason or ground of a Christian's hope is not a uniform unvarying thing, the same for all persons and all circumstances. The answer which a believer gives when questioned regarding his hope is now one and now another, according to the design of the questioner, and the side from which the question comes. The Christian is enjoined to be ready to give answer to "every one that asketh." It is not always the same one that makes the demand, and the demand is not always made with the same object. It is plainly implied in the phraseology of the precept that the interrogators are many and various. It will be found in experience that the answer which is suitable for one questioner is not suitable for another.

The character of the answer which a Christian gives is determined by the attitude and object of the man who demands it. At least three completely distinct reasons of his hope may and should be given by a believing man, now one and now another, according to the direction whence the question comes, and the end which the questioner has in view. At one time an unbeliever may ask, in order to undermine your faith; at another, a theologian, in order to test your orthodoxy; and at a third, a pastor, in order to ascertain what has been your personal religious experience. The answer to the first becomes the evidences of religion; the answer to the second becomes the doctrines of grace; the answer to the third becomes the narrative of your own conversion.

The first tells how saving truth was made known to the world; the second tells what saving truth is; and the third tells how you have accepted it in your own heart and life. The

first determines that God has given a Saviour—offered a salvation to sinful men; the second ascertains that you know, without serious mistake, what that salvation is; and the third probes your own heart to discover how you have practically accepted the salvation that God has provided in his covenant, and you have acknowledged as his.

The first is the evidence of revealed religion; the second is the creed of the Church; the third is the conversion of the man.

1. When an unbeliever asks you the reason of your hope, be ready to answer. Here a discourse on evangelical doctrine, or a narrative of Christian experience, although it may be good in itself, is not appropriate. If it is the right word, it is not the right word in the right place. Has God spoken offering mercy to men, and do these Scriptures infallibly convey his message? This is the battleground to-day between belief and unbelief. Generally the conflict regards the authenticity and inspiration of the Scriptures, and particularly it regards the life of Christ as it is written there. The instincts alike of friends and foes are true, when they point thither as to the key of the position. Still Jesus is in the midst. While he stands there, God with us—the just God, and yet a Saviour—all our faith and hope remains unshaken; but if he falls, all falls.

The evidences may be presented in two distinct aspects, both equally true, although essentially different; as you may at one time describe a city as it appeared while you stood within it, and at another time as it appeared when you looked down on it from the summit of a neighbouring mountain. The two representations are diverse, and yet both are true representations of the same city. In like manner you may, through a full research in regions of history and criticism, arrive at the conclusion logically, through the medium of the intellect, that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are the inspired word of God to man; or you may close with the promises which the Scriptures contain, and discover that such is their sweetness when tasted, and such their power to nourish a soul that lives upon them, that you come to be experimentally convinced, through the medium of the heart and conscience, that the message which so exactly describes the disease, and so effectually applies

the cure, has come from the Maker and Redeemer of men. The first is the method of the few who have much learning ; the second is the method of the many who have tender consciences and receptive hearts. Those, by a profound chemical analysis have demonstrated that bread is wholesome and nourishing ; these, being hungry, have eaten bread, and found that it sustained their life. The same God who in Nature has made the most necessary things plentiful, has in grace made the surest method of proof accessible to all. Wine may be the luxury of the few, but water, which is more precious, is provided abundant and free to all. The satisfaction of the unlearned who has put the key into the lock and found that it opens the door, is as logical as that of the most skilful mechanist who has examined the wards and found in all the parts an absolute harmony. In the present abundance and confidence of non-religious speculation, if none could hold fast their hope in Christ except the experts who could meet the theorists on their own terms, and foil them with their own weapons, we might well repeat the old cry, "Are there few that be saved?" A knowledge of the Scriptures, an experience of peace, and common sense combined, will easily throw aside most of the questions and most of the questioners who endeavour to undermine the faith of Christians. Faith is a plant that grows by increasing from within, not by wrapping new strata round the circumference. It will accordingly live and increase, although it receive many an external stroke. The life that is "hid with Christ in God," does not need to flutter when the fiery darts fly thick around.

2. When you have become satisfied that the Scriptures are God's word, revealing the way of life, another questioner may approach from another side and inquire whether you have clearly seen the way of life revealed there? Alas, there are some who accept the Scriptures as a divine revelation, and yet miss the way! Here it is a friend who presses the question home, "What is the reason of the hope that is in you?" From the rudest form of self-righteousness, which hopes because it never did anybody any harm, up to the most subtle infusion of personal merit, all kinds of mistakes occur as to the grounds on which a sinner may become just with God.

The most essential feature of the reason of a Christian's hope is that it lies not within but without, not in himself but in Christ. Noah, you seem happy and hopeful, although the fountains of the great deep are breaking up ; what is the reason of your hope? The ark, he replies, as he clings in confidence to the refuge. Captive Hebrew, cowering in your hut on the borders of Egypt, the angel of death will pass through the land this night to smite the first-born of every house, and yet you seem cheerful as you shut your door when the darkness has grown deep ; what is the reason of your hope? The blood of the lamb on my door-post, he instantly answers. Under that symbol I rest in peace. No plague can come nigh my dwelling. The reason of a believer's hope to-day may be better expressed in one word than in a hundred. What is the reason of your hope, Christian, for I see you fearless even while you are going down the sides of the valley of death ; what is the reason of the hope that is in you? "Christ," he answers up, and pursues his path, singing as he goes, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I fear no evil, *for thou art with me.*"

3. When a parent, or pastor, or Christian teacher, or believing companion, jealous over you with a godly jealousy, and fearing lest by any means you should heal your wound slightly, demands of you the reason of your hope, you do not prove the truth of the Scriptures, nor set forth the doctrine of justification by faith. On these matters you and your interrogator are completely agreed. He knows that you receive the Scriptures as the word of God, and maintain the whole system of evangelical doctrine ; but he may have anxieties on the question whether you have yet passed from death unto life. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." In such a case the proper answer is the history of your own experience. Paul often gave the reason of his faith in this aspect. The phrase, "As I went to Damascus," came readily to his lips. He never hesitated to tell, when he saw it needful, how the Lord met him by the way, and how he yielded himself a captive to the obedience of Christ.

To every one that asketh, be ready to render this reason for your hope. Perhaps the questioner who most appropriately, and with the best

right, probes you on this point is yourself. Let a man at this point examine himself. This operation lies best to the patient's own hand.

Sometimes in slight wounds, after a neighbour has tried in vain to perform for you the needful operation, you may have observed that, from his position, he cannot easily reach the spot, and that you could operate yourself with greater ease and safety. In such a case you ask him to give you the instrument, saying, "It lies better to my own hand." Now, if any organ lie better to one's own hand than to the hand of another person, it is the conscience. Awkward and unskilful at best are all the efforts of a friend to lay open its many folds, and detect the cause of the ailment in its hiding-place. Take the instrument—in this case "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God"—and wield it against the enemies that are within. Spare not for the patient's crying. "Let a man examine himself." Much of the feebleness that afflicts the Church at the present day is probably due to the comparative neglect of self-examination in a busy age and an exacting world.

From what quarter soever the question may come—from friend or foe, from self or neighbour—the answer should be given "with meekness and fear," with gentleness towards men and reverence toward God. If the reason is given with petulance and pride, the reason probably is not true. "By their fruits ye shall know them"—these hopes of a Christian, the reasons as well as the reasoners. If the fruit is bitter, the tree is not good. He who leans on the true foundation knows too well how and where he obtained his hope to speak of it with arrogance or self-conceit. His confession to the Giver is, "There is forgiveness with thee, that thou mayest be feared." Delivered by sovereign grace—saved, as it were, by fire—he tells his experience with tenderness, that he may honour God and win his brother.

But perhaps you cannot give a reason. When a question is put, by friend or foe, regarding your hope in God, your heart flutters and your lips are sealed. You would start at the sound of your own voice on such a theme. You cannot render a reason; and how, then, can you serve God? A department still lies open for you—a department which you are fit to fill. If you cannot

give a reason, try to be one. If your lips are sealed, let your life speak for you. This is a reason which the feeblest may render, if he is a disciple of Christ; and it is more effective, both in convincing adversaries and in guiding inquirers, than all the arguments of theology.

The humblest Christian may become an epistle of Jesus Christ, by living like the Lord, wherever his lot is cast. If you are not fit for the pulpit, try the press. I mean by this expression not the composition of printed books, but the exhibition of pure, true, loving lives. Some men in the Church of Corinth, who did not like Paul's stringency, confessed that his letters were more effectual than his spoken words: "His letters," say they, "are weighty and powerful; but his bodily presence is weak and his speech contemptible." There are many in the Church who could not by speech do much to convince a gainsayer, or win a prodigal; their speech might be, if not in itself contemptible, yet in point of fact contemned; yet these same Christians might by their letters be powerful—not the letters which they write, but the letters which they live. The Lord hath need of such letters to commend his cause in the present day—letters written not with ink, but with the Spirit of the living God; written not on tables of stone, but on fleshy tables of the heart, the meaning shining through a transparent character in every step of common life.

The hope is within, but the ground of hope is without the Christian. Let him mark this distinction well. An omniscient Questioner will examine us at last. Beware of the answer that you give him now—"Have we not prophesied in thy name, and in thy name cast out devils, and in thy name done many wonderful works?" This plea will not prevail. It will receive the reply, "Depart from me, I know you not." It is not I; it is not we; it is on Thou that the hope of a sinner must rest. The answer that should be given to this Questioner is written for us in the Word: "Thou hast redeemed us, and washed us from our sins in thy blood."

A few years ago, three children, amusing themselves in a little boat on the west coast of Scotland, were suddenly driven out to sea by a wind off-shore. Night came on, and there was no rescue. The land was not in sight, and they

knew not in what direction to row. The next day passed, and no help came. During the following night the youngest child died. When the morning dawned, the survivors looked down on the pale face of their dead companion, and upward on the blue sky, and outward on the horizon, by turns: they could do nothing towards their own deliverance. They sat still and wept. But ere the sun was high on the third day, a ship appeared; nearer it came and nearer; her course ran straight to where they lay. The crew saw them, and made preparations for picking them

up. The countenances of the two castaways then changed. Hope beamed very brightly in their young eyes—in their countenances, in their attitude, beamed blessed hope. Had any questioner been present at that moment, and had asked the reason of the hope that was in them, they would doubtless—with eager, glistening eyes and outstretched arms—have cried in unison, “The ship!—the ship!”

The *hope* was in themselves; but the *reason* of their hope lay in the ark that was bearing down to save them from the flood.

MISSIONS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

PAPER FIRST.

BY THE REV. JOHN GIBB.



HOSE who read the history of the Christian Church solely for personal edification seldom linger long over the pages which record the missionary work of the Middle Ages. It is not to be wondered at that the “Lives” which we possess of medieval missionaries are not regarded as very instructive specimens of Christian biography by modern Protestants. The reader who opens them finds himself immediately transported into a region of marvels which he cannot credit, and his deepest convictions are frequently offended by modes of procedure sometimes adopted by these missionaries which he cannot regard as in accordance with the spirit of the New Testament. The result is that most Protestants turn away from those marvel-working missionaries of wild, rough ways and grotesque superstitions, with the feeling that between such men and the religious life of the present day a gulf is fixed, which no effort of sympathy can bridge; for they appear more like painted figures on cathedral windows than weary, painful men who toiled and prayed for human souls after the pattern of the first apostles, and of those who in modern times have best realized the ideal of apostolic men.

Much of this aversion to medieval missions is, however, founded upon misapprehension. The miracles which admiring and not very truthful chroniclers have attributed to the missionaries were, in most cases at least, neither performed nor claimed by them; and if they cannot be altogether exonerated from the charge of having propagated the faith in a superstitious and unevangelical manner, this is to be ascribed to the age in which they lived, not to any purpose of their own; for they were men incapable of consciously violating either the precepts or the spirit of the gospel. If we judge them less by “Lives” which have been written of them, and more by the work which they achieved, it

will be evident that no Christian missionaries deserve to be held in greater honour than those intrepid heralds of the cross who, in the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, ventured to carry the glad tidings to the dwellers among the forests and marshes of Germany and Scandinavia, and by whom the standard of the cross was first planted among nations who remained true to it even when they saw it overthrown and trodden down in the lands where Christ and his apostles preached.

It cannot be right entirely to withhold our sympathies from men by whom such a work was accomplished. Indeed, we may go further, and add that it leaves us poorer if any portion of the history of Christ's Church has no place in our sympathies. In every age Christ had a Church, according to the prediction; and since the days when in Jerusalem and in Antioch it found its first centres, the Church of Christ has never ceased to manifest its continued life by sending forth messengers to carry the glad tidings to the nations beyond; and although it is true that in some ages faith has been cold and labourers few, and that in other times superstition has soiled and marred the blessed message, yet no age has been entirely wanting in witnesses for Christ—in men and women on whom the discerning eye can trace the mark of his cross in their willingness to do and suffer for his dear sake things sore and difficult to flesh and blood. Such witnesses were not wanting in the Middle Ages; and it is sometimes worth the pains to endeavour to penetrate through the mist of ecclesiastical fables with which they have been unfortunately surrounded, and to form some notion of what manner of men were the founders of the Christianity of Germany.

The object of this, and perhaps of another paper, is to give a brief account of some of the medieval missionaries, and of their labours; and slight and incomplete as such sketches must be, even the few traits of the men

and their work which can be given in our limits may help some to have juster thoughts of the founders of Teutonic Christianity.

Long before the era of which we are about to write, three great races, kindred, yet distinct, poured themselves in succession from the steppes of Asia, and passed into the north and east of Europe. First came the Celt, then the Slave, and lastly the Teuton. By the arrival of the other two, the first comer, the Celt, was obliged to migrate southward, and was thus brought into closer contact with the civilized southern races. The result was that, at a time when the Teutons and the Slaves were almost entirely heathens and barbarians, a considerable portion of the Celtic population of Europe had learned the lessons of Christianity and of civilization. At the beginning of the seventh century Christianity had already effected a permanent settlement among the Celts; and the Celtic Church was recognizing the duty of sending forth missionaries to preach to their Teutonic kindred, who still worshipped the wild powers of nature, and did not know the blessed Name which had brought peace to Celtic Christians. It was the Irish monasteries which were for the most part the centres of evangelization for the continent of Europe at this period. Never was a wilder and more rugged field of missionary labour offered to heralds of the cross. Wild and almost pathless forests, varied by quaking bogs dangerous to man and beast, covered the greater parts of Central Europe; and further north still these forests stretched "away from the fair Rhineland, wave after wave of oak and alder, beech and pine, God knew how far, into the land of night and wonder and the infinite unknown, full of elk and bison, bear and wolf, lynx and glutton, and perhaps of worse beasts still." Scarcely less wild than their own forests were the tribes that wandered up and down in these regions. Brave and cruel, they had been long the terror of their southern neighbours; and nothing but love to Christ would have induced men to leave the abodes of civilization to live among such terrible barbarians. But this love overcame all, and rendered the wild missionary fields of Germany and Friesland as attractive to the Irish monks as a new land is to modern tourists. They remembered that these Teutons were men with immortal souls—souls that might be won from the kingdom of darkness for the paradise of God; and this thought made them willing, nay, eager, to leave the comparative comforts of their home, to labour, and generally to die, among the forests of the north. They sought a heavenly crown, and laboured for a heavenly reward; and angels, they believed, nay, the blessed Lord himself, would be with them in the forests, and give them tokens of the favour of Heaven such as they could scarcely hope to enjoy if they remained at home. Often the most learned and gifted among the monks went forth to evangelize the northern heathen. It was a post of honour, and attracted high and earnest spirits. Again and again we read how some monk,

the pride of his monastery, and destined to be its head, suddenly told his brethren that a desire had taken possession of him to go forth among the heathen; and how he went, despite the entreaties of the brethren, who wished to retain him among themselves. We shall, perhaps, best explain how they laboured among the heathen when they reached the field of their labours, by giving a short sketch of two famous missionaries called Columban and Gallus.

Columban was born in Ireland, and educated in one of the monastic institutions of that country. At an early age he became famous among his brethren for learning and for piety, and composed a commentary on the Psalms, and other religious works. The young man seemed marked out to preside with honour over one of the famous monasteries of Ireland, and to leave behind him the reputation of a learned and pious abbot. But his heart was set upon other work. He wished to preach to the heathen. After some delay, he received the reluctant consent of his superior, Congal, Abbot of Banchor, to his plan; and in the year 580, accompanied by a few companions, he sailed from Ireland and landed in Gaul. The King of Burgundy received the monk and his companions with all honour, and urged them to remain in his kingdom. But Columban and his companions had not left Ireland to labour among men who professed Christianity, but to carry the gospel among the heathen; so they declined the invitation of the king. In the wild district of the Vosges, which was then the boundary between the kingdoms of Burgundy and Austrasia, they found such a field as they desired. Amid wild pine woods, and deep defiles which separated the mountains, they established their colony. Some fields there were which had, in the times of the Empire, been cultivated by Roman legionaries; but they had long been neglected, and were overrun with brushwood. Tribes of heathen Suevians wandered up and down at will; and it was to them the missionaries addressed themselves, although some Franks, a professedly Christian people, also lived in the neighbourhood. There was in the district a ruined castle or fort, which belonged to the Roman period, and here the missionaries settled down. It was not long ere the Suevians began to feel interested in the strangers who had come to dwell among them. They saw them clear spaces in the woods and among the old fields, in which they sowed seeds, and in due time reaped harvests. They saw them build for themselves humble cells, in which they lived peacefully and without strife; and from the larger building in the middle of the village, with a round tower, they could hear, three times a day and three times during the night, the voices of prayer and praise. The meaning of these voices they came to understand, for Columban and his companions assiduously laboured to instruct them. The Suevians listened to their instructions, and some were persuaded by them to receive Christian baptism, and to settle down to the peaceful task of tilling the soil—occurrences which had, perhaps, more connection

with one another than may appear at first sight, as the peaceful occupation won them from their wild robber life, and made the practice of Christian morals more easy. Other brethren from Ireland joined Columban and his companions, and the work advanced in a most encouraging manner. But their toils and privations told heavily upon the monks. Seventeen of them died, and were laid in graves in the forest. Another source of grief and annoyance arose to Columban and his companions. They found that they were viewed with suspicion and distrust by the neighbouring Frankish clergy. The main reason of this probably was, that the zeal and self-denial of the missionaries rebuked the coldness and worldliness of the clergy. They were also displeased with the monks because they obstinately adhered to the ecclesiastical customs of Ireland, especially with regard to the keeping of Easter. The reply of Columban to the complaints by the Gaulish bishops is full of pathos and dignity.

"I am not," he wrote, "the author of that difference. I came as a stranger in this land, for the sake of our common Lord and Saviour Christ. I beseech you by that common Lord and Saviour Christ—I beseech you by that common Lord who shall judge us all—to allow me to live in silence, in peace, and charity, as I have lived for twelve years, beside the bones of my seventeen departed brethren. Let Gaul receive into her bosom all those who, if they deserve it, will be received into the kingdom of heaven."

In a little time a danger arose from a higher quarter to Columban and to his companions. Thierry, the King of Burgundy, having heard of the fame of Columban, visited the monastery in the forest. This visit was the beginning of intercourse between the good man and the Burgundian court—an intercourse which in its beginnings resembled, and almost came to the same end, as that between Herod and John the Baptist. Thierry was a licentious king, and Columban, both by word and letter, sharply reprov'd his vices. The king listened at first with patience and humility to the words of his reprover, and promised amendment. But his wicked mother Brunehaut, who ruled her son through his vices, like another Herodias, stirred up Thierry against Columban. The quarrel between the monarch and the monk rose so high, that the latter was seized by the royal guards, and was conveyed away from his monastery to the sea-coast, where he was put on board a vessel for Ireland. In this persecution Columban bore himself with high courage and fidelity, and with, perhaps, something more than sufficient severity towards his adversary. "Why are you retiring hitherward?" said the Bishop of Tours. "Because that dog Thierry has driven me away from my brethren," was the reply. To another he said, "Tell thy friend Thierry, that within three years he and his children shall perish, and God will root up his whole race."

Columban did not, however, return to Ireland. The vessel in which he had been placed was driven back

again upon the shore of Neustria. Columban returned to his missionary labours, although not to Alsace. The King of Neustria begged him to hallow his kingdom by his presence; but the missionary spirit of Columban impelled him to go again among the heathen. With a few followers, he embarked upon the Rhine, and sailed up the river. They found their way to Tugium, or the modern Zug. There they began again to labour among the Suevians; but the somewhat intemperate zeal of Gallus, or Callech, who set fire to the wooden temples and threw the idols into the lake, excited so violent a tumult among the people of the place, that the missionaries had to retire. Columban left them, says a modern historian, "with a most unapostolic malediction, devoting their whole race to temporal misery and eternal perdition." The words of Columban were certainly stern and fearful, and we do not deny that perhaps something of human anger mingled itself with the grief and indignation of Columban; but some modern writers forget that the apostles did certainly "shake the dust off their feet" when they turned away from any city which refused to receive them, and were in the habit of telling the people that the guilt of refusal would come up against them in the day of judgment.

We next find Columban and his companions on the shore of the Lake of Constance. There they met with a Christian priest of the name of Willimar, who in his loneliness hailed with great joy the arrival of brethren in the faith. By his advice, they repaired to a ruined Roman city at the end of the lake, which he pointed out as a suitable point at which to begin their missionary labours. It was a place of rendezvous for the inhabitants, where they assembled to a great religious festival; and certain brass ornaments, which hung upon the walls of a building that had formerly been a Christian church, were worshipped by them as presiding deities. When the day of the festival came round, Columban and his companions were waiting to receive the crowd. Gallus was acquainted with the language, and on him the duty devolved of preaching the missionary sermon. "He watered their hearts," to quote the words of the old chronicler, "with honied words, exhorting them to be converted to their Creator Jesus Christ, the Son of God, who has obtained for our miserable race admittance into the celestial kingdom. Then in the sight of all he broke the images which were fixed upon the walls, and threw them into the depths of the lake. Then part of the people confessed their sins and believed; but part, angry and indignant, took their departure in a rage."

During three years Columban and his companions remained at this place preaching the gospel, and cultivating the land, according to their custom. At the end of that time the hostility of the heathen party, who were headed by a chieftain named Cunso, compelled them to abandon their work. Columban, who was now a very old man, crossed the Alps, and ended his days in an Italian monastery. Gallus and some of the other

monks, however, lingered near the sphere of their labours, and, when the hostility of the heathen party became somewhat less active, reappeared on the scene, and again began operations. Willimar joined them, and they publicly preached to the people. The daughter of their great enemy, Cunso, fell sick—being possessed by a devil, in the opinion of those about her—and a message was sent to Gallus entreating him to come and heal her. Gallus went, and, it is said, miraculously healed the chief's daughter. Cunso, filled with gratitude, bestowed valuable presents upon Gallus, who, however, scattered them almost immediately in liberal alms-giving. Among the gifts was a silver cup, and one of the companions of Gallus pleaded hard that it should be retained to be used in the Holy Supper; but Gallus refused, saying,—“Vessels of brass sufficed my Master for the celebration of the Holy Feast, and they should be sufficient for me; let it be given to the poor.”

After this Gallus retired into the solitudes of the forest, accompanied by a deacon John and twelve other monks. The monastery which they established there was the beginning of the famous monastery which still bears the name of St. Gall. An attempt was made to induce Gallus to leave his retreat in the forest, and to become Bishop of Constance. But Gallus declined the office. It was against the rules of the Church, he said, that a stranger should be appointed bishop, except in urgent cases; “But,” he added, “I have a deacon of your own people who is well fitted to fill the office, and I propose him for your acceptance.” On the occasion of the consecration of John as bishop, Gallus preached the sermon. In an old chronicle we have an account of the sermon of Gallus; and it shows us that it was the Bible histories and precepts which were the foundation of his preaching. It is true that the missionaries of the Middle Ages were less preachers of the gospel and more religious reformers than modern missionaries. Perhaps it was that their ideas of the gospel were none of the clearest; perhaps that they found the people so pre-occupied with their superstitions, with consciences so dead, that they felt it to be needful, first of all, by word

and action, to impress upon them that God was displeased with them on account of their ways. But the sermon which Gallus preached at the consecration of John shows us that Scriptural teaching was by no means altogether neglected; although the gift of knowledge, it must be owned, was by no means the pre-eminent gift of the medieval Church. After the bishops had consecrated John, we are told that they begged the man of God, Gallus, to instruct the people with his sweet doctrines. He, being desirous to water the hearts of the people from the divine fountain, taking his scholar by the hand, went to an elevated spot, from which he preached, the bishop interpreting the words of his master. He began with the creation of the heavens and the earth, the fall of man, and the promise given to our first parents after their fall of an inheritance in the heavens. He then spoke of Noah and Abraham, and the other patriarchs, whose lives had been recorded as examples. He showed how the legal symbols of the law of Moses might become food for the souls of men. The fortitude of the kings he contrasted with that of the brave Christian athletes who carried on an unceasing war on the side of virtue against vice. “The vision of the prophets was made use of for the correction of morals and the establishing of the true faith. And when the mysteries of the Old Testament were concluded, he came to the new joy of the mercy of Christ. And here the discourse became more elevated, as was fitting to the more elevated themes. The evangelical miracles having been recited, and the sacraments of the Passion and the Resurrection, it is said that the hearers, from heavenly desire, watered their countenances with tears.” The people returned to their homes, and Gallus retired to his humble cell in the forest. Here he remained during the rest of his life, superintending the labours and the devotions of a few monks. He died A.D. 627. After his death thousands of pilgrims resorted to the cell where he and his few companions had lived; and a great monastery was erected on its site, which, during the ninth and tenth centuries, became famous as an asylum of learning.

Palestine.

BY THE REV. ANDREW THOMSON, D.D., F.R.S.E., EDINBURGH.

VI.—MORE ABOUT JERUSALEM.

THE objects within the walls of Jerusalem that can be identified with certainty as of Biblical interest, might almost be counted on the fingers of our two hands. The remark is likely to be disappointing; but it is better to bow at once before the stern fact than to incur the worse disappoint-

ment of having to give up rashly-formed and romantic beliefs.

No doubt, if you will abandon yourself to unquestioning sentiment and easy credulity, there are monkish guides who will hang a tradition on the corner of every street, and make the very stones in the walls vocal with sacred memories.

They will even show you the house where Dives lived, and the spot where poor Lazarus lay; they will conduct you to a modern Turkish barrack in the Via Dolorosa, and assure you that this is the old palace of Pontius Pilate; they will point you to a mark in the wall of the same street, which was made by the cross of Jesus when he bent beneath his burden and it was transferred to the willing shoulders of Simon the Cyrenian; and if your credulity does not yet seem strained to breaking, they will venture to lead you to the roosting-place where the cock crew that brought Peter's sin to his remembrance. All these, and twenty other "puerilities" and "incredibilities," are seen to be utterly worthless, and unreal as the baseless fabric of a vision, in the presence of the simple fact, to which both Josephus and the elder Pliny bear witness, that "within the first Christian century the Romans so levelled to the ground the whole circuit of the city that, with the exception of three towers left to exhibit the greatness of the Roman prowess in destroying it, it presented to a stranger no token of its ever having been inhabited; and this most renowned city, not only of Judea, but of the East, had become a funeral pile." The structures of modern Jerusalem are built upon the accumulated ruins of eighteen hundred years; and to find the Jerusalem of our Lord's times you must dig down to fifty, and sometimes even to eighty, feet beneath the present surface. It is not without a good deal of lingering regret that one yields himself up to the consequences of such details, and allows them to sweep away what it would have been so much more agreeable to retain. When we were conducted, for instance, to the spacious apartment now called the "Cenaculum," we should have liked to believe that it was the actual upper room in which our Lord observed his last Passover with his disciples and instituted the Lord's Supper, and in which soon afterwards the great Pentecostal effusion took place with its cloven tongues of fire and its glorious Spirit-baptisms. We could have said to modern criticism, with its iron hand making such rude work with the ivy and the flowers, "At least, spare us this." But it would not do. Not only the facts we have named, but the architectural style of the edifice, made us feel that this tradition must go with the others.

But there is one place, at least, in Jerusalem which it would be unreasonable to set aside after this summary fashion. About the year 300, the Empress Helena, the aged mother of Constantine, believing that she had discovered both the Calvary where our Lord was crucified and the rocky tomb in which he was buried, and from which he rose again on the third day, built a church, within which she inclosed both these sacred spots, and which continues to be known to this day as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. When the original building on which the venerable empress had expended so much of her enthusiasm and treasure had nearly perished through decay and violence, it was rebuilt on the same site by the Crusaders; and though a large portion of it was destroyed by fire near the beginning of the present century, it was speedily restored, and continues to occupy the same spot as it did fifteen long centuries ago. During all those intervening ages, the eye of nearly all Christendom has been turned to it in the sincere belief that it enshrines and protects the actual scenes of our Redeemer's crucifixion and resurrection. When it passed for a time into the hands of the Moslem, the heart of Christian Europe was stirred and its own best blood shed for its recovery; even in our matter-of-fact days the contest of rival powers for the honour of protecting it had something to do with the origination of the Crimean War; while every year thousands of pilgrims, with much toil and sacrifice, come from every quarter of the earth to this world-renowned sanctuary that they may gaze, and weep, and wonder, and worship on those very spots where the redemption of man was accomplished.

We reserve the question of the veritable genuineness of these spots for a later portion of our paper, that we may first look upon the scenes which are meanwhile being enacted within its walls. This may help to reconcile us to the conclusion to which it is not impossible that we may be forced. It so happened that the week spent by us in Jerusalem was the week of the Latin Easter, which gave us an opportunity of witnessing scenes within this venerable edifice that filled us with astonishment, shame, and sorrow, but out of which, we are convinced, lessons of no little value may be evolved.

You approach the Church of the Holy Sepulchre

through an open court, surrounded on almost every side by miserable-looking convents. There is a noisy traffic going on in the court in coloured beads, fans, spices, carved shells, oil of roses, and sandal-wood, all of which have been made doubly precious by having been taken into the church and made sacred by a priestly benediction. There are sharp-eyed money-changers also in quiet corners; while here and there the halt, the maimed, and the blind are calling piteously for alms. The front, though sombre, and made darker by the shadow of the neighbouring convents, is imposing and picturesque. One of its two doors is built up, and has been in this state since the Crusades. Over the doorway there is a somewhat defaced representation of the triumphal entry of Jesus into Jerusalem. A company of coarse and dirty Turkish soldiers are guarding the door, which is not yet opened; and they show the insolent and contemptuous bearing of those who know themselves to be masters. At length the door is slowly opened; and dropping into their foul hands the prescribed "paras," we pass with strangely solemn feelings within the sacred house.

We thought of the many generations of pilgrims from every nation under heaven that had streamed through that gate; and not least of those mailed Crusaders who bore in their bosoms such a mixture of romance and religion, kneeling on that pavement with the consciousness of having won back "the precious tomb, their haven of salvation," as a glorious prize from the Unbeliever's grasp. The first object that arrested our attention was a large stone slab curiously streaked with veins of red, called "the stone of unction," which is said to be the stone on which the body of our Redeemer was laid after it had been taken down from the cross, for the purpose of being washed and wrapped in spices; and several pilgrims, as we passed, were bending down and kissing it with great reverence. Parts of the vast structure were portioned off as chapels or sanctuaries for the different Churches—the Greek, the Latin, the Armenian, the Coptic, and others; the Greek and Latin, being the most numerous and powerful, receiving by far the largest shares. Almost all the incidents in the last hours of our Saviour's passion have their scene fixed under this spacious roof. As it was the week of the Latin Easter, young priests of

that communion were busily employed in conducting pilgrims over the various sacred spots, and repeating to them the narrative connected with them, while at intervals they chanted Latin hymns. We joined ourselves to one of those companies. Here was the place where Jesus was scourged and the pillar to which he was bound; in this place he was mocked; here, again, his garments were divided; and this is the prison in which he was kept while the Roman soldiers were making ready the instruments for his crucifixion; and so on with much of the same kind. It seems to have been the aim of the different Churches to pile up wonders within these walls, and to bring them into a most convenient proximity. If you will turn aside for a little into the gorgeous chapel of the Greek Church, they will show you a large round stone which, copying a well-known heathen fiction, they call the "Navel-stone," and insist on your believing that it marks the centre of the world; and they will gravely point you to another place where the skull of Adam was discovered, though they are puzzled when you ask them how it was identified as having belonged to our great progenitor.

After having nearly completed the circuit, we ascended by a considerably long flight of steps to the place which is pointed out as Calvary, where we were shown three holes in a rock in which we were told the three crosses were inserted, with our Lord's in the middle. We were even pointed to a remarkable rent in a neighbouring rock, which was produced by the earthquake that signalized the awful hour of the crucifixion. Descending from this a distance of apparently about forty yards, we were conducted to the empty sepulchre of Christ. It stands directly beneath the dome of the church, from which the light streams down upon it, and makes it more distinctly luminous than any other object in the sacred edifice. It is a small, oblong, quadrilateral structure, composed of white marble, that has become yellow with the age and incense of so many centuries. Many of the lame and blind, mingling with the pilgrims, were clustering near its entrance when we approached. It consists of an antechamber capable of holding six or eight persons, in which the stone is shown on which the angel

sat when the disciples came in the early dawn to the empty grave ; though a duplicate of this stone, strongly affirmed to be the original one, is exhibited in the Armenian Convent. Beyond this is the actual chamber of the sepulchre itself, declared to be the veritable "place where the Lord lay." Putting our shoes from off our feet, we bent lowly and entered. There was a sarcophagus or stone coffin covered with a simple polished stone, with eight burning lamps of gold or silver—all of them the gift of monarchs or princes—shedding down upon it a tranquil light ; and this was said to cover the brief resting-place of that body which "knew no corruption." There was one who had entered before us, kissing the stone with an almost ecstasy of devotion. Even with the doubt present to our mind whether this was the real sepulchre, it was difficult not to be carried away for the moment by sympathy with such earnestness. We felt how easy it was in certain conditions to transfer something of that devotion to localities which can only wisely or lawfully be given to Christ himself. We were restored by the remembrance, "He is not here, but is risen as he said." After a hurried glance at the tombs of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea—which are said to be contained in another part of the edifice—we departed, intending to return again in the evening.

It was the evening of Good Friday, when the various scenes in our Saviour's passion were to be enacted in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. When we arrived, the immense building was crowded ; so that it was with some difficulty we found our way to a pillar not far from the supposed Calvary, against which we tried to lean for rest and safety. As we had anticipated, the English Jesuit was there, with the Scottish marquis holding aloft a lighted candle. The first thing that struck us was the marching in and planting, at different places in the crowd, of a number of Turkish soldiers, who had come, as they said with sarcastic contempt, to keep peace among the Christians. And no doubt they had too much pretext for this, for riots were far from infrequent on such occasions ; it had even been no unusual thing for persons to be trampled to death in the crowd. And when the Greek and Latin Easters happened in the same week, the mutual hatred of

the two rival communions was certain to vent itself in scenes of blood.

After some delay, the sound of plaintive music was heard in the distance, gradually approaching nearer. By-and-by a great procession bearing lights and crucifixes, with a multitude of young choristers robed in scarlet, were seen ascending the steps towards Calvary, one cross of large size carried aloft having a figure upon it representing Christ. The figure was of the colour of flesh, nailed to the cross by the hands and the feet with great nails, with a thorny crown upon its head, and with the appearance of blood trickling down from the temple and the sides. The great cross with this life-like image upon it was fixed in the middle of the rock on Calvary, and there it remained for a time exposed to the gaze of all the spectators. A sermon of an exceedingly dramatic kind was then preached by a priest at the foot of the cross, after which two persons approached, representing Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, who, ascending a ladder, and having hammers and other instruments handed to them, unfastened the nails, and taking down the body received it into a winding-sheet. Another sermon was then preached in English, by Monsignor Capel, in which Protestant heretics, like ourselves, were informed that we were "the other sheep not of this fold," of which Jesus had spoken on one occasion, and were exhorted to come into the better and safer fold in which the preacher was. Certainly the scenes of irreverent superstition, from the midst of which his appeal was made, were not fitted to make the fold attractive. The body was then covered and borne in procession, and amid the chanting of hymns, to the stone of unction which we have already described, where sweet spices were laid upon it and aromatic incense waved over it ; the whole ending in its being carried to the sepulchre, and placed there as if in burial, from which it was to be brought forth again, with every sign of exultation and triumph, on the Easter morning. We confess to our having been greatly shocked and grieved by this performance. The most sacred events were dwarfed by it and degraded. Instead of ensouling those facts, it seemed rather to take the soul out of them. It was an intrusion into an awful presence, in which angels would have veiled their faces with their wings. It did not appear generally

to impress the spectators ; but how great was the danger that even those who were impressed would mistake the mere temporary excitement of their sensibilities for the working of true religious feeling !

This was the scene at the Latin Easter ; but at the Greek Easter, which follows somewhat later, there is not only superstition, but what it is impossible to characterize otherwise than as gross and impious imposture. Even the Roman Catholic Church reprobates and ridicules it, though she can scarcely do this with clean hands while she continues to sanction the annual liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius at Naples. Then the Greek bishop or patriarch, descending into the Holy Sepulchre, pretends to receive fire from heaven, such as that which came down at the first Christian Pentecost. At a particular juncture, a sudden noise like the rumbling of distant thunder is heard ; instant cries follow, "The fire, the holy fire, has fallen !" and soon after a light is thrust through an opening in the tomb—a supply of the miraculous flame having first been secured for the monks in the Convent of Mar Saba. The numerous pilgrims, frantic with excitement, rush with their candles to the entrance and catch the sacred fire, and soon the whole place is in a blaze of illumination. To gain this one prize, we are assured, to bathe in the Jordan, and to carry away a dress that has been dipped in its waters, which is to be afterwards used as a winding-sheet, has been the object for which multitudes have come from far distant countries, and travelled with incredible hardships over thousands of miles. The candles are soon extinguished, and carried home to their villages far away, as the most precious trophies. From that time, we are told, they appear on every important occasion in their history. They are lit again, and held over the man's head and over that of his bride when he is married ; they serve as tapers at the baptism of his children ; when extinguished, they are hung over the threshold of his door, and serve as a safeguard against all intruders, and goblins, and ghosts. And when eventually he sets forth on his last earthly pilgrimage, and sickness, and pain, and trembling, and sorrow are the sole companions of his dread journey, then the priest will hold up the remains of these relics before his already half-glazed eyes, and they are expected to cheer him through the valley of the

shadow of death. The last service they render is, when once more lighted, they are placed at the feet of the dead man, with his rigid form and closed eyes, and here they burn on lower and lower through the long hours of night till they expire.

How strange and saddening it is that that edifice which, beyond all others, claims to enshrine the spots on which occurred the great events of human redemption, should be the chosen scene in which superstition, imposture, and jugglery play such foul and fantastic tricks as are a scandal to the world ! But is there evidence to convince the unprepossessed mind that this church does contain the actual scenes of our Lord's crucifixion and resurrection ? We suspect that modern inquiry will prove this old and extensively-credited tradition to have been a mistake and a delusion. When we were in Jerusalem, we were convinced on this matter against our will ; the old cherished tradition died very hard within us. Our process of doubting was this. We knew from the Gospel narratives that our Lord was crucified and buried outside the walls of the city. But when we stood on the roof of the Protestant bishop's house, and took in at a glance the whole look of the city, we were astonished to observe how very near the Church of the Holy Sepulchre stood to its centre. It was next to impossible for us to believe that when Jerusalem contained a population perhaps fifty times greater than it now does, its boundaries were narrower, and this in the only direction in which it was possible for the city to have greatly extended—that is, towards the north-west. All topography then is against the supposition that the tomb of Jesus was here. But when we examine the evidence of historical tradition, we find that the links in the chain are weakest where they need to be strongest, and that they dissolve into sand while we handle them. The apostles do not appear to have given any heed to the scenes of those events. Those earnest, suffering men were concerned with the facts, not with the localities. Paul visits Jerusalem once and again, and he does not even once speak either of Calvary or of the empty grave. Then when, at the destruction of Jerusalem, the Christians fled from it to Pella, they did not return for more than sixty years, during which intervening period the whole city had been re-

duced to ruins. And if it be true, as Jerome says from mere hearsay, that Hadrian, in order to insult the Christians, built over the place of Christ's sepulchre a temple to the Paphian Venus, how was it that when the Empress Helena came eagerly searching for the sepulchre, she did not find her information in this circumstance, but was obliged to draw it out by torture, in her own imperial way, from a few unhappy Jews who were ready to purchase their liberty and their lives by an easy falsehood which the credulous old empress was even more ready to swallow than they were to invent ?

Let us notice in connection with these reasonings the fact that those travellers who have done so much to cast doubt upon the genuineness of the traditional scene of the resurrection, are quite as much at variance with each other in their attempts to associate the all-important event with some other spot. Dr. Robinson conjectures that it must have been on the road leading from the Damascus or the Jaffa-gate; more recent travellers give their reasons for preferring an open space outside St. Stephen's-gate, which is to this day a place of burial, and looks down towards Gethsemane. Do not all these facts lead to the conclusion that it was the intention of Providence, for the wisest and most beneficent ends, to withhold from us this knowledge? He who knew what was in man concealed the place where he had buried Moses, that the Israelites might not be tempted to turn it into a scene of superstition. And on the same principle, it appears to have been ordered that the spots on which the most momentous events in the life of Christ occurred, should be veiled in uncertainty. Great natural objects in Palestine, such as mountains, and rivers, and lakes, and valleys—the knowledge of which helps to confirm our faith, and to illustrate the Scriptures—are capable of being identified; but minute objects which would be almost certain, if known, to be abused to purposes of superstition, are left undiscoverable. We know Mount Olivet, but we cannot tell where are the very spots on the mountain where our Redeemer retired to pray. We can identify Bethany, but not the green sward near to it from which Christ ascended to heaven. We are no more able to declare with certainty where was the tomb of Christ, than where was the grave of Moses. God would cut

us off from temptations to superstition. Moreover, he would prevent us from localizing a religion which was designed to be universal, from attaching that kind and measure of interest to places which can only properly belong to the facts of which those places were the scene, from materializing the spiritual, and from in any degree enchaining, as it were, in a temple made with hands that religion which is destined to turn the whole earth into a temple of God.

How different from all the gaudy tinsel and tawdry finery and unreality of which we had witnessed so much in that house of superstition, was the spectacle which we beheld on a following day, when, wandering a little way outside the walls of the city, we came upon the dwellings of the lepers! It is quite near to Zion-gate, and within an arrow-shot of the traditional tomb of David. There was no terrible reality which we saw in Jerusalem equal to this. The place is separated from all other human habitations, and consists of a rude court or inclosure, containing above twenty miserable huts or kennels. At the sound of our voices and footsteps the lepers came out into the sunlight, clamouring, with most unearthly sounds, for charity. It was a horrid picture that unhappy band, looking as if a triple curse had fallen on them. Death was visibly eating them away. Some were of a liver colour, others white as snow,—all deformed. Handless arms were held out to us; half consumed limbs were obtruded; countenances wofully defaced and eyeless were turned up to us; and cries came out from palateless mouths that were wildly imploring and inhuman. The old law which prohibited the leper from touching or drawing near to a clean person was scrupulously regarded by them, so that, even when they begged, they stretched out to us little iron cups, into which we might drop our alms. There was no possibility of resisting the appeals of such wretchedness as this. Various reflections occurred to us as we looked on those rotting wrecks of our humanity. We were struck anew with the wisdom of the Levitical law in its provisions for the isolation and treatment of lepers, being evidently adapted to restrict the disease within the narrowest limits. We saw, with deepened impression, with what instructive fitness leprosy has been employed in

Scripture as the emblem of sin—hereditary, contagious, ever tending to increase, and incurable, except by the power of God. And we bore away from the spectacle a deeper sense of the infinite compassion and divine power of Christ. One look at a leper assures you that no power but God's can cure such ingrained and malignant disease as his. But Jesus did it, not disdaining even to touch with his gentle hand the loathsome sufferer, and sending him away to the temple to give God the praise.

But there was one place in Jerusalem which we had yet to visit, "the most sacred spot in the Mohammedan world next to Mecca, the most beautiful structure for Mohammedan worship next to Cordova"—the Mosque of Omar, known in Moslem speech as the "Dome of the Rock," or the "Noble Sanctuary." We shall not minutely record those accurate measurements of its size which are to be found repeated by so many writers, or attempt to play with the phraseology of architecture. We shall be satisfied if, by a few sentences, we succeed in conveying a clear impression of its position and appearance, though every picture that one sees of Jerusalem makes him more or less familiar with it. On the summit of Mount Moriah which has been artificially levelled, there spreads the noble inclosure of the Haram, consisting, it is believed, of thirty-five acres more or less. This inclosure is the most beautifully green of any spot in or around Jerusalem. Its beauty is much increased by solitary olives, planes, and cypresses, by graceful fountains, and praying-places exquisitely adorned in the peculiar style of Arabian architecture. Nearly in the centre of this Haram is a raised platform, to which entrance is found by four richly-ornamented gateways; and on this platform, with a pavement, in some places of marble and in others of white polished limestone-rock, rests this grand cathedral of the Mohammedan faith. In shape, it is an octagon, each side of which measures sixty-seven feet. Its walls, rising in successive stories to a height of more than a hundred feet, are adorned with variegated marble of elegant and intricate pattern. Above, there rises a beautiful bulbous-shaped dome of blue, surmounted by a glittering crescent. There is a gracefulness of proportion and a light airy elegance about it, to which we saw nothing to

compare in all the East. This was our impression even when near it. But our admiration of the whole picture was deepened when we afterwards gazed upon it in an afternoon from the distance of the Mount of Olives. Every sound was hushed, and there it seemed to rest—

"In undisturbed and lone serenity,
Finding itself a solemn sanctuary
In the profound of heaven."

Its beautiful green-sward, dotted and shaded, here and there, with some solitary tree of darker hue, its exquisitely carved marble fountains, its praying-niches and places for reading and meditation, its veiled women in dresses of pure white moving over the scene, and appearing and disappearing like creatures from the spirit-world, its turbaned men bending or laid prostrate in the various acts of Moslem worship, the noble dome of the Mosque rising grandly in the centre of all, and giving back in many-coloured glory the splendours of the western heaven, altogether presented one of the most unique pictures in the world.

We were admitted to its interior, but it was not equal in furniture or in majestic proportions to the Grand Mosque at Cairo, which we had already seen, or to the Church of St. Sophia at Constantinople, which we were yet to see; and it contained nothing of special interest, unless some of our readers should find an exception in the mark of Mohamet's footsteps, or in the finger-prints of the angel Gabriel.—In the south-west corner of the Haram there is another mosque, of much smaller dimensions, El Aksa, which is approached from the Dome of the Rock by a paved footpath passing through an avenue of cypress-trees. Originally a Christian church, built in the sixth century by the Emperor Justinian, it passed into the hands of the followers of the false prophet at the period of the Saracen conquest. When the Crusaders conquered and recovered Jerusalem, it again became a Christian church, and, designated by them "the Temple of Solomon," gave its name to those military ecclesiastics, the Knights Templars. It would be more admired were it further distant from the overshadowing Mosque, which keeps it under perpetual eclipse. It is like a violet growing beside a sun-flower.

It was not, however, the Mosque and its attendant beauty which gave to this inclosure in

our eyes so profound an interest, and made us wish to linger on it for hours, but the belief, which there seems no reason to dispute, that it really covers the site of the ancient Jewish Temple, with its appurtenances. The thought of this made us turn our back upon the Mosque, and wander again and again in silence over what had once been holy ground. As we sought shelter in the shadow formed by a venerable cypress-tree, our attention was turned to a mass of unhewn rock of great size rising above the surface, and which had evidently remained through thousands of years, amid all the signs of human art and exquisite ornament everywhere around it, untouched and unchanged. No mallet or chisel had ever fallen upon it. Why was this? There must surely have been some mighty reason for leaving it thus unchanged, when everything else was changed,—remaining to this hour the highest natural point on Mount Moriah. It seemed to us reasonably probable, as some have suggested, that either on this very spot, or near it, Abraham had reared the altar and kindled the fire for the sacrifice of Isaac, when his uplifted hand was stayed and arrested by the angel's voice. Nor could it be far from this that Ornan the Jebusite had his threshing-floor, and was engaged in threshing wheat when the plague was desolating Jerusalem. "Then the angel of the Lord came and stood by the threshing-floor, having a drawn sword in his hand, stretched over Jerusalem." From the hill of Zion on the opposite side, over the Tyropæan Valley, David beheld the vision, and prostrating himself with his elders before the Lord, hastened, under the direction of the prophet Gad, to build an altar and to offer sacrifices. "And David bought the threshing-floor for six hundred shekels of gold, offered burnt-offerings and peace-offerings, and called upon the Lord; and the Lord answered him from heaven by fire upon the altar of burnt-offering. And the Lord commanded the angel, and he put up his sword again into the sheath thereof." Around this memorable rock Solomon afterwards erected his Temple; and some have ventured the bold conjecture that on this unhewn mass, so rich in sacred memories even then, he reared the altar of burnt-offering. If there is any truth in these conjectures, then it rises to something more than probability that this very inclosure on which we now stood was trodden for

many a century by the feet of prophets and men of God, and that at length it witnessed many of the miracles and echoed many of the lessons of the great Teacher himself, as he walked upon it followed by groups of wondering listeners, and "spake as never man spake." Few scenes, therefore, in the world, cluster with so many hallowed associations. We felt that this spot belonged especially, and by a kind of inalienable right, to the Christian Church. And as we turned round and saw the gilded crescent on the top of the Mosque, or looked forth and beheld the crescent-ensign waving from the Turkish citadel, we cried out in spirit, "How long, O Lord, how long!"

As we returned from this great scene, and looked down to the north of the Temple area, we noticed a deep chasm, which, we were told, marked the ruins of the ancient pool of Bethesda. If it be indeed this, how has its glory departed! Only a few of the porches can now be traced where the sick were laid, and in one of which Christ healed the impotent man who had been afflicted for thirty and eight years. There are no gurgling waters now, or descending angel to impart to them healing virtue; but nettles, and weeds, and rubbish cover and pollute the hospital in which God himself was the healer.—The pool of Hezekiah, which we also visited, does credit to this day, after the lapse of more than two thousand years, to the engineering skill and patriotic energy of that pious king whom commentators usually describe as pliant and passive, but who was really one of the most active monarchs that ever sat on the throne of Judah. In its uninjured state that immense reservoir could have held water for the supply of half Jerusalem. At this hour the principal baths of the city are filled from it.

We have now noticed the chief places that were visited by us within the walls. But there was one place without the walls to which we made frequent visits during our city wanderings, and which exercised over us, during the whole time of our stay in Jerusalem, an irresistible fascination. We refer, of course, to the Garden of Gethsemane. Let us describe our first visit to it. Going out of the city by St. Stephen's-gate, we passed through the midst of a Mohammedan burying-ground, which comes up almost to the gate. It was a Moslem holiday, and multitudes

of women and children were sitting at pic-nics among the tombs ; for this people have no sensibility or awe at the neighbourhood of death. They are merry and festive with their dead sleeping a few inches beneath their feet. Not many steps forward brought us to the brow of a precipice ; and looking down a few hundred yards we saw, at the foot of that part of Olivet which comes nearest to Jerusalem, the solemn garden stretched out before us. We had no inclination now to advert to the fact that the traditional scene of Stephen's martyrdom was almost at our side. Our eye was rivetted on the one spot beneath. Descending by a winding rocky path, we crossed the empty channel of the Kedron by a little bridge ; and then, going up a few paces, and knocking at a door in the lofty gray wall by which the garden is surrounded, we were received by one of the monks to whose care the garden is committed. Flowers are assiduously cultivated by the monks within the sacred inclosure,—the wild-rose, the passion-flower, with rosemary, wormwood, and other symbolical herbs ; but those eight old olive-trees, with their enormous girths and fantastically gnarled branches, were really the only objects that we looked upon. They can be historically certified as twelve hundred years old ; and as it is one law in the natural life of the olive that it sprouts again after it has been cut down to the level of the ground, on the supposition that this is the real Gethsemane there is nothing improbable in the imagination that those patriarchal olives may have grown from the very trees which shaded the place of our Redeemer's ineffable soul-agony and sweat of blood. And is the supposition unlikely ? It is surely possible on these matters to doubt too much. The strong acid of modern criticism sometimes tries to consume real gold. The limits of the original garden must have been a good deal more extensive ; but many things combine to favour the belief that this inclosed portion of Olivet formed a part of it.

"Thou wast surely here.

There is a spot within this sacred dale
That felt thee kneeling, touched thy prostrate brow.
One angel knows it."

The evangelical narrative distinctly indicates that the place was reached by our Lord and his disciples almost immediately after they had crossed the Kedron ; and the chain of clear, un-

wavering tradition, from the days of Eusebius downward, links us to the same locality. And there are two facts which so exactly fit in to this opinion as not a little to confirm us in the belief that this was indeed the veritable garden of the agony. Does it not seem obvious, from the Gospel histories, that on the evening of his mysterious soul-conflict, when "it pleased the Father to bruise him," our Lord sought for darkness as well as silence ?—and as it was then full moon, that was the one place over which the neighbouring rocks on the Jerusalem side of the Kedron gorge would cast a long and deep shadow, and aiding that of the olive-trees, would make the awful retirement complete. Then when Jesus is represented as saying to his disciples, at the entrance to the garden, "Arise, let us be going : see, he is at hand that doth betray me," it would appear that his expectant eye must have seen from that point the exit of Judas and his ruffian-band, bearing lanterns and torches, from one of the eastern gates, or their coming round the corner of the wall ; and it is remarkable that the same view can be commanded from the midst of those aged olives now. It was natural that with these convictions we should abandon ourselves for a time to the influence of the *religio loci*—the sacred associations of the scene. We kept ourselves carefully aloof from the good-natured monks, with their puerile legends, and sitting down alone, under what seemed the oldest of the olive-trees, took the evangelist Luke for our only guide. We thought of that most memorable and momentous of all nights in the history of human redemption. We thought of the prostrate form of the Son of God, of his strong crying and tears, of his intense soul-anguish, of his sweat of blood, of that most glorious triumph of resignation to the will of his Father which earth ever witnessed, and of love to his people, which many waters could not quench or many floods drown. We entered into the spirit of those words of the hymn,—

"Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the Tempter's power ;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour :
Turn not from his griefs away ;
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray."

Many a time afterwards we came to the brow of the precipice before St. Stephen's-gate, and gazed silently down into the garden. May Gethsemane be green in our memory for ever !

THE PARABLE OF THE LEAVEN.

MATT. xiii. 33.

BY THE REV. DR. CALDERWOOD, PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

IN the parable of the mustard-seed we have the outspreading of the kingdom of God for the sheltering of men; in this parable of the leaven we have the kingdom of God extending its sway within the souls of men. The one thus represents a perfect thing provided by God for the use of men; the other, an inward influence gradually bringing men back again to the perfection from which they had completely fallen away. In both parables the kingdom is represented as a kingdom of truth. In the one, it is set forth as an outward revelation, manifesting divine love to all men; in the other, as an inward power, touching, subduing, and elevating the souls of men who receive it.

The two parables are companions; but companions by contrast, and for the sake of contrast. The parable of the leaven, so far from being a slightly varied repetition of that which preceded it, is essentially different. Embraced in a single verse, its brevity may at first tempt the reader to regard it as slight and simple; but study of it will speedily satisfy the searcher of Scriptures that it needs more than usual carefulness in exposition. In it there is little of narrative, and therefore it is brief; but the absence of this is much more likely to be a source of difficulty than a means of simplification. When a narrative is unfolded at length, interpretation is easiest; when narrative is wanting, exposition is hardest.

The fundamental thought is clear enough. It is this: the gospel truth, in its influence upon the heart, is like the working of the leaven which ultimately pervades the mass. There is much to be unfolded, however, before we can reach a definite conception of the whole kingdom of God on earth, as described by means of this figure. The kingdom of our Lord is a kingdom of truth. It is not by an exercise of authority that God subdues us to himself; nor is it by a direct mystic influence, without use of means, but by the instrumentality of revealed truth, which first gains admission to the heart, and then permeates it. In this way it is shown that "the kingdom of God is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost;" and as the truth whose power is felt, is that discovered in Jesus, we learn how he is "made unto us sanctification" as well as redemption.

We have now, then, to consider how the working of truth is like the working of leaven, and how the spiritual dominion obtained through means of the truth is like to the ultimate dominion of the leaven.

The use of leaven is familiar as an agent for the production of bread. Leaven is the result of a decaying or corrupting process. In this gases are generated, which cause a species of fermenting, which makes the bread

porous, and exposes it more readily to the action of the fire. Leaven was originally obtained by the decaying process in dough itself, but now more commonly in the form of yeast generated in brewing. Leaven is thus an agency obtained in the process of decay. Out of the evil comes forth the good. By the use of that which is offensive to the taste, there is obtained that which is most palatable.

Reference to what leaven is, sufficiently explains the circumstance that the earlier and more frequent Scriptural usage is to represent leaven as an evil agency; while reference to the advantage gained in the preparation of bread by the use of leaven sufficiently explains how in later Scriptural usage leaven becomes an agency for good. The natural action of leaven is evil, for it is the beginning of corruption. The second and applied action alone is good, producing the finest form of bread, which is "the staff of life." Leaven is thus connected with corruption and with the finest production. In one form, it is that upon which death feeds; in another, it affords the finest sustenance of life. There is in leaven a singular type of the mysterious blending of evil and good in human life. According as you take its first or its second movement, it represents the one or the other; and it is striking, in view of Bible symbolism, that the evil action is the first, while the good action is the second, resulting only from special intervention with the view of changing the evil into good.

With this double action of leaven, we turn to consider the place it holds in the symbolic teaching of Scripture. In doing so it is at once apparent that the symbolism is twofold; and this in exact harmony with the double action of leaven. First, it is used to represent evil. This occurs in connection with the rescue of the Israelites from Egyptian bondage, which is the type of escape from evil. At the institution of the Passover—the ordinance commemorative of special deliverance granted to the people of God—it was required that they should put away all leaven, and eat only unleavened bread. "Seven days shall there be no leaven found in your houses" (Exod. xii. 19). Leaven is decay; it is therefore a symbol of the moral corruption which is offensive to God, and, as such, it was to be cast out. Old Testament teaching deals largely with the putting away of evil; and hence the prevalence of this view. Leaven was, in like manner, generally excluded from the sacrifices. But there is a notable exception, which brings the other form of symbolic usage into view. As the Passover represented deliverance from Egypt, the Feast of First-fruits represented introduction into Canaan. And in the change from the land of bondage to the land of promise there is the transition from the symbolism of

evil in leaven to the symbolism of good in the same. From the first harvest, and ever after, a sheaf of the first-fruits was presented as a wave-offering before God; and at the close of fifty days after the gathering of the first sheaf there was a new meat-offering presented, consisting of two loaves of fine flour baked with leaven. "Ye shall bring out of your habitations two wave loaves of two tenth deals: they shall be of fine flour; they shall be baked with leaven; they are the firstfruits unto the Lord" (Lev. xxiii. 17). Here, then, is the leaven, producing the finest bread, offered to the Lord in thanksgiving.

Passing from the Old Testament to the New, the same double usage as to leaven is apparent. Our Lord bade his disciples beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, which is hypocrisy, carrying corruption into the whole life; and when the disciples misunderstood his meaning, he told them he spoke not of the leaven of bread, but of the leaven of doctrine. So also in Paul's First Epistle to the Corinthians (v. 6-8) leaven is used as the symbol of evil: "Purge out therefore the old leaven, that ye may be a new lump." This purging out is a continuance of Old Testament symbolism; while the descriptive term "*old leaven*" is a New Testament addition, consequent upon the acknowledgment of the introduction of a *new leaven*. If there is a leaven of malice and wickedness, there is also a leaven of love and righteousness. When, therefore, among the parables we come upon one which likens the kingdom of God to leaven, as if that were something good, there is nothing perplexing in this, but only a recognition of the double action of leaven in conformity with Old Testament usage. In the one case, we have the putting away of leaven, that the heart may not be corrupted; in the other, we have the reception of leaven, that the heart may be purified. And in this latter case, the soul leavened by righteousness is presented in thankfulness to God, in analogy with Old Testament practice, which made the leavened bread a thank-offering for the divine goodness.

After establishing the harmony of Scriptural practice in this double usage, the difficulty which remains is the apparent incongruity of making a work of divine grace and holiness find its representative in leaven, which is dependent on decay. The truth, which enters the heart as leaven, has no affinity with corruption, but is completely antagonistic to it. Why then employ leaven as the symbol? There is a difficulty here, which must remain as such; for the analogy at this point is not exact. No analogy is perfect, and the inadequacy here is plain. It is not altogether warrantable, by way of lessening this difficulty, to say that the symbol is chosen more from a regard to the diffusive power of leaven than on account of its own nature. Diffusion through the flour is as characteristic of water when no leaven is used, as of the leaven itself. But the latter is preferred because it more adequately represents the reality. For besides the diffusion, there is the expansive power at work, altering the character of the material. It is further to be

taken into account that the leaven has some analogical relation to the moral condition of the soul into which the truth is brought. It is in the midst of corruption that gospel truth begins to exert its power. The failure of the analogy appears in this that, in the one case, it is the corruption which produces the leavening influence, making the analogy at this point most appropriate to evil; whereas, in the other, the corruption is in the heart, and the leaven of truth comes to destroy the corrupt spiritual condition, making the leaven at this point inappropriate as the symbol of truth. This defect in the analogy being recognized, there still remains all the striking points of instruction as to the spiritual kingdom in the heart and in the world, for which this form of analogy was employed by our Lord. The way is thus clear for considering in what respect gospel truth operates within the heart, as leaven operates within the mass of meal prepared for baking.

The kingdom of God as a spiritual kingdom is, in one sense, a hidden kingdom, concealed from the view. There is no visible court, and no courtly relations apparent on the earth, by which the advancement and grandeur of the kingdom can be established to the satisfaction of those who are not spiritually discerned, and who have not the kingdom within themselves. "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation." It is a hidden kingdom, hid in the souls of men as the leaven is hid in the meal.* It is hidden; but, like the leaven, it is hidden as a condition of its influence. For just as the leaven gives no sign of its power except by being placed within the meal, so is it with gospel truth, which is powerful only as it is received and kept within the heart. When, however, such truth is lodged in the soul, it becomes practically operative at once, and thenceforth continues to exert a transforming influence after the manner of the leaven. As the leaven changes the character of the bread, expanding it, and preparing it for the action of the fire, so the spiritual truth, beginning to operate in the soul, changes its spiritual character, and expands the soul by awakening new and lofty desires, which lay it open to the favouring influence of the Holy Spirit, which is as the fire. In all this the analogy is strikingly exact. Truth permeates and changes the soul in accordance with laws similar to those which determine the action of leaven. Truth must be received in accordance with the laws of intelligence, must be hid or treasured in harmony with that receptive power which belongs to mind, and must be applied in submission to the law of habit, so as to form the character, thereby bringing the heart completely under its sway. Thus the soul becomes a kingdom of truth—a kingdom which is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

But whence comes the leaven? From decay, as we

* Lisso is surely wrong in making concealment the prominent feature of both the mustard-seed and the leaven. There is, no doubt, concealment in both, but to opposite ends—namely, visibility in the one case, continued concealment in the other.

have said. But how comes the decaying process to yield such an agency for the leavening of bread? We can only reply that this is characteristic of it. This power has been discovered to belong to it; and there we must rest. Scientific men can only accept the laws of nature as they find them, and so acknowledge, in the use of such laws, that we employ only what the Creator has given us for a specific end. It is even so with the truth of the gospel. It has been divinely given, with properties akin to those of the leaven, by means of which it is capable of permeating the soul, and gradually, under the influence of the divine Spirit, changing its spiritual condition. If we ask how this happens, we can only reply, that so it is in accordance with the will of God. To use the language of Scripture, so it is "by the grace of God," and thereby is it manifest that the kingdom established by the diffusion of gospel truth is essentially as a kingdom of God, a kingdom of grace; as by the laws established in the physical world we find everywhere the kingdom of God, a kingdom of nature. Gospel truth, like all truth, influences mind in conformity with mental law; but this truth, unlike other truth, is discovered by direct revelation in the person and work of Jesus Christ. It is a new and special influence for bringing good out of evil. Beginning to work in the midst of moral corruption, it fulfils its appointed function by bringing the soul to perfection, and placing it in harmony with heavenly influence, otherwise lost, and even unknown.

But is there not instrumentality in order to secure this result? Is not the leaven hid by a human hand? "The kingdom of heaven is like leaven *which a woman took and hid* in three measures of meal." This points to instrumentality. "Took and hid" is a double phrase, which indicates the bringing of the leaven, and the covering of it up within the meal. Does this, then, belong only to the circumstances connected with the use of leaven, or is it meant to carry parabolic significance? First, it must be remarked that the woman is here introduced only in accordance with use and wont in baking, just as the three measures of meal are mentioned as a quantity commonly used for a household. The woman has therefore no essentially prominent part, so as to make it inevitable that significance be attributed to her work. Further, the secondary place which she occupies here is made apparent by comparison with the parable of the ten pieces of silver. There the woman is conspicuous—"What woman having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and seek diligently till she find it?" Here the woman is subordinate—"The kingdom is like unto leaven." There you cannot interpret without giving prominence to the woman; here, you may. We therefore conclude that while there is here a distinct reference to instrumentality, it is nevertheless kept in the background. The real meaning is obtained by considering truth operating as leaven in the soul. Human agency in placing it there may not come into view at all, therefore the woman's place is

not so conspicuous here; but human agency may come into exercise, therefore the woman has a place in accordance with the work which belongs to the Church. There is, indeed, a constant use of instrumentality in the dissemination of the truth, and hence the woman's part is definitely referred to, and so is the quantity of three measures, as indicating that the Church, as representing human agency in this matter, can influence only a definite portion of the human race, for the time within the range of its activity.

Now there comes into view the explanation of a hidden kingdom steadily advancing while under concealment. In contemplating this, we must drop individual references to deal with the mass. There is a kingdom in a single soul, and, as has often been said, that is a kingdom greater than the whole realm of nature. But it is a larger kingdom which is here introduced to notice—a kingdom of many souls—a kingdom hidden in the world, but advancing to occupy the whole world. By God's grace there is in this world a hidden kingdom of truth and righteousness. Its existence is a marvel. Leaven is hid in meal previously unleavened. But here a good leaven is hid in that which has already been permeated with an evil leaven. There is a kingdom of spiritual truth pushing its way through a kingdom of spiritual error; a kingdom of righteousness advancing upon a still wider kingdom of evil. This conflict of two leavens, the evil and the good, makes the action of the spiritual leaven doubly marvellous. Gospel truth acts as a leaven of righteousness, not upon good material, but upon evil. And so effectually does this spiritual leaven work upon the springs of action within the soul, that it gradually gains ascendancy over the evil leaven which had corrupted it. Yet so secretly and silently is the internal change wrought out, that the evidence of its progress appears only slowly, as its effects come out upon the surface of life. Taught of God as to his love and mercy towards the sinful, trust in him rises up within the soul of them who receive the truth, and with this is stirred a deep and ardent love to him. By the power of this love the evil leaven of wickedness is expelled from the heart, thereby throwing open the whole nature more effectually to the action of truth and of all heavenly influence. The process thus begun is steadily progressive. It does not, indeed, advance with equal rapidity at all times. Progress here, as elsewhere, is dependent on fixed conditions. The action of leaven is retarded or quickened by the degree of heat applied to the mass. In like manner the action of this truth on the soul is according to the warmth of love maintained in fellowship with God. If this condition be satisfied, progress is continuous. The power of truth is not lessened by its diffusion over a wider area. Though widening the range of its action, it retains its original energy. Applied here to one mass, and there to another, the action of the leaven of righteousness is still the same. It may seem as if different examples of its operation were only isolated occurrences, having little

connection with each other. But it is not so. Separated though they be by a wide interval, they are working towards a common centre, and outwards to a fixed circumference. They have definite relations to the world as a whole, and to the world's history. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven, which a woman took, and hid in three measures of meal, until the whole was leavened."

This kingdom is advancing in secret, preparing for a glorious revelation of its extent and excellence. It is not a kingdom of might, but of something greater; for might were the mere overwhelming of human weakness with the penalty due to human sinfulness. It is not a kingdom gained by bribing men to enter an irksome

service, but a kingdom of grace, where subjection itself is esteemed the highest privilege. It is a kingdom of truth, begun in the manifestation of truth, extended by its acceptance among men—truth the grandest concerning the glory of the divine nature, carrying in it purpose and provision for the good of the human race. This is truth which, when once accepted, gains the assent of the whole nature, convincing the intellect, satisfying the conscience, elevating all the motives. This is "the kingdom of heaven" in our sinful world. It is a kingdom of purity over which God reigns with joy, and upon which the light of his favour shall continue to shine through eternal ages, when the confusion and corruption of earth are over and gone.

CLIMATE OF THE LAKE REGION.

THE climatic influences of vast bodies of salt water, like the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, have long been understood. The effect of small inland bodies of fresh water in averting early autumnal frosts has also been generally remarked. But, as before intimated, meteorologists do not seem to have observed, till recently, that great lakes, like Lake Michigan and Lake Superior, exert an influence in deflecting the isothermal lines which is quite comparable with that exerted by the great oceans themselves.

These lakes, in truth, are no inconsiderable representatives of the ocean. Lake Superior is 460 miles long and 160 broad, with a mean depth of 988 feet. It has a superficial area of 32,000 square miles. The State of Massachusetts might stretch herself out at full length and bathe in its waters. Even then there would be room enough for Rhode Island at her feet and Connecticut at her head, with Vermont stretched along her right and New Hampshire on her left. You may take all New England, excepting Maine, and hide it bodily beneath the waters of this single lake. Lake Michigan is 360 miles long and 108 broad, with a mean depth of 900 feet and a superficial area of 20,000 square miles. You could sink in this lake the three States of New Jersey, Delaware, and Maryland. Lake Huron, with a length of 270 miles and a breadth equal to that of Lake Superior, has a mean depth of 300 feet, a superficial extent equal to that of Lake Michigan, and would swallow up the whole kingdom of Denmark, including the Duchies.

You may embark upon a sea-worthy steamer at Chicago and travel for thirty hours without a sight of land; and after having passed the Straits of Mackinac, and entered Lake Superior, you may steam for two days more without reaching Superior City or Duluth. The voyage from Buffalo to Chicago around the lakes is 1000 miles; from Buffalo to Duluth is 1100 miles, or three-fifths the distance from Newfoundland to Ireland.

The majesty of the tempest is little less on the lakes than on the Atlantic, and the low perpetual moan of the breaking waves along the beach transports the

imaginative listener to Long Branch or Nahant. During a summer day they breathe, like the ocean, a cooling atmosphere on every shore, while at night the direction of the breeze is frequently reversed. These are our interior land and sea breezes. To complete the analogy, our great inland seas exhibit the fluctuations of a diminutive but genuine lunar tide.

It is impossible that such enormous masses of water should be materially elevated above the mean temperature of the year by three months of summer weather, or depressed materially below it by three months of winter. The land surfaces in the same latitudes attain far greater extremes of cold and heat than the lakes. Two reasons exist for this: first, watery surfaces absorb and radiate more slowly; and secondly, the continued stirring of the waters by the winds mixes the surface temperature through a depth of several hundred feet, while, on the land, the entire effect is confined to a superficial zone of about seventy to ninety feet. The normal mean annual temperature of the land in the neighbourhood of Milwaukee is 44°, and this should be about the mean temperature of the water of Lake Michigan. In summer the Milwaukee mean rises to 67°, while in winter it sinks to 22°. The water of the lake, meanwhile, rises in summer only to 46°, and sinks in winter only to 40°. Winds from the lake, therefore, partaking largely of the temperature of the water, must exert a material influence in equalizing the land temperatures of summer and winter. Still more, in cases of extreme weather, when the land temperature rises to 95°, or sinks to 30° below zero, must the ameliorating influence of such a vast body of water, holding itself steadily at a somewhat uniform temperature, be most conspicuously and most beneficially experienced.

There is one cause of the mild temperature of deep lake waters during the cold season which probably has been very little considered. Lakes Michigan and Superior are nearly a thousand feet in depth. They reach down toward the internal fires, a distance which, if measured through the solid crust of the earth, would

bring us a very considerable increase of warmth. Upon the land the influence of climatic changes does not extend, on the average, to a greater depth than eighty feet. Beneath this we experience an increase of temperature amounting to one degree for every forty-five feet of descent. According to this law the terrestrial temperature at the bottom of Lake Michigan should be increased eighteen degrees. Were there no mingling of the deeper and shallower strata of the water, this increase would exist. This amount of heat, nevertheless—with some abatement, to which it is not necessary to refer—distributed through the entire depth of the water, must produce no inconsiderable elevation of temperature in the general mass.

During the winter, therefore, Lake Michigan may be regarded as a great natural stove, holding and slowly radiating the heat absorbed during summer from the solar fires, eked out by an unflinching accession of heat

from beneath yielded by the reservoir of igneous force imprisoned within the earth. When, on a stinging wintry morning, we behold the steam ascending from the whole surface of the placid lake, we witness an analogy to the vessel of water steaming over our household fires, which is more literal and more striking than we have dared to imagine.

Such vast and efficient compensators of climatic extremes, situated in the interior of continents, rescuing broad areas from the waste supremacy of summer heats and wintry frosts, seem like interpositions of Providence to adapt the world to the bodily necessities of its inhabitants. Such beneficent equalizers are all great lakes; and such, not less strikingly, are these vast seas strewn through the midst of the lands which were the home of the earliest representatives of our race—the Mediterranean, the Black, and Caspian seas.—*Professor A. Winchell.*

LITTLE THINGS.



LIFE, in the case of most of us, is made up of a host of little things,—little duties, little services, little enjoyments; each, by itself, being very small indeed, but, all combined, forming an aggregate which is beyond conception grand. In nothing whatever is true superiority of character more strikingly manifested than in a man's treatment of life's little things. By one class of triflers, a few of the least of these little matters are attended to as if they alone were great; and when this is unhappily the case, the microscopic eye becomes gradually more and more microscopic, till it loses all power of perceiving anything that is bulkier than the smallest of trifles. By another class of idlers the small is despised as if it were unworthy of any notice; and hence, life, which, in general, is so much occupied about little things, is frittered away in the vain expectation of great things yet to come. In marked contrast with both of these classes, the wise and earnest Christian will seek to estimate rightly all the circumstances of his lot. He will neither so idolize the minute as to overlook the great, for in the light of God's presence he shall see the small and the great according to their actual relative importance; neither will he permit himself to despise the day of small things, for the greatness of the great God who has entrusted him with these little services makes the smallest task most weighty.

Nature, in all its departments, is showing us constantly the vast power of little things. How often do we see the dry fields in spring thirsting for the refreshing showers; and when, in due time, the river of God, which rises amid the waters that lie above the firmament, is turned upon the parched ground, it is greatly enriched, and the little hills instantly rejoice on every side. Plants, animals, and the atmosphere itself respond at

once to the reviving visitation. What mighty power is this which is able to cover the face of universal nature so speedily with such a gladsome smile? Mighty power!—it is nothing but a multitude of tiny drops, any one of which, by itself, could have effected nothing, but the aggregate of which has accomplished all that we see. What could be alighter than a single rain-drop? and yet, what is more powerful than a shower in spring?

And this is merely a sample of God's way throughout Nature. Look, for another instance, at the mighty ocean, and at the strange walls with which its restless strummings are in many places restrained. The divine hand, when it separated the dry land from the sea, girdled in the aggressive ocean with a prison-wall of the tiniest sand-grains. The most sensitive nerve in the human finger could not detect any weight in one of these little blocks with which God has built up a most effective rampart to confine the restless heaving of the dangerous sea. "Fear ye not me? saith the Lord: will ye not tremble at my presence, which have placed the sand for the bound of the sea by a perpetual decree, that it cannot pass it; and though the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail; though they roar, yet can they not pass over it?" (Jer. v. 22).

Science, too, teaches us the importance of commonly neglected trifles. Science, indeed, recognizes no such thing as a trifle. Every fact, no matter how apparently insignificant, she accounts worthy of her most careful attention; and it is owing to her admirably patient study of the most trifling things that modern science has been able to win her astonishing victories. Modern commerce, too, is equally characterized by her attention to the formerly neglected trifles. How many prosperous business men are thriving on their business maxim of

"small profits and quick returns." They find that it pays them better to have a penny profit on each transaction of a million, than to seek a pound of profit on each transaction of a thousand.

Providence is everywhere teaching us the grave importance of what are accounted little matters. The more familiar that any man becomes with history and biography, the less disposed shall he be to affirm of any circumstance whatever that it is an insignificant trifle. He has learned but little, if he has not discovered that there is no event which may not unexpectedly become the pivot around which the gravest circumstances of a life or of an age may revolve. Could anything be more insignificant than the preference of a shaven to an unshaven chin? And yet, this same paltry matter turned out to be the most serious of all the incidents in the life of Louis VII. of France, for it led to the disgust and separation of his queen; and this again issued finally in the English claim to the kingdom of France, and to the centuries of international war—centuries which drenched the fields of France with the best blood of both countries.

We shall have missed one of the lessons to be learned from the late Franco-Prussian War, if we have not been reminded of the importance of attending to little things. No trifle was accounted by the Germans to be too minute for their careful consideration; and for this they have had their reward. The trifles were too often left by the French to take care for themselves; and of this neglect they have had to bear the consequences. The man who wisely attends to small matters as well as to great, may count on success as far as it is permitted to man to count on it; but the man who arranges only for the great things, while he neglects the little, shall assuredly fall through his neglect of these little things.

And, what is of more consequence to us than all that we can glean from our observation of nature or of providence, the Word of God gives no countenance to the vanity which affects to despise small things. The kingdom of God—the grandest manifestation of divine power and wisdom in the world—is likened in its beginnings to a grain of mustard-seed, which is the least of all seeds; and this, whether we look at it as it is manifested in the individual or in the world. The instruments who were selected to establish it were not the worldly wise, the mighty, or the noble; but God chose the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, the things which are not, to bring to nought things which are. Nay, what was the foundation on which the magnificent superstructure was made to rest, but the very stone which all the builders had agreed to reject as too slight to be built into the work at all—a stone disallowed universally of men, but chosen of God, and precious?

In the Christian's cultivation of personal character much mischief is wrought through the unwise neglect of little things. In regard, for instance, to the economi-

cal expenditure of our time, we often waste the moments; and then we have to regret that the years have not been wisely spent. We forget that wasted moments involve the waste of years. As the summer is but the aggregate of so many sunbeams, so a fruitful life is but the sum-total of so many devoted moments; and if the moment by itself be as insignificant as a solitary sunbeam, the persevering dedication of all the moments will make the life as glorious as any summer with its flowers and ripening fruits. We have not, then, an entire lifetime to lay in one gift on God's altar; nay, we have not an hour—we have only a single moment, and after that another moment; and if each passing moment be spent with God, the aggregate life shall be that of an Enoch, with its end as truly blessed. We might have quoted here the familiar proverb, "Take care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves;" but, in truth, the proverb does not really apply to the case. In regard to time and life we have no such things as pounds, we have only pence; and if a man do not set himself to save the penny, he shall never have opportunity to save anything greater. None of us has a month, none of us has an hour, none of us has more than the passing moment to redeem for God.

The same principle holds good in regard to every department of Christian faithfulness. This grandest of characters is best cultivated by a conscientious attention to minute duties; and it is amid these little matters that its higher degrees are most strikingly displayed. Faithfulness in this life is always shown by faithfulness in "a very little;" and equally so is unfaithfulness. The very insignificance of the matter, in itself, gives opportunity for manifesting our most reverent recognition of the awful authority of him who has been pleased to appoint it. Any duty is a duty, simply because God makes it so; and we can more readily display the spirit of true obedience, by our devoted attention to those things which have nothing to commend them to our reverence but that he has appointed them.

It has been found that a great proportion of the deposits in savings'-banks is made by persons in receipt of small incomes. In such cases the weekly saving is, by itself, an insignificant trifle. Still the prudent owners do not despise their trifles; and because they do not, the united trifles make many an old age comfortable and independent. In a similar way, Christian usefulness is found to depend much less on unusual opportunities or abilities, than on a sedulous improvement of the little that a man has, however commonplace it be. We can suppose a case—happily no uncommon one—in which a humble man humbly estimates his own very moderate capabilities, and accepts his little tasks as admirably adapted to the strength and skill of a feeble worker like himself. As he works on, his original capacities expand by exercise, and God rewards his faithfulness in little things by gradually trusting him with more; until, at last, when death calls him from a sphere of

useful service, which he had both created and adorned, he is bewailed on earth by bereaved fellow-men, and welcomed to the everlasting mansions with the "Well done, good and faithful servant!" And we can suppose another case—unhappily no uncommon one—in which a man, much more highly gifted than the first, has formed a less modest estimate of his own abilities, has despised the apparent trifles entrusted to him, and, as years went past, has still more haughtily despised the trifles, waiting for some grand opportunity of doing greater things, till death too calls him away unwept from a place which he merely cumbered, his chief service consisting in the illustration which he furnishes that, while devoted faithfulness may make the last in gift the first in service, the proud contempt of little things may make the first in gift the last in fruitfulness.

If, then, we be faithful in the little, we shall certainly be entrusted with more; but to be entrusted with more than we now have, *without the faithfulness*—and it is this for which the idler is always waiting—would simply be, as old Gurnal states it, to get a greater capital in hand with which to drive a brisker trade for hell.

We may allow ourselves to overlook the trifles, but Satan does not. He knows their value, and he so uses them that our most imminent dangers often lie in the insignificant circumstances of our lot. Temptation, when resisted, involves more or less of conflict; and the peculiar danger of a temptation sometimes lurks in the fact that its subject-matter seems too slight, in the eyes of the careless man, to warrant his making much ado about it. Slight!—perhaps so; but the doing of the slightest act may indicate the obedience or the disobedience of the agent; and either of these is no trifle. It is the very thinness of the face which makes it possible to insert the wedge into very narrow chinks; but when it is once inserted, no one knows what it may accomplish after it is driven home. The slightest impropriety may prepare the way for another which shall be a degree more grave, and that again for its successor; until, at last, a Judas, who began with merely filching a trifling coin out of a bag, may end by selling his Redeemer's life for gold. We have all read the Eastern story of the imprisoned sage who directed a beetle to be set on the wall of his tower, with the slenderest of threads attached to its little body, which it dragged upwards till it reached the prisoner's hand. By means of the thread thus procured, the prisoner drew up a cord, and by the cord a rope, and by the rope a ladder; till the trifling apparatus which an insect could carry on its back was made to accomplish the deliverance of the sage. As John Newton puts it, no man could kindle a green log at once by means of a candle; but if he lay a few dry chips between the candle and the log, he may burn the green log to ashes. And the little matters which are so apt to be overlooked are like the dry chips which our enemy often uses to accomplish the ruin of souls. Ah, it is not the part of wisdom to despise the trifles! God makes much of them; Satan makes much of them; and

he who will only use his own eyes on what is transpiring round about him will soon learn, what Bishop Butler seems to have learned, that "the greatest evils in life have had their rise from somewhat which was thought of too little importance to be attended to."

Yes, the small may be as truly said to involve the great, as the great may be said to include the small; and this principle, which we have been seeking to apply in a practical way to the cultivation of Christian character, may be equally applied to the Church as composed of individual members. To the Church has been entrusted a peculiar work—how important it is we may learn by the light of the dying Redeemer's cross; and for the doing of this work she has been endowed with special gifts. Now, what is the Church but the aggregate of her many members? The responsibilities of the body rest on each member according to his place and station; the character of the body will be that, and nothing else than that, which results from the character of the units that compose it. There is no single member of the Church who is so absolutely insignificant that his spirit does not affect the character of the Church, and his lowly life-work does not influence the sum-total of her labours, in the age in which he lives. His influence may be happy, or it may be unhappy; but to some extent it tells. Though, then, each unit, viewed apart, may be as impotent for good as a single rain-drop in summer, yet, if each Christian were to set his heart on accomplishing all that he can, and if he were perseveringly to operate in a certain definite direction, in harmony with his fellows, however insignificant the influence of the unit might be, what a magnificent result would follow from the efforts of the whole!

The humble man, of course, invariably forms a very modest estimate of his own place and power; and the more graciously humble he is, the more modest will his self-estimate ever be. But out of this excellent spirit a dangerous temptation may arise. A man may fancy himself to be so insignificant, and his efforts to be so very worthless, that he and his influence are the smallest of trifles, and it shall matter little whether he attempt to do his appointed work or not. Take heed, my reader, of this mock humility. Your tempter may look like the brightest of the angels of light, but his real name is Unbelief, not Humility. What you feel in regard to yourself, every Christian may equally feel in regard to his work; and if every Christian were to neglect his duties because he feels himself incompetent to discharge them, how shall Jacob ever be made to arise? No, no; cherish those modest thoughts of yourself, for they are all true; but dismiss your unworthy thoughts of Christ, for these are false. His power is such that, even with you, he can accomplish anything. There is no duty to which you are really called that you are not quite able to discharge, with Christ strengthening you. Whatever you may be, God is "able to make all grace abound towards you, that ye, always having all-sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." Your sense

of impotence is rightly used when it sends you, in humble faith, to Christ for help ; but you abuse it, if you are led by it to bury your talents in the earth, and thereby to earn the slothful servant's doom. Throughout the whole economy of grace—in the service of the Christian as well as in the frank forgiveness of the sinner—grace is reigning ; and God delights to employ the self-emptied little ones for the doing of his greatest works.

Indeed, there is a peculiar advantage, as well as a peculiar disadvantage, connected with mediocrity, or even with unusual paucity of gift. The feebly gifted may, perhaps more readily than others, be the most faithful ; and it is faithfulness, not amount of gift, that receives the reward. It is generally the widows, with nothing more than their bare two mites, who fling the unbroken sum into the treasury of God. The rich man more rarely goes this length ; it is so easy for him to be satisfied with casting into the treasury something handsome out of his abundance. The widow's gift has found thousands of imitators since the gospel story recorded it ; but almost all the donors have been quite as poor as she. And the same principle applies to Christian service of every kind. Art thou but feebly gifted then ? Be not discouraged because of this. The highest honours of the kingdom are not thereby placed, by a single hair-breadth, further beyond your reach. Seek to make up your lack of gift with extraordinary devotedness of love ; and there is nothing whatever to hinder that in your case, as in the case of the widow, and of myriads besides, the law of the kingdom should receive another illustration : " Many that are first shall be last, and the last shall be first."

But while those who are feebly gifted may warrantably accept the encouragement which lies in this, they should take along with it a warning which is specially directed to themselves. If they may most readily excel in faithfulness, when they decide to be faithful, they may, in the absence of this decision, be most readily tempted to extreme unfaithfulness. It was not the man, in the parable, who had five talents, nor the man who had two, but the man who had only one talent, that went and hid it. My feebly gifted brother, the two extremes lie before us ; and we can best escape our peculiar danger by girding our loins to enter the lists and contend for our peculiar prize. Are our endowments feeble, and have we been entrusted with but one talent, or perhaps with only the fraction of one ?—there is all the more need that we do not divide our poor little sum, but cast it undiminished into the treasury of God.

And though, with such devoted faithfulness, our gift may be manifestly feeble, our faithful employment of it can never be in vain. The gracious God shall accomplish by us that which he pleases. It is by the multitude of humble devoted souls that his work is carried on from age to age ; souls which combine the twin-graces of dependence and decision. In past geologic ages, great monsters of living things have moved upon this earth, or have swum amid its waters ; and not a few of them have left their tremendous relics, to show us a speci-

men of the creatures which once existed on our globe. But in the same ages there lived, and wrought, and died, myriads of minute atoms, so small as to be scarcely visible ; and yet the presence of these tiny creatures has, beyond all comparison, told more powerfully on this globe than all the huge monsters which have lived upon it. And so is it, in an important sense, with Christian life and labour. It is not its few great men who give character to an age ; it is the myriad multitude of the unknown little ones. Indeed, the great men of any age are extensively powerful chiefly through the influence which they exert on the many small. Since, then, we cannot each be like a megalosaurus, to excite admiration among our contemporaries, and to astonish those who come after us with our gigantic remains, let us each be content to be the diatom which God has made us ; and let us seek to serve his will with perfect faithfulness in our little spheres, operating chiefly through our prayers and the influence of a uniformly holy life ; and it shall be again seen that the races of tiny creatures have a grander work to do on earth than the races of monsters.

The historian Motley, speaking of national progress, says that " empires are built up or undermined by the ceaseless industry of obscure multitudes, often slightly observed or but dimly comprehended." We venture to extend this principle to the Church of Christ. Her special character in any age depends upon the character of her myriads of unnoticed little ones ; and if these little ones should allow themselves to neglect their service or should fall from the faith, the work of the Church would be left undone, the spirit of the Church would become apostate. Let none of us, then, presume to undervalue the unnoticed and the unknown ; and we are really despising the whole class if we neglect the little services which God has been pleased to appoint ourselves, because we think them trifling. Let us accept these duties out of Christ's own hand, since they are his appointment for us ; and let us attend to them as thereby rendering obedience to the Lord who bought us, and they shall cease to look little in our eyes. His glory shall cover them with glory. *From Christ and to Christ* will make the meanest act of service noble, though it were but the giving of a cup of cold water to a thirsty brother ; *from self and for self* would make the most brilliant service mean. And a service of our own selecting would always aim at our own glory, rather than our Lord's. For aught we know, the very brightest crown in heaven shall be accorded to some lowly servant who was most faithful in little things.

Some one has said that power is best shown by the easy handling of great things, but that love is best shown by careful attention to the small. God's power and God's love are thus manifested towards ourselves. " He rideth upon the heaven in our help"—such is his power ; he numbereth the hairs of our head—such is his love. It is not the proofs of our power that God is asking at our hands, but the fruits of our love. How,

then, could our love be better shown than by a constant and most careful attention to his will in little things? And the more trifling these little things seem to be, the better may love be shown in the painstaking devotedness which sets itself to please him perfectly.

A discipline of this kind, which tests us, and which educates us by means of little things, is the discipline that best befits our present condition. We are here on earth to be tested, and character is best discerned by means of little matters; just as the extreme delicacy of the balance is shown by means of the smallest weights. We are here also to be trained; and this education is best accomplished by means of apparent trifles. Our mental and moral range is so very narrow, that to elevate or depress us to any great extent would only be to take us beyond our compass altogether. We cannot bear joys that are very great, any more than we can endure sorrows that are too heavy. Our capacity for either is limited; and whatever is laid on us beyond this capacity slides off, and becomes to us as if it were not. And it is well that we can thus get rid of it; for if we could retain it, the too violent emotion would exhaust us, and its equally violent reaction would continue to exhaust us. While, therefore, a series of great sorrows would crush us, if we did not escape by becoming callous, a series of great joys would also crush us, and this no less completely. From all this, and from several other evils which would attend a discipline limited to the most weighty matters, we are delivered by our present admirable discipline of trifles. By means of these, when properly met, we can be as profitably exercised as we could have been by the most stupendous matters; while yet we are not in danger of being overwhelmed by them. "There is nothing, sir," said Dr. Johnson to Boswell, "too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible."

Let no man, then, affect to despise the trifling duties of daily life. Wherein does Christian courtesy consist but in a considerate attention to ten thousand little things! One man goes through life, casting gleams of sunshine on all who come within his reach; another man, equally moral, and, so far as great principles are concerned, equally good, goes along his life-path, irritating all who come near him, wounding the delicate sensibilities of many, an annoyance to most, a help and a comfort to very few. What is the real difference between the two men? At bottom, the difference may seem to be very small indeed, for it lies mainly in the different estimates which the two have formed of little things. The two pots of precious ointment would give forth an equally sweet savour, were it not that the perfume of the one is overpowered by the putrefying carcasses of a few very small flies; but the tiny atoms are quite enough to "cause the ointment of the apothecary to send forth a stinking savour." It is the part, then, of the Christian, not only to make his life a

perfume, but to see that the pleasant savour is not corrupted by any "dead flies."

"A trifle makes a dream—a trifle breaks," says Tennyson; and our present life has much of the dream-like in it. It is like a dream in this respect, at least, that any one among a myriad of daily trifles may turn the life into another course, as readily as the slightest trifle may give a new shape to the dream of a dozing sleeper. Nay more, if our lives be happy, they shall owe their happiness to the right employment of millions of trifles; if wretched, they shall have been made so by our misuse or neglect of trifles. A holy, happy, successful life is a life which has been faithful to God in little matters; a wasted life has been wasted only because the trifles were overlooked.

Superior wisdom of a certain kind is not enough. Many a magnificent scheme of benevolence or of social reform has been set afloat with much care and kindly wisdom, and ere the noble-looking barque was well launched, it came to shipwreck. The concocter of the scheme, amiable, thoughtful, and enthusiastic, was perhaps a man of the study rather than the market-place; and he therefore took cognizance only of great principles in the formation of his plans, despising the trifles as too slight for notice. But the smallest leak may suffice to sink a noble ship; and the despised trifles are sure to take ample vengeance in the long-run. And when they do so, they will be too strong for the wise man and his wisest theories; and, unless he deign to consult them, they will doom his devices to a speedy collapse.

The reader will scarcely mistake us, as if we were advocating a systematic attention to little matters, while great interests are to be neglected. This would be a foolish course indeed; and yet it is commonly enough pursued. The ancient Pharisees acted in this spirit. They scrupulously paid their tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin, while they omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith. The Lord Jesus does not censure them, however, for their attention to the minute, but for their neglect of the great; for he says, "These ought ye to have done, and not to have left the other undone." All that we insist on is, that little matters be not neglected because they seem little. The spirit of genuine obedience will always lead a man to say, "I esteem all thy precepts concerning all things to be right" (Ps. cxix. 128).

There is one department, however, into which the Christian ought never to permit secondary matters to find an entrance. Here he is to shut his eyes on everything but the very greatest. This unique spot is the region of *motives*. To multiply motives means really to debase their character; to strengthen here is in fact to weaken. The Christian must seek to live under the perpetual constraint of one grand dominating motive—his consecration to his heavenly Father's will, as a man who is accepted in the Beloved, and who has been anointed for continual service by the Holy Ghost. In the will of God and in the love of Christ is he to find his one con-

straining motive; and he shall be strong in the Lord as he persistently ignores all additions to this one idea. His eye is to be kept single, and his heart united. For the performance of any given duty, there may easily be found several subordinate reasons which the Christian may be tempted to add to his one great motive, in order to strengthen it, if he find himself insufficiently under its control; but let him take heed how he do so. In adding his subordinate reasons to his one grand reason, he may find that he has not so much added as superseded; and, like the Galatians, he who began in the Spirit, may soon fall so low as to seek the completion of his work by the flesh. No, it is much safer for us to confess our weakness, and to cry to the Strong for strength. While then we dare not overlook the small in the matter of our service, we dare not regard it in the motives for our service. We must act in the spirit of Levi, "Who said unto his father and to his mother, I have not seen him; neither did he acknowledge his brethren, nor knew his own children" (Deut. xxxiii. 9).

If any reader feels tempted to overlook the lowly

little service which alone may seem for the present to be possible to him, under the thought that he is flung away upon a sphere so very humble, let him ponder the rebuke of an aged minister of last century, given to a younger brother who had spoken slightly of his own small country congregation: "Ah, my brother, you will find your congregation to have been quite large enough when you stand to give account before the solemn judgment-seat."

And if any one be disheartened at finding that his routine of duties affords no opportunity for any but the most humble and commonplace service, let him be encouraged by the words of the blessed Saviour: "Whosoever therefore shall break *one of these least* commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven: but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven." And let us all cultivate the spirit to which Dr. Chalmers gives expression in his diary, when he prays, "Lord, teach me the art of extracting piety from *every thing* around me."

J. D.

THE UNCLEAN SPIRIT'S RETURN.

MATT. xii. 43-45; LUKE xi. 24-26.

BY THE REV. R. G. BALFOUR, EDINBURGH.

HERE is something strange and weird-like in the account that is here given of the doings of the unclean spirit, after he left his former habitation. Knowing, as we do, that the great employment and delight of the devil and his angels is to tempt mankind, we might have expected that he would have gone to one of the great centres of population, where he would find the best field for his labours; those

"Scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war."

Instead of that, he is represented as walking through dry and desert places, seeking rest. One thing suggested by this description is the fixed determination of the evil spirit to repossess the soul which for a season he has left. He deliberately shuns those places of public resort where he might find other victims to ensnare and destroy, and goes aside into the wilderness to bide his time, and mature his plans for intrrenching himself in his former stronghold more securely than before. Is it not a thought that may well make us tremble, to know that these unseen enemies prosecute their endeavours to ruin souls with unflagging energy and stern resolve, and that they will allow no work, however tempting, to divert them from their purpose?

Another thing which this representation of the occupation of that evil spirit during the interim brings before

us, is the terrible disquietude and unrest ever associated with sin. "He walketh through dry places, seeking rest, and finding none." There is something awfully graphic in this description. The bleak desolation of the arid wilderness, without a sound to break the silence, or a blade of grass to refresh the weary eye—the restless spirit, like some bird of evil omen, flitting incessantly to and fro—the deep longing for a rest that never comes: it is a perfect picture of misery. And are there not the elements of this misery in every sinner's heart? Has he not left the fountain of living waters, for broken cisterns that can hold no water? Is he not wandering through the dry places of the world, crying, "Who will show us any good?" seeking rest, and finding none? He may not, indeed, be fully sensible, as yet, of this wretchedness and unrest. But when his spirit leaves its mortal tabernacle, to go out into a dark eternity, it will be like the evil spirit here described—seeking rest, and finding none. For rest there is and can be none for those who have forsaken God. They are doomed to wander on for ever, weary and worn, having no rest for the sole of their foot. "For the wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

But mark this also. It was when the evil spirit left his victim that he was most painfully conscious of weariness and woe, and this was what led him to return. So

that it would appear that in the fallen angels, wickedness has come to such a pitch, that they have a malicious pleasure in destroying souls, which serves to mitigate their own misery. They forget their wretchedness for a time, while they are engaged in tempting others to sin, and dragging them down to hell. Is the picture a revolting one? Then remember that, hideous as the features of sin, when fully developed, may appear to us now, this is the very image which the lost shall bear to all eternity. For then every holy influence that sinners now feel shall be withdrawn; every salutary restraint removed; sin, being finished, shall have brought forth death; and the awful, irrevocable sentence shall have gone forth, "He which is filthy, let him be filthy still." Oh! may we not tremble at the thought of the bare possibility of any of us ever bearing a resemblance to such a picture, and be roused to flee, not only from the wrath, but from the wickedness to come?

But now let us see what is said of the evil spirit's return. "He saith, I will return unto my house whence I came out." The unclean spirit, restless and ill at ease, is evidently impatient to return to his former quarters. Like a monarch in exile, he is eager to regain the power that he once possessed. And so he returns; sooner, perhaps, than he at first intended, or than he thinks altogether prudent. Stealthily, it may be, under cover of darkness, he draws near to the house; for he had been so long an inmate of that heart, that he knows precisely all the approaches to it—all the doors and windows by which it may be secretly entered. And as he comes, he listens, to hear whether there is aught of that commotion still going on which had begun when he thought it prudent to retire—that weeping for sin, that crying out for fear of coming judgment, that earnest endeavour to put his house in order. But no; to his delight, and probably to his surprise, he finds that things have wonderfully settled down since he took his departure. All is quiet now, and so he enters in.

And in what condition does he find the heart he had left? "Empty," as we learn from Matthew; "swept and garnished," as both evangelists tell us. It was empty; for the evil spirit had not been forcibly dispossessed by a Stronger than he, but had been allowed quietly to withdraw. And no new tenant had been invited to replace the old; no pure spirit had come to occupy the heart from which the unclean spirit had departed. And so there is no obstacle to his re-entrance; none to dispute his title to resume his former ascendancy within. And more than that; it is "swept and garnished"—a more secure and attractive residence than before. "Sweeping" describes, perhaps, the putting away of those gross and open sins to which in former days the man had been addicted; and "garnishing" may represent the imposing array of moral duties, and religious services, and pretended graces, with which his soul was now adorned.

But it may be said, How can these be grateful to an

unclean spirit, whose very element is sin? Though not evidences of a saving change, surely they must render a heart less likely to be possessed by Satan, a less inviting residence to him. And in some cases this is undeniably true. An amiable, pure-minded youth, brought up in a Christian family, is a more likely subject of divine grace than one reared in the midst of open profligacy. But the case here described is very different from that. We have here one in whom deep religious feeling has been awakened, and has passed away, leaving nothing but a wretched form of godliness behind. Now, Satan's great object is to secure his property; and he knows that he is far more sure of a soul which has thus undergone a revolution that is not true conversion, than of one whose slumbers have never been disturbed. The sinner who has never yet been awakened may some day be reached by the arrow of conviction, and Satan may lose his hold on him. But one who has been awakened, and has satisfied himself with the gloss and varnish of an outward reformation, is full of pride and self-righteousness. The enemy is very sure of him. And so he rejoices at the sweeping and garnishing, because he hopes that this outside work will supersede an inward change—that, conscience being lulled asleep, he will have no more trouble with that soul again.

How many hearers of the gospel are there who have had their convictions of sin, and their fears of wrath, and who have desired to enter on a religious life! And these feelings have wrought in them a change of some sort, which they fondly hope is true conversion. Then let them beware of being satisfied with a superficial improvement, and settling down with a mere outward profession of religion, which has neither life nor power. Multitudes do this, and it is all that Satan wants. Out of their false security, oh, how hard it is ever to awake them! Be not content that the demon of uncleanness, or intemperance, or Sabbath-breaking, or profanity, or avarice, or ambition, or love of pleasure be cast out. See to it that another Spirit has taken their place. Let Jesus, by his Spirit, take possession of your hearts. Seek to have him ever there, and ever in the highest place; and then if Satan should return, there will be no room for him,—he will have no encouragement to enter. Nay, he will be scared by the very sight of a Saviour's countenance, and will flee away to seek another resting-place, a more congenial home.

The end of this dismal tragedy is told in one brief but awfully significant sentence: *the last state of that man is worse than the first.* For the unclean spirit, overjoyed at finding the heart he had left in a state of religious excitement, and on the very point of throwing off his authority, now quieted and ready for his reception, a more secure abode than ever, does not enter in at once and take possession, but goes in quest of partners with whom to share the spoil. The house is too spacious and well-furnished for one inhabitant. This is something too good to be enjoyed alone. He knows this is a case which he can deal with at his leisure.

This victim is fairly hooked; and yet he feels no pain, makes no struggle to be free, so that he is not the least afraid of losing him. He may go in search of mates to enjoy his booty along with him, for he runs no risk of finding the situation materially altered on his return. And so, taking to him "seven other spirits more wicked than himself, they enter in, and dwell there: and the last state of that man is worse than the first." This case may be that of a soul relapsing, after a time of religious concern and apparent liveliness, into a frigid formalism. Such a state is worse—far worse—than that unconcern from which he was at first awakened; for now he is twice dead, plucked up by the roots, his conscience seared, his heart hardened, his serious impressions all effaced. Or it may be the case of a soul arrested in a course of sin, and filled with sorrow for the past, but only the sorrow of the world. And then, after being brought near to the kingdom of God, and led in some measure to reform his life, old habits and inclinations revive, and he goes back with greater greediness than ever to his former evil ways. A sad, a well-nigh hopeless case, of which the Apostle Peter, almost in the very words of Jesus, thus speaks: "For if after they have escaped the pollutions of the world through the knowledge of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, they are again entangled therein, and overcome, the latter end is worse with them than the beginning. For it had been better for them not to have known the way of righteousness, than, after they have known it, to turn from the holy commandment delivered unto them. But it is happened unto them according to the true proverb, The dog is turned to his own vomit again; and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire."

What a strange and startling revelation of the invisible world is here given us by Him who hath the keys of Hades and of death! It is, indeed, but a glimpse—a momentary lifting of the veil; yet how suggestive of solemn warning! Does it not admonish us to beware how we deal with convictions of sin? Let us not stifle and suppress them. We may be resisting the Holy Spirit to our own destruction. Let us not drive them away by plunging into the pleasures or engrossing our-

selves with the business of the world. Rather, if needful, let every other matter be set aside until the great question of our interest in Christ be settled once for all. Let us beware too of allowing our convictions gradually to subside and wear away through the lapse of time without issuing in any definite result. For faded impressions, lost convictions, are sure to leave the soul deeper sunk in spiritual slumber—more thoroughly in the power of Satan than before. These words of Samuel Rutherford are true and terrible:—"If there be a choice of devils, a raging and a roaring devil is better than the calm and sleeping devil. When the devil is within, he sleepeth and is silent, and the house or soul he is in is silent, and there is a covenant with death and hell. Now hell keepeth true to a natural man for a time, a cessation of arms between the soul and Satan is security for a time; but it is not peace. The devil's war is better than the devil's peace. Carnal hypocrisy is a dumb and silent thing; but it is terrible to be carried to hell without any noise of feet. The wheels of Satan's chariot are oiled with carnal rest, and they go without rattling or noise."

But even if we have some reason to hope that we have been turned from the power of Satan unto God, still let us be ever on our guard. The enemy is bent on regaining his lost hold over us. We are not to imagine that he has left us finally never to trouble us again. He is only watching for an opportunity; and when he sees us slumbering and secure, he will make his assault, and, it may be, overpower us, as he did Peter and David, for a time. Our only safeguard is to have Christ dwelling in our heart by faith. Satan will not, cannot, dare not enter if he be there. Let us not, then, trust in any past experiences or attainments, but seek to have a present and a living faith in the Son of God. "Be ye filled with the Spirit." The more that we are habitually enabled to realize his indwelling in our souls, the more impregnable shall we be to the attacks of Satan, the more shall we approximate to the invulnerable security of the man Christ Jesus; the only man whom Satan never overcame, because the only one who could truly say, "The prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me."

"GRANT ME, LORD, THY DEAREST BLESSING."

FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOCKE—TRANSLATED BY A. B.



GRANT me, Lord, thy dearest blessing,
Grant me, Lord, the trusting heart;
Only while this gift possessing
Can we bear in thee a part.

Faith be still the staff that bears me,
Power that urges, voice that cheers me,—
Conquering, with flag unfurled,
The flesh, the devil, and the world.

Oh, how oft, all firmness failing,
Varying moods usurp my breast!
Virtue now is all-prevailing—
Straightway 'tis a mocking jest.
Oh, were but my faith securer!
Father, make it stronger, surer!
Jesu, speed thou my behest,—
Thou alone canst give me rest.

France and its Reformation.

IX.—OPENING OF THE ERA OF PERSECUTIONS.

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D.

The day advancing—The Powers of the world confounded—The Pope and Francis I. fall a-dreaming—Avignon—King of France turns to the German Protestants—The Duke of Wurtemberg carried away by Charles V.—The duke escapes—Francis I. and Protestant princes go to war to restore the duke—Succeed—Danger of making the Reformation politically powerful—Chimerical projects to unite Rome and the Reformation—Melancthon—Calvin—Stands again at "the parting of the ways"—Finally severs himself from Rome—Importance of the step—A storm impends—Picture of the Church in Paris—Men whose names are in the Book of Life—Calvin's host—The paralytic shoemaker—The draper—The book-hunter—The scholar—The astrologist—The bricklayer—Calvin goes to Strasburg—Hardly gone when the storm bursts.



WHEN He who gives the day-spring to know its place, and the sun his hour of rising, issues his command, who shall hinder the morning from breaking? The hour was come when the day should visit Europe: lights were mounting into the sky of France; but ever and anon, as a new luminary shone forth, man put forth his puny might to extinguish it. Some, like Lefevre, had gone down into the grave by "the common way of all men." Others, like Berquin, had taken their departure by the path of the cruel stake. Some there were, like Farel, who had been chased into foreign lands, to spread in other countries the light of which France was showing herself unworthy; and some, alas! had apostatized, being repelled by the fear of martyrdom, or seduced by the love of the world. The earlier and lesser lights had nearly all disappeared, but their place was occupied by greater; and despite all the efforts of popes and emperors, despite the swords that were being unsheathed and the stakes that were being planted, it was evident to all men that from one hour to another the day was brightening.

Much chagrin and torment did the movement cause the great ones of the earth. They trembled before a power which had neither war-horse nor battle-axe, but against which all their force could nought avail. They saw it advancing from victory to victory, scattering the armies that stood up to oppose it, recruiting its adherents faster than the fire could consume them, and affording augury most sure that the day would soon come when it would possess the "kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom

under the whole heaven." This power, so dreaded by the potentates of earth, never spoken of but with fear and trembling in the palaces of monarchs, was none other than the CHRISTIANITY of the first ages, smitten by the sword of the pagan emperors, and wounded in yet more deadly fashion by the superstition of Rome, but now risen from the dead, and therefore mighty works did show forth themselves in it.

The two chiefs of the great drama which was opening in France had now stepped upon the stage—Calvin and Catherine de Medici. The one was taken from an obscure town in the north of France; the other came from a city already glorified by the renown of its men of letters and the state and power of its princes. The former was the grandson of a cooper; the latter was of the lineage of the princely house of Tuscany. Catherine was placed in the Louvre, with the resources of a kingdom at her command; Calvin was removed outside of France altogether, where, in a small town, hidden among the hills of the Swiss, there was found for him a place where he might fight his great battle. But as yet Catherine had not reached the throne, nor was Calvin at Geneva. Death had to open the way for the first to power; and years of wandering and peril had to pass away before the latter could enter the friendly gates of Geneva.

We return to Marseilles. Catherine had placed her cold hand in that of Henry of Valois: the *Keys* and the *Fleur de Lis* had been drawn closer together, and another link made fast the two countries of France and Italy. The marriage festivities were just closed; the crowd of gay courtiers had dispersed; the bridal tapers were

extinguished; and Francis and Clement, mutually satisfied, were now on their way back each to his own land. Soft breezes were wafting the Pope over glassy seas along the shores of Italy. He was returning to Rome with happier auspices than ever he believed. The tiara sat firmer on his head; new glories illustrated his family; and a new era was opening on the popedom. Alas, how little was he able to forecast what the future would bring him, and how unlike to these fond visions did the actuality prove! What awaited him at Rome was a shroud and a grave!

Francis, on his part, equally overjoyed, but equally mistaken, amused his journey back to Paris with brilliant visions of the future. He had scarce patience to wait till he should reach the Louvre before making a beginning with these grand projects. He halted at Avignon, that old city on the banks of the Rhone, which had so often opened its gates to receive the Popes when Rome cast them out. Here he called his Council together, and startled and surprised its members by what he imparted to them of his intentions. He was bent on forming a league with the Protestants of Germany. Fresh from the embraces of Clement, his courtiers thought that he had bound himself irrevocably to the Papacy. Francis assured them it was not so. One hand had he given to Rome, the other he would give to the Reformation: he would be on the side of both. How characteristic of this monarch!—a divided heart—unstable in all his ways—continual oscillation—but sure to settle on the wrong side at last, and to reap only disgrace to himself and destruction to his kingdom, from all the schemes and doublings of his crafty policy.

Francis endeavoured, in the first place, to patch up a political alliance; and, in the second place, to bring about a yet more chimerical religious reform. A league among the princes, and a union between the Churches, were the means by which he hoped to humble his dreaded rival, Charles V., and to exalt himself: any higher object he did not aim at. It was a strange moment to inaugurate these schemes: just returned from his interview with the Pope, Catherine de Medici in his train, and the echoes of the bull in which the German heretics had been cursed still reverberating through Europe. And not less strange was

the spot chosen for these deliberations: a town which was a second Rome, the very dust of which was redolent of the footprints of the Pontiffs; in which there was scarce a building or palace which did not recall the former luxury and pomp of the Papal Court.

The political project came first and sped best. An excellent opportunity for broaching it presented itself just now. Charles V. had carried away, by force of arms, the young Duke of Wurtemberg. And not only had he stolen the duke,—he had annexed his duchy to the dominions of the House of Austria, thereby weakening the political power of the Reformation to all the extent of the Wurtemberg influence, and in the same proportion increasing that of Rome. Francis thought that to strike in behalf of the young duke, despoiled of his ancestral dominions, would be dealing a blow to Charles V., while he should appear only to be doing a chivalrous act. It would vastly please the German Protestants, and smooth his approaches to them. If his doings at Marseilles, where he had been so closely closeted with the Pope, rendered him an object of suspicion, his espousal of the quarrel of the Duke of Wurtemberg would help to set him right with the Reformers. So the King of France reasoned, and an incident which had just taken place was in the line of these reasonings, and helped to decide the councils of the French king.

The great emperor was returning southward across the Alps, leading in his train his royal captive, Duke Christopher of Wurtemberg. The cavalcade, with befitting pomp, was slowly winding up the northern slopes of the Alps. It was of great length; for numerous guards, soldiers, courtiers, and attendants, preceded and followed the emperor in his progress. It might be seen disappearing this moment, emerging into view the next, as it descended into some gorge, or wound around some spur of the mountains, and again came out into the light as it toiled upward towards the summit of the pass. The vigilance of the guards was relaxed, for here no enemy was suspected. The van of the procession already approached the snows of the summit; the rear ranks were only in mid-ascent; and the young duke, who was meditating escape, fell behind with a single attendant, to whom he had confided

his secret. The emperor, with his magnificent retinue, held on his way; and now came the moment for his captive to give him the slip. A friendly rock hid Duke Christopher from the sight of the emperor's attendants; and the captive, who had been on the watch for just such an opportunity, suddenly turned his horse's head and fled, accompanied by a single attendant, his tutor, and who, like himself, was attached to the cause of the Reformation. The cavalcade held on its way, thinking the duke was coming on behind; but at length the fugitives were missed, and then the pursuit began in hot haste. But it was in vain; no trace of the fugitives could be discovered; and it was given out by the emperor and his friends that the Duke of Wurtemberg, lagging behind, had been set upon by brigands, or lost his life by some accident among the mountains.

The duke, who was supposed to be dead, was all the while in hiding with his uncles in Bavaria, and now he appeared again. In November 1532, he issued a manifesto, claiming restoration of his ancestral dominions. The claim was joyfully responded to by the Protestants of Germany, and his own subjects of Wurtemberg. This was the opening which presented itself to the King of France, ever ready to ride post from Rome to Germany, and back again with even greater speed and heartier good-will from Germany to Rome. The result of the negotiations into which he entered with the Germans respecting the restoration of the duke to his patrimonial territories was to this effect: the King of France was to furnish the money necessary for the enterprise, and the Protestant princes the soldiers. This meant war; and war to be waged by the Protestants.

Luther and Melancthon exerted all their rhetoric with the Protestant princes to dissuade them from this campaign. But in vain. The war was entered upon. Philip, Landgrave of Hesse, the most talented, active, and courageous of all the Reformed princes, but the one, perhaps, who had felt the least the gospel's sanctifying power, was the leader in this affair. A battle was fought. The German Protestants were victorious; the Austrian army was beaten; and the Wurtemberg dominion restored to the duke, and transferred to

the political side of the Reformation. It was natural that the Protestants, in reckoning up the chances of success on the side of the Reformation, should simply count swords. We can excuse them when we think how many swords were unsheathed on the other side. But no greater calamity could have befallen the Reformation than to have been politically powerful in that age. Had it triumphed as a policy, it would have perished as a religion. It was necessary that first it should be established on the earth as a great spiritual power. This arms never could have done. The truth, proclaimed by preachers and confirmed by stakes, was the only instrumentality which could accomplish this; and when the Reformation had become strong spiritually, then only would it be safe to place at its service the resources of political empires. But free political empires the Reformation must create: they could not create it. This was not then understood, except by a very few. The Protestants of that age were ever labouring to combine in one confederacy France, England, Germany, and Wurtemberg, and so to cast the political balance against Rome and the powers that supported her. The political balance of Europe was one day to be cast decidedly against Rome, but not till three centuries had passed away; and even then it was to be brought about entirely by the moral action of the Reformation. And so, ever and anon, God stripped it of its political defences that the spiritual element might have room to act, and that all might see that the conquests of the Reformation were not won for it by armies, nor its dominion and rule given it by princes, but that by its own strength did it grow up and wax mighty. The oldest monarchy in Europe is the Reformation. A free Holland, a free England, and every other state that is free came later into existence; and of all of them it may be truly said that they are the daughters that were nursed upon the knees of the Reformed Church. We do not know that this lesson of three centuries has even yet been pondered by us as it deserves.

The military project of Francis having succeeded so well, he was tempted to go a little further, and to try his hand at a religious reform. To mould opinions might not be so easy as to move armies; but the Protestant fit was upon

him, and he thought it possible, by a few changes on the surface of the Papacy, to bring back the Protestants, and so heal the broken unity of the Church of Rome and restore her crippled power. He by no means wished to injure the Pope, or to establish a religion which would be distasteful to his courtiers, or necessitate a reform of his own life; but any reformation that Francis would sanction was little likely to do this. Three of the Reformers—Melanchthon, Bucer, and Hedio—were sounded as to the amount of change that would satisfy them, and their opinions being deemed moderate, a council assembled in the Louvre to discuss the union of the Roman and Protestant Churches. These discussions were presided over by the king, and were attended by some of the more liberal of the statesmen and churchmen of France. The three Reformers named above were represented by the plan of union which each had respectively drafted, and when these proposals were read and discussed in the Louvre, Du Bellay was hopeful—Francis even did not despair; but the ecclesiastics looked upon the views of the Reformers with an evil eye, and heartily wished these negotiations at an end. The shape which the project finally took was that the doctrine of the Church should be reformed in the Protestant sense, but that the hierarchy should remain untouched. Even the Pope was to be retained—not, indeed, as an authoritative head, but as the president of the body. He was to hold the primacy of rank, not the primacy of power. He was to be the gilded summit of the ecclesiastic fabric.

It would have been easier in that age than in this to effect a *quasi* reform of the doctrine of the Church. The Council of Trent had not then met; there stood no irrevocable anathema between the two creeds; no impassable gulf divided the two Churches. Nevertheless, even then the project was chimerical: although we can imagine some leaving a sigh over its failure, and enumerating the controversies and strifes which would have been unknown in Christendom had this union been accomplished. But was it possible? or, if possible, what could such a compromise have done for either the Church or the world? If really new wine had been poured into the old bottle of the hierarchy, the bottle would have

burst; or, if the wine was too much diluted to do this, it would speedily have become as acrid and poisonous as the old. The doctrine of "Justification by Faith," worked by a Popish hierarchy, would a second time have been transformed into the doctrine of "Justification by Works." It humbles us to reflect that even Melanchthon gave his consent to this project—nay, was zealous to see it carried out; but, constitutionally timid, he was dismayed by the evils which, as he believed, were about to burst upon Christendom. Every hour the spirits of men were becoming more embittered; the kingdoms were falling apart; and the cruel sword was about to shed the blood of man. In short, the world was coming to an end, as he believed; both Church and state were hurrying to destruction, and nothing but this compromise could avert the terrible catastrophe. The "great monarchs," he said, must save us. Examples like this are full of instruction. They show us how thankful we ought to be that the government of the world is in the hands of God. Had Melanchthon had his will, he would have put the Reformation in its grave to save the world. He would have chosen the mephitic stillness in which Christendom was rotting, rather than that tempest which indeed has shaken the world by its thunders and swept it with its hurricanes, but which has left behind it a purer air, a clearer sky, and a fresher earth.

We return to Calvin, the true centre of the Reformation. Wherever he is, whether in the library of Du Tillet conversing with the mighty dead, and forging the bolts he was afterwards to hurl against Rome, or in the limestone cave, on the banks of the Clain, dispensing the Supper to the first Christians of Poitiers,—there is the Reformation; there it is that the light of the new day is seen to break, and that the voice is heard, saying, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert," of Papal Europe, "a highway for our God." Calvin had come to another most eventful epoch of his life; he again stood at "the parting of the ways:" a wrong decision here would wreck all his future prospects, and might change the whole history of the Reformation. It was only by eschewing expediency and walking by faith that he could now find the right road.

He had come to the age of twenty-five. This

is the age when, according to the rules of Rome, one who has passed his novitiate in the Church must take upon him the full orders of priesthood. Calvin had not yet done so—indeed, he had not formally broken with Rome; but now he could no longer delay. He had already received on his person the first marks of servitude to Rome—his head had been shorn in his early youth; and this was held a pledge that when the person grew to manhood he would renew his vow, and complete his promise of obedience. The tonsure is a very ancient rite: the priests of Isis and Serapis were shorn; and the tonsured crowns of the Papal clergy is one of the links by which their Church proclaims her affinity with the earliest idolatries. Calvin must now throw the fetter clean off, or have it bound round him more firmly than ever, and become the Pope's servant most probably for all coming time.

Any subjection he might now promise the Church could be only feigned. His heart had left her; he abhorred her teaching as idolatrous; and the pure light of the gospel gloriously enlightened his soul. Yet there were not wanting friends who counselled him to remain in outward communion with Rome, and who backed their advice by many plausible arguments. They represented to him the vast influence he would wield for the reformation of the Church, provided he did not openly break with her. They pictured him in the future rising from dignity to dignity: assuming the mitre, ascending to the purple, it might be to the tiara itself; and then how easy would it be to reform the Church! Was it not this he longed for? The hope of accomplishing so vast a good might well justify the partial concealment of his views for a few years. Surely, said his friends, you are not warranted in throwing away so splendid an opportunity as appears now to be opening to you of remedying the disorders under which Christendom is groaning.

The reasoning was specious. Thousands have listened to considerations like these, and have been undone. So, doubtless, reasoned Caraffa, who as a simple priest was a frequenter of the evangelical reunions in Chaija at Naples, but who, when he became Paul IV., restored the Inquisition and kindled, alas! numerous stakes at Rome. Such persons have either never attained the splendid

positions and the great opportunities they so confidently reckoned on attaining, and in the hope of which they sacrificed present duty and stifled present conviction; or if it so happened that their anticipations were realized, by the time they were so they found that their views of duty had undergone a change—that worldly advancement had brought with it snares and entanglements unknown to their humbler condition; and that they had not the heart, and perhaps not even the power, to set on foot such a reformation as in their better days they had yearned to see accomplished.

Calvin did not hesitate. He stood, as we have said, at "the parting of the ways." A wrong step would have sacrificed all the past, and have wrecked all the future; but, guided by counsel from above, to which alone he opened his ear, he took the right road, and, without casting so much as a lingering look behind, steadily pursued it unto the end. He would not be a soldier of the Pope even in the hope of becoming generalissimo of his army, and carrying the whole Papal force over to the camp of the enemy in the day of battle. He quitted Poitiers, where he was labouring when called to take the decisive step which showed that he had broken for ever with Rome; and although the disciples there strove by their entreaties and tears to delay his departure, nothing could shake his purpose. He bade them adieu; and setting out on his journey northward, he halted not till he had reached Noyon and there, by a formal deed, renounced the chaplaincy he held till now, with all its emoluments, and at the same time selling the small patrimonial estate of which he was the owner, quitted the place of his birth for ever. He went forth scarce knowing whither he went; but he felt that he was a free man, and that, having stripped off every badge of servitude to Rome, he was now, more than ever, the servant of Christ, and ready to go wherever the Master should bid him—to the stake, should Providence indicate that by dying rather than by living he was to glorify God and advance the interests of truth.

Still Calvin's heart turned fondly to the capital of his native land, not knowing that Paris had sinned away its day of grace, and that sentence of exile had virtually been passed against the

Reformation when Catherine de Medici entered within the gates of Franca. But if for a little while he once more made it the place of his residence, it was in the most private manner ; for he felt that to court observation, or to begin to evangelize in public, would be tantamount to setting up his own stake.

For the moment there was a deep calm in Paris. But the sky was troubled. A great storm was about to burst ; and, with the exception of a few pauses at long intervals, the fury of that tempest was to know no abatement for two centuries and a half. It was not yet the middle of the sixteenth century ; but not till the closing years of the eighteenth would that black cloud break up and disperse. All that while the confessors of the gospel in France were to fall by the fire, by the sword, by famine, and by exile. Then God would say to his poor afflicted Church, "It is enough : the cup will now pass over to your oppressor." The God of the Huguenots would arise : great earthquakes would shake the world ; the thunder's voice would be heard rolling through the firmament ; and to the monarch and the priest would then come the scaffold and the axe, the horrors of the dungeon, and the privations of exile.

Let us take a survey of the Church in Paris as it was seen just before the breaking out of this tempest. It numbered some men of rank and learning, but generally its members were drawn from the humbler classes. The world knew them not, yet there awaited them an immortality of fame even on earth. Destined to be the chief sufferers in the dreadful scenes that were approaching, their names will be mentioned with honour so long as the Church exists and her martyr-records are read ; while most of their contemporaries have passed into total oblivion.

And first let us speak of La Forge, at whose house, in the Rue St. Dennis, at the sign of the *Pelican*, Calvin resided. This worthy tradesman realized the apostolic injunction, "Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." At his door, for he had known him aforetime, did Calvin present himself when he ventured on returning to Paris ; and La Forge and his wife bade him most heartily welcome, and bestowed every attention and hospitality on a guest whose

presence under their roof conferred, they accounted, so great an honour upon them. They knew that Calvin yearned to open his mouth in the preaching of the gospel, and that silence was agony to him : nevertheless they counselled him to eschew the public assembly, and be content with addressing a word of exhortation to the private meeting ; for although the fires of martyrdom were not at that moment blazing, and evangelical consultations were proceeding at the Louvre, his old friends of the Sorbonne were on the watch, and the times were uncertain.

Not far from the sign of the *Pelican*, in the Rue St. Dennis, is a shoemaker's shop, which let us next visit. On entering it, the deformed figure of a hunchback, crippled in all but the arms and tongue, greets our eyes. The name of this poor creature is Bartholomew Milon. Bartholomew was not always the pitiously mis-shapen object we now see him ; on the contrary, he had been one of the handsomest men in Paris. He had led a youth of boisterous dissipation. No pleasure of the senses had he denied himself. Of gay dispositions and lively imagination, he had been the ringleader of his companions in all their sports and follies, and was ever alike ready to deal a blow with his powerful arm, or a sarcasm with his sharp tongue.

He was pursuing his mad career, when one day he chanced to fall and break his ribs. His injuries were not attended to, and the consequence was that his body shrunk into itself, and seemed to shrivel up ; the stately form was bent, and the legs became powerless. He could no longer head his comrades, or traverse the city ; he was now a prisoner in his shop, where day after day he might be seen sitting, dwarfed, deformed, and paralytic. His powers of mind, however, were as good as before ; his wit was as sharp as ever, and, it may be, a little sharper, his disposition being soured by the misfortune which chained him to the spot, and forbade him the enjoyments in which he had formerly indulged. The disciples of the new faith were especially the butt of his ridicule ; and one day a friend of the gospel happening to pass by, he called him *Lutheran*, and broke out in a torrent of abuse. The person thus attacked turned to see, where the vituperation proceeded from, and perceiving

what a poor deformed and paralytic creature he was who had so bitterly scoffed at him and his religion, instead of anger he was touched with pity, and dropping a few words of compassion, gave him a New Testament and departed.

The words of the stranger remained with Bartholomew, and sunk into his heart, and led him to open the Book he had left with him. Arrested by its beauty and majesty, he read it night and day. He learned to see that his soul was even more deformed than his body; but believing in the power and grace of the great Physician, he came to him to obtain the healing of his maladies. The Saviour had pity upon him. He was healed; and the poor cripple, overflowing with gratitude, only thought how he might commend to others the compassion and grace which had been so bounteously manifested to himself. He turned his shop into a conventicle; the jibe and the sarcasm were no more; words of loving-kindness and instruction now only fell from his lips; and his powers of judgment and gifts of eloquence were devoted day after day to the reclaiming of those whom his former example had corrupted, and the edification of those at whom aforesaid he had scoffed. So did Bartholomew Milon now pass his days!

At the entrance of the Rue St. Dennis, John du Bourg exercised the trade of a draper under the sign of the *Black Horse*. Du Bourg was a man of substance. He liked to form his independent judgment of every matter. The new opinions had come under his notice; but instead of learning them from any of the disciples, he went direct to the Scriptures, and simply by their perusal came to the full knowledge of the truth. He made a sincere and steadfast profession of the gospel, notwithstanding the opposition of relatives and the falling away of customers; and with great zeal laboured to bring others to the Saviour.

His shop was frequently visited by one like-minded with himself, a citizen of Nantes, Peter Valetton. This worthy man might be seen haunting the book-shops in search of the writings of the Reformers, which he not only eagerly purchased, but carefully read. But the times being critical, he deposited his literary wares at the bottom of a huge chest, which he never failed to

lock when he went out, always carrying the key on his person. There was Le Compte, a disciple of Le Fevre, a good Hebrew scholar, and possessing a remarkable talent for exposition, which he frequently put to use at the meetings of the disciples. There was Guilio Camillo from Italy, who studied philosophy, wrote verses, and was skilled in the cabalistic sciences. He made trial of the higher knowledge, as he would of any other new science, but was not permanently won by the gospel. And there was Henry Poille, a poor bricklayer from the neighbourhood of Meaux. He had learned the gospel from Bishop Briçonnet, but, wiser than his teacher, did not forsake it when the bishop turned back.

These disciples were all of humble rank as regards worldly position; but they were rich in faith, and abounded in labours of love. They come into view solely by the light which the gospel sheds on them; for certainly they would have lived and died unknown, had not persecution, in the words of our own Cowper, "dragged them into fame, and chased them up to heaven."

Besides these humble men, the gospel had made converts not a few in the ranks above them. There were senators who loved the Saviour, though they did not all confess him openly for fear of the priests. Among the priests and monks themselves were those who had been won to the gospel. There were professors in the university, teachers in the schools, lawyers, merchants, tradesmen, in short, men of every rank, and of all professions, who had abjured the faith of Rome, and more or less openly ranged themselves on the side of the Reformation. Such was the young Church over which a terrible storm now impended.

Calvin had quitted Paris before the storm burst. His spirit was weighed down while he abode there, for he felt that a crisis was imminent, and that Providence had closed every door of labour for the present. He could not openly evangelize, save at the risk of a stake; and yet he had no leisure to read and meditate, for the number of those who were desirous of seeing and conversing with him was so great that his time was wholly occupied in receiving visitors. He resolved to go to Germany, where he hoped to have his knowledge deepened and his spirit refreshed by converse with Luther and Melancthon, and where also he

trusted to find a retired spot where he would enjoy the leisure he coveted so much for study. Setting out on horseback, he arrived at Strasburg without encountering further molestation than being robbed on the way. His departure was of God; for he was hardly gone when the sky of France overcast and the tempest came. Had he been in Paris when the storm broke, he would most

certainly have fallen a victim. But it was not the will of God that his career should end at this time and in this fashion. Humbler men were taken, whose lives, though prolonged, could not have done much for the gospel beyond the limited circle in which they moved; Calvin, who was to spread the light over the earth, was spared. He served the cause of the gospel by living; they by dying.

"JACK-OF-ALL-TRADES."

BY REV. ADAM ROBERTSON, FORRES.



HE "Jack-of-all-trades" is to me one of the most interesting of men. The seeming ease with which he picks up a trade different from that to which he has been bred, or the determined resolution with which he sets about its acquisition, commands my admiration. The vulgar "tail" to the description of the class he represents—"master of none"—I hold to be a calumny, abundantly refuted by the many discoveries he has made in departments which, but for his peculiar gift, would have remained unknown to him.

"Jack" has most likely been bred to one particular trade, which he rarely abandons. It forms the centre from which his restless genius radiates, only to return again with keener relish. If he is a carpenter, he will gladly leave his bench to aid in putting to rights some hitch in the machinery of the mill-wright over the way, that has puzzled the head and hands of the bred engineer; but that work successfully executed, he as gladly returns to the use of his own proper tools. During his leisure hours he will handle his needle, and goose, and lap-board with all the dexterity of a tailor; patch up an old, or even make a new, pair of shoes; and be ready at a neighbour's call to decide on the treatment of a chimney in distress.* But he does not cease to be a carpenter. I know a stone-mason who is as well-dressed a tradesman as you will meet on a Sabbath-day, who owes the making of every article of his clothing—save, perhaps, stockings and hat—to the skill of his own fingers, hardened as they are by the use of the implements of his professed craft, in all the nicer departments of which he is an acknowledged master.

Sometimes, however, it is otherwise. His original pursuit has been of a lower class, and he naturally drops it for one demanding higher skill and securing better remuneration; or it has been injudiciously chosen for him in youth, and he as naturally abandons it for one more congenial to his taste. I am slightly acquainted with a self-taught watchmaker in a flourishing business, who was originally, if I do not mistake, an ordinary

labourer. Sometimes Jack becomes the victim of a calamity that renders him incapable of following one both pleasant and remunerative, and he is forced to make choice of another, in which he speedily excels.

One might imagine that such a man as I have described would be sure to reach a high social position—at least among his fellow-tradesmen. Alas! it is rarely so. He too frequently sinks beneath them. His disposition is genial; his society is courted. The gratitude of many for whom he is constantly doing kind turns assumes the form of *drink*. His love of excitement—to which, indeed, many of his acquirements may be traced—exposes him to the seduction of the social gathering. He has generally some loose cash about him—the reward of work done at odd times, which, being "found money," he deems it needful to *lose* in the public-house. Evil habits grow upon him; and the clean, active, clear-eyed man degenerates into the sot, whose help, once so promptly rendered in any emergency, requires to be waited for till his brief seasons of sobriety return.

Should the eye of any "Jack" fall on these lines (and he is generally a reading man withal), I entreat him to lay to heart what they contain. I say to him: "Friend, you know that I speak the truth. You know that drunkenness is the pit into which many, if not most, of such as you fall. You know that a large proportion of the most skilful tradesmen are drawing near it. Is it to be so with you? Are you—bright, happy, ay, handsome too, whether in clean, purpose-like working-dress or in well-fitting Sunday suit—to be numbered one day with those prematurely aged, blear-eyed, ragged, trembling gopers down there in the depths of it, and vainly clawing its slippery sides in attempts to ascend and get but one more glimpse of the bright atmosphere they have so madly left? From out of that pit, my friend, how many have you known to come forth? And if, perchance, they have been dragged forth by poverty, what have they to show but their rags, and slime, and broken bones—in the poor's-house, or wretched hovel kept over their heads by pauper money? Are you to become one of these, my friend?"

A remarkable, and in many respects a touching,

* Men who profess to make chimneys draw well are called "chimney-doctors."

instance of a career the very opposite of the above was brought some time ago under my observation, during the course of a brief tour through the Western Highlands of Scotland. One day, after a smart twelve mile walk, I found myself on board the delightful steamer which plies up and down the far-famed Loch —. The season was somewhat early, and the passengers were consequently few in number; and these few I began the study of, being familiar with the surrounding scene from the earliest childhood. I confess to the deepest interest in the study of human nature as revealed in the features of the countenance. Whatever *these* may be, I cannot help, when leisure and opportunity are granted, entering into speculations about them. I can always see something of the soul peeping through them. What changes have taken place in the man's original character, which I still can trace beneath the lines that now mark his face! What surroundings have produced these changes?—how the boy that *was* became the man that *is*—what motives now form the springs of his life?—these are all questions more interesting to me than how the lofty Ben with his rugged sides, and the romantic straths that separate him from his lesser brethren, assumed their present forms.

A little group speedily attracted my notice. It consisted of only two—evidently father and son—both plainly but comfortably and respectably clad. The father had all the appearance of a well-to-do tradesman, and regarded his companion—a delicate youth of about fourteen—with deep solicitude. I will not attempt to describe them more particularly, or to reproduce all the speculations to which they gave rise within me: enough to say that a nameless something about them arrested my attention and drew forth my sympathies.

It was not difficult to strike up acquaintance with the elder of the two. A little shyness which he at first exhibited melted away as he became instinctively conscious of the interest I felt in him and his son, and we entered on a conversation that lasted while we were together. I ought to have observed that he was lame, and leaned heavily on his stick whilst standing or walking on the deck. Before long I ventured to inquire into the cause of his infirmity, and was informed that it was occasioned by an injury in the knee-joint which he had received in repairing the stone floor of a stable of which he had charge. Yes! he had been a coachman. His master was a well-known doctor in the city of — when the accident occurred.

"Surely," I said, "you can't fill a coachman's place now!"

"No," he replied, pointing to his knee; "I have had nothing to do with horses since this happened. My master did all he could for me, and called in other doctors to see me; but none of them did me any good. I was sent to the hospital, where a good many old and young practitioners tried their hands upon me; but I had at last to leave as incurable, and to give up all hopes of handling the ribbons again."

I could scarcely have ventured to ask him any other question regarding his personal history had I not observed that his perception of my sympathy inclined him to be communicative.

"How do you support yourself now?" I inquired, in rather a hesitating way.

"I am a shoemaker," was the reply.

"A shoemaker!" I exclaimed. "Who ever heard of a coachman becoming a shoemaker?"

"Well, it is rather odd, when I think of it. But I daresay you will think it odder still when I tell you that this little chap here," he said, putting his hand caressingly on the boy's head, "made me one."

On my remark that he seemed too young to have learned the trade himself, my new acquaintance replied:—

"He didn't really instruct me in the business. He never will be a shoemaker, I trust; but something far better. I hope to see him, if we both are spared, where you were standing last Sunday"—(giving a sly look at my unclerical garments that slightly confused me)—"and if he does, he could not have a better text than you had, 'None of them that trust in Him shall be desolate.' He'll not need to leave his father's house to find the proof of its truth. Still, the dear fellow made me a shoemaker; ay, and when he was much younger than he is now.—Haven't I often told you so, Davie?" This last to his son, who made no answer, save with a merry twinkle of his eye.

"If you would like to know, sir," he continued, touching his hat respectfully, as if bound, after acknowledging his discovery of my profession, to show some mark of respect, "I have no objection to tell you how." As my curiosity was much excited, I begged him to proceed; which he did, unfolding a history full indeed of hardship and sorrow, and of efforts such as I have rarely heard or read of, but also of the sustaining power of faith and hope.

As he lay in the hospital, suffering much from his bruised limb, his wife came daily to visit him. She led David by the hand, and carried in her arms the youngest, a lovely daughter; "at least I thought her the bonniest bairn that ever was, and so winsome in her ways, sir." One day the wife did not make her usual visit; and another, then a third, and she made no appearance in the ward. His anxiety became almost unendurable. He forgot his bodily pain, and would fain have struggled from his bed and attempted to reach his home; but the nature of the operation he was undergoing at the time utterly prevented him. He spent the whole of the night that followed in prayer. He scarcely knew for what to pray. Something was wrong; what it was he did not know. But as he lay at the Father's feet, there came over him, like dew from heaven, a sense of his unspeakable love, and with it a feeling of resignation to his will, whatever it might be. At this point of his narrative he paused for a little, and, passing his hand across his brow, said, "How little did I think that I should so

soon have been put to the test, and tempted to say, Oh, that Thy will had *not* been done!"

On the fourth day, as he lay quietly pondering over the experience of the past night, a minister entered the ward of which he was one of the occupants. Being in a somewhat dreamy and languid state, he took no particular notice of him, but listlessly observed him making, evidently, some inquiries at one of the nurses; and then he observed her pointing significantly in his direction. A strange fear and shuddering then came over him, and a faintness, as though the world seemed suddenly to slip away. The minister's countenance, however, stood out so plainly before him, that he could almost tell to this very day every line upon it. In these lines he could read—he could not tell how—that his "darling, his pet, his bonnie, bonnie wee thing," was dead and gone. He did not think of Jeanie (his wife) or of Davie, but of her,—his dawty. He felt that it was about her he came to speak.

"Ye needna speak to me. I know she's dead—my dear, my pet lamb!" I fainted; but as I felt going off, I saw her as plain as I see you. She was bonnier than ever; but still she was the same Mary, looking at me so sweetly, but fading away with a something, I could scarcely call it sorrow, in her parting glance. I awoke just to see the minister kneeling at my bedside, and to hear him thanking God for having taken a little lamb to his heavenly pastures. When he stopped, I tried to say 'Amen,' but couldn't. I couldn't thank God then; but told him I hoped by-and-by to be able to say, 'The will of the Lord be done!'"

The minister told him that fever had broken out in the narrow street where his family had been compelled to live. The first stricken down had been little Mary. The mother caught the infection, and was barely able to nurse her to the end. And now she and little Davie were both lying ill together. My friend dwelt little on this part of his story, or on the state of his mind whilst chained helpless to his bed while his wife and child were depending on the help of strangers. He found, however, on being discharged from the hospital, free from acute pain, but a cripple for life, that they had not been neglected. The poor are kind to the poor. The missionary and district visitors had been most attentive to them; his old master, too, had given the best medical advice, and contributed those little luxuries that help to cheer the sick and promote their recovery. Ah! how many of our sick poor sink from the lack of these last more than from the want of the former!

The question uppermost in his mind, when he got fairly settled in his humble dwelling, was one of "ways and means," truly of all earthly questions the most important; and the poor ex-coachman felt compelled to look it fairly in the face. He had saved something whilst in service, but during his long illness it had gradually diminished, and was now rapidly melting away. Davie had been attending school up to the time of the fever, and now that he had fairly recovered must return

to it. No answer to the "ways and means" question would the father accept that did not cover the boy's education. He had still as much in the savings'-bank as, with economy, would serve the wants of his household and pay school-fees for the next few months; but after that was the realm of darkness.

He and his wife, after making their calculations, were, however, startled by a great fact that presented itself simultaneously to their minds; namely, that of *clothes*. David was a fast-growing boy, and during his confinement had grown even faster than usual. His trowsers displayed more of his extremities than was comely to behold, and were too tight and threadbare to transform into knickerbockers; and his jacket barely covered his elbows. They very soon, however, found a way out of their difficulty without any extra expense. The husband's father had been by trade a tailor, and he had himself used the needle occasionally, and often seen his father cut, before he had become addicted to the stables; and so out of his old liveries he soon produced a decent suit of clothing for the boy. So off to school, quite proud of his new rig out, Davie was sent.

I will not detail the struggles of this period of my friend's history—of his many efforts and contrivings to make the two ends meet. The annals of the poor are oftener perused than realized by the reading public. And, to do the man justice, he seemed to have no mawkish desire to excite any sentimental pity, and passed over them very lightly; only assuring me that he felt at the darkest hours sustained and cheered by confidence in his heavenly Father. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" This was one of his favourite texts, and was seldom out of his mind when his prospects were gloomiest. A few small sums, gained by odd work thrown in his way by kindly neighbours, kept his slender store from being quite exhausted; but he could hear of no employment for which his lameness did not disqualify him.

Meanwhile winter had come, and with it the cold and rain, and David's shoes showed unmistakable signs of giving way. When he returned from school, his feet were pinched, and cold, and wet. How much misery these poor shoes caused to his father and mother! When the dear little fellow lay snugly in bed, the two would turn them over and over in their hands, and speculate sorrowfully how long they could possibly last. The old shoemaker at the corner of the street had patched and re-patched them till the original material had almost disappeared. As for holding out any longer, they insisted on letting in.

One night both wife and child were in bed, and he, before undressing, took up, as usual of late, the old shoes, and began to turn them about in his hands in a dreamy, hopeless way. He sat down beside the embers of the dying fire. The lamp was out, and the dreary room was only lighted by a straggling ray from the street gas.

"And would you believe it, sir," he said, "I never gave way to despair before; I had cried over my bonnie bairn's death till I thought I could never cry again, but there was no despair in my grief, for I knew she was happy. I had not cried since that time, though a tear would sometimes come into my eye when I thought of her and her sweet winsome ways. But now, that night, I mind it so well, I put the wee shoes down on the hearthstone, and kept looking and looking at them for I don't know how long—it must have been for hours. At last I covered my face with my hands, and cried and wept in bitterness; and in every tear there was despair, for I had noticed that Davie's cheeks were growing thin and white, and I heard him coughing in his sleep. And then there came into my mind the text we were speaking of before, and I just did what it encouraged me to do. Stiff and cold, I knelt down on the floor, and poured out my heart before Him, and told Him my trouble. I had never thought of praying about a pair of old shoes before, and even now it seems strange to me that I *did* think of doing it; but I can tell you never man prayed more earnestly than I did that cold, wet winter's morning.

"When I got up I sat down once more to think, when suddenly it came into my mind—'Why can't you try and make a pair of shoes yourself?' I then began to mind that, from examining the old pair so often and closely, I had a pretty good idea of shoes in all their stages of progress. I might get a still better idea of how they were made by ripping up an old one past wearing. I got quite excited the more I thought. Then I lighted the lamp, though I could scarcely do it, my hands were trembling so, and began to look for a bauchle (old shoe). I soon found what I wanted, and, shaking all over, took the miserable, crooked, patched, and twisted thing to pieces. I said nothing about what I had been thinking of during the night, nor of the resolution I had come to, but went out as usual in the morning.

"I invested, first of all, in the unwonted luxury of an ounce of tobacco. You think that a shameful piece of extravagance for a man who had been greeting and praying over a pair of old shoes, don't you? But I knew what I was about. I paid a visit to the old shoemaker who had done any little work for us in that way, and sat chatting a while with him. I then produced and filled my pipe, and carefully observed all his movements whilst I took a good long smoke. The pipe, on being replenished, was then handed to my neighbour, who did not return it till it was finished. These proceedings gave me an excuse for sitting longer than I could otherwise decently have done, and gave rise to a kindly feeling between us, which, if cultivated in the *same way*, would give me the run of his workshop. I soon saw my way towards making the attempt, and resolved to begin at once. Having purchased in a second-hand shop, where all sorts of odd things were bought and sold, a set of shoemaker's tools, and a pair of lasts,

very much worm-eaten, about the size of Davie's feet, I went direct to a brother, also a coachman, and got from him a pair of old Wellington boots to form the raw material. When I had brought home my investments, to the blank astonishment of my wife, I set to work with a will. On coming to a difficulty, I took down my pipe from the chimney-piece and paid a visit to the shoemaker's shop, and, sooner or later, he was sure to come in the course of his work to that part of the operation which baffled me; and having watched how he got on, quietly returned to my own employment.

"Well, sir, the shoes were finished at last. They were certainly not beauties, but they kept out the wet, and didn't hurt heel, or toe, or instep. I am in a good business now, and have several men working under me; but I had a greater feeling of triumph in finishing these rough articles than in turning the largest and best-paying order I ever got out of my shop. How we all three did admire them, to be sure! The day they were first put on, I mind, was wet and slushy; and how eagerly Jeanie and me tore them off Davie's feet when he came home from school to feel if his stockings were wet; and then the triumph of finding them as dry as when they were put on!

"Once begun, I was determined not to stop. God in his gracious providence had surely guided me to this way of supporting my family in answer to that winter-night's prayer I told you of. My wife required a pair of shoes; my own were giving way; and by the time I had completed the third pair, I felt myself master of the craft. My neighbours, hearing of my exploits, began to bring me their old shoes to mend, and paid me honestly, as the poor generally pay the poor; and old Sandy by-and-by was induced to take me into a kind of partnership, which ended in the business falling entirely into my hands. He was able to retire with a competence; and now, thank God, so far as this world is concerned, I feel no anxiety about the future. I sometimes feel sorry that my Mary did not live to see these brighter days, but indeed she saw nothing but brightness while she lived: her eyes were too young to see trouble, and my heart is content, for I know she is happy. We have had two born to us since she was taken. I bless the Lord that we can feed, and clothe, and give them schooling. We are very fond of them; but they will never put our Mary out of our minds. We often speak of her when the bairns are in their beds, and then our thoughts mostly wander away to heaven, and we commonly end in speaking of that place. But we never think of her as dead even to ourselves. She's our bairn yet, even more than any one of the others; and I am not sure but that we love her the best."

The above narrative was not given continuously; indeed, it was not completed till long after our voyage had ended, and we had spent the remaining portion of the day in watching Davie fishing in the pools of the foaming fretful stream that runs into Loch —. One thing, however, the ex-coachman had not explained. "It has

always seemed to me," I said, "that shoemakers are as a general rule knock-kneed; and as it is scarcely conceivable that none save those happy in that formation of limb try to become shoemakers, it must be caused by the pressure of the knees on that instrument"—I was at a loss for the word.

"Clamps," he said. "I see what you mean; you want to know how I could use them with my knee in this state?"

"Exactly," I replied.

He smiled grimly, as if the recollection were anything but pleasant. "That was a difficulty at which I almost stuck. The pain I suffered from the point was very hard to bear, and many a time brought the sweat to my brow; but being somewhat handy with my tools, I managed after a bit to contrive a kind of clamps, the use of which gives me very little suffering."

Here a happy cry from David called attention to the fact that he had hooked a trout of larger size than any he had in his basket. And as I watched the graceful springing bend of his rod as it yielded, but not too much, to the struggles of its prey, I could not help admiring its good proportions, and making some inquiry after the maker's name. "We just made it ourselves last winter," was the reply. "Davie put on the rings and varnished it. I taught him how to dress the flies he is now using. Many and many a one have I dropped in the pools of

Gleniffer burn and lost on the trees that grow so thickly on its banks when I was younger than him."

The growing shadows of the evening, the solemn stillness of the great mountains, the quiet stars beginning to peer out of the sky, all were more congenial to thought than speech, as we walked to the hotel where we had resolved to spend the night. I meditated deeply over what I had heard, and, lo! the result of my meditations:—

"I have just discovered, friend, that you belong to the *Jack* family."

"No, sir," was the answer I received, reducing the said result apparently to a cipher. "No, sir; I have no relations of that name."

I insisted that he must be wrong, and that I must be right.

"No, sir" (in a tone of decision that bordered on sharpness); "my name is ———, and I have no connection whatever with the Jacks."

"I beg your pardon," I said; "I merely mean to say that I have discovered you to be a '*Jack-of-all-trades*.'"

We were stepping into the well-lighted saloon at the moment of this reply, and astonished the inmates with a merry burst of laughter, in which Davie joined with all his heart.

"If so be I am," said he, laying his hand lovingly once more on the boy's curly head, "you must acknowledge that wee Davie made me *master of one*."

"PRAYING CREAM."

BY W. C. WILKINSON.



MR. BEECHER has contributed a great many working proverbs to the currency of everyday Christian life. But he perhaps never coined a phrase that sprang instantly into a wider frequency in the mouths of men than when he uttered his famous expression about "praying cream and living skim-milk."

The aim of this shaft is obvious and just. It flies, hedged with its lively if homely metaphor, neatly between the joints of the harness of many a religious professor, and bites the marrow and quick of his hypocrisy or his self-deception. I have no wish to blunt its point or save its mark. But it is capable of being used so as to do harm instead of good.

Of course, Mr. Beecher would not object to a man's praying cream, if he can. Mr. Beecher does it himself. The richer the cream of prayer that mantles to the surface of a Christian life the better. No question of this. The trouble begins when prayer is stripped from life to make life poorer. But can it be? Is not the metaphor at fault? Is the saying as many-sidedly wise as it is suddenly witty? Has prayer the relation to life of cream to milk? Does life produce prayer? If so, does the life become impoverished in the production?

The truth is, the luck of Mr. Beecher's phrase is by

no means perfect. It was a good enough arrow for impromptu use. But it will hardly bear the service to which it is sometimes put. It flies very uncertainly since it left the string of the master bowman.

Let us consider what prayer is in relation to life. It is both cause and effect, undoubtedly. A good life makes the prayer of the man who lives it good. Prayer is the artesian well out of which, from sources near or remote, the life leaps to light toward God. The higher the unseen sources and the fuller their flow the more buoyantly springs aloft the Godward aspiration to which they answer. But then, conversely, good praying makes good living. What is prayer?

For our present purpose, it will suffice to consider it in its reflex influence upon the soul that prays. Thus considered, prayer is the conscious, deliberate, adaptive aspiration of the heart after ideal excellence. It is the act of contemplating, and desiring, and appropriating what is purest and best. It is conceiving the unattained in noble character, and "thitherward endeavouring." This is the very idea of the highest prayer. What, then, can it be but "praying cream?" What else ought it to be?

In this view the intenser the contrast between the prayer and the life the better, provided always that there

be an approach of the life to the prayer. The more the aspiration transcends the attainment, the greater the tractive power of the aspiration. Let the aspiration soar, though the attainment grovel in comparison. Is there any gain if the grovelling attainment drags the eager aspiration downward to the dust?

The demoralizing thing is when there is *no* relation between the prayer and the life. And this, of course, is the point at which Mr. Beecher aimed his arrow. It is horrible, indeed, when the devil furnishes a man with a glib gift in prayer whose life shows no tendency to correspond. Milk may stand for cream, and, the cream being taken off, the mission of the milk be accomplished. Not so in the relation between the prayer and the life. The life is not lived for the sake of the prayer. Rather, the prayer is prayed for the sake of the life.

It is easy to see that, considered from the point of view of a rational philosophy merely, the office of prayer is the most fruitful among the powers of good transformation that can work upon a life. The time occupied in familiarizing one's self with a high ideal, in contemplation, even is immense gain. The difference between coarseness and refinement of character, so far as these are acquisitions, and not gifts, is made by the difference of habit in just this respect. You grow refined in accurately graduated proportion to the share of your time which you spend in the company of noble ideals. To forego this ideal society, and to give one's self up wholly to the sordid realities of an earthly life, is to grow coarse beyond help.

Now, when to the mere contemplation of good ideals you add a power of positive desire to realize them in yourself, plainly you have devised the wisest expedient

possible of becoming constantly better. You will become constantly better in the exact ratio to the time and the intensity which you devote to such exercises. You will still be liable to two dangers. You may be cheated by your own cunning into debasing the ideal too much toward your own level. This peril has befallen all, in every age and every clime, who have had no help from above. And you may neglect the habit of resort to the ennobling society of your high aspirations. You may be overtaken by that most disheartening of all the experiences of the soul that is bent on self-culture—a doubt and shame of the very practice on which such self-culture depends, a secret disgust and dread of a self-manipulation beginning and ending in itself. At both these points the Christian office of prayer is guarded. You have a faultless ideal supplied you, by which you may constantly recover your unconscious degeneracies from the true; and you are assured that your worship is not a barren revolution in a vicious circle of self-help, that you are not trying to rise by tugging at your own bootstraps.

Pray cream, then, brethren, with good cheer, and be encouraged if you find that living is skim-milk in comparison. But do not take the cream off. Stir it down to enrich the milk. The cream of prayer does not rise from beneath so much as it falls from above. Keep it well stirred downward. It is beautiful when the aspiration leavens the life. It is a perpetual approach to the state of winged freedom for which we were born when we were born again. In prayer, in Christian prayer, the noble exaggeration of the poet becomes literal truth:—

“The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment.”

SERMONIZING VERSUS PREACHING.

BY ELDER SLOCUM.



WE submit to our readers from time to time specimens of practical papers from a source that is at once plentiful and precious—the *weekly* religious press of the United States. To read regularly even a few of the number gives the impression of a vast and beneficent power exerted for the kingdom of Christ in the most rapidly expanding nation of the earth. It may not be amiss to mention in this connection that within these few weeks a *daily* religious newspaper has been started in New York, under the care of Mr. John Dougal, who has conducted a similar journal for many years in Montreal. It is certain that the projector will abate nothing of Christianity to keep the world's favour. In this respect he has

proved himself not a double-minded man. Whether he stand or fall, he will not fall between two stools, for he plants his foot on one only. It is first the kingdom of God and his righteousness: other things—commerce, social questions, political news—are not despised, but are kept in a subordinate place. The religion of the paper is specifically evangelical and evangelistic, but not sectarian. May God speed the great endeavour!

The subjoined paper, from the *New York Evangelist*, on the difference between delivering a sermon and preaching Christ, although full of American peculiarities in style, is in our view a clear and seasonable word. It is indeed one-sided; but it gives one side well—a side that needs much to be presented and pressed on this

side of the sea. We would fain have in our preaching that which the writer approves ; but we would be none the worse of retaining also a little of what he condemns. Both are best. We agree thoroughly with the writer that *sermonizing* without *preaching* (in his sense of the terms) is flat and unprofitable. But give us every time the preaching of Christ, and we shall welcome a considerable quantity of good exposition along with it. In a stated ministry, and with an instructed congregation, the constant and exclusive preaching, as understood in this paper, might defeat its own end ; but we completely coincide with the author that the "discourse," as such, ought to be a means and not an end. If it stand alone, it is like an earthwork with no shotted gun within its elaborate embrasures. When Philip met the Ethiopian in the desert he delivered a discourse, opening, no doubt, and illustrating the meaning of prophecy and the design of sacrifices ; but the exposition, whatever its length, was intended to be and became the shaft of the spear—very useful in driving home the sharp point, which did all the execution, when the evangelist "*preached unto him Jesus.*"—ED.

I don't know as one of my circumstances and position has any right to criticise the cloth, or to enter any protest against their proceedings ; but being a regularly ordained elder, I am their equal, according to their own theory (though I *am* disqualified for the office of "Moderator," or "Stated Clerk"), and presume upon that ground.

I had some occasion this year to travel a little outside of our little settlement of Backwoods, Minnesota, and in the course of my journey took particular pains to notice whether the preaching of the Church in general was anything like that which we have been subjected to in our village in the West ; for somehow the thought has been growing on me lately that the milk of the Word was not very well dispensed by the overseers of the flock, and that spiritual leanness was the result.

I formed my judgment from our own minister at Backwoods. But could it be that he was a fair sample? I wanted to find out ; and I now give my brothers that "teach" the result of my observations.

First, about *our* parson. He came to us two years ago come September. He struck me as one of the class which the schools down East grind out as a nail-machine does eight-pennies—to order—all cut by the same rule and stamped with the same die. But they called him smart and earnest, and the "fathers" recom-

mended him, so I gave in and backed him. He preached his first "discourse"—he called it that : text, "I determined not to know anything among you," and so on. He split that text into fragments—all *heads* and no *heart*. Then he boiled it down until all the juice was gone ; and it struck me that he had a deal more to say about Paul who wrote than Christ whom it presents. There was any quantity too about the heathen in Paul's day, but no word to the heathen in Backwoods. There were "figures" and "illustrations" without number ; but they were like the padding that fills out a lean form.

Deacon Wilbone remarked to me as he got into his waggon, "A fine sermonizer." "Yes," said I, "and an *awful poor* preacher."

Now, my teaching brothers, that's the point I'm to argue, as the squire says.

My observation since I left Backwoods has taught me that you are, most of you, good *sermonizers* but poor *preachers*, and that this same sermonizing is the *big curse* of the pulpit.

What's the difference ? I'll tell you. A man "*sermonizes*" when he goes to work scientifically to work up some ethical subject according to conventional practice. The result is a "discourse." He preaches when he presents God's truth to dying men after any fashion so that they may see their danger, their need of a Saviour, and the good it will do them to follow him.

You can't sermonize without a kind of formal speech-making. You can preach in a thousand ways. Sermonizing implies rhetoric ; preaching is better with it, but can get along without. Sermonizing lies in the "fixings ;" preaching in the food "*fixed*," or "*un-fixed*" either. And you sermonize a score of times to a single instance of preaching.

When I pull up a violet, I put it to my nose and smell it. I don't want any botanist to pull it all to pieces to tell me where the perfume lies. I smell it ; I know it's there. But you preachers are all ecclesiastical botanists. You take a text that breathes the very perfume of heaven, and pick it to bits, and *that's all*. Your "*skeletons*" are your ruin : for while you are busy with your theological anatomy, the Spirit which "*giveth life*" takes its flight.

Let me show you how.

I heard a sermon once upon the text, "Let us run the race that is set before us." The bulk of it was a "masterly description" of some kind of games the Greeks used to play, and an explanation of how Paul made use of them. (I knew it came from the Encyclopedia.) Then the rest was to prove that the Christian life was a race. And the discourse was over. What is there in that to make a man obey the injunction, "*Let us*," &c.

But I heard another from some Eastern man—(Strange !)—on "abstaining from fleshly lusts." There was not a bit of metaphysics in the whole sermon, and not a shot fired over us. The preacher talked to *me*, so-

it seemed. He told me *how* these lusts warred against the soul, warned me against their dominion, and showed me how Jesus could help me to conquer them. I felt like a poor slave; but I determined thenceforth to be Christ's freeman. I know that hundreds more felt the same. *That was preaching.*

I heard a sermon once upon the Holy Ghost. The "doctrines of the Church" were paraded for half an hour, and the minister was the showman; but the Comforter himself was not recommended to any heart. *Sermonizing!*

Another on preparing to meet God. The awful solemnity of the meeting. Reconciliation through Christ for every soul. *Preaching.*

But most of the sermons I have heard contained a mighty small show of pure preaching. They were displays of learning, theology, ethics, elocution, and *self*; while Jesus Christ was out of sight, in the background, and his cross, if seen at all, so bedecked and bedazzled that you could not tell it for its trappings.

We say that men in our day are "religiously educated." Even our people in Backwoods know all about the "isms" and "ologies;" but they know very little of the gospel of *Jesus*.

Not one in a hundred can tell what Christianity really is; or how Christ becomes their personal Saviour. And they never will find out from the "Sermonizers;" for they will only dilate upon the great themes, and neglect the simple practical questions of the heart. They will make the Sword of the Spirit of none effect,

by *parading* it when they ought to wield it; and their discourses will for ever be cold as marble forms. So hard hearts that might have been broken by sharp tools, will be beaten harder by dull ones.

And yet these sermonizers will complain of their poor success, and lay it all to the stiff-necks and seared consciences of their hearers, when the great fault lies in their methods. Talking all *around* the truth, never striking it; aiming at the skies, and expecting to shoot souls in the audience; fishing for souls in the barren deserts of theological speculations and rhetorical platitudes, and forgetting that to have men bite, they must bait their hooks with the gospel, and cast them into the deep waters of the heart and conscience.

All the doctor-books in the world will not cure a single patient, and your sermons are like those doctor-books—able treatises on disease and cure, but without a drop of the Balm of Gilead.

When a man brings me a bottle of wine (if I drank) I would not ask him to tell me all about its age, beauty, body, colour, much less about the bottle it comes in. I only ask to *quaff* it. And when you bring the Water of Life to thirsty men, remember that while you wax eloquent over its age, beauty, and adaptation, there are waiting souls that famish. Do you cease your explanations, and *pour out the water*.

O my brothers, **PREACH CHRIST!** Just as the apostles did—simply, plainly, by himself. Then you may be sure of an apostle's success, and an apostle's reward.

FUNDAMENTAL TRUTHS.*

L.—ASTRONOMY.



It has been repeatedly said that *astronomy is a refutation of Christianity*; that the Copernican system made the Christian view utterly untenable, and that more modern discoveries have but confirmed this judgment. The Christian view, we are told, makes this world the centre of the universe; for in it is placed man, the end of all creation; in it did the Son of God become incarnate, to effect a redemption whose effects are co-extensive with the universe, the future destiny of which is connected with that of man and his world. The Copernican system, on the contrary, teaches that the earth is but a vanishing point in the universe, one of the smallest satellites of one of the least important suns; that infinite space is filled with solar systems, compared with

which our own is insignificant. In the milky way alone there are more than twenty million suns; and the milky way itself is but an island in the great ocean of the universe! The most remote distances are filled with worlds. And then these distances! Though light travels at the rate of 200,000 miles per second, that of the nearest fixed star (namely, Centaur, more than twenty billion miles off) takes nearly four years in reaching us, that of the most distant parts of the milky way eight thousand years, and that of the most distant visible nebulae at least twenty million years. So at least it is asserted. A railway train, travelling day and night at the rate of thirty-two miles per hour, would take three hundred and forty-two years and three months to reach the sun; and since the nearest fixed star is 269,420 times more distant, we could not reach it in less than ninety-two million years. How then can the earth—this grain of sand in the sea of the universe—be regarded as its centre? We cannot but recognize with Schiller, in his poem "The Greatness of Creation," the infinity of the universe:—

* "Apologetic Lectures on the Fundamental Truths of Christianity." Delivered in Leipzig in the Winter of 1864 by Chr. Ernst Luthardt, Doctor and Professor of Theology. Translated from the Third Edition by Sophia Taylor. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

A popular and timely contribution to Christian apologetics—one of the many fruits that have sprung from revived evangelical views in Germany.

"Thou sail'st in vain—Return! Before thy path, Infinity!
And thou in vain! Behind me spreads Infinity to thee!"

Fold thy wings drooping,
O Thought, eagle-swooping !—
O Phantasia, anchor !—The voyage is o'er :
Creation, wild sailor, flows on to no shore !”*

Christianity, it is said, must stand or fall with the old Ptolemaic system. This, however, has fallen before the Copernican. The delusion of many thousand years has been overthrown by it—a splendid triumph of the human intellect, and an elevating proof that truth must at last prevail. The old theologians knew what they were about when they defended themselves against it; the Romish Church was but consistent in condemning the propositions of Galileo, and forcing him to recant them. But in vain.

What, then, is our reply? Certainly the Copernican system is truth, and a triumph of intellect. But is it incompatible with Christianity? Copernicus, at least, was not of this opinion. His tomb in the Church of St. John bears an inscription, which may be translated as follows :—

“I crave not the grace which Paul received
Nor the favour with which Thou didst indulge Peter :
That alone which Thou bestowest upon the thief on the cross,
That alone do I entreat.”

Kepler and Newton, too, those giants in the realm of science, were humble and zealous Christians.

But, it may be said, these great founders of modern astronomy had not as yet perceived the consequences of their important discoveries; we must therefore bring forward actual reasons.

Our first reply, then, is, that *quantity is not the standard of quality*. Does not the smallest space often include the greatest marvels? If the telescope has shown us that our world is but a grain of sand to the universe, the microscope has shown us a new world in almost every grain of sand. The importance of an object does not depend upon its external magnitude. Quantity and quality often stand diametrically opposed to each other. Such an idea is expressed in the Eighth Psalm, in which man is represented as a vanishing point compared with the great bodies of the universe, and yet described as God's chosen instrument. The minutest organism ranks above the largest inorganic mass, the rose in the valley above the lofty mountain of naked granite, the mind above the whole material universe, and consequently that locality in which mind attains maturity above the most extended regions of space, which serve but as the preliminary stages of its development. Our earth affords the most striking corroboration of this argument. It was certainly intended to be the abode of man, and not of whales, and yet two-thirds of it consist of water. Of the remaining third, moreover, a large space is rendered uninhabitable by cold, heat, sand, and marsh, or is at least so constituted that it seems as if Nature would, as Herder says of the country of the Esquimaux, test man's capa-

bility of development under the most unfavourable circumstances. And why, too, must he share even his own portion of the world with beasts of prey and reptiles, who dispute its possession with him? Truly it is not by the external test of quantity that importance must be judged. Michelet rightly says, “The quantity of space is absolutely immaterial to the manifestations of mind, which often chooses to inclose its greatest marvels in the smallest possible space.” “The small human body is not unworthy of the spirit which can nevertheless compass a world; nor is the earth, though comparatively small in the universe, unfit for God to manifest himself therein.” Again: “How many quadrillions of miles must a planet have in bulk to do fitting honour to an incarnation of the Almighty?”

But we may also urge that our earth, so far at least as we are able to judge, not indeed externally and mathematically, but essentially and with respect to its condition, does actually occupy a *central position in our solar system*, so as to form, though not its material, yet certainly its vital centre. For no other body of our system is so adapted as the earth to be the abode of organic life. We are able to institute a comparison in this respect between the earth and the other planets; for not only do the same laws prevail in the latter as in the former, but their component matter is, as astronomy teaches, similar to that of our world. On the other hand, organic life, as well as mental and spiritual life, requires the pre-existence of certain external conditions, which are either entirely absent in the other planets, or exist there in a degree far below the perfection in which they are found on our earth. In the first place, the density of the sun is so great, and the attraction of gravitation so much ($28\frac{1}{2}$ times) greater in consequence, that, as Mäddler says, “our Samsons transported to the sun would be but infirm and miserable weaklings.” The further, however, we depart from the sun, the less are the general conditions of matter adapted for an existence like that of the human race. Omitting Neptune, the most distant of the planets, we find that in Uranus, distant from the sun eighteen hundred millions of miles, the light received from that luminary must be so slight, that the eye must be constituted like that of the night-owl to be able to see anything in its obscure twilight. It might, indeed, have pleased God to form the eye after such a model; but even then the sun would there appear so small as to be lost among the other stars, and consequently no distinction would exist between day and night, morning and evening, but everything be enveloped in a uniform obscurity. In such a world poetry must be absent, and true sentiment impossible. Since also the inclination of the axis of Uranus toward the sun is ninety degrees, its northern pole must be under the sun during one half of its year (= 42 terrestrial years), and its southern during the other! The condition of the seasons in Saturn, indeed, is more advantageous, and the sun would appear to its inhabitants about four times as

* Bulwer Lytton's Translation.

large as Jupiter does to us; but its density is so slight that it is lighter than water, and its power of attraction so inconsiderable that rocks might float upon its seas. The ring, too, which surrounds it is of so far greater density than the planet itself, and has therefore so great an attractive power upon all bodies on its surface, that it is not conceivable how any beings possessed of voluntary motion could exist upon it. The shadow also of this ring, which is some millions of miles in length, falls during the space of fifteen terrestrial years upon the wintry half of Saturn, so that its inhabitants must emigrate every fifteen years. Jupiter has a nearly perpendicular axis, and hence no change of seasons, without which we are unable to imagine a genuine corporeal existence, with its appropriate duties and employments. And if the motion of the belts which surround him is, as has been conjectured, though not certainly ascertained, an alteration in the clouds of his atmosphere, we must infer the existence of storms travelling at the rate of from seven to eleven thousand feet per second, while the most violent storms known upon our earth have only a speed of sixty feet per second, so that scarcely anything could exist in such a storm-lashed region. The *asteroids* being but shattered fragments of a larger planet, and of so small power of attraction that such muscular exertion as would here suffice to lift the foot would there carry us up above the highest buildings, might almost be omitted. Upon Mars existence would be the most endurable, but only because it more resembles the earth without equalling it. The condition of Venus is very similar to that of the earth; but having seventy-two degrees of axial inclination, the change of seasons is extremely abrupt. It has also been inferred from the cloudlessness of its atmosphere that it has no water, and is hence unadapted to organic life. Mercury, whose surface is only about a ninth that of the earth, is too small for man; "his fatherland must be greater." It is only in the earth that we see the idea of the planets realized. The others are but successive gradations thereunto: the earth is *the planet par excellence*, the teleological centre of the planetary system, and, so far as we are able to judge, the only body of the solar system adapted to the development of the higher grades of organic life.

II.—PRAYER.

What, then, is prayer? It is the indication of intercourse with God. He who prays departs from the world which encompasses him, leaves the disquiet and noise of that external life which is ever tossing restlessly around him, and enters into himself. We live too much out of ourselves; in prayer we resort to ourselves, enter into the inmost depths of our being, into the inner sanctuary of the soul. We then suffer our handiwork, our thought-work, to rest, and retreat into privacy and silence, to find repose, to get breathing-time, to be really with ourselves; yet to be with ourselves only for the

sake of being with God: for God is present in our being's depths. God is with us, and we with God, in our soul's inner sanctuary. The outer man is in the world; the inner man ought to be in God, and God in him. We enter into ourselves that we may betake ourselves to God, may bring ourselves and all that affects us before God. Prayer is love's yearning to pour out everything into the bosom of God. It is the act of trustful resignation, which leaves everything in his hands. Nothing is too insignificant to bring thus before God, if it has but become of real importance to us. Our secret relation to God proves and expresses its vitality in this intercourse of prayer. Without this it is but dead. Surrender to God in prayer is the essentially necessary expression and proof of love. In prayer we resign ourselves and all that interests us to God. This is the highest degree of giving. But the highest act of giving is at the same time the highest degree of receiving; for while in prayer we forsake this perishing and transitory world, we enter the eternal world and breathe its air. Prayer is the secret breathing of the soul. This breathing of the air of eternity is as necessary to the life of the soul, as breathing the air of the earth we live in is to that of the body. The world of God, however, is a world of peace and strength, and prayer diffuses a spirit of peace over our life. In prayer the soul gains repose. Then are the storms and passions of the heart silenced; the disturbances of its cares and anxieties, of its sufferings, and even of its joys, cease. And thus fresh vigour and cheerfulness break forth upon us. As the bracing air of the mountains fills us with a sense of renewed power, so do we in prayer breathe an atmosphere of divine encouragement, and come forth from the inner sanctuary of communion with God to enter with new alacrity into external life, with its tasks, its duties, its burdens, and its griefs; while still, in the midst of the troubles and turmoil of our daily work, our hearts still dwell in the sabbath and sanctuary of prayer. Life is a compound of prayer and work. It is not as though there were two separate agencies in merely external combination or mutual alternation; they must ever be united with and in each other. The one does not exclude but requires the other, as the inner and outer man, as soul and body. Prayer requires work, and work requires prayer. Work must be the outward and visible form of prayer: prayer must be the soul of work, the soul of life in general; no isolated and external act added to another isolated and external act, but the ever-present background of every action, that which vitally pervades and supports our every thought and deed, whence all must originate, and towards which all must tend, that our whole conduct may become an incarnate prayer. It is by prayer that life on earth is connected with eternity, is sunk in it, grows out of it. The greatness of prayer consists in the fact that it transposes this life of time into the sphere of eternity, fills it with eternal value, and brings it into direct communication with God himself. Hence there is nothing which

more exalts and honours man than prayer. On one side, indeed, it is man's abasement before God, but on the other it is also his elevation towards God; for is it not truly an elevation for man to address God himself, the Supreme, the absolute Mind—to attract him towards his particular interests, to lay his concerns before him—nay, to influence his decisions? For when St. Paul says, "We are workers together with God," he means that we perform our part in the works of God. This we do by means of prayer. But how can these things be? None can declare it. These are invisible combinations which utterly escape our observation. Yet, though we cannot track out the ways upon which God

and man meet, the fact remains—its reality is entirely independent of our knowledge of it. By prayer we influence God's acts and decisions; nay, we may even dare to say that by prayer men participate in the divine omnipotence, and have a share in God's government of the world. For prayer is a power in the world, which it pleases God to take up into the mingled web of his government; and the love of God places this power at the bidding of even a silent sigh, which is influenced by himself. Nor is it too bold to say, with Vinet, "God will call the sigh a prayer, and prayer power; and the power of God will, if I may venture to say it, bow before the power which he has placed in a sigh, which is from himself."

The Church in the House.

BY THE EDITOR.

XXXVI.

SAUL.

ACTS ix. 1-4.



VERY one goes his own way; every creature after its kind.

The Ethiopian Treasurer, having obtained all he desired—having gained more than a whole world in that desert place, "went on his way rejoicing." Philip, having finished one work, instantly betakes himself to another. He does not become a hanger-on in the palace of his powerful convert. From Ashdod, the first town he reached on his return, all the way to Caesarea, his home, he preached the gospel in every city. A faithful servant, not hiding but exercising his talent, he was not content with the successful accomplishment of his errand to the desert place, but took advantage of his return journey to scatter the seed of the kingdom in all the towns of the south. Saul too, on his part, acting according to his nature, is as busy as the rest. When last we saw him, he was acquiescing eagerly in the martyrdom of Stephen (viii. 1); and now, after a considerable interval, he appears again, still bent on getting new victims. Perhaps, when the Christians were either driven away from Jerusalem, or concealed there, he found his occupation gone, and determined to find a new hunting-field.

Damascus was a great city only about one hundred and forty miles distant. Many Jews resided permanently there; and probably some of the fugitives from Jerusalem had recently reached it in quest of a refuge. It is intimated in a subsequent verse (13) that believing Jews, who had left Jerusalem after Stephen's death, informed Ananias of Saul's arrival.

Damascus is the oldest city known to history still flourishing. It has a population of 250,000. Travellers describe with enthusiasm the marvellous beauty and salubrity of its site. A bright rapid river, flowing from

the slopes of the eastern Lebanon range, divides into several branches in the plain. Soon after passing the city these streams are absorbed, and never reach an outfall in any sea.

"And Saul, yet breathing out threatenings." The instigator and manager of the first martyrdom has not yet changed; he still breathes out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of Jesus, but will not do so much longer now. This part of his course is near an end; this is the last journey he will undertake as the waster of the Church. The days of his rebellion are numbered; the hour of his conversion is on the wing. He is still the persecutor; but a little while, and he will persecute no more. After this day, all his days, he will be persecuted, until, like the rest of the martyrs, he is sent up in a fiery chariot to join the company of the crowned saints.

Saul demanded from the high priest a commission empowering him to require the assistance of the synagogue authorities in Damascus in prosecuting there his work of blood. From his own lips, at a subsequent stage, we learn that this demand was successful; he went to Damascus "with authority," and not as an adventurer on his own account. By connivance of the Roman governor, the Jewish ecclesiastical council were permitted within certain limits to rule their own countrymen according to their own laws; and it appears that their jurisdiction extended in some form to the persons of Jews residing in foreign cities.

The commission granted by the high priest bore "that if he found any of this way," he should bring them bound to Jerusalem. We have here a new designation of the Christian faith. It is called *the way*, and those who believe it are said to be *of the way*. The expression in the same sense occurs in three other

* The meaning is partially obscured by the introduction of the pronoun "this" in the English version. In the margin it is given correctly—"the way."

places of the Acts: "But divers spake evil of the way" (xix. 9); "And the same time there arose no small stir about the way" (xix. 23); "Felix, having more perfect knowledge of the way" (xxiv. 22). From a comparison of these passages in their context it may be clearly seen that "the way" was a specific designation of the Christian system.

Two questions spring here: Who gave the Christians that name? and, Why was it given? I think it is not a nickname imposed by enemies, but a significant designation adopted by themselves. It may indeed have been either voluntarily adopted by themselves, and thereafter employed by enemies as a term of reproach; or, conversely, employed by adversaries as a reproach, and ultimately accepted by themselves.

In the use of the term there may have been something of the nature of a cipher, used for purposes of concealment. It seems not improbable that the early disciples, remembering the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life," might adopt, as their distinguishing title, the first constituent of that blessed trinity. The word would be very precious in those troubled times. Christ was their way to the Father; faith in him was their way to pardon and peace. "The way" in those times was their path across the wilderness, and their entrance into rest.

The term "Methodist" has been similarly employed in recent British history; and it is interesting to notice, although the English terms do not reveal the circumstance, that the same Greek word is the root of both epithets.

Women were not exempt: when and where have they been exempt, when persecution for Christ's sake was raging? From the commission given to Saul, empowering him to drag women as well as men before the Jewish tribunals, down to the time when godly women were tied to stakes in the rising tide of the Solway by order of a blood-thirsty government, the persecutor has always succeeded in quenching the voice of nature in his own breast. He spares neither age nor sex. From the beginning women have followed the Saviour in his suffering, and suffered for his sake.

The authorized agent was charged to bring the prisoners to Jerusalem for trial—such trial as Stephen obtained there—such trial as the Inquisition accorded to its victims in the dark ages—such trial as the Pope and the Jesuits would give us to-day, if they had power.

"And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus: and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven." We are approaching the crisis now. I think this was, and was intended to be, the most striking and important individual conversion between Christ's ascension and his return to judge the world. In its results, direct and indirect, it is the largest single fruit that has yet been gathered from the tree of righteousness that the Lord by his death and resurrection planted in the world.

As we approach the turning-point—the meeting-place, we stand in awe. For Christians this spot is holy ground. Like the three disciples on the mount, we fear as we enter the cloud; for here the Redeemer is transfigured, and displays more of his glory than mortal eye may easily bear.

From a comparison of this narrative with the accounts of the same event given subsequently by Paul in his public apologies, it results that while his companions heard a voice, Saul only distinguished the articulate speech of a person; and that while they all fell to the earth at the first appearance of the light, the rest of the company soon rose to their feet again, while Saul continued prostrate to hear the word of the Lord. All the company beheld the light with which the risen Jesus that day clothed himself as with a garment; but Saul alone saw the divine Person who wore that robe of glory. All heard a sound; but he alone felt the word as a two-edged sword penetrating his joints and marrow. Similar distinctions occur in our day. One is taken, and another left. A thousand may hear the word of the kingdom, and the kingdom come in power to only a single soul.

Here the Lord takes unto himself his mighty power and reigns. He subdues and leads captive the greatest enemy of his throne. He makes openly a show of Jewish unbelief in the person of its chosen champion, and uses the captive then as an instrument to promote his own design. The Lord had need of human energy and genius in its highest measure—of a moral power that sweeps all lighter things before it in whatever direction it may move, like a river in flood—of Hebrew lore and Greek culture blended together in one capacious mind,—of all these the Lord had need for the work of the kingdom; and sovereignly he seized the vessel which contained them all in fullest measure, that he might employ it as he employed the ancient prophet, "to root out and to pull down, and to destroy and to throw down, to build and to plant" (Jer. i. 10).

XXXVII

THE LORD'S WORD—CONSOLATION.

ACTS ix. 4.

It was near Damascus; it was at mid-day; there was a considerable company; great publicity was given to the transaction; every circumstance is a separate witness to the truth of the narrative. But the best evidence of the fact is the mighty effect that followed. By the conversion of Paul the course of human history has been diverted; the extant result bears witness of the efficient cause.

A circumfused light appeared to all the company; to Saul alone the glorified Redeemer articulately appeared. All heard a voice; Saul alone heard him, the manifested Man, speaking to himself. The voice said to him, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?"

It is not very long since these words were spoken. A succession of nineteen men, if each should live a hundred years, would suffice to span the space; and nineteen men, with hands outspread and touching each other, would not constitute to our vision a very long row. It is less than two thousand years—in God's account, less than two days—since the Lord Jesus uttered these words to check the career of a persecutor, and shield his suffering little ones. It may be not very long ere that voice shall speak again, so that every ear shall hear it. The Lord is not slack concerning his promise.

We are now suspended between the first and second appearances of the Lord. It is but a little time since he was here—and it is but a little time when he will come again. In the interval he abideth near, with his watchful eye over us, and his everlasting arms underneath. His ears are open to his people's cry, and his heart sensitive to their pains and fears. "Lo! I am with you always."

This word of the Lord Jesus is a two-edged sword. It carries comfort to those who are within, and reproof to those who are without. It is spoken to an adversary; but it is spoken for a friend. It is worthy of remark here that the first comfort given to fallen men was conveyed in a word spoken to their destroyer. It was in a rebuke addressed to the serpent that the gospel was first preached (Gen. iii. 15). After the same manner was Israel comforted in times of trial; the word spoken for them was not spoken to them. "Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." From time to time a reproving word or a judgment-stroke was sent against Pharaoh or the King of Babylon; and this was God's way of protecting his chosen heritage. Here, too, the Head will sustain the members, by a reproof addressed to the waster of the Church.

I scarcely know a more comforting word than this in all the Bible. Nowhere else is the oneness of Christ and his people more clearly expressed. The speaker is not now the Man of Sorrows. He asserts the identity of himself and his people, after all power in heaven and in earth has been placed in his hands. He is God over all, and blessed for ever, who here proclaims to the persecutor, Inasmuch as you have done it unto the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto me.

As you experience pain when any member of your body is hurt, Christ, the Head of the spiritual body—the Church that he has bought with his blood—cries out when an enemy's hand strikes some poor saints in Damascus. So when Satan desired to have Peter, that he might sift him as wheat, and drive him by the power of temptation, like chaff unto the fire, the Lord himself felt the strain in his own breast, and interfered to shield his frail disciple. The life that is "hid with Christ in God" is truly a charmed life. No assassin's weapon can reach it in its hiding-place. Although the powers of darkness should bind themselves under a great oath to shroud this lower world in perpetual night, they could not accomplish their purpose unless they had power to pluck the sun from the sky. So these powers

of darkness could not quench the light of life in any Christian, unless they should first extinguish the Sun of righteousness.

Nor is this privilege confined to those who are eminent in the faith. Safety is secured, and therefore measured by the power, not of the saved, but of the Saviour. A British subject is found on the territory of a powerful but barbarian king. The tyrant casts his eye on the forlorn stranger, and would fain take away his liberty or his life. But the power of the Queen overshadows him. The advisers of this savage chief show him that if he touch a hair of that stranger's head a British ship will bombard his capital, and subvert his throne. The man is safe; but his safety is not due to his own strength or skill. The feeblest woman, or the tenderest child, would in such a case be as safe as the most stalwart soldier. Safety in no sense and in no measure depends on the individual's power, but on the power of the government which recognizes him as its subject. It is on a principle somewhat similar that the safety of disciples is insured. Their resource is not, I am strong; but, I am His—and He is almighty.

Why persecutest thou me? Saul was not directing his stroke up to the heavens; he pointed not his spear to Jesus' side. Our goodness—our badness, Lord, reacheth not unto thee. How, then? "Thou persecutest me"—"of whom speaketh the prophet this? of himself or of some other man?" Of some other man, some trembling disciple cowering in the lanes of Damascus, and dreading lest Saul should stone him, as he stoned Stephen, for being a disciple of Christ. Of this man Christ speaks; but speaks of him as a part of himself—feels as we feel when a member is pierced. The principle was abundantly explained by the Lord in the course of his earthly ministry.

Let Saul venture to say, Lord, when did we search thee out in thy humble hiding-place, and drag thee before the judge, and witness against thee, and put thee to death? The King shall answer him from his throne, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Here is my safety—that he counts me his; and not only so, but has made me part of himself, so that a stroke dealt by the enemy against me runs up and pains him on his throne.

Who shall tell how many dangers have been thus averted from us, when we did not know or think of either our danger or our deliverer. I suppose some of the saints in and near Damascus had heard of the persecutor's approach, and feared him; but it is probable also that others in danger by his approach did not know that he was near. By that light-flash which prostrated Saul without the gate, these persons were protected, although they were not aware either of the danger or the deliverance.

I suppose the saved when they reach the Father's house will have occupation for their leisure in numbering up all God's mercies; and perhaps nothing will be

sweeter as an ingredient of their joy than the discoveries of one and another signal rescue that Christ achieved for them, while they, like an infant sleeping in a burning house, were aware neither of the flame that was already singeing their garments, nor of the strong arm of that Brother who bore them beyond its reach. Oh, that will be joyful, joyful! when from the open books we shall read the entries of many fiery darts that flew pointed to our breast, and all these received and quenched on the interposed shield of almighty, unslumbering love.

XXXVIII.

THE LORD'S WORD—REPROOF.

ACTS ix. 4.

The word of the Lord to Saul carried, as we have seen, great consolation to disciples: it bears also a terrible reproof to the adversaries of the gospel.

Mark well here, first of all, that although Saul is an enemy to this Jesus, this Jesus is not an enemy to Saul. This word is not spoken to cast him out, but to melt him down, and so win him near. "My thoughts are not as your thoughts." "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow." It is written of Jesus, in the time of his humiliation, that when he was reviled, he reviled not again. This is true of him also in his glory. He draws clear, deep distinction between the converted and the unconverted; but the distinction does not lie in that the converted are received into favour, while the unconverted are cast away: it lies in this—those that are already near are cherished as dear children, and the distant prodigals are invited to turn and live. He does indeed divide the world into two: his favour compasses about his own people; but even his enemies he does not consume with the breath of his mouth. Christ's word out of heaven to his enemies is a tender entreaty that they should arise and go to the Father.

Nor should any one that now enjoys peace in the Beloved be surprised at this divine generosity. It is a generosity that every saved sinner has himself enjoyed. If Christ had always shown favour to his friends, and always cast his persecutors into the pit, where would you and I have been to-day? If, when we were his enemies, he melted us by his mercy and won us over to himself, we need not wonder to find that he still keeps the door open for those who are without.

The form of this address, in the first place, betrays the tenderness of Jesus before we reach its substance. There is a peculiar meaning in the two-fold repetition of the name. This formula expresses at once sharp condemnation and tender pity. When you intend a simple approval or a simple disapproval, you call the name only once. It is when you intend both to condemn and to win back that you duplicate the call. When a child is called to receive either a reward or a punishment, he is named only once; but when you intend first to reprove him for

his fault, and then to invite him to favour, you name him twice. John, sounded out singly, may be the prelude either to praise or to blame; but John, John, always means both that he is doing evil, and that you mean him good. You may find examples in Scripture.

John xx. 16, "Jesus saith unto her, Mary!"—all tenderness, all approval. On the other hand, Luke x. 41, 42, "Martha, Martha," at once rebukes her cumbering care, and invites her to sit at Jesus' feet. "Jerusalem, Jerusalem," "Simon, Simon," will be found, by examination of the context, to contain a stern reproof woven in with a tender invitation. In Matt. xvi. you will find two examples of a single call both simple: the one (verse 17) simple approval, with no reproof; the other, addressed to Satan possessing Peter (verse 23), simple condemnation, with no invitation to return. It was the double call that Jesus uttered that day in the persecutor's ears; and it is the double call that he addresses to the wide world to-day. At the winding up of the world's history, when the day of grace is done, there will be no double call. The call is single then—the call either to the saved or to the lost. On this side, ye cursed, depart; and on that side, ye blessed, come. Saul, Saul, meant both that Saul was wicked, and Christ was merciful; both that Saul was hating Christ, and Christ was pitying Saul. This is the type of call that the risen and reigning Jesus is now addressing to the world. He names a sinner once, to announce the condemnation which he deserves; he names the sinner a second time, to intimate that in the blood of the Lamb that condemnation may be taken away. The first stroke is the charge, bringing guilt home to the guilty; the second stroke is the discharge, offered without money and without price. Welcome that first word as a sharp sword to penetrate the conscience, and compel you to exclaim in agony, "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" for the second stroke will quickly follow, manifesting a tender, divine compassion which will cause you to sing, "I thank God, through Jesus Christ my Lord." Out of thy mouth, glorified Redeemer, issues a sharp two-edged sword. Strike me with it once, O Lord, that I may cry, What must I do to be saved? And strike again, Lord, that the word may heal the wound which the word has made.

In Saul's case, the redoubled stroke was effectual. The persecutor's heart was very hard, and yet under the repetition it yielded. He grieved for the sin that was rebuked, and accepted the pardon that was offered.

Listen, all who are still without; who are not living in Christ, but beating by a self-pleasing will against him—listen to this double word. Worldling, worldling, why neglectest thou me? Hypocrite, hypocrite, why woundest thou me?

The one word is spoken to smite—the Lord is angry: Melt, stony heart, and flow down. The other word is spoken to heal and pardon: Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.

The first word is a fire that they kindle over the rock

to heat it; the second word is vinegar that they pour over the hot rock to rend it.

Return now to the main lesson of this text—consolation to believers. As a member depends for life and growth on its union with the living body, so a disciple depends on faith's union with the Head. Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." So closely is the life of a Christian entwined round the life of Christ, that when an enemy smites the member, the Head in heaven cries out. One inference from this fact is, How safe a believer is. But another inference is, How sober a believer should be. The seal set upon him is two-fold—has an inscription on either side. If the legend on the upper side be, "The Lord knoweth them that are his," surely the legend on the under side should stand out boldly relieved, so that he may run who reads it, "Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity" (2 Tim. ii. 19).

The Head cries when the member is hurt by foreign violence; but, oh, the Head is still more agonized when the member suffers from internal disease! The tainted blood of the member circulates upward to the heart. Thus the vanity, pride, envy, avarice, impurity of a disciple, hurt the heart of the Holy One. If we have hope that our life is hid with Christ in God, there is no motive so strong for putting away all that defileth: "Every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure" (1 John iii. 3).

When the viper fastened on Paul's hand he shook it off into the fire. I think he did not shake his hand slowly and softly on that occasion. I think he shook the viper off his flesh with a shudder. But he would not cast it off with nervous violence merely on account of the wound, not more than skin-deep, that it might possibly make on his hand. In such a case it is not the scratch on the skin that we think about. We are aware that the blood tainted in the member passes in a few moments to the heart. It is this that imparts an awful gravity to the case.

In like manner, when life in the Lord is enjoyed and realized, the heart of a believer shakes off sin with eager horror, because it will hurt the heart of Christ.

There is a skilfully contrived apparatus by the use of which a man can dive to the bottom of the sea; can remain there long; can walk about and search for lost treasure within the hold of a sunken ship, and bring it up with him when he rises to the surface again. The person in charge above, both sends down the breath of life to the diver while he is under the water, and draws him up out of the water when his work is done.

Christians in this life are like divers busy at the bottom of the sea. They are not only in the sea—they are beneath it. Many waters overflow them, but these waters cannot quench their life; for a mysterious invisible line is stretched between them and their Redeemer in the heavens. He sends down to them the breath of life, so that though the waters overflow they cannot drown

them; and when they have seen his wonders and done his work for a while in the great deep,—when they have trodden for a time this watery, slimy wilderness, and gathered treasures there for him who sent them down, he will draw them out of the waters. He will bring them into a large place.

When time is done, and the affairs of the world are wound up, he will gather unto himself all his own. None of them shall be lost, for he must be full. The command will go forth, North, give up; South, keep not back; Earth, give up thy dead; and, Sea, surrender thine! If the earth should try to close and hold fast any of his little ones, the cry would issue from the throne, the cry of this same Jesus: "Grave, grave, why holdest thou me?" On that day he will do all his pleasure; on this day, blessed are all they that are found in him.

XXXIX.

THE ENEMY SURRENDERS.

ACTS ix. 5-14.

Saul was immediately and fully aware that he had a person to deal with. Whether, in the first moment of his terror, all that Stephen had preached of Jesus living and reigning flashed into his memory, we do not know; but it is probable that the thought of Jesus, whom Stephen saw at his dying moment, was on Saul's mind when he put his first question, Who art thou, Lord? Jesus condescends to answer him, for he knew that the persecutor was in earnest now: "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest." In this expression all the reproof and consolation contained in the first word of the Lord is repeated and is redoubled.

The proverbial expression, "kick against the pricks," like many of the Lord's sayings, gives a whole parable in a single sentence. Since attention has been paid to Oriental customs, the meaning of the phrase is clearly and easily understood. The oxen, while under the yoke, were goaded by a long, slender, sharpened rod. Irritated by the puncture, they sometimes kicked against the instrument that pained them. This, of course, only lacerated their limbs the more. The parable curtly intimates that Saul was in the grasp of irresistible power, and that it would be wisdom simply to submit.

His next question accordingly indicates implicit submission: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" He surrenders at discretion. As yet, however, his knowledge is very dim. It has often been remarked that he displays the character of a novice in demanding what he should do; and that the Lord, through Ananias, sent him a message more in accordance with the cross which he was called to bear: "I will show him how great things he must suffer for my name's sake."

But while, for great purposes, the risen Lord personally meets the arch-enemy in order to subdue him, he does not in person undertake the disciple's instruction. He

hands him over to the ministry of man. A simple Christian disciple, not otherwise known, becomes the educator of the great apostle.

While Saul lay prostrate, probably his eyes were shut; it was when he rose, and endeavoured to look around, that he discovered his blindness. When he opened his eyes he saw nothing. They led him by the hand, and brought him to Damascus.

In Damascus he remained three days and three nights, and neither did eat nor drink. During that time three main channels of communication with earth were cut off: he saw not, he ate not, he drank not. Isolated from earth, he enters into communication with Heaven; for, "behold, he prays." The Spirit possesses him. Hungry, thirsty, blind, he comes to God for food, drink, sight. Nothing from the world now; all from Christ. This vessel has now been emptied, and will soon be filled again. Emptied of all below, he will be filled, through the channel of prayer, from the treasures that are at God's right hand; emptied of himself, and filled with Christ. Thus, in conversion generally, by means more gentle or more violent, a soul is severed for a time from its relations to earth, that so it may have leisure and freedom to transact with God for eternity. The new birth is sometimes more and sometimes less prolonged, with more or less of agony.

At some points the experiences of Saul and the Ethiopian are parallel, and at some in contrast. These two journeys may be compared with profit. The Ethiopian a Gentile, Saul a Jew. The Gentile journeyed toward Jerusalem to seek Christ; the Jew journeyed from Jerusalem to persecute Christians. In the one case the Scripture exemplified is, "Seek, and ye shall find;" in the other, "I am found of them who sought me not." The Lord on high looked sovereignly and mercifully down on both travellers. He gave the one what he sought, and the other what he sought not. Both were blessed, and in the end both receivers lived to the Giver's praise.

I have already thrown out the suggestion that if Saul and Stephen should meet in heaven, they might with profit compare notes of their several experiences. The meeting of Saul and the Ethiopian would be equally interesting. When the secrets of all hearts shall be revealed, it will be found that the devout and humble inquirer will get no more glory than the proud and cruel blasphemer. It will be found that both were made willing by the same power. There were indeed diversities of operation; but the Worker was one. This man was won by a secret distilling of the Spirit, like dew from heaven, upon his heart; that man was subdued by a sudden stroke of omnipotence: but both alike will ascribe all to the grace of their Redeemer.

After three days of blindness and fasting—three days spent, probably, in a great conflict between conscience and the divine law—the fastenings of a stony heart at

length gave way, and the penitent melted into prayer. Now that the wound has gone deep enough, a healing ministry will be sent. Go to him, Ananias; for, "behold, he prayeth." Now that the branch is let into the vine, it is Christ in one of his members who is hungry and blind, and weeping there. The Lord in heaven changes his voice now: "Ananias, leave not Me any longer in darkness and want in the house of Judas, in the street that is called Straight."

The conflict that raged during those three days in the stricken persecutor's breast, has been in part recorded for our instruction. The self-dissection contained in Rom. vii. must have had a great deal to do with the three days of agony in Damascus.

Although certified that Saul was praying, Ananias did not immediately feel at ease in the prospect of meeting him. The lion is now ready to lie down with the kid, but the kid naturally starts back at first sight of that dreaded beast of prey.

Another new name occurs here first as applied to the disciples of Christ—Ananias calls them "thy saints." He must have known that they deserved that name, otherwise he would not have ventured to apply it to them in speaking to the Searcher of hearts.

This last name has borne a great part in history. It was at first a true designation. The name sprang up naturally from a root of fact. These men were separated from the vanity and the wickedness of the world. They had a home on high, and they did not lay up treasures on earth. They walked with God, and did not lie to men. They expected to stand at the judgment-seat of Christ, and did not overreach their neighbours in business. They had been themselves bought with a price, and owed all to forgiving love; therefore they were ready to forgive even unto seventy times seven provocations.

But in process of time the word was turned aside from its true meaning, and applied to those whom the hierarchy of Rome delighted to honour. Some very good men, and some very bad men, have obtained at different times that divinity degree from the Pope and his council. It is now an expensive and worthless form.

As a natural consequence of the misuse of the name in what was called the Church, the world outside has in modern times turned it into a term of reproach. It is very often employed as a sneer. But, although a false pretence to saintship deserves all the mockery it gets, it remains that there is such a thing as holiness (comparative) not in heaven only, but also here on earth. Through the grace of God, and by the ministry of the Spirit, a real holiness is wrought in the heart and life of Christians. It is their part to strive after more. What a noble aim is set before us! to fill up this character with substantial purity and truth, so wrenching the weapon from the scorner's hand. Yield yourselves instruments of righteousness unto God.

The Children's Treasury.

THE LORD IS MY SHIELD; OR, INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN EXILE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF W. O. VON HORN.

CHAPTER I.



HERE are some occurrences in life far more wonderful than anything that could be invented or imagined. This is strikingly exemplified in the story which I am about to relate, which, strange as it may appear, is in no way indebted to fiction. Its leading events transpired in the reign of the Empress Catherine of Russia; and if you would hear them related, you must follow me in thought to that vast empire of the inhospitable North.

When the Empress Catherine, second of the name, reigned over all the Russias, there resided in the small town of Nictin, in the province of Ekaterinenalaw, a collector of customs, of the name of Tzernikoff—a man of genuine faith and godly life, as well as of incorruptible honesty in the discharge of his official duties. The last qualification is unfortunately rare in Russia, where both high and low fail in this respect, and where the objectionable Low-German proverb, “Who bribes well fares well,” is quite at home.

To the class who thus sell their present and eternal happiness for filthy lucre Tzernikoff did not belong. This was the more honourable to him, as his salary did not place many luxuries within his reach. A mere pittance, it barely sufficed for the respectable maintenance of himself, his wife, and their only child. He had, however, learned with the apostle “both to abound and to suffer want,” and ever found the grace of God to be sufficient for him. His daily prayer was: “Give me, O Lord, neither poverty nor riches; but feed me with the food convenient for me.” In short, Tzernikoff was “godly with contentment.”

There were, no doubt, many cares and difficulties connected with his position; but for these he was fully indemnified by the peace of mind which always accompanies the conscientious discharge of duty. He was quite satisfied with his lot; and to this happy result his domestic life largely contributed. His wife was a gentle and affectionate helpmate, as well as a thrifty housewife. His beloved Nahida was a daughter whose greatest delight was to render loving obedience to her parents, and, in a word, to honour her father and mother, according to God's holy commandment.

When, after business hours, Tzernikoff returned to his family, Nahida would run to meet him with open arms, and lovingly caress him while her mother brought him his evening meal. Then, raising his eyes to heaven, he thanked God for the mercies of his lot, and prayed that they might be continued and blessed to him.

Unfeigned piety was the mainspring of thought and action in this well-ordered and happy household.

In the town of Nictin the worthy Tzernikoffs were universally beloved and respected. Tzernikoff's sterling honesty was fully appreciated by the townspeople, who, before his time, had for many years witnessed the sad consequences which resulted from the nefarious practices of his predecessors in office. He was unpopular with only one class of the community—the smugglers, whose interest lay in evading the law.

At that period matters stood in Russia very much as they do at the present day. It is a melancholy, though generally acknowledged fact, that, closely as the frontiers of that empire are watched by custom-house officers, aided by Cossacks, smuggling is nevertheless vigorously and extensively carried on, while the officials sent to prevent it suffer themselves to be blinded to the fact by bribery. More than one appalling instance of this despicable practice will come under your notice in the course of this narrative.

Tzernikoff was ignorant of the extent to which corruption prevailed. Not until some overtures were made, with rare effrontery, to himself, did he obtain a clear insight into the abyss of evil, which was revealed to him in all its horror by the following incident.

In the city of Cherson there resided a merchant of the name of Andrieff, who had realized a fortune by contraband trading, which he continued to prosecute on a large scale. No sooner had Tzernikoff entered office at Nictin than this man waited on him, overwhelmed him with civility, and was, in short, as complaisant and insinuating as one who is about to ask you to stand sponsor for his child.

Tzernikoff thought it singular that this wealthy person should pay such marked deference to him, a poor tax-gatherer; however, as the deceiver came nearer his point, the reason became more apparent. He spoke of the injustice of remunerating the tax-gatherers so meanly for their arduous duties. “Without some means of indemnifying themselves,” he continued, “these excellent persons must inevitably be reduced to want and despair.” So had thought Tzernikoff's predecessors, who, being sensible men, had made a good thing of it, besides allowing others to drive a profitable trade in spite of the exorbitant duties demanded by government.

To this effect the wily tempter spoke, gradually

divulging his purpose, and feeling his way before committing himself.

At first the honest Tzernikoff had no idea of what this man, who so feelingly depicted the unhappy condition of the custom-house officers, was aiming at. He could not suppose so wealthy and distinguished-looking an individual to be a villain bent on wheedling himself into favour. At length, however, he began to perceive the deep cunning of the tempter, and remained speechless with shame and embarrassment at the daring attempt to lure him from the path of duty; while Andrieff unblushingly told him how former collectors, having closed their eyes to certain proceedings, had been handsomely paid for their support of contraband trading. Andrieff himself had given them several hundred roubles yearly. He had now come to make the same arrangement with Tzernikoff, and declared himself ready, in the event of their coming to terms, to pay him still more liberally.

Tzernikoff shuddered at this proposal. Never before had vice entered his presence with so unabashed a bearing. He took some time to collect himself; and then his righteous indignation burst forth irrepressibly.

"If my predecessors were unprincipled men," he said, "they have long ago gone to the bar of divine justice, there to receive the award of their demerit. You, however, should be ashamed to proclaim yourself a scoundrel before God, your own conscience, and me, by thus tempting an honest man to sin. You should tremble to acknowledge that you have ever lent yourself to such corrupt dealings. You cannot fail to perceive that you have put yourself completely in my power, and that the evidence from your own lips is quite strong enough to enable me to give you up to justice. This time I will deal mercifully with you; but beware of again falling into my hands, or, rest assured, you shall be sent to Siberia. I will cause every bale of your goods to be opened and searched; and woe be to you if I detect you in illegal practices. And now, begone, or I will have you arrested on the spot!"

Andrieff's consternation could not have been greater although a thunder-cloud had suddenly burst over his head. There he stood, as if rooted to the ground, feeling himself completely in the power of Tzernikoff, who could ruin him whenever he pleased. Unmoved by shame or penitence, he was filled with impotent rage at his own simplicity in having thus exposed himself. A hardened offender, there was little room in his heart for any better feeling. Tzernikoff was the first honest man who had ever confronted him; and this was what so thoroughly confounded him, and deprived him for the moment of presence of mind. A melancholy state of matters, truly, when the upright in the land are so few as to be regarded only with mistrust and apprehension!

However, Andrieff soon recovered himself, and, with a revengeful scowl at Tzernikoff, made for the door, dreading the powerfully-built man who, short as their

interview had been, was already beginning to cast ominous glances at a knout hanging by the wall, thereby causing the coward's heart to sink within him. He ran with all his might till fairly out of danger; ordered his carriage at the inn, and drove away at a furious pace, as if he fancied the wrathful Tzernikoff in close pursuit of him.

CHAPTER II.

WHILE Andrieff thus sped along, he gnashed his teeth, and, full of defiance and hatred, shook his clenched fist in the frosty air.

"This shall cost you dear, wretched publican," he muttered, while in his evil mind there revolved many thoughts of revenge, not as yet matured to any definite resolution.

"The wicked have no peace," saith the Scripture. They live in constant dread of evil—the punishment inflicted by their own conscience. How well for those who are thereby moved to leave the crooked paths of vice and to begin a new course of life!

But the dishonest merchant of Cherson was very far from this desirable state of mind.

"If Tzernikoff should inform against me at St. Petersburg," thought he, "I am a ruined man, and may make up my mind to go into exile, and trap sables with the Tschukti in Siberia, whence there is no return. I must be beforehand with him in this matter. Well, here and elsewhere there is a key which fits every lock—money! A roller which smooths every road—money! There is a power which can make wrong right and falsehood truth—money! Money can alter everything, and send not me but Tzernikoff to Siberia, where he will hold his peace and not spoil my trade. With a less scrupulous collector in his place, business will go on as well as formerly, if not better than ever."

Thus Andrieff's bad heart suggested to him plans of revenge to be executed by means truly revolting to every honest mind. He stopped at the first town on his road, and wrote home that he had received a sudden call to St. Petersburg, where he desired a large sum of money to be remitted to him. This done, he journeyed as speedily as possible to the capital, there to carry out his vile designs.

In those days, law was in a bad state in St. Petersburg. Matters did not stand there as they do, thank God, in our own beloved country, where the accused cannot be sentenced without first being duly convicted of the crime for which he is brought to trial.

The Empress had entrusted the cares of government to her prime minister, Potemkin, who ruled with unlimited sway. This unprincipled man lavished vast sums of money, and was far from scrupulous about the means used to obtain them. He might be propitiated in various ways; but he who approached him with money in his hand always fared best.

If, in addition to this, the suppliant enlisted calumny

in his aid, and knew how to arouse the wrath of the great man against his adversary, the game was won; for then Potemkin, blinded by rage, was sure to crush the object of his displeasure. Andrieff knew Potemkin's character, and made it the basis of the work of revenge which was to rejoice his own vile heart, and to effect the overthrow of the excellent Tzernikoff.

On arriving at St. Petersburg, where his large fortune had gained him friends, and his extensive trade repute and influence, Andrieff, in accordance with his resolution, first opened the doors with his golden key, and thus ascertained that Tzernikoff had not informed against him. He then took measures to prevent any such communication, in event of its still being made, reaching head-quarters.

So far, he was well satisfied with the result of his labours; and expense was no object to him, seeing he was bent on having his revenge. Besides, if, as he confidently hoped, his plans were crowned with success, the profits from his illegal practices would soon amply repay present outlay. So he proceeded to work out his design by building what he haughtily and sarcastically termed "the golden bridge" by which to approach the mighty Potemkin. This he effected by bribing subordinate officials to mention him favourably to the avaricious prime minister, with whom he at last attained the honour of a personal interview. He begged Potemkin's acceptance of some of the costliest fabrics from his looms, taking care to add a valuable casket containing a large sum of money.

The bridge was crossed; and the prime minister Potemkin, before whom all the Russias cowered in the dust, declared Andrieff to be a most intelligent and estimable person, whose manufacturing skill was beyond all praise, and whose knowledge of the fur-trade was marvellous; in short, one whom he, the greatest man in the empire, delighted to honour.

Andrieff was now occasionally invited to entertainments given by Potemkin, who, on one occasion, engaged him in conversation, and thus afforded the crafty trader an opportunity of expressing his deep sense of the unjustifiable nature of some remarks which he had lately heard made by a petty official on the august person of the Empress, as well as on Potemkin's administration of affairs.

"Who dared to use such language?" furiously demanded Potemkin, stamping his foot.

Here Andrieff feigned alarm, as if he had spoken unguardedly words which he would now fain recall, and seemed unable to reply.

This, of course, only increased the wrath of Potemkin, who peremptorily insisted on hearing the name of the presumptuous offender.

Andrieff now began to prevaricate, and suggested that the treasonable words to which he had referred might have been uttered under the influence of drink, and that the man might be a loyal subject after all. This was intended to add fuel to the flame, and had

the desired effect. Potemkin plied him with queries, till at length Andrieff divulged Tzernikoff's name, office, and place of abode, and invented a tale in which that guileless man figured as a malcontent and agitator, and had sayings imputed to him which he could never have imagined, and would far less have uttered.

Potemkin rushed from the apartment like a madman, leaving his guest for a short time alone and delighted with his successful villany.

On re-entering the room, and finding himself alone with Andrieff, Potemkin observed, "At all events that fellow's mouth must be stopped. I daresay that, by the time he gets to Tobolsk, he will find that he said quite enough against her Majesty the Empress and myself."

Andrieff looked grave, and expressed his regret that an inadvertent speech of his should have brought about such a result. "It was well, however," he added, "that the arm of justice had at length overtaken a hardened offender, who had long deserved punishment."

"Console yourself," said Potemkin. "I feel obliged to you for naming the villain to me, in order that he may feel the weight of my displeasure. It will give me much satisfaction if you will now name his successor."

Here was grist for Andrieff's mill! He hesitated a little; but, on Potemkin's pressing the matter, named one of his own people, who had hitherto taken the lead in all his smuggling transactions, as the most suitable man to fill Tzernikoff's place.

Potemkin rang the bell, and sent for his private secretary, whom he ordered to write out the requisite document, nominating the man of Andrieff's choice to the vacant post. The parchment was handed to Andrieff before the close of the entertainment, to which Potemkin and he had both returned.

"This is worth coming to St. Petersburg for!" chuckled Andrieff, when he got back to his inn that night. "Great as the expense has been, I have gained my object. Tzernikoff can no longer harm me, and a brisk trade will soon make up for all." Delighted with his success, this godless man returned to Cherson without a single thought of the Judge of all, whose righteous vengeance will surely overtake every impenitent sinner.

As above stated, Potemkin at this period ruled supreme in Russia. At his behest officials were promoted, degraded, sent into exile, or even condemned to death. Without the semblance of a trial, persons secretly accused and condemned were arrested and conveyed forthwith to the snow-clad steppes of Siberia, whence they were seldom recalled.

Siberia is the northernmost part of the vast Russian Empire. Vast steppes covered with short herbage form the distinguishing feature of the country, which for nearly ten months in the year lies under snow and ice. There spring and autumn are unknown; but during the short and excessively hot summer the ground thaws to the depth of a few feet to yield its fruits to the husbandman. Other parts of the country are clothed with

extensive forests and intersected by rapid streams, while through its whole length run chains of lofty mountains rich in precious ore. Yet the land is thinly peopled, and the cold reaches a degree of which we, happily, have no idea.

From time immemorial Russia has banished her criminals to this inclement region, either for life or for a given period. They may, however, be recalled if favourably reported by the governor-general, and specially recommended to the imperial clemency.

At the time of which I write the lot of the exiles was hard indeed. Government allotted to each of them a cottage and as much ground as was deemed necessary for his maintenance. When absolutely indispensable, supplies from the government stores were doled out to the exiles. Part of their time was occupied in cultivating the land, the remainder devoted to hunting or trapping the wild animals, so valuable on account of their furs, in which Siberia abounds, such as sable, ermine, black, white, and red foxes, bears, wolves, and so on. Part of their booty was claimed by the government, the rest was their own. Others had to work the government mines, and hardly ever saw the light of day.

Siberia was a word like the grave, the very sound of which conjured up every imaginable horror. The severe cold and hard labour, together with the innumerable privations and perils to which the exiles were exposed, shortened life; and but few of them ever beheld again the homes and friends they had left behind. The journey from St. Petersburg to Tobolsk lasted several months, and was attended by many dangers. A species of snow-storm, called in Russia the *buran*, frequently rages across the Siberian wastes, which are, moreover, infested by herds of famished wolves. The savage dogs at that time used for harness frequently attacked their drivers and the other occupants of the sledges and tore them to pieces. All these circumstances conspired to render banishment to Siberia the most dreadful fate that could befall any one.

Since those days many changes for the better have taken place in Siberia. The country is more populous, the ground better cultivated, and the life there more endurable. Milder laws, administered with a view to the general good, have brought in a new era. The condition of the exiles is much improved. They still have dwellings and fields allotted to them; but, upon the whole, enjoy greater liberty than they had in their Russian homes. Such of them as have learned trades pursue them in the towns, where they sometimes make their fortune; while those who are engaged in hunting and trapping are paid for all the skins they procure. The miners receive regular wages. Many a one is happier in his exile than ever he was before, and would decline to return home were he free to do so.

In those days, however, the lot of the exiles was most deplorable; yet the hard-hearted Andrieff remained unmoved by pity for the innocent man for whom his

vindictiveness and covetousness had prepared so hard a fate, and who was totally unconscious of what was in store for him.

CHAPTER III.

ONE afternoon, when Tzernikoff was resting from the fatigues of the day in the society of his wife and child, there stopped at his door a tarantass (as the vehicle of that country is called), from which alighted the Mayor of Nictin and an officer. Tzernikoff went to receive them, when the sorrowful expression on the face of the magistrate, a dear friend of Tzernikoff's, as well the harsh demeanour of his companion, filled his mind with anxiety and alarm.

No sooner had they entered the room than the mayor informed Tzernikoff that Prince Potemkin had sent a warrant for his apprehension and banishment to Tobolsk. The officer, whose duty it was to conduct Tzernikoff to Siberia, added, that he would allow one day to prepare for his journey and new mode of life; but that by next morning they must be on their way.

It would be vain to attempt to describe the consternation of the unfortunate family on hearing this terrible doom, from which, as they well knew, there was no appeal. They were powerless to alter one iota of the sentence, and patient submission was all that remained to them.

Tzernikoff's wife and daughter sank down in dismay. The humane magistrate kindly sought to comfort them; while the officer seemed to think their misery a matter of course.

"Of what crime am I accused?" Tzernikoff at length asked the officer.

"That has not been communicated to me," replied he; "nor have you any right to inquire. It is enough that sentence has been pronounced against you, and the warrant issued for your apprehension. No doubt the Empress in her wisdom knows the reason, even if your own conscience should fail to enlighten you on this particular. Unfortunately it has often been my lot to conduct state-prisoners to Siberia; but always, according to their own account, at least, innocent men. I am quite aware of that," he concluded, sneeringly.

Tzernikoff, perceiving that further expostulation would be of no avail, turned to the mayor and asked, "What will become of my wife and child?"

"They are to accompany you to Tobolsk!" exclaimed the officer.

"Oh, God bless the Empress for that!" cried the wife.

"What, you thank the Empress for sending you into exile?" said he, looking earnestly at her.

"Indeed I do," replied Mrs. Tzernikoff. "My situation would be infinitely more painful were I obliged to remain here, and let my husband go into exile alone. Now I can at least share his sorrow, and may perhaps be able to sustain and cheer him under it."

A milder expression overspread the officer's countenance. "You are an excellent wife," he said kindly. "Our task is accomplished," he remarked to the magistrate. Then addressing Tzernikoff, more gently, however, than at first, he said, "Get ready as quickly as you can. We cannot possibly reach our journey's end before winter sets in, so you had better provide yourselves with furs. You will be allowed a tarantass for yourselves. There is room in it for you three; but do not take more luggage than you can help. Turn as many of your belongings into money as you can. Everything is cheaper in Siberia than here."

After giving these necessary directions, the officer departed, accompanied by the mayor, and the unfortunate family were left alone in their deep affliction. How great was that affliction!

Tzernikoff could not imagine the reason of this sudden step, or divine where he had given offence, as he had never received the slightest reprimand during his official career. True, his unpleasant interview with Andrieff came more than once to his recollection, and this was the only clue he could find to solve the mystery.

The inhabitants of Nictin were painfully excited by the sad news which soon spread abroad in their little town. It now became apparent how the Tzernikoffs had, by their blameless life, won during their brief sojourn in Nictin the love and esteem of their fellow-citizens.

Sympathy with them in their deep trouble was strongly and generally expressed. No one for a moment believed Tzernikoff to be guilty; but, on the contrary, all declared his arrest to be one of the numerous wicked and arbitrary proceedings of Prince Potemkin. It was well known by what corrupt means this statesman could be wrought upon, and what profound indifference he displayed to the good of individuals when weighed against the gratification of his own avarice or vindictiveness.

So kind friends flocked from every quarter, begging to know how they could be of service to the Tzernikoffs. They bought the furniture at high prices—a substantial token of regard. Some of them knew what was required on the long journey of at least three months, and supplied the travellers with many articles of comfort and luxury for it. They were presented with warm and costly furs; and the mayor ordered the tarantass to be brought on the following morning to Tzernikoff's courtyard, in order that some of his friends, well-skilled in such matters, might get it comfortably fitted up, and pack into it their beds, so essential on the winter's journey.

The unfortunate exiles accepted these proofs of love and sympathy with the deepest emotion.

"Shall we not take courage," said Tzernikoff, "when we reflect that during our residence in Nictin our gracious God has turned to us the hearts of so many persons previously entire strangers to us?"

On the morning of their departure they were once

more refreshed by the affectionate sympathy of many devoted friends, who, crowding round them, warmly grasped their hands and wished them God-speed. Even the officer was moved on beholding these plain proofs of the esteem in which the Tzernikoffs were held, and became less harsh and abrupt in his manner towards them. It was also well for the exiles that he was anxious to return to St. Petersburg before winter should set in in its full rigour. To attain this end he had ordered relays of horses at every station, thereby greatly facilitating their progress.

Tzernikoff's example of steadfast faith and lively hope in God, who can save even to the uttermost, sustained and animated the drooping hearts of his wife and child, who by degrees attained to the same inward calm and spirit of childlike submission which he displayed. The officer admired their fortitude, and sought by every means in his power to alleviate the hardships to which they were unavoidably exposed. He endeavoured to procure them good accommodation at the stations where they had to sleep, and sometimes rested a whole day at the different large towns on their route, making up for the delay thus occasioned by extra speed on the ensuing day. The Sabbath was usually selected as a day of repose; and for this arrangement Tzernikoff felt truly grateful, as he had a strong aversion to travelling on God's holy day.

Tzernikoff was often invited by the officer to sit with him in his carriage and converse with him, and their intercourse was greatly blessed. Whenever, as often happened, the officer expressed his admiration of Tzernikoff's great resignation—a spirit which those whom he conducted into exile rarely manifested—this good man would reply:—

"God is my shield. In this truth I place my hope and confidence, having all my life experienced its power. At ten years of age," he continued, "I was left an orphan; but my dear mother had implanted this sacred truth in my mind, just as one sets a costly diamond in silver; and her words abide in my memory as firmly as the gem remains in its setting. During the sad years of my lonely childhood, this saying was the anchor of my mind; it has been my support in ripper years, and has never lost its power to strengthen and cheer me. Having so long tested the efficacy of this divine truth, shall I now suffer my confidence in it to be shaken? Nay, rather let me hope that in my present affliction I may fully realize its value."

"May the Lord reward your faith!" exclaimed the officer, with deep emotion.

And a blessing from on high seemed indeed to attend the exiles on their long and arduous journey. Sometimes they had to traverse pathless wastes, where, no village being within reach, they had to encamp all night in tents. Then, again, for days the route lay through dense forests; and occasionally they had to pass over rivers, the almost perpendicular banks of which hardly afforded an available crossing-place. The roads were

execrable, and our travellers often so severely shaken by the speedy rate of travelling as to be almost unable to move a limb when they reached their night quarters. Yet everywhere they met with the most open-handed hospitality—one of the bright traits of the Russian character. They were cordially welcomed and supplied with food and lodging by utter strangers, whom they would probably never see again in this world, yet who nevertheless seemed like old acquaintances or beloved friends. At length they reached Tobolsk, after having with much difficulty crossed the Ural Mountains; and thus reached the end of their long and arduous journey, throughout which God had most signally been their shield.

CHAPTER IV.

At the confluence of the rivers Tobol and Irtysh with the Ob or Jennesei lies the city of Tobolsk. Beautifully situated on a height below which the aforesaid rivers meet, it commands on every side a splendid view of the hilly country, extending from the base of the Ural Mountains, and gradually flattening into a plain. Tobolsk was then the seat of government and the capital of Siberia. It contained a large population, and consisted of 25,000 wooden houses, and many extensive stores and warehouses; over all of which towered the copper-gilt roofs and domes of twenty-three churches. Owing to the situation of Tobolsk, intense cold prevails there in winter, while during the short summer the heat is equally trying. In no part of Siberia is the ground so well cultivated as the neighbourhood of Tobolsk; consequently the lot of the numerous exiles there was less hard than that of those in the interior, especially in the dreary and sterile region of Mangasea.

It touched a mournful chord in the heart of the exiles to behold Tobolsk before them in broad daylight, with its domes and cupolas flashing in the golden sunbeams. Here, in this cold and remote country, they were to spend the remainder of their days; here to endure the sorrows of banishment from their native land; and here, perhaps, to find an early grave. Thoughts like these filled Tzernikoff's mind as with tearful eyes he looked upon his young and blooming daughter: yet, glancing upwards, he inwardly ejaculated, "The Lord is my shield!"

Meanwhile they had reached a ferry, after crossing which they trod the streets of Tobolsk with anxious minds and heavy hearts. The officer, who had been many times in Tobolsk, had some friends there, to whom he conducted his prisoners, and who received them with true Russian hospitality. This accomplished, he repaired to the governor's palace.

Count Wathshicky, the excellent governor of Tobolsk, was engaged in his own apartment with his private secretary. However, when the officer was announced, he desired him to be at once shown in.

"Welcome, Captain Treboff!" exclaimed the gover-

nor cordially. "You will soon know every tree and stone on the road between St. Petersburg and Tobolsk."

Treboff, bowing low, replied: "Your excellency is right. I seem to be sentenced to a double share of banishment, having so frequently to return into exile."

"On this occasion you have brought us a notorious criminal, I understand," remarked the governor.

"God alone knows how that may be," returned Treboff. "At first I thought so too; but the hapless man seems to be as simple and guileless a soul as ever I met. How he has incurred this disgrace and punishment baffles my comprehension; unless, indeed, some underhand knavery has been at work in this instance."

"What do you mean?" asked the governor. And when Treboff regarded Lupansky somewhat doubtfully, he added,— "You may speak freely; Lupansky may hear all."

Treboff took a seat, and related what had passed at Nictin, and how admirably Tzernikoff had conducted himself during the journey. "It has never been my lot to witness such fortitude as this man and his wife and daughter displayed. Besides, he is so frank that you may compare his mind to a well of clear water, into the depths of which you may look as long as you please without detecting the slightest impurity."

"How is it possible that such a man could be sentenced to perpetual banishment?" exclaimed the count, who had listened with the liveliest attention to Treboff's narrative.

Treboff then related the story about Andrieff, which had been communicated to him by Tzernikoff.

"I know this Andrieff," said the count; "you may believe him capable of any villany. So poor Tzernikoff is his victim! To what form of penal servitude is he sentenced?"

"To the fur-trade," said Treboff. "The man is no longer young, and must inevitably sink under the hardships inseparable from this service, unless—"

"Unless what?" demanded the governor.

"Unless your excellency take pity on him, and lend him a helping hand," continued the kind-hearted Treboff.

The governor rested his head on his hand, and considered.

"Do you think," he asked, after a pause, "that Tzernikoff is fit to be entrusted with public money; in short, to act as my treasurer?"

"Your excellency forgets," said Treboff, "that he received the dues at the Nictin custom-house, where his honesty and good management gave great satisfaction to his superiors. Desire him to lay his testimonials before your excellency."

"Very well," said the governor. "Now, Captain Treboff, if your *protégé* does not turn out a worthless, hypocritical fellow, I will see what can be done for him."

The count then inquired whose hospitality Tzernikoff was enjoying, and expressed a desire to see him on the

following morning. At the appointed hour Tzernikoff entered the governor's room. He was very pale, and looked harassed and fatigued; but his open and noble countenance bore strong testimony to his moral worth. The governor addressed him as if he possessed no previous information respecting him. His words were grave and to the purpose, yet kind and fitted to inspire confidence.

"You are required to provide a certain number of furs yearly," said he. "Have you been accustomed to hunting?"

"No, your excellency," replied Tzernikoff. "In early life I was employed by a merchant, and afterwards obtained a situation as clerk to a custom-house officer in the harbour of St. Petersburg, until I was appointed collector at Nictin, where I met with the calamity which sent me here. But why should I call it a calamity? I know that the Lord makes all things to work together for my lasting peace, and that even this severe trial is sent for my good."

These simple utterances of the afflicted man, so evidently proceeding from his inmost soul, and so fully agreeing with Treboff's report, moved the heart of the count, and deeply affected the young secretary, who sat writing at a side-table.

"It is unfortunate," observed the count, after a short silence, "that you are such a novice in hunting. For my own part, I cannot conceive how you are ever to trap a sable or shoot a fox; and nevertheless you are bound to supply a certain number of skins to the imperial magazine."

Tzernikoff clasped his hands in speechless dismay.

"Perhaps," interposed the count, "you are qualified to enter my employment?"

Tzernikoff's face brightened as he modestly replied—"Possibly your excellency might find me serviceable."

"Very well. I give you to-morrow and a few days more to get settled. Lupansky," he continued, indicating his secretary, "will assign to you as comfortable a house as he can procure, with the field belonging to it. In course of time you will get everything made comfortable. When your arrangements are completed I shall expect you here, in order to initiate you into your new duties."

Lupansky sprang up, and, taking some papers with him, requested Tzernikoff to accompany him. The governor dismissed him with kind words, exhorting him not to lose heart.

When they reached the street young Lupansky grasped Tzernikoff's hand, saying: "Take courage. Captain Treboff, whose rough manners belie his kind heart, has warmly recommended you to the governor. Things will turn out much better than you expect. As to the furs, you may console yourself with regard to that difficulty. I am passionately fond of hunting, and well provided with all the necessary implements for it, besides having a large stock of experience in all matters connected with the chase. When the time for rendering up the skins draws nigh I will accompany

you to the best hunting-grounds, and the fruits of one expedition thither will amply supply your requirements."

Deeply moved by this display of kindness, and inwardly thanking God for awakening in the hearts of strangers such good-will towards him, Tzernikoff pressed the young man's hand, and cordially thanked him.

They soon arrived at a small though not unpleasantly situated house, with closed window-shutters. It was built, like all the Tobolsk houses, of wood, and the roof covered in with shingles.

Like most of the other houses for exiles, it consisted of only one story, and contained three rooms and a kitchen, besides stable accommodation. Though extremely dirty, it possessed capabilities of being rendered a comfortable abode, as Tzernikoff was glad to perceive.

They next repaired to the house where the exiles had been so hospitably received, and Tzernikoff took his wife and daughter to see their future dwelling-place, at which they also were agreeably surprised.

Lupansky kindly took charge of the needful repairs, and on the following day workmen were employed on the premises in restoring what had fallen into decay. These labourers were also exiles, but certainly did not look at all oppressed.

In a few days the house, being repaired and cleaned according to Mrs. Tzernikoff's directions, had to be furnished in the most economical style practicable; and here again Lupansky was ready with his energetic assistance, and turned to good account on the exiles' behalf his own experience of life in Siberia.

The governor himself sent them some articles of furniture; and in a short time, at a trifling expense, the house was made as comfortable as possible. Haste was indispensable, for the few fine days soon passed away, and an abrupt change from mild weather to sharp frost suddenly took place, after which winter assumed undisputed sway, and maintained it with a rigour far exceeding any previous conception formed by the Nictin exiles.

They soon became aware of the fact that the almost incredibly low prices of provisions in Tobolsk rendered living there very inexpensive. Arriving, as they did, at the beginning of winter, they could, of course, do nothing towards the cultivation of the ground allotted to them; but Lupansky, who had with almost filial affection attached himself to them, supplied all their wants from the government stores, having, it was plain, obtained from the governor a *carte-blanche* for the Tzernikoffs' benefit.

Moreover, they received numerous tokens of sympathy and good-will from several families in Tobolsk, to whose favourable notice they had been recommended by the worthy Captain Treboff.

Treboff's departure was a heart-felt sorrow to the exiles. Though he had at first appeared to be rude and harsh, they had all in time learned to appreciate

his native goodness of heart. On their long journey he and they had become as intimately acquainted with one another as if they had been friends of many years' standing, and his unvarying attention and kindness had completely won their hearts; so parting with him could not be otherwise than painful. On his side, Treboff amply proved, by his endeavours to promote their interest, his great love and esteem for the Tzernikoffs. Their heart-felt gratitude and fervent prayers accompanied him on his homeward journey, which, as the mild weather was over, had to be prosecuted under the most trying circumstances.

Count Wathshicky employed Tzernikoff in his bureau, and finding his knowledge of business and general capability to be entirely satisfactory, gave him the sole charge of the treasury, from which the expenses of the exiles were paid. Tzernikoff strove with all his might to justify the reliance thus placed in him. His office yielded him a salary smaller than that he had received at Nictin; but provisions being so cheap, and the field which adjoined his house producing nearly all the necessaries of life, Tzernikoff soon rejoiced in considerable savings.

The position which the governor had given him placed him on a footing of equality with the most respectable citizens of Tobolsk, and thus one of his chief anxieties was removed, as Nahida now enjoyed greater advantages of education and society than he had ever ventured to hope for.

She was just fourteen, the age when these advantages are most desirable, and gave promise of great personal beauty as well as of mental superiority. Growing up under the example and influence of her excellent

mother, she acquired all the good qualities which shone so brightly in Mrs. Tzernikoff, and rendered her an ornament to her sex.

It greatly rejoiced the amiable young Lupansky to see the Tzernikoffs, in whom, since hearing Treboff's narrative, he had taken the deepest interest, thus early reconciled to their altered circumstances. It seemed as if banishment from their native land, instead of diminishing their domestic happiness, rather augmented the tender and constant love they bore to one another. He visited them daily, and spent the long winter evenings with them. When conversation flagged Tzernikoff and he read by turns from some entertaining book, brought with the governor's permission from his well-stocked library. Thus the evenings passed away fraught with instruction and profit not unmixed with agreeable recreation. When Nahida had no useful sewing to do, she read aloud in her turn, and they all listened with pleasure to the clear and silvery tones of her voice.

Lupansky found all that Captain Treboff had said abundantly confirmed in his own experience. An orphan, without a single relative in life, he became as strongly attached to the Tzernikoffs as if they had been his parents, and the lovely Nahida his sister; while they returned his affection with equal warmth, and considered him as one of themselves.

The governor, who was a keen observer, greatly approved of this new friendship, as it effectually withdrew Lupansky, in whom he took a great interest, from society of a less improving kind—to be found, alas! even in that remote part of the world—which had seemed likely to ensnare the young man.

(To be continued.)

THE LITTLE CLOWN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAME DE BAWR.

IT was in the month of September; the roads leading to Saint Cloud, where the *fête* was to take place the following day, were lined with packmen, men carrying puppet-shows, Punch and Judy, &c., and who were going to establish themselves in the great Saint Cloud Walk, to gain a few pence there, some selling their wares, others showing their curiosities. As a part of this crowd passed through Great Auteuil Street, Albert de Courtis several times in the day had got leave from his father to stay for a few moments in the porch of the house to see them all passing. Albert was only eight years old, so M. de Courtis had ordered Vincent, the old porter, to remain near the child, and not to leave him.

"Ah," said Albert to Vincent, "how I should like to live in Saint Cloud! To-morrow I could see all that these people are carrying in these baskets, in these great boxes; while here we see nothing."

"Perhaps your father will take you to the *fête*," answered the porter.

"I will beg so much—I will beg so much, that he will have to take me there!"

As Albert said these words, a great red man, with a table, a chair, and a hoop, stopped in front of the house. He was followed by a little boy, who carried on his back an enormous clothes-bag. The child was so pale, he looked so wearied, that Albert could not look at him without feeling pity for him; and that pity increased when he noticed that this little boy, who might be about his own age, shed, in secret, some tears. The red man was chatting with the richest landlady in the street.

"My children watched you for a long time, Mr. John-the-Red," said that woman. "Will you not regale us with a few performances before pushing on to Saint Cloud? You know that last year you were not so ill paid; and when you are done you will have refreshments at my house."

"But the difficulty is that I must make a complete toilette," answered the clown.

"Come to the house," replied the woman; "you don't take up much time doing that."

The red man followed the landlady, and the child, who appeared crushed under the weight he carried, walked slowly behind him.

"Will you walk, idle rascal?" said the clown, stopping. "Must I make you get on?"—and saying that, he gave the little boy a great kick, who quickened his steps, sobbing.

"What a wicked man he looks," said Albert, ready to cry too. "He sees quite well that the poor child cannot carry that great bundle. Why does he not take some one with him?"

"Do you think such men have servants?" answered Vincent smiling; "those who are going to show us a few tricks to gain three or four pence to have bread."

Albert searched his pockets and made sure that he had still some small change besides a sixpenny-piece that his father had given him the evening before; then he awaited with the greatest impatience the commencement of the spectacle.

After some minutes John-the-Red reappeared, richly clothed in rope-dancer costume. The little boy too no longer wore a ragged coat; he had on a pair of white trousers, a red waistcoat covered with gilt spangles, and his beautiful fair hair, all curly, was concealed under a bonnet, adorned with an embroidery and with a feather.

People were not slow in gathering at the sound of the child's drum, to which was joined the hoarse voice of John-the-Red, crying, "Here, gentlemen, here! take your places! Come and admire the great and the little Hercules of the North! You are going to see what you have never seen!"

But Albert was far from enjoying the pleasure which this announcement promised, when he saw the poor little boy who interested him so much not only walk on his head with his feet in the air, but tossed about, returning in every way by the vigorous hand of John-the-Red, then balancing himself on his toe, on one leg of a chair placed on the table, at the risk of breaking all his body if he lost his balance for a single moment.

"Oh," cried Albert, turning away his head, "he will fall, he will fall; take him away from that!"

Fortunately the little boy did not fall, and, to his great satisfaction, Albert saw the end of this spectacle, which had been to him a veritable torture.

"Beg these ladies and gentlemen not to forget the little Hercules," said John-the-Red, addressing the child. Then the little boy took his embroidered bonnet in his hand, and went round the crowd presenting it to everybody that they might put something in. John-the-Red, all the time he was talking with the people round him, did not lose sight of him, and, with a menacing air, he made him a sign to insist on those persons who were not giving. At last he came before Albert, and smiled sadly to him without saying a word. Albert threw five half-pence into the cap, then, putting the sixpenny-piece into his hand, "That is to buy peaches,"

said he to him (Albert was very fond of peaches); "this is for yourself only."

But the little boy was anxious to throw the piece into the cap. "If I kept a farthing of it," said he sighing, "I would be nicely beaten."

"By whom?"

The child cast a fearful glance towards John-the-Red, and answered nothing.

"How old are you?" asked Albert.

"I do not know."

"What! But I know well that I am eight years old and three months."

"I do not know."

"If you were alone," replied Albert, lowering his voice, "I would have invited you to come and take something in the house, for I think you are very wearied."

"Is that beautiful house yours?" answered the child, whose looks were fixed for a long time on the porch and front of the house.

"It is papa's."

"Victor! Victor!" cried John-the-Red, "what are you amusing yourself with there, rascal? Will you make an end of your walk round the people?"

The little boy cast on Albert a look of sadness and gratitude; and when he had collected what remained to be received, he carried very quickly the cap to John-the-Red, whom he followed into the landlady's house.

Albert ceased not the whole evening to think about the little clown, until M. de Courtis, who did not see him amusing himself as usual, asked him if he was ill. Then Albert related to him all that had passed before the porch, and was moved about the little boy's fate.

"Most of those men," said M. de Courtis, when his son had finished his tale, "the most of those men are very bad subjects, men idle from childhood, who, for not having wished to learn to read and write, nor any useful trade, are compelled to become mountebanks to gain their bread."

"The child I am speaking of," answered Albert, "would, I am sure, learn all that they would wish to show him; he has learned well to do these worthless tricks. But doubtless his wicked father does not wish to give him masters."

"To give masters, one must have money, Albert. In working, when I was young, I gained wherewith to pay yours, and in a few years you will work yourself to pay your children's."

Albert threw himself into the arms of M. de Courtis, shuddering at the idea that, without this good father, he would be ignorant, and might become a clown.

The next day, after breakfast, Albert went down to the garden according to his custom; but instead of employing in play this time of recreation, he sat down on a bench and began to think of John-the-Red and the little boy, whose figure, so sweet and so sad, was still present to him. He had been there a few minutes, when he saw moving the branches of a lilac thicket opposite him. "Here, Caesar, here!" said he, thinking

that the house-dog had not been chained and was loose in the garden.

"It is not Caesar, it is I," answered a timid voice, and the little clown showed himself, covered with his old great-coat, and still paler than he was the evening before.

"Where did you come in by?" asked Albert, whom this apparition surprised to the last degree.

"I came in yesterday evening," answered the child; "I slipped in behind the porter, at the end of the day, and passed the night in this thicket."

"You have left your father?"

"John-the-Red is not my father."

"Ah, so much the better," replied Albert; "but doubtless he is getting you looked for—he is looking for you."

"That may be. You can save me, however, by telling no one that I am here, and by bringing me, if you can, a piece of bread, for I have eaten nothing since yesterday morning. I escaped in the evening while this wicked John-the-Red was drinking and regaling himself at the inn."

"It is impossible for me to tell no one," replied Albert, "for I tell my father everything."

"And is your father as good as you?"

"Far, far better; and then he is wiser and better informed than we."

"Then tell him to have pity on a poor little unfortunate one. Try to make him allow me to hide in the cellar, in the dog's kennel—where he pleases. Provided that I am not put back into the hands of John-the-Red, I will be content." And the poor child shed a torrent of tears, and trembled in every limb.

"Wait there," said Albert, who had never been so much moved. "I will at once fetch you something to eat."

He made but one leap to the house. Breakfast was still on the table, so that he returned bringing a great piece of bread and two peaches, which the little boy began to devour, while Albert went for M. de Courtis. This last was an excellent man. He consented to this, that his son should bring him the little clown, quite certain of knowing immediately if the child really deserved some interest. On entering the drawing-room, Albert's *protégé* advanced towards M. de Courtis with his hands clasped, placing himself on his knees before him, looking at him with a suppliant air, but without saying a word. M. de Courtis made him rise, and asked him his name.

"I am called Victor, sir."

"So the man with whom you came yesterday is not your father?"

"No, sir."

"And who are your parents?"

"I know nothing of them, sir. John-the-Red has always told me that he did not know them, and that he brought me up for charity."

"And for how long has he so brought you up?"

"For five years, I think."

"You appear to be eight or nine; have you then no recollection of your father—of your mother?"

"Oh yes, sir; I remember that my mother was very good. We lived in a house very much smaller than this, and which was far less beautiful. I do not know if I have dreamed it, but I have always thought that this house was burned."

"Do you think it was then that John-the-Red took you to his house?"

"I think so; but I am not very sure of it."

"But John-the-Red himself ought to have told you?"

"On the contrary, sir, he always forbade me to speak to him of that, and when I wished to say a word about it he beat me."

In spite of his look of suffering, the figure of the poor little fellow had a character of sweetness and honesty which touched the heart; so that after many other questions, to which the child answered always with the same accent of frankness and of truth, M. de Courtis consented to keep him at his house for some days, in order to withdraw him from the sad lot that awaited him at the hands of the clown.

M. de Courtis, who wished to observe his son's *protégé*, decided that Victor should eat at his table. He made him put on a waistcoat and trowsers of Albert's, which were found to fit wonderfully. Vincent was the only one in the house who might have known the little clown—M. de Courtis entrusted him with the secret, provided that the old porter should prove no babler; and all the other servants saw in Victor only a young companion of Albert, who came to pass a week at Auteuil. The poor child, in his joy and gratitude, showed himself so amiable, so good, that three days had not passed without M. de Courtis himself conceiving for him an affection. As for Albert, never had he been so pleased; his hours of recreation had become delicious now that he played, that he talked with Victor. One morning—this last witnessing to him the regret that he had at not being able to share his studies as he shared his plays, for the poor boy could not even read—Albert offered to show him his letters, which Victor accepted with a transport of satisfaction.

Nearly a month had flown by thus, and M. de Courtis did not speak of sending away Victor. Only, two or three times, he had announced his intention of placing the child, when he should be at Paris, wherever an advantageous opportunity presented itself. Albert lived in the hope that this opportunity would not present itself, when one day he had with his father the following conversation.

Albert. I answer you, papa, that Victor astonishes me. Do you imagine that he already joins his letters, so great is his desire of learning? He will soon read fluently; and when he can do that, I shall show him something else.

M. de Courtis. You think, then, that he will always remain in the house?

Albert. Well, papa, I hope so. You would not put that poor boy into the street in winter, without a fire, without bread.

M. de Courtis. No; certainly not. I will place him to make him learn a trade; for I am not rich enough to maintain and to educate another child. It would be necessary for that to deprive myself of enjoyments to which I am accustomed, and which have become needful to me.

Albert. Oh, I should be very sorry for it, papa! But I—cannot I deprive myself? For example, you will give me a more simple dress, less dear; and then I shall be able to share with Victor many things—

M. de Courtis. Bah! All these projects are good in words; but when the moment of privation comes you will support it with difficulty.

Albert. No, no, papa; try. At first I shall eat no more dainties—and you know that I love them well.

M. de Courtis. Listen, Albert. In a fortnight comes your birth-day. I was to give you a watch, which you have asked of me for a long time. I shall no longer be able to give it you.

Albert. Ah, well, be it so, papa! I will dispense with a watch.

M. de Courtis. In a year I was to give you a small horse, which you wish so much, to ride about in Boulogne wood. I should no longer be able to give you the horse.

Albert (after hesitating a moment). I will dispense with a horse.

M. de Courtis. You will regret it much.

Albert. Never! never! If I think of the watch, of the horse, I will say to myself, it is Victor's bread.

For five months M. de Courtis had examined Victor with care. He had recognized in that child a kindness and extraordinary sensibility, joined to an intelligence far beyond his age. He would have chosen him amongst all as a companion for his son. He embraced Albert, and promised him that Victor should not leave the house; but said to him also not to forget at what price he remained there. It is difficult to paint the transports of joy of the poor child when they told him this good news. He laughed, he danced, he kissed M. de Courtis's hands; he kissed the cheeks, the hair of Albert; and promised to be so wise, so honest a boy, that he would deserve so many kindnesses.

His conduct, indeed, became every day more exemplary. M. de Courtis immediately got given to him lessons from Albert's masters, and he worked with such ardour that six months sufficed him to join Albert in his studies. The emulation which was then established between them was useful to them, without causing them any chagrin. Victor so much loved Albert! Albert so much loved Victor!

The winter had just passed in Paris, when one morning Victor took it upon himself to take a letter to M. de Courtis into his study. It was the first time that Victor had entered that room; and while M. de Courtis was reading his letter, he amused himself with looking at

several engravings with which the walls were covered. M. de Courtis's sister lived in Compiègne, and she had given her brother a plan of that town, seen from the bank of the river. Victor had hardly stopped before the other pictures, but before that one he remained a long time immovable; then he began to speak to himself with much agitation.

"What have you there, Victor?" said M. de Courtis.

"Ah, sir, how well I know all that! There is the river, the bridge, the great bend" (the Joan of Arc bend, on the river Oise). "I have often been on that bridge."

"In your childhood?"

"Yes, sir; it is long ago, very long ago—when I was with mamma."

"Your mother then lived at Compiègne?" asked M. de Courtis, who conceived the hope of finding out the poor child's family.

"Ah! I do not know what that place is called, but I recognize it, I recognize everything!"

This information was quite enough to make M. de Courtis anxious to obtain positive proofs. He wrote to his sister, put her in cognizance of the little he knew, and begged her to get on the spot all the information which might lead to the discovery of the mystery of Victor's birth.

A very few days afterwards his sister answered him that she had done as he desired. She had seen the mayor of Compiègne. By good luck this mayor had not been changed for seven years, and he appeared certain to know the child in question. The whole town, as well as he, remembered having seen a Mrs. Brocard; she was a great wood-merchant's widow, who had been very rich, but had been ruined by failures. The poor woman, on the death of her husband, had retired to a cottage situated on the banks of the Oise. Nearly six years ago that cottage had been burned, and Mrs. Brocard had perished in the flames. Her child, a little boy of three or four years, who was called Victor, and who was known to have been saved, had no less disappeared then, without their ever being able to know what had become of him. This little boy was slender, and of a charming figure. Information given by the mayor and some others could help in recognizing him: that he had curly hair, very fair, with large black eyes.

This proof, along with the other circumstances, pointed out Victor, so that M. de Courtis had no longer the least doubt. He wrote immediately to the mayor of Compiègne that, the child not being reclaimed by any parent, he offered to take on himself the care of his education; and soon he received the necessary authority for that purpose, to which was joined the register of Victor Brocard's birth.

From that moment Victor Brocard was treated by M. de Courtis like a second son, and all his conduct rendered him worthy of his benefit. He was pleasant, obedient; he distinguished himself in his studies in an astonishing way; and he loved Albert to such an extent that he could not live an hour happy separate from him.

The family was established anew at Auteuil for a month. M. de Courtis congratulated himself more and more for having yielded to the prayers of his son in keeping Victor at his house, when he thought to perceive a fault, a single one, but very despicable, and which tarnished all the good qualities of his child by adoption. Victor appeared to love money above everything. M. de Courtis gave to him, as well as to Albert, fivepence a week for pocket-money: nothing in the world would induce Victor to spend a single halfpenny of it. Not content with keeping all that he received from his benefactor, he got money from everything, so that he was seen selling to other little boys very pretty playthings which he had received as handsets in Paris from friends of the house. One day, when M. de Courtis was walking in Boulogne wood with the two children, he asked a few halfpence from Victor to give to a poor man. The little boy answered with an embarrassed air that he had nothing in his pockets.

"What!" said M. de Courtis, "did you not get your pocket-money yesterday? Have you spent it already?"

"No," answered Victor, reddening much; "but I save my money."

"Oh yes, papa, oh yes," said Albert, thinking to serve his friend, "he ought to have far more of it than I; for he is very economical, Victor."

"That is not economy," said M. de Courtis half aloud, with an air of disdain.

Although Victor did not hear, although he did not wish to hear, he answered nothing.

M. de Courtis racked his brain to guess what pleasure a child could take in saving up thus. But what was his surprise, what was his chagrin, when Vincent came and

told him that Victor once in Great Auteuil Street had held a gentleman's horse for four shillings. His tenderness for the child diminished by half. In vain Victor showed himself eager, attentive, affectionate. M. de Courtis, seeing him thus, returned it sometimes; then said to himself immediately, "He loves me not; a miser cannot love any one."

The year passed in this way. The time of Albert's birth-day was approaching. M. de Courtis said to himself: "We shall see if he will give anything to his friend; Albert makes him numberless little presents."

The day was come; Albert had received some books from his father, bouquets from all the servants, and even congratulations from the watchmaker, who had just come from Paris to regulate the clocks. Victor did not show himself; he had appeared only at breakfast, and had not even embraced Albert.

"Oh, it is too much!" said M. de Courtis to himself. "If he did not wish to spend his money, he might at least have found a flower in the garden!"

At that moment the door opened violently. Victor, his face flushed, his eyes wet with tears, dashes into the drawing-room. "Albert," cried he, clasping his friend in his arms, "there is the watch! there is the watch! Vincent told me everything; and I shall die, my good Albert, or I shall give you the horse."

With what pleasure did M. de Courtis press the poor child to his heart; and how he reproached himself for his suspicions, is more easily imagined than described.

Albert and Victor have grown up together. Albert has become a banker; Victor a celebrated advocate; and their friendship causes a great deal of their happiness.

THE ROSE-BUSHES.

IN front of my father's house, on the bank of a gently flowing Scottish river, grew two rose-bushes. They blossomed all the season through. The flowers were very beautiful, but they were all of the same form and the same colour. The pure pale pink, ever repeating itself from week to week and from year to year, became wearisome. We longed for a change, not that we disliked the flowers—for nothing could be more lovely either in the bud or the bloom—but we wanted something new.

I learned the art of budding. Having obtained from a neighbour some slips of the finest kind, I succeeded in innoculating them upon our own bushes. The success was great. Five or six varieties might be seen flowering all at one time on a single plant. The process was not much known at the time in the district. Our roses became celebrated, and neighbours came to see and admire them. They were counted a treasure in the family.

When their fame had reached its height, a frost occurred, more severe than usual, and both the bushes died. They were natives of a warmer clime, and too tender for our severer seasons. Had the buds been inserted into a hardier stock our beautiful roses would have survived the winter, and would have been lovely and blooming still. It was a great mistake to risk all our fine flowers on a root that the first severe frost would destroy.

This happened long ago, when I was a boy. I did not then understand the meaning of the parable. I think I know it better now. Young people make a great mistake when they allow their heart's hope and portion to grow into this world and this life—a life that some sudden frost may nip. Rather let your portion be a branch of the True Vine—Jesus, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. He will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.



MASTER AND MAN;

OR, THE INFLUENCE OF TRUE RELIGION ON THE RELATIONS AND INTERCOURSE OF SOCIETY.

BY THE EDITOR.

"And, behold, Boaz came from Beth-lehem, and said unto the reapers, The Lord be with you. And they answered him, The Lord bless thee."—RUTH II. 4.



INSOME picture of a Hebrew harvest-field! A tinge of inexpressible sweetness beams forth from that ancient landscape. A portly magnate of Israel stalks into his own corn-field, and gravely salutes the labourers in the name of the Lord: the reapers along the extended row lift up their bended backs, look round erect upon their master, and gladly echo his salutation in the name of the Lord. This surely is a specimen of healthful relations between rich and poor, between master and servants. Here the fear of God and a regard for man combine to make the intercourse of the classes both pleasant and profitable. Alas! this attractive incident of patriarchal times seems in the nineteenth century a green spot in the heart of a desert. The spirit of this interview between Boaz and his reapers, if the manifold and intricate relations of modern British society were inoculated with it, would convert the wilderness into a garden.

With the view of turning the lesson of this example to the best practical account, we must endeavour, first of all, to estimate correctly how much of the desired result is due to public political institutions, and how much to private personal character. It will be found in experience, that while a good free constitution for the nation is, in view of a community's moral health, a boon not to be despised, a new heart in the man is tenfold more effectual. In the battle against the allied enemies of the human race, if skilful legislation slay its thousands, the gospel of Christ, wielding as its instruments all the faculties of believing men, will slay its ten thousands.

I am anxious to establish and impress the con-

viction that in this matter forms of government can play but a secondary part, either for or against the progress of truth and righteousness. Defective institutions cannot much hinder, and more perfect institutions cannot greatly help, the growth of that brotherly kindness and charity which, if universal and complete, would make the world a paradise again.

Let it not be for a moment supposed that the lovely mixture of the humane and the godly, which is so attractive in the intercourse between Boaz and his reapers, is necessarily limited to primeval times and patriarchal government. The same Divine Spirit broods still over the waters, ready to baptize into love and holiness every generation of mankind, whatever may be the continent on which they dwell, or the form which their social organization may assume.

It has often been observed that the Bible, in its histories, doctrines, and precepts, is suited to all tribes and all times. Though written by Jews, it is written for the world; though addressed chiefly to Israel, it speaks to mankind. Mountains, rivers, seas do not impede its progress: it has burst through the barriers of race and of language. It has overcome obstacles that stem the tide of war and of commerce. The Bible, indeed, is in this aspect very like God's other great work, Man. Neither is limited to particular countries and climes; both are intended and fitted to replenish the earth. Man makes his home alike among polar snows and under tropical skies; and in all his wanderings the Bible seems to address him in the words of Ruth to Naomi: "Whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge." It is constructed

capable of being man's companion in every journey, and shedding a heavenly light on every human home.

But the Word not only follows the footsteps of the emigrant over the earth; it also flows down the stream of successive generations. It is as suitable to men's wants now, as when it began to be uttered by the shepherds of Israel or the fishermen of Galilee. The race has, in an important sense, made progress, but it has not shot ahead of those ancient records. The revealed will of God is as suitable to the highly civilized society of modern Europe as it was to the inhabitants of Palestine in the days of Boaz or the Baptist. To a monarchy on one side of the sea, and a republic on the other, it gives forth its lessons without partiality and without embarrassment. It speaks with the same authority to the untutored shepherd of the ancient East, and to the astronomer of modern times. To him who counts the earth the centre of the universe, and sees in the sun and stars only the larger and the lesser lights of our world; and to him who measures the distance of the heavenly bodies, and knows that the globe we tread on is, in comparison with other orbs, a very little thing;—to both alike, and with equal appropriateness, the Bible proclaims a wisdom that is from above—a salvation that the most unlettered may learn from God, and the most learned cannot discover for himself.

The patriarchal institutions that prevailed in the time of Boaz were widely different from the political organization of modern Europe. In particular, the subjection of the servant to his master which those institutions permitted, was different from the freedom and equal rights conceded to all classes in our own favoured land; but it is not in the servitude of those days and the liberty of ours that the good or the evil chiefly lies. For the highest interests of man, we should neither hope much from those political forms which we may consider good, nor fear much from those that we may consider evil. If any, for example, are disposed to condemn patriarchal despotism as the extinguisher of spiritual life, and to extol our modern franchise as the cure of human ills, I invite them to cast their eyes on that harvest-field at Bethlehem, and behold there humanity in one of its most winning aspects,—the rich and

the poor meeting with mutual respect and fervent human affection. At the same time, scenes of mutual distrust and hatred frequently obtrude themselves upon our regard, where complete political equality is demanded on the one hand, and conceded on the other. If, on the contrary, one should condemn free institutions as unsuitable for fallen creatures, and sigh for patriarchal autocracy as the only government adapted to the race, I could show him free institutions really bearing good fruit; and I could also point to quarters of the world where the primitive authority remains with the chief, and where, notwithstanding, the roll of the people's history is written, Lamentation, mourning, and woe.

Human happiness and misery do not turn on the form which the organization of society may assume. With the most perfect political freedom, there may be such a reciprocal distrust as will make existence miserable; whereas, with a very defective measure of emancipation legally secured, there may be in its best sense the enjoyment of life. Baptism by the Spirit of God will sweeten and hallow all the relations of life, whatever the external form may be into which they have been cast. Improved external institutions are good; all I mean to say is, that improved internal character is better.

As the centuries glide past, the human race is advancing. Whereunto we have already attained in the enfranchisement of mind and body let us hold it fast as a boon, and transmit it, not less but larger, to the generation following. There is ground to hope that human institutions will gradually evolve themselves into fitter forms. The childhood and youth of the race have passed away, at least in the more civilized portions of the earth. The acts and institutes of nations, we may be permitted to hope, will gradually lay aside the shape and lineaments of childhood, and assume the aspect that befits the manhood of our being. The regret and longing that seize on some minds for the return of ancient forms are blind and vain. We cannot bring back the old institutions though we would; and we should not, even though we could. Forward we must go, and forward we ought to go. The tide of material, social, and intellectual development may be expected, under a favouring Providence, to continue advancing,

although, from special causes in particular places, there may be, from time to time, an ominous, far-reaching wave. We have seen of late, and shuddered to see, a deep, dark regurgitation all round the shore of France; but even that portentous retrogression may become the prelude to a brighter and higher rising.

In view of the condition and tendencies of modern society, what is the duty of a Christian patriot? Certainly not to sigh for the good old days when society consisted of only two classes—kind masters and happy serfs. Let Christ's disciples, whatever may be their views of the optimism in political organization, fix it in their minds as an axiom that for the highest good of the species much more depends on the spirit which animates persons than on the form which institutes may assume. Let all who hope in God and love the brethren act on this principle, and act together on it. Let them not waste their time and strength in useless lamentations over the irrevocable past, or more useless efforts to dam up or divert the tide of Time. In this age and in this land there is much need of love's labour; but there is also abundant ground for believing that on this field love's labour will not be lost. I don't wish to return to the old institutes, for I think the new are better; but I would rather live under the old, or under any form of society with the Spirit of God animating its members, than under the freest constitution of government where men, full of hatred and envy, stood, each in his well-defined, well-defended position, hurling defiance at one another. I would rather be a reaper of Boaz, a stranger to political freedom, respectfully submitting to my master's will, yet gladly hailing my master's approach, and with frank confidence returning his kind salutation, than a hand in one of our factories, enjoying the franchise as well as my master—he combining with other masters to reduce my pay, and I combining with other workmen to extort an increase. I delight in bearing testimony to the value of free institutions in their own sphere; but I proclaim earnestly that, wanting the fear of God and love to men which are the fruit of faith in Christ, the improved apparatus will go but a very little way in removing the ills that flesh is heir to.

The gradual development of human institutions is altogether a different thing from the coming of Christ's kingdom. The material and social advancement of nations may be employed to prepare the way, but cannot supply the place of the Lord. To those who expect too much from it, this social progress answers, "One cometh after me, worthier than I." The kingdom of God does not consist in improved forms of society. It is not, Lo, here, and Lo, there. The kingdom of God is within you. What the world needs, and Christians should long for, is sanctification through the truth and by the Spirit in persons—the whole law of God rewritten on the tables of human hearts.

Let us consider now more particularly the two features that marked the intercourse between Boaz and his reapers. These are Kindliness and Godliness. There is tenderness to men, and there is reverence for God. We need these in their union to sweeten the intercourse between the several classes in modern society. These graces, if they had their home in our hearts, would be found as applicable to modern as to ancient customs. Love, human and divine, bedded in the breast, would smooth, and soften, and hallow the relation between manufacturer and artisan in our factories, between mistress and maid in our houses, as fully as the relation between proprietor and labourer of old on the soil of Palestine. Love has not changed since that day any more than light. It abides the same in its origin, nature, and effects. With it, the great end of life may be in a considerable measure attained in spite of defective institutions; without it, the best institutions will be as clouds without water, first exciting hopes, and then disappointing them.*

1. Kindliness is a quality much to be desired in the intercourse between employer and employed in this community. The master and the men must often meet: the business of life cannot proceed without frequent contact. If these meetings be

* In the largest and wealthiest community of the western continent, the City of New York, the operation of this principle may be seen on a large scale. With elaborately liberal franchises and institutions, the people are crushed and robbed through the personal corruption of the executive, and that section of the community who for the present maintain them in power. But there is a salt in the earth of society there. Already it frets impatient under an ignoble yoke. When good men rise to power, good measures will soon emerge.

destitute of kindliness, they are unpleasant and hurtful. The intercourse of human beings in the complicated relations of life is like the acting of wheel upon wheel in going machinery; and human sympathy is like the oil that lubricates the points of contact. When the oil is wanting, the wheels strike hard one upon another. They waste each other's substance, and shake the whole fabric in which the engine moves. The driver wheel harshly strikes the driven wheel; the driven wheel harshly receives and reciprocally wears the driver. If the motion become quick and the strokes frequent, tooth upon tooth striking hard and dry, a consuming fire will be generated by the conflict.

Is not this a true picture of the intercourse that may often be observed going on between the classes in a mercantile, a manufacturing, or an agricultural community? The master applies his capital so as to drive the man, precisely as he applies his steam-power to drive machinery. The man, compelled by the necessity of obtaining bread for himself and his children, submits to be so driven. In many cases, alas! no oil of human kindness is permitted to drop on the wheels at the point of contact. The master has no interest in the man; the man no interest in the master. Ah, if there were brotherly love between man and man, a brother's sympathy offered on the one hand and accepted on the other, the machine of society would go more softly round, and its movements would be more productive both to the capitalist and to the labourer. We suffer much from harsh, supercilious pride on the one side, and dogged, discontented pride on the other.

We shall deservedly lose the benefit of our vast machinery if we treat living men as merely a part of it. We are guilty of blasphemy against God if we practically make no distinction between his noblest work and these dead machines which our own hands have made. If we take the symmetrical limbs, the cunning hands, the contracting sinews, the warm circling blood, the mind, the life, the soul of a being made in the image of God, and set them in our estimation on a level with the wheels, and cranks, and cylinders of inanimate machinery, the Maker is dishonoured in his chief work. He is displeased; his law is broken; his image is defaced. Society is out of

joint; her motions are uneasy; she is sick, and knows not what ails her. Ails her! Look at this: Man, our brother, has been pieced in to complete an engine that it may spin, and weave, and make money! Human brains have been weighed in the same balance with the dross that feeds the furnace. You take the girth of a man's soul as you would of a wrought iron piston, with the view of measuring the amount of propulsion that may be expected out of it. Both, and both alike, you put under steam, and work till they are worn. You then fling them away, and look out for others. This is the ailment of society. Man is not a brother to man.

Having introduced the wheel and found it serviceable, we shall employ it to teach yet another lesson. The wheel that drives is as necessary and as useful a part of the machine as those that are driven. Itself is driven in turn by some higher power. It would not be good for any section of society if one were disabled or removed. In particular, the employer is a link in the scheme of Providence, and his presence is necessary to the well-being of the whole. Workmen! we do not desire that this wheel which racks you should be taken away; we desire that it should be oiled with human sympathy, so that it may impel you to industry with such softness as will make the contact pleasant, and such power as will make movement profitable afterwards to yourselves and your families.

But how shall we get a genuine brotherly kindness poured upon the hard, sharp spirits of men, when the several classes meet in a bristling array of mutual suspicion and defiance? We must seek it in the source of all good. This human sympathy is the *second* commandment, and in order to reach it we must climb to the *first*. We must begin at the beginning. The first commandment is, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart; and the second, which is like unto it, is, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. It is the opening of the upper fountain, that will fill the channel of the lower stream.

2. There was godliness in the intercourse between Boaz and his reapers. Master and man equally owned God in their salutations, and neither was ashamed of his religion in the other's presence. The Lord be with you, said the master;

the Lord bless thee, echoed the servants. This form of greeting was common in Israel (Pa. cxxix.)

Here we approach the spot where the secret lies. There would be more of kindness to men in the community, if there were more of faith in God. Those who reverence a common Father find it easier to embrace as brothers. The Scriptures recognize God in every relation of life: there you meet him at every step, not only in the ordinances of religious worship, but in the public history of nations and the private intercourse of friends. It is here that our defect lies. In great measure, we banish God from history, from politics, from merchandise, from manufactures. He is not willing to be kept away from any of his works. He would have holiness to the Lord written on the bridles of our horses, and stamped upon the beams of our machinery. It is practical ungodliness that dislocates society, and makes it halt painfully in its movements, notwithstanding the great advantages which it enjoys.

I do not propose that at their desks or counters men should lay aside their ledgers and bales, and hold debate on systems of theology. Everything in its own time and place. Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work; but there is such a thing as labouring in the Lord, although you labour on common materials. There is such a thing as grace in the heart, tinging with its own heavenly hues all the outflowing streams of the day's activity, while religious profession is not unseasonably obtruded. There is such a thing as doing common business in a Christian spirit; there is such a thing as walking about on earth like one who is on his way to heaven. Doubtless Boaz, after that graceful and godly greeting, would go about the field and give his orders like an ordinary farmer.

We are low as to the power of godliness in heart, and lower still as to its exercise in the ordinary intercourse of life. A strong-bodied stream will easily sweep away even considerable obstructions that may lie across its course; but a dribble trickling in the bottom of a furrow is stopped short or turned aside by a clod or a handful of straw. Difficulties lie in the way of making religion tell on the common business of life: these difficulties in the meantime seem

mountains; but in a day of revival the swollen stream of spiritual life would sweep them clean away.

There are few masters who would dare to acknowledge expressly their hope in Christ in presence of their workmen; and few workmen who, if such an acknowledgment were made, would not openly sneer or secretly impute it to hypocrisy. The two distrust each other. Even the religion which they really possess they conceal in each other's presence. Alas! the only effectual salve is by tacit consent kept away from the sores of society.

Religion should not be confined within churches and prayer-meetings and families: it is intended for the world, and the world needs it. Your weary, clanking machinery—ever going, never resting—how much will you give for this, and what wages do you demand—the hard edges of that huge complex money-making machine are sawing into your flesh—into your souls. If the name and Spirit of God were poured upon business, business would not rack you so rudely, nor waste you so soon.

There cannot in the nature of things be a safe and healthful intercourse among human beings if the fear of God and the faith of the gospel do not pervade it. How can you treat a man aright if in your dealings you take into account only the lower part of his nature—the shorter period of his destiny? If you take in only the strength of his sinews and the suppleness of his joints, you will necessarily form a wrong estimate of the man. If you consider only his work and his wages—if you calculate only the profit or loss of retaining him in your service—your treatment of him cannot possibly be right. It is only when you learn to take in the whole man that your conception can be accurate, and your conduct wise.

Two lessons springing from the subject at the close, diverge in opposite directions, and touch the two great divisions of humankind,—those who are of the world, and those who are not of the world.

1. To those who are of the world our meditation brings home a plain and pungent lesson. These have no immediate interest in the question of bringing faith in God to bear with effect on

the intercourse of life to sweeten and elevate it. How can a man pour out for his neighbour that which his own vessels do not contain! How can the mechanic who stands with his apparatus on the earth, get a purchase on the earth to move it from its place! The blind cannot lead the blind; the dead cannot, by a close embrace, recall to life the dead.

No. Severed branch, drying apace for the fire, thou must be inserted into the vine for life, ere thou canst refresh with thy fruit a fainting traveller. Christ's word to men is, Without me, ye can do nothing. The world needs much doing, but those who are without Christ can do nothing for their neighbour.

Get first, and then thou shalt enjoy the blessed privilege of giving. Be wise enough to win thine own soul, and then the wisdom from above will distil into your heart, enabling you to win also your brothers. Alas! every unconverted man, instead of being able to heal the ailments of a dislocated world, is himself only a part of the ailing mass that needs the healing.

2. The lesson for Christ's disciples. Freely ye have received, freely give. It is the part of Christians to bear about with them the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Christ may be manifest in their mortal bodies. I fear that many fail to bring their religion to bear on the ordinary movements of life from a despondency of success. They fear that their effort will not be well received, and therefore retire within themselves—shut themselves up within their shells. Alas! how unlike the way of the Master. If he had given up and retired when he found that he was misunderstood and reviled, where would we have been to-day? He met with repulses on every side; but still he held on—on to the end. In this respect he has left us an example. This is the victory that overcometh the world, even your faith. I believe every one who in faith and patience tries to bring the gospel practically to bear on all human life, will succeed; and even although he should not see success, it is a blessed thing to try. Here the work itself is reward enough.

If every true disciple should act in all his dealings with others from the instincts of the new life, he would soon be felt. Men would take

knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus. As master, as servant, as seller, as buyer, as entertainer, as guest, as borrower, as lender, he would ever present to every brother a side that is at once soft and strong. Faithfulness to make it firm, and love to make it soft. The instinct of bees in the construction of their cells has always been an object of wonder to those who are capable of appreciating it. Every cell has many sides; each side has straight lines and sharp corners; but never does any cell present its sharp corner to its neighbour cell. A soft even side to every neighbour side. Each fits to each, firm to support, and yet soft in the contact. No interstices are left, where filth might accumulate to annoy and defile. Thus let man meet man as they tread the crowded path of life. Always a side to your neighbour that is at once soft and strong. No sharp corner of your own selfishness that will pierce your brother. Thus our Master went about doing good. This—this is the end of man.

But in order to bring the Christian life effectually to bear on all the joints of the social machinery, the Christian life in the hearts of individual believers must be strong. Even where there is life it is often languid. Although the Christian himself has grace, he has so little, that it never fills him so as to overflow. It is an overflow that the world needs; for it is a dry ground.

The method adopted in making artesian wells in the city of Paris is most interesting and instructive in this aspect. They sink a shaft in the usual way, to the usual depth, and they find water—water both plentiful and pure. There are many such wells. Wells that always have water; nay more, wells that will give out water in almost unlimited quantity to any one who will draw. But the water in these wells is deep. The passer-by sees it not—feels it not. The ground around their lips may be parched and barren, but not a drop will these wells send out to refresh the ground.

When, therefore, the man who is bent on constructing an artesian well comes to water, he does not count his work done. He penetrates through that water. He goes down, down to a depth far below the level of the sea, until, at last, he comes to water with such a pressure that it fills the shaft,

and flows out spontaneously on the ground. He is content now. This was his aim; not merely to get a reservoir of water in the deep, from which those who were strong and earnest might draw,

but water that should swell, and flow over the bank spontaneously, and pour itself out on the surrounding barrenness, which would not and could not come to draw.

Palestine.

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VII.—ROUND ABOUT JERUSALEM.



WE devote this paper mainly to objects of Biblical interest that were visited by us immediately outside the walls of Jerusalem, literally "walking about Zion and going round about her;" and this, with the exception of some notices of the explorations of Captain Warren and his intelligent fellow-labourers, shall be our last paper on the Holy City. We have the more satisfaction in conducting such a circuit that we come into contact with a greater number of natural objects that can be identified with certainty as having sacred memories hanging around them, and that the structures of man's erection outside the walls have not so generally been destroyed by the plough of human conquest, or rendered difficult to verify by the worse plough of a too remorseless criticism.

There is a bridle-path close to the walls, on which it would be possible for one on the back of a mule to perform the circuit in a brief space of time; but there would be little benefit from this, beyond a somewhat rough and uncomfortable lesson in riding. If our chief end was to be gained, of shedding light upon the Scriptures and more fully appreciating Scripture allusions by means of objects that lay open to a little research on every side, it was necessary that we should spend a good part of our time in walking in the deep valleys by which three parts of the city are encircled.

We began, accordingly, in the channel of the brook Kedron, and proceeded slowly down the valley of Jehoshaphat. The channel was quite empty, and even covered with grass, so that in many places it was not easy to trace the bed of the torrent; the fact being that it is dry at this part nine months in the year, but leaping out

from its subterranean chambers at a point a little south of Jerusalem, it flows on in a comparatively narrow stream, down past the Convent of Mar Saba to the Dead Sea. There have been persons that have spent the winter and spring in Jerusalem who have never seen water in this Kedron channel even in the rainy months, and who have therefore raised a doubt whether its course at this part is not uniformly underground. But those seasons are exceptional; and there are other winters and springs in which the torrent courses through the valley with such force and volume as to render even an attempt to cross it dangerous. When the cry is carried through Jerusalem in a morning, "The Kedron flows!" it is heard with universal welcome, for it is a sure sign that the hidden fountains beneath are filled, and that there will be no scarcity of water during all the summer months. The Kedron water is then sold in the city like milk, and thousands come crowding out from its various gates to keep holiday upon its banks. Turbaned men sit under the olive-trees and smoke their long tchibouks or gurgling nerghilès; white-robed women regale themselves with fruits and sweetmeats; children of both sexes gather flowers from the torrent's side, and splash in it merrily with hands and feet at the point where it seems to leap into life; even the Pasha with his suite rides along the margin of the sparkling brook as if to inaugurate its new birth, until the narrowing ground makes progress difficult;—and the genial Miss Bremer, who once witnessed such a joyous spectacle, adds this other touching feature to the picture, that even the poor lepers, catching something of the general joy, come out from their miserable dwellings, and sitting on some far-off eminence, cry aloud for alms, in the

hope that the general gratitude and gladness of the people will bring them a larger meed of charity.

We pass a little way down the gorge, and on the eastern side of the Kedron come upon a cluster of four monuments that at once arrest our attention. These are the reputed tombs of Absalom, of the martyred Zecharias, of the good King Jehoshaphat, and of the apostle James the Just. The most remarkable of these are the two first, both of which are a single block sculptured out of the solid rock, and detached from it; and the monolith of Absalom with its Ionic pilasters, its gracefully ornamented frieze, and its conically-shaped summit expanding at the top into a flower, is an elegant and striking erection. There are strong historical and architectural reasons for calling in question the authenticity of every one of these monuments. The explicit statement of Scripture that the ashes of King Jehoshaphat were laid with honour in the royal sepulchres in the city of David, is dead against the notion that this is his tomb. What probability is there that such an elaborate and unique structure would be permitted to be erected to one like Zecharias, who, though he was a true martyr, at the time of his death had power and popular feeling running against him? And can this valley of the Kedron be the "King's dale" in which Absalom erected his pillar, to perpetuate his name when he knew that he should have no posterity? At the same time, the architectural style of these imposing structures carries us some centuries back beyond the Christian era. An archaeologist of European reputation, who was of our party in this and many other excursions, after examining the exterior of all these piles, and creeping through an aperture into one of them where he had to clear his way with a long-pointed stick, from centipedes and other horrid reptiles, fixed their date at about 200 years B.C. But even this date makes them very old; and though the occasion of their erection remains unknown, we have entire sympathy with the observation of our shrewd and learned friend, the author of "The Land and the Book," that the simple fact that they must have been standing very much as they now appear, when our Lord was on the earth, and that he must often have looked on them and spoken of

them, invests them with a special and sacred interest.

As both Jews and Mohammedans firmly believe that this is the actual Absalom's pillar, they are accustomed, whenever they pass it, to cast a stone at it as a testimony against filial disobedience, and to teach their children to do the same; the consequence of which is that heaps of stones are gathered in a broken place near its summit, and a much greater number which had either rebounded or missed the aperture are scattered around its base. After all, is it not one principal use of monuments to express and perpetuate public sentiment? We are not ashamed to record that we added our stone to the heap.

Our eye was next attracted to innumerable white slabs that seemed to pave the side of Olivet a good way above and around these monuments; and on passing among them, we found that they marked the ground which for many a century had been the principal and favourite burying-place of the Jews. Believing, as every Jew does, that the valley of Jehoshaphat beneath is to be the scene of the resurrection and of the general judgment, and that those who are buried in other places must somehow pass underground in order to reach this scene of universal gathering, they prefer this as their last resting-place above all others, in order that they may escape the unpleasant ordeal of subterranean travel, and be the first to welcome their heavenly King. It is said that they are obliged to pay a large sum for the privilege of being buried here. We were even assured that interment was not allowed to the poor Jew until after sunset,—

*"By the glimmering moonbeams' dusky light,
Or the lantern dimly burning."*

The greater number of the graves, which are very shallow, are dug perpendicularly in the earth; a good many are hollowed slant-wise out of the rock; but a slab of limestone slightly polished uniformly indicates the simple sleeping-place. We spent some time in wandering among these graves, and deciphering the old Hebrew inscriptions, which generally told little more than the name and age of the deceased. We did not meet with a single Jew in all that wide-stretching cemetery looking over upon the site of the ancient Temple, where the old worship had so long been

dead too ; and we had learned by this time easily to distinguish the common Jew, not only by his indestructible typical features, but by his usual dress of thick fur cap, and light, loose, flowing robe, and his one cork-screw curl coming down on one side of his face, and deducting somewhat from its manliness. But we were awakened from our reverie by another presence. Two or three stones, thrown with much force, alighted unpleasantly near us ; and on looking in the direction in which they had come, we saw a man, almost quite naked, and evidently a maniac, skulking angrily away. He had been dwelling in one of the empty rock-tombs, and we had disturbed him in his ghastly cell. It was impossible not to be reminded of the demoniac long ago among the rock-graves of Gadara.

Descending again into the valley, and skirting along the base of Mount Moriah, we came in less than a quarter of an hour to a large pool of water, known in these days as the "Fountain of the Virgin." It is reached by two flights of steps considerably below the ground level, and is evidently fed, through a subterranean passage, from aqueducts or fountains far back in the Temple-mount ; and, like the classic fountain of Vaucluse, it has this peculiarity, on which no research or science has yet shed satisfactory light, that it ebbs and flows like a tide, though the periods of its fluctuation are irregular. As it has not been identified with any of the fountains named in Scripture, we only lingered for a few moments on its margin, to see the people filling their quaint pitchers and goat-skin pouches from it, which they were doing in considerable numbers.

But the cluster of houses, somewhat further down, and on the opposite side of the ravine, presented more to interest us. It was the village of Siloam, situated a little way up the steep rocky side of the southern extremity of Olivet, called the "Mount of Offence," because here Solomon, in the latter and inglorious years of his reign, gave way to idolatrous practices, "building a high place for Chemosh, the abomination of Moab, and for Moloch, the abomination of the children of Ammon," "on that opprobrious hill, audacious neighbourhood." Once it must have been a place of some importance, a kind of fashionable suburban village ; for Pharaoh's daughter and

Solomon's queen had a palace here. Even in our Lord's times we conclude that it must have contained large and imposing public buildings ; for it was here that that tower of Siloam fell by which eighteen persons perished, an event which was reported to our Lord as the news of the day, and on which he suspended great religious lessons and moral warnings for all times. But it is now a miserable and confused collection of huts, inhabited by half-savage Bedouins, who live for the most part on plunder, and help to make all the neighbourhood around Jerusalem unsafe.

We clambered up to it with some difficulty ; and with more difficulty we picked our way in the midst of noisome heaps and ugly mongrel dogs, which resented our intrusion. The weather had become hot, and many of the villagers had already migrated, according to their custom, to the empty cave-sepulchres in the neighbourhood, which were to be their summer residence. But it was not yet a deserted village. Listening, we heard a sound from one of the houses which we guessed to be that of a hand-mill on which corn was being ground for the afternoon's meal. We entered, after having used the ceremony of knocking more than once, and found a young woman, seated on the earthen floor, and busily at work with her mill. She showed no sign of alarm at the rather sudden apparition ; but interpreting our wishes, took off the upper circular stone, showed us the iron pivot in the lower stone on which it revolved, and also the hollow slant by which the meal escaped after it was ground. As we were examining it, and remarking to our friends on its close resemblance to the Highland querns preserved in some of our antiquarian museums at home, a second girl entered, and sitting down on the opposite side, and laying hold of the well-worn handle, the little mill went round more rapidly and merrily than ever. We were struck with the attention to ornament which these young Bedouin women showed in their very humble spheres. Their arms were tattooed in various places, their nails were dyed red, and each bore upon her wrist what seemed a thin bracelet of silver, evidently old and worn, the cherished heirloom of many a Bedouin generation. But what struck us most of all was the fact that this grinding at the mill was still

the work of females, as in the times of Christ, and that on the slopes of that same mountain on which this village nestled, probably not half a mile distant, he had spoken those prophetic words, when seeking to give his disciples a vivid impression of the suddenness of the destruction that was to break upon Jerusalem when her hour had come, "Two women shall be grinding at the mill; the one shall be taken, and the other left."

This was the village of Siloam, but where were the fountain and the pool called by the same name? There, further down in the valley, at the base of Ophel and at the mouth of the Tyropæon, where it begins to divide between Mounts Zion and Moriah. Let us pilot our way down to them along that slanting path. The fountain comes flowing softly and silently out from beneath a rock that rises precipitously fifty feet above your head, its waters clear as crystal and deliciously cool. Josephus enables us to assure ourselves that it is the actual streamlet of which Isaiah speaks, as "the waters of Shiloah that go softly;" and coming forth as it appears to do from beneath the rocky mountain on which the Jewish Temple stood, our great Milton is not less graphically accurate when he sings of it as

"Shiloah's brook that flowed
Fast by the oracle of God."

Indeed, we might claim for Milton what the Dean of Westminster has with just admiration claimed for Keble, the wonderful power of accurately representing, even in the minuter lines of form and more delicate colours, the image of scenes on which their bodily eyes had never looked. It would be possible to produce lines and epithets as felicitous in this respect from the "Paradise Regained" as from the "Christian Year."

It had long been understood that a zigzag tunnel connected the waters that supplied this Siloam stream with the "Fountain of the Virgin," and one fruit of Captain Warren's explorations has been to place this beyond all doubt. This then is the actual fountain of which the beautiful tradition has been handed down from earliest Christian times, that during the seven days of the "Feast of tabernacles," a procession of priests coming out from Jerusalem every morning with a golden pitcher, and filling it with water from this

living rill, carried it amid the music of trumpets and cymbals, of psalteries and harps, and poured it upon the sacrifice in the Temple. Advancing a few paces inwards, we come to a pool in which the waters are gathered before emerging from the rock into the sunlight, and to which the blind man spoken of in John's Gospel was commanded by Jesus, after he had anointed his eyes with the clay, to "go and wash, that he might receive his sight." We can imagine him led down that flight of rocky steps by the hand of some little boy; but he would need no hand to guide him as he went back again to the city with restored vision and adoring gratitude.

When the stream had flowed some yards out from the rock, we saw numbers of women from the neighbouring Siloam washing clothes in the pure rocky channel. Thence it flowed to a singularly fertile spot called "the King's Gardens," where, divided into a thousand irrigating rills, it gave life and vigour to numerous fruit-trees, vegetables, and flowers, rendering this the most productive spot in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem. Were these gardens in any way connected, in the palmy days of Jewish history, with the palace of Solomon's queen in that Siloam near at hand? Is it even extravagant to conjecture that in their graceful beauty, when art put forth all its strength and skill to help nature, in their enclosed retirement, and exuberant Eastern abundance, these gardens may have supplied to the royal poet some of the gorgeous imagery in the Song of Songs.

We now approach the point at which the valley of Hinnom, which forms the southern boundary of Jerusalem, intersects the valley of Jehoshaphat; and not far from this point we turn aside to another fountain of extraordinary depth, the "Enrogel" of Old Testament history, or Well of Joab. There seems no good reason to doubt that it marks the scene where Adonijah was ripening his conspiracy and holding high festival with Joab and the other leaders of his rebel faction, when they were startled by the loud shout of the loyal multitude in the neighbouring city, easily heard at this distance, which followed the proclamation of Solomon as king, and in a moment turned their ambitious hopes to terror and despair.

It is remarkable to what an extent this valley of Hinnom, which we are now ascending, is associated with some of the darkest and most revolting passages in the history of the Jews. In some part of it, under the idolatrous kings of Judah, the foul and cruel worship of Moloch was maintained, in which infants were placed in the red-hot arms of the idol, and the shrieks of the little victims drowned by the beating of drums and cymbals and the shouts of maddened worshippers. And certainly there were portions of the valley which appeared, as we stood and looked on them, to have been scenically adapted for such infernal orgies, just as a painter of our own times would choose some wild moor for the scene of a murder or a witches' dance. Gloomy recesses, into which the sunlight never penetrated, with blackened cliffs, and beetling crags which seemed to bear on them the curse of an everlasting barrenness. We recollect that one traveller, wandering alone in this part of Hinnom, was so depressed by the mere scenic influence of the spot, that he was glad to escape from it back to the city, and to listen again to the sound of human voices. How fitting it was that, in the better times of Jewish history, this accursed spot, bearing upon it the deepest stains of human wickedness, was chosen as the place into which all the offal and abominations of Jerusalem were cast, to be consumed by evergnawing worms, or destroyed by fires that were kept smoking and burning day and night. And can we wonder that it came to be spoken of by the old prophets, and by our Lord himself, as the very type and shadow of the place of torment, "where their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched."

"Tophet thence
And black Gehenna called, the type of hell."

We still pass on through a kind of chamber of horrors, or valley of the shadow of death. For on our left there rises an eminence marked along its sides by yawning cavities which were once elaborately formed tombs, but which now only afford an occasional shelter for shepherds with their little flocks, when they would escape the storm, or the glare and fire of the noon-day sun. It is named the "Hill of Evil Council," from the tradition that the house of Caiaphas the high priest stood on it, and that it was the place where

the priests and rulers conspired to destroy Jesus, and where Judas entered with them into his guilty pact of blood. Some scraggy olives overhang a precipitous part of this hill, and one of them is pointed out as the actual tree from which the traitor hanged himself. This is a good deal too circumstantial. But supposing this part of Hinnom to have been the scene of the suicide, it fits in exactly to the narrative in the Acts. There are places with overhanging trees of various kinds, at which the rugged rock rises sheer up to forty or fifty feet; and supposing an individual to be suspended by the neck from a branch of one of those trees, there is nothing improbable in the branch breaking, in his falling body being torn by some jagged projecting stone as he descended, and in his being dashed to pieces by the hard rock at the bottom. The potter's field, which was purchased with the thirty pieces of silver, is shown on the same eminence. We found its soil to be clayey as we walked over it; and if you ask any potter in Jerusalem where he finds his material, it is ten to one that he will direct you to this very Aceldama.

We were now under strong temptation to diverge from the lower line of the valley, and ascending Mount Zion on our right, to visit a little mosque near the highest point of the mountain outside the city walls, which is said, with the cluster of buildings around it, to cover the sepulchre of David and his most illustrious successors on the throne of Judah. But we have looked on it once already, and we found it so guarded by Mohammedan jealousy that we seemed almost grudged a look. We should have run the hazard of being torn to pieces had we attempted an entrance. When will our brave explorers find access to those royal graves? Probably not until the Crescent ensign has been taken down from yon neighbouring citadel for ever.

We continued our course in the bottom of the valley, which now, expanding into fertile fields and little knots of trees, began to verify Milton's words, which up to this point had sounded strangely inapplicable, "the pleasant vale of Hinnom." We could see on our left the verdant plain of Rephaim, the scene and prize of many an ancient conflict; while on our right, Zion, bearing on its sides little strips of braided corn,

towered aloft as the natural acropolis of the sacred city. We came upon the ruins of the Lower Gihon, formerly an immense reservoir or artificial lake for supplying Jerusalem with water, but whose bottom was now grown all over with grass, on which donkeys and mules were quietly feeding. The Upper Gihon is of larger proportions, and a good deal further from the city; but it has not been rendered quite useless even by the neglect of thousands of years, for it contained several feet of water, and some were bathing in it, and others leading down animals to drink. Soon after, we crossed the road leading from the Jaffa-gate to Bethlehem, and passed some straggling pillars of that princely aqueduct by which water had been conducted, in the days of the Kings, from Solomon's pools beyond Bethlehem to Jerusalem; and after a few minutes more of hard and weary climbing, we were standing and looking in at the Jaffa-gate.

Look at that black old weather-beaten tower on your right hand, very near its entrance. It is one of the most interesting objects in all Jerusalem. The houses around, and even the old walls of the city on which its shadow falls, appear quite modern beside it. We believe it to be the tower Hippicus of Herod; in which case it is one of the four structures which Titus caused to be left untouched when he reduced every part of Jerusalem to ruins, in order to give those who might visit what was once Jerusalem, some notion of the strength of the city which he had taken and destroyed. But then Herod did not raise this tower from its foundations, but upon a portion of the old tower of David—the strong fortress with which the valiant king guarded and strengthened himself when, with the help of Joab, he had at length wrested this part of Mount Zion from the Jebusites, and made it the impregnable stronghold of his capital. The lower portion of the structure is evidently much older than the rest; it belongs to another style of masonry, and is probably the oldest structure in Jerusalem,—older even than the foundations of the Temple. It carries our thoughts away back almost to the beginnings of the Hebrew monarchy. David's mighty men have leaned upon those stones, and gone their sentinel rounds about them. From the massive summits of that tower, when it stood in

its entireness and strength, Hezekiah's chiefs have watched the movements of Sennacherib's splendid hosts. The shadow of Jesus of Nazareth has often fallen on it, as he passed by.

Even to this day, this old tower of David is not without its uses. Cannons are fired from it at the first glimpse of every new moon, and also at sunset during the Mohammedan fast of Ramazan, to let the faithful know that they have now permission to break their long day's fast, and to recover their good temper, with which, it is said, hunger makes sad havoc.

But we must keep outside the gate, which is the busiest of all the entrances to Jerusalem. Looking out upon the rising ground which stretches away to the north of it, we behold a lively picture. That is the favourite pleasure-ground of the people, the public park and promenade of Jerusalem, for even this melancholy city does not all sit in sackcloth. Children and youths are riding on swings stretched from tree to tree. At different spots on the green grass are groups of Moslem women, white draped and somewhat transparently veiled, who have come out to sun themselves in the bright April afternoon and beneath that intensely blue canopy of sky. They are surrounded by children, and served by dark-visaged female slaves. A little lamb, which has evidently been domesticated, forms part of almost every group, and is a great favourite with the children, exceeding even them in its merry gambols. They have brought basket-loads of provisions, and confections in abundance; and overtopping all are those big golden oranges from the gardens of Joppa, carrying a little well of nectar in each of them.

There is no deep valley now until we reach the Damascus-gate, and as we move onward, there are many tokens, in ruined cisterns and the foundations of old houses, that, in the days of Jerusalem's prosperity, it must have extended in this direction a long way beyond the existing walls. We are aware that some interesting remains, called "the Sepulchres of the Kings," are about a mile to the northward. We have heard of the exquisite friezes that adorn their entrance, with the beautifully carved flowers and grapes and other devices: and we would willingly go and "with torch in hand" explore those royal receptacles of the dead.

But we are thoroughly fatigued; and as we wish to accomplish our circuit of Jerusalem to-day, we must meanwhile go and invite rest. Besides, we know that those are not the sepulchres of the kings of Bible story. And here is the Damascus-gate, where you cross the northern road to Sychar and the far-distant Damascus. We enter, and pass through the bazaar of the Mohammedan quarter, with its little heaps of tobacco, and coffee, and dried fruits; and in a few minutes are asleep in our quiet, scrupulously clean, earthen-floored chamber.

Within an hour and a half we were again on our feet, for there was one part of the circuit of the wall—that extending from St. Stephen's to the Damascus-gate—which we had yet to accomplish, and this must be done before sunset. Passing out by the former gate, we now turned our face eastward up the Kedron, or Jehoshaphat valley, keeping generally in the bridle-path near the wall. There is here a rather extensive and level space of ground between the wall and the Kedron gorge, and we found some of the missionaries and savans who had been longest resident in Jerusalem, fixing upon this as the real Golgotha where the Lord of Glory was crucified. Supposing the wall to have been carried in the same course in our Lord's times as it is now, the conjecture appears far from unlikely. There was room enough not only for the three crosses, but for the crowding multitude, and for all the horrid agencies and accompaniments of crucifixion; and the priests could, in this case, have come out from the neighbouring temple and feasted their malice on the dying agonies, until the supernatural darkness drew its awful curtain over the scene. In this case also, that Olivet, across the narrow gorge would echo back the great Sufferer's dying shout of victory, "It is finished! It is finished!"

We understood that the principal object of interest in this section of the city wall was the remarkably extensive quarry to which there was access from some part of it; and as the entrance was known by us to be narrow, and we had neither guide nor guide-book to help us in the search, we had no little difficulty in discovering it. We recollect that at one point in our progress, on putting aside some rank grass, we came

upon an apparent opening in the wall on a level with the ground, which we at once conjectured must be the entrance. What was our horror to find instead, the dead body of a man who had evidently been murdered not long before,—the murderer not having had time to bury his victim, adopting, in his haste or fear, this readiest method of concealment! Was this some poor benighted traveller, whose steps the stealthy Bedouin had tracked almost to the very gates, and then rifled and slain him? In our own country, our immediate course would have been to inform the public authorities, and it was with some reluctance that we did violence to our English instincts and resolved to do nothing. We should certainly have failed, had we interfered, to arouse the Turkish authorities to energetic inquiry; or if we had succeeded in stimulating some spasmodic action about a matter so common, we and our friends would have been complicated with the tragedy. It was easier to determine thus, than to rid our imaginations afterwards of the stiff and blood-stained picture.

Moving on again, and looking far down into the valley with its dark olive-gardens, we could distinctly trace a pathway through them, which we knew to mark the road to "poor Anathoth," the birth-place of Jeremiah the prophet. And as we began to turn round gradually towards the north, there was pointed out to us, on the other side, the traditional grotto or cave where that tenderest of the prophets, whose eyes were as a fountain of tears, is said to have penned his Lamentations.

But where, we had begun impatiently to ask, was the opening into those underground quarries which were affirmed by those who had in some degree explored them to undermine nearly the whole of Jerusalem? Behind an enormous heap of rubbish, almost within sight of the Damascus-gate, we at last alight on the true entrance; and, backing in on all fours and with some difficulty, drop down some two or three feet on an equally vast hill of *débris* within. We have brought some lucifer-matches with us, and having lighted our candles, and affixed the end of a line of cord to a stone near the entrance, we gradually unwind it as we proceed inward; for we may chance to lose our reckonings in the windings of the labyrinth,

and a hold of this will help us to find our way out. And now, when we have got down to the level, what a spectacle opens up before us as our eyes become accustomed to the dim light! A subterranean quarry stretches away interminably before us—many have said even to the distance of the Temple area—while unexplored labyrinths spread into the unbroken darkness on either side. At somewhat irregular distances, rough massive pillars have been left standing to support the natural roof, which rises between thirty and forty feet above our heads—such as may be seen in our salt or coal-mines at home; and between these the number of stones which have been excavated, if heaped together, would be sufficient to build a second metropolis. It is curious to notice how, in some instances, immense blocks have been partly separated from the rock, and even shaped, but the process never completed. There is evidence on every side that the mason had been here with his hewing instruments and polishing tools, as well as the quarryman, and that in countless instances the stones must have been carried forth all fashioned and prepared for their appointed place in the building. Minute chips, that would be sufficient to load ten thousand waggons, lie in heaps on every side, such as we are familiar with in the masons'-sheds at home. Surely there is no improbability in the conjecture that this was one of the principal quarries that supplied the material for Solomon's Temple, and that in those numerous recesses, lighted by openings from above, those stones were polished and prepared by cunning hands, which were afterwards to be silently laid in their predestined place in the sacred house, where

"No hammers fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung."

"For the house when it was in building was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither; so that there was neither hammer nor axe, nor any tool of iron heard in the house when it was in building." Let us welcome the analogy which the fact suggests in reference to the temple of the heavenly Church. Its living stones must all be polished and beautified by the grace of the Divine Spirit and the discipline of Providence, on the earth beneath, ere the good angels bear them up, and they are laid by the hands of the great Builder

in their own chosen place in that house in which every stone is a redeemed soul.

There are hints in Josephus which favour the suggestion that this subterranean desert served another use in the later times of Jewish history, and became the last desperate place of refuge for thousands of Jews during the closing days of the siege of Jerusalem by Titus. Could those stones speak out of the rock, what tales could they tell of gnawing hunger, of abject terror, of wild hope, of impotent revenge! Not so terrible its sights, however, as those which were witnessed in that Hinnom valley on the other side of the city, through which we had wandered in the morning, which was so filled with heaps and hillocks of the dead as to make even the Roman leader when he saw them alternately shudder and weep.

Looking around us, we could see immense masses of rock that had fallen long ago from the roof; and even at times, in the death-like silence of the place, we could hear the fall of smaller fragments. This exploration, we saw, was not without danger. It was not long therefore ere, following the guidance of our cord, we saw a little pencil ray of light which told us where the entrance was; and it was some relief to find ourselves again under the safer roof of the bright sky.

We suppose it must have been in part the contrast of this darkness that made us wish to finish our day by retracing our steps along this portion of our walk and going up to watch the sunset from a point on the Mount of Olives. We yielded to the impulse; though we needed all our speed to be in time to look on the descending luminary. But it was indeed a glorious vision, in which the clear atmosphere helped to produce novel effects and to paint objects with hues of exquisite beauty. With what distinctness the departing luminary brought into view distant villages, the white tomb of some old prophet, gray rocks protruding here and there from the green surface, and even the graceful outline of some solitary tree! What a glory fell upon those mountains of Judah and on many a summit sacred in Scripture story, the effect ever changing as the great orb dipped nearer and nearer to the Mediterranean! There was another Sun whose setting was once seen from this Olivet, but who rose on the third day never to set again.

But we had been forgetting in our enthusiasm that the gates of the city were closed at sunset, and a night outside the walls was likely to have much more adventure in it than comfort. We hastened back; a learned friend, however, assuring us that sunset did not begin at the literal disappearance of the sun, but only when three stars were visible in the sky. But our matter-of-fact Turkish guards had evidently no appreciation of this beautiful tradition. When we came up to St. Stephen's-gate, it was shut. What were we to do? We could have endured hunger for a night, but not the cold, which at this season of the year often sinks before midnight many degrees below the freezing-point. And if a few prowling Bedouins found us unarmed, we were certain, at the least, to be robbed and stripped. We called aloud with all our voices, but there was no response from within; though we never

doubted that all the while the guards were standing inside that rugged, old wooden gate, enjoying our plight. At length the talismanic word "Bucksheesh" gave them back their powers of hearing and speech, and they indicated their willingness to come to terms. Our patience was sorely tried in reducing their demands to a reasonable number of piastres. We began to fear that they would only allow one of us to enter at a time, and that they would demand for each what they had engaged to accept for us all. We therefore held firmly by each other, and, when the gate was opened, pushed in with such a sudden force, that the rascals, who had intended the very trick we feared, gave way. We threw down the stipulated piastres, which shone more brightly in the eyes of those most unsentimental Turks than all the sunsets in the world.

MISSIONS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

PAPER SECOND.

BY THE REV. JOHN GIBB.

IN a former paper we gave a short account of the labours of those Celtic missionaries who, in the sixth and seventh centuries, went from Ireland to carry the gospel to the heathen upon the continent of Europe. In the present paper we mean to say something regarding the Teutonic missionaries whom England and France sent forth from their Churches on the same holy errand at a somewhat later period.

The Anglo-Saxon Church of England received the gospel from the Continent; and towards the close of the seventh century it began to feel the duty of sending back the blessings it had itself received to those parts of Europe which were still enveloped in the darkness of heathenism. One of the earliest and most famous of these missionaries was Willibrord. He formed a link between the Celtic and the Teutonic missionaries. He was a native of the kingdom of Northumbria, and was educated in an English monastery; but ere going to the Continent he spent some time in an Irish monastery. Abbot Ecgbert, the superior of the Irish monastery in which Willibrord resided, was an ardent advocate of Continental missions, and had himself desired to engage in the work. He perceived in Willibrord the qualities needed for such work, and encouraged him to undertake a missionary journey. Accompanied by twelve monks, Willibrord sailed for Frisia. Pepin l'Heristal, and Radbod, a powerful native prince, were at this time

contending for mastery in that country. Pepin was successful, and became the patron of Willibrord. After he and his companions had laboured for four years, it was found possible to establish a bishopric at Utrecht. Willibrord became the first bishop. This was in the year A.D. 696.

But Willibrord did not remain fixed in his diocese: he wandered about as a missionary bishop through Frisia, and even visited Scandinavian lands in the course of his journeyings. On one occasion he landed on the little island of Heligoland, of which we have recently been hearing. It was then reckoned a specially holy place; so much so, that no one was permitted to kill any animal on the island, nor to drink of the water of its holy well except in solemn silence. Willibrord, however, showed no respect for the superstitions of the place. He killed some of the holy cattle for the use of his crew, and baptized several of his companions in the sacred spring. These bold actions nearly cost Willibrord and his companions their lives, when it reached the ears of the heathen chieftain Radbod. They were, however, set at liberty by the chief, who was half pleased with the boldness of Willibrord. The attitude of the proud old chief to the gospel is full of pathetic interest. He was arrested by the bold, earnest words of the heralds of the new faith; and at one time it seemed probable that he would accept the message. But he finally refused to adopt a faith which would cut him off

from all connection with his kingly ancestors, and identify him with a "handful of beggars."

A notable feature of medieval missions was the anxiety constantly exhibited by the missionaries to win over to the faith the kings of the lands they visited. They saw in the conversion of a king the conversion of his subjects; and it certainly often followed, although methods of violence were not infrequently adopted by these newly converted kings in order to make their subjects abandon their idolatries of which it is impossible to approve. It should be remembered, however, in justice to the missionaries, that notwithstanding this anxiety to win kings as trophies of their labours, they do not seem in their intercourse with them to have abated one jot of a high apostolical bearing, or to have flattered those whom they were so anxious to convince. Willibrord and his companions constantly protested against the acts of barbarity which the heathen were in the habit of committing. Human sacrifices were common; and the missionaries frequently resorted to the scene of sacrifice, and pled for the lives of the victims with an earnestness of compassion which called forth the wonder of the heathen. Such protests were sermons on gospel morality more impressive to those who were present than any verbal expositions could have been. The heathen were thus taught the holy and merciful character of the religion of the missionaries; and the difference of character of the "white Christ" and their own dark divinities became indelibly impressed upon their minds. To the missionaries as well as to the heathen the conflict between the powers of light and of darkness was very real. They did not believe, as we do, that the deities of the heathen had no existence: they believed them to be demons, enemies of God, who had persuaded mankind to worship them in order to take from the true God the honour due to him. The heathen also believed that God and Christ were real beings; and the question with them was whether their new gods were more powerful and more deserving of worship than their national divinities.

Before Willibrord closed his useful and laborious life, another labourer was on the field, who was destined to leave a still deeper mark upon the missionary history of Europe. Winfrid—or Boniface, to call him by his ecclesiastical name—was a native of Devonshire, and was educated in one of the Anglo-Saxon monasteries. He was encouraged by the Bishop of Winchester to give himself to missionary work; and leaving England, he went to Germany, and began to preach in the wildest parts of Hesse. His labours were crowned with success. Two native chiefs were baptized by him, and considerable progress made in the work of Christianizing the people. Boniface then paid a visit to Rome; for the authority of which he unfortunately, as it turned out for Germany afterwards, entertained the highest possible reverence. When he went to Rome they questioned him particularly regarding the faith which he preached. Perhaps they were afraid that, like Ulphilas, he was

tainted with the Arian heresy. But the confession of faith which Boniface handed in to the Pope gave entire satisfaction, and placed his orthodoxy beyond doubt. On his return to Hesse he found that his converts had relapsed into many of their old ways, and, although they had not renounced Christianity, were mingling their native superstitions with the new faith. They worshipped groves and fountains, consulted augurs, and even offered sacrifices on the old altars. It has been sometimes said that the medieval missionaries winked at such a commingling of the old and the new faiths, in order to make the work of conversion more easy. We do not think that this insinuation is correct. If some pagan elements did mix themselves with Northern Christianity, it was either because they crept in in spite of the missionaries, or because the missionaries themselves were too ignorant to detect them; not that they ever willingly connived at a union of the service of demons with the service of God. The conduct of Boniface in Hesse is an evidence that they waged no timid war against heathenism. Not Calvin in the republic of Geneva, nor Knox in Scotland, could have shown a more uncompromising spirit; and this although some of his English friends—especially Daniel, the Bishop of Winchester—were writing counsels to him which might easily have been interpreted as advices to deal tenderly with the superstitions of the people. By one bold act Boniface showed his attitude towards all that he believed to be false worship. In Upper Hesse stood a huge oak, which had been there for centuries, and which was sacred to Thor, the god of thunder. This tree was a centre of idolatrous worship, for at certain times the people flocked to it, and celebrated idolatrous rites under its shade. They seem to have regarded the tree itself as something sacred, and even divine. Boniface preached vehemently against this idolatry; but finding that his words were ineffectual, he repaired to the spot along with a number of ecclesiastics, and in the sight of a vast multitude, who looked on horror-struck, he cut down the offending monarch of the forest. Many of the spectators expected that a bolt from heaven would avenge this act of sacrilege; but when they saw the huge tree lying quietly on the greensward, and all things going on as usual, their faith in their superstitions received a shock, and they yielded to their Elijah; and he had the joy of seeing Christian teaching and life spread rapidly through the formerly heathen regions of Hesse and Thuringia.

The only want was labourers to work in the promising field; and Boniface wrote to friends in England begging sympathy and help. "We beseech you," he said, "that you will remember us in your prayers to God and our Lord Jesus Christ—who would have all men to be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth—that I will vouchsafe to convert to the true faith the heathen Saxons, that they may be delivered from the snares of the Evil One, wherewith they are now held captive. Have compassion on them, brethren. They often say,

'We are of one blood with our brothers in England.' Remember they are your kinsmen according to the flesh. Remember that the time for working is short, for the end of all things is at hand, and death cannot praise God, nor can any give him thanks in the pit. Aid us, then, while yet it is day." Another request which Boniface made of his friends in England was, that they should send to him copies of certain portions of the Holy Scriptures. He asked for a copy of the Epistles of St. Peter, inscribed in gilded letters, that he might use them in preaching. He also asked for clear copies of the Gospels, which he could see, for his eyes were weak; and also for certain commentaries. Perhaps some might be interested to know what use he made of his copies of the Scriptures and of his commentaries, and what was the character of the instruction which he gave to those who sat at his feet in Hesse and Thuringia and elsewhere. Several of the sermons of Boniface remain to us, from which we are able to form an idea of his preaching; and they give no unfavourable impression of it. What we possess are not, however, missionary sermons, but discourses delivered to Christians—sometimes, perhaps, to the clergy. The following extract shows his attachment to the dogmatic faith of the Church.

"Beloved brethren," he says, "it is necessary for every one who desires to reach the kingdom of heaven, which has been promised and also prepared for us by Omnipotent God, to hold firmly and without doubt the true catholic faith, because no one can attain to eternal felicity unless he pleases God, and no man can please God unless by the true faith; for faith is the foundation of everything that is good, the beginning of human salvation. Accordingly it is very necessary for every man to learn diligently the catholic and apostolic faith, and most chiefly for preachers to the Christian people and teachers of the churches of God. How can a man teach who has not learned? or what sort of a pastor can he be who does not know how to feed the flock committed to him with the bread of life? Let him who is ignorant not be ashamed to learn; and let him who has knowledge not be slow to teach that which he knows."

The following, from a sermon on the "eight evangelical beatitudes," will be read with interest. "Christ says, '*Blessed are the poor in spirit,*' lest we should think that they are happy whom necessity and penury make poor; but those only are truly blessed who are humbled in spirit, and who, although they possess riches, are not exalted into pride, but in humility glorify God, who always acts well towards those who put their trust in him. For humility is the foundation of everything that is good; for of such is the kingdom of heaven. By pride and disobedience men lost the kingdom of heaven, and therefore it is by humility and obedience that we are to attain to God's kingdom." We take another extract from a sermon upon the duties of the Christian.

"Observe the Lord's Day; hie thee to the church, be-

cause on that day Christ rose from the dead, that he might give to us also the example of resurrection. Pray when you are there, and sedulously avoid idle stories and talk; for it is written, '*My house is the house of prayer,*' therefore you ought to pray there and not to indulge in useless talk. Give alms according to your ability, because, as water extinguishes fire, alms extinguish sin. Be hospitable one to another, because the Lord will say at the day of judgment, '*I was a stranger, and ye took me in.*' Take in strangers, remembering that you are yourselves strangers in this world. Visit the sick, for the Lord is about to say, '*Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.*' Pay the tithes to the Church, for the Lord commanded, saying, '*Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's*—that is, taxes and tributes—'*and to God the things that are God's*—that is, tithes and first fruits, and all things which thou hast vowed, according as the Lord commanded: '*Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;*' and what things ye would not wish men to do to you, do not to others. '*For this is the law and the prophets.*' If you fulfil this mutual charity, you shall have fulfilled all commands. Fear God, honour the king, because, as it is written, '*There is no power*'—that is, not of God—'*and he who resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God.*' Obey therefore pious commands.....Keep in your memory the Lord's Prayer, because in it every necessity of the present and of the future life is fully comprehended, and Christ taught it, and it is called the Lord's Prayer, because he taught us so to pray. Keep in your mind the creed also, because it is written, '*Without faith it is impossible to please God.*'"

During the latter years of his life, Boniface usually resided at Mayence. He laboured in conjunction with the two sons of Charles Martel Carloman and Pepin to give a systematic organization to the German Churches. His untiring labours to connect the German Churches with Rome, had in after days an evil effect upon the freedom and purity of the German Churches; but this Boniface could not be expected to foresee, and it is not to be wondered at that he should have desired to connect his ignorant and barbarous Germans with a centre of knowledge, and, as he believed, of high apostolical authority. As Boniface fell into years, he felt a desire to be released from the manifold cares of his bishopric, which weighed heavily upon him; moreover, the missionary spirit still burned bright in the old man, and he longed ere he died to make another missionary expedition among some of the tribes of the north who still adhered to the old faiths. Very reluctantly the Pope gave him release from the duties of his diocese, by permitting a coadjutor to be appointed; and Boniface, instead of betaking himself to some quiet retreat, where he might spend the remainder of his days in peace, undertook a missionary journey into that part of Frisia which still remained pagan. He felt a presentiment that he

would never return, and bade his successor a solemn farewell. He then embarked on the Rhine, which he sailed down along with some companions. They went first to Utrecht, and from thence to the eastern part of Frisia, where they commenced to labour among the heathen. At the beginning they met with a good reception from the native tribes, and they laid the foundation of several churches; but, as frequently was the case, in a short time there came a reaction and a return of heathen feeling, so that the lives of the missionaries were imperilled. But Boniface fearlessly pursued his work. He had resolved to celebrate the festival of Whitsunday by administering the rite of confirmation to some of those who had already been baptized. But on the morning of the festival the noise of an advancing multitude was heard beside the tents of Boniface and his companions. It was the heathen party, who had come with arms in their hands to take vengeance upon the missionaries. Some of the attendants of Boniface were preparing to resist the attack, when he stepped forth from his tent, and gave orders that no weapon should be lifted, but that all should await the crown of martyrdom. "Let us not return evil for evil," said he; "the long-expected day has come, and the time of our departure is at hand. Strengthen ye yourselves in the Lord, and he will redeem your souls. Be not afraid of those who can only kill the body, but put all your trust in God, who will speedily give you an eternal reward, and an entrance into his heavenly kingdom."

Boniface, along with many of his companions, were immediately put to death. Thus died Boniface, "the Apostle of Germany," as he has been called, and one of the most heroic and laborious of European missionaries. England may well be proud of having sent such a man to the kindred Teutons, and Germany may be proud of having received him. "The roll of missionary heroes," says a recent writer, "since the days of the apostles, can point to few more glorious names; to none, perhaps, that has added to the dominion of the gospel regions of greater extent or value, or that has exerted a more powerful influence on the history of the human race."

One of those who accompanied Boniface on his last journey to Frisia, although he does not seem to have been with him at his martyrdom, was his scholar and faithful friend, Gregory of Utrecht. During one of his earlier missionary journeys in Hesse, Boniface first saw Gregory, then a lad of fifteen. Pleased with the way the boy read the Latin Vulgate, he explained to him the meaning of the words he had been reading. The result of the conversation between the boy and the missionary was, that the former resolved to follow the fortunes of Boniface. He became one of his most faithful and trusted coadjutors; and after the death of Boniface he laboured at Utrecht, where a monastery which he took under his charge became an important missionary college, where youths from various countries were instructed in the Christian faith, with the view of sending them forth as missionaries. Another companion of

Boniface was Sturm. He was a native of Bavaria, and had been entrusted to the care of Boniface, when a boy, by his parents. He became a most ardent missionary. An interesting story is told regarding him and Boniface, which shows with what prudence the latter guided while he encouraged the zeal of his younger associates. Sturm was seized with a desire, we are told, to found a monastery in the great forest of Burchwald, which at that time covered a great part of Hesse. He communicated his plan to Boniface, who gave it his approval. Sturm was solemnly commended to the Lord, and with two companions penetrated into the forest. They found a spot which they deemed suitable, and returned and told Boniface. He knew, from the account they gave of the place, that the spot was not desirable; but for some time he did not tell Sturm, lest he should discourage him. At length he said to him that he must find another place. Sturm set out on a second journey, sailed up the river Fulda in a boat, but found no spot which seemed to combine all the qualifications which Boniface desired. They returned to Boniface, who told them not to be discouraged. "A place," he said, "is prepared for us in the forest. Whenever it is the will of Christ, he will show it to his servants; therefore desist not thou from thy efforts, but be assured that without doubt thou wilt discover it there." A third journey was undertaken, and was crowned with success. They found a spot on the banks of the river Fulda, which was at once secluded and salubrious, as Boniface desired. They returned to their master, who shortly after went to the court of Carloman, and obtained from him a grant of this place for Sturm and his companions. In this way was founded the great monastery of Fulda. In this monastery of Fulda, Sturm died in the year A.D. 779. His last words, while they show that he shared in the superstitions of the age, showed that his sonnet Christian spirit half-rebelled against them. The brethren who stood round his dying-bed said to him, "Father, we doubt not thou art about to depart hence, and to be with the Lord; we beseech thee, therefore, that in the kingdom of heaven thou wilt remember us, and pray unto the Lord in behalf of thy servants, for sure we are that the prayers of such an advocate will avail us much." Sturm answered, "Show yourselves worthy that I should pray for you, and I will do as ye require." At the time of Sturm's death, a terrible war was going on between the Saxons and the great king who now ruled over a great part of Europe. With the exception of Constantine, no European monarch exercised so decisive an influence upon the outward course of the Christian religion as Charlemagne, and in connection with medieval missions his name cannot be omitted. Like Constantine and Henry VIII. of England, the private life of Charlemagne was far from blameless. He was, however, a brave soldier, a wise legislator, the patron of letters and education, and, in addition to this, a most zealous defender of the Church. It was his wish, that wherever his conquering sword prevailed, there the re-

ligion of Christ should be established, and idolatrous rites abolished. The war which he carried on with the heathen Saxons had, accordingly, the character of a war for religion as well as for empire. Whenever Charlemagne conquered the Saxons, they were obliged to accept baptism or death; and the severest penalties were denounced against those who practised idolatrous rites. Such a method of prosecuting missionary work strikes one as very unapostolic; and although some Churchmen protested against it, many concurred in it as a lesser evil than that the Saxons should remain in heathen darkness. The view taken by some of the missionaries of the use of the sword of Charlemagne, receives an interesting illustration from a passage in the life of Lebuin, an Englishman who was sent by Gregory of Utrecht to labour among the Saxons. On one occasion, this Lebuin confronted an assembly of the Saxon tribes on the banks of the Weser, and said to them, after having denounced their idols and preached to them the one living and true God: "If ye despise and reject his counsels, and persist in your present errors, know that ye shall suffer terrible punishment for scorning his most merciful warning. Behold I, his ambassador, declare unto you the sentence which has gone forth from his mouth, and which cannot change. If ye do not obey his commands, then will sudden destruction come upon you. For the King of kings and Lord of lords hath appointed a brave, prudent, and terrible prince, who is not afar off, but near at hand. He, like a swift and roaring torrent, will burst upon you and subdue the ferocity of your hearts, and crush your stiff-necked obstinacy. He will invade your land with a mighty host, and ravage it with fire and sword, with desolation and destruction. As the avenging wrath of that God, whom ye have ever provoked, he will slay some of you with the sword, others he will cause to waste away in poverty and want, others he will lead into perpetual captivity. Your wives and children he will sell into slavery, and the residue of you he will reduce to ignominious subjection; that in you may be justly fulfilled what has long been predicted—'They were made a handful, and scattered and tormented with the tribulation and anguish of the wicked.'" That some of the missionaries should thus have identified themselves with the violent measures of Charlemagne in behalf of the faith, is certainly to be regretted. As regards the king, something is to be said in behalf of his conduct as a measure of state. The Saxon people against whom he warred were so savage and restless, that the nations under his rule could enjoy no peace so long as the Saxons remained unsubdued. He was compelled, as the British were in India, either to annex more territory or to abandon that which he already held. His desire to establish Christianity among the Saxon people may have arisen partly from a wish to do honour to God, but it was also almost a necessity, if not to establish Christianity, at least to abolish those rites which were the source of much of the ferocity of the Saxons and of their

hostility to his government. The case between Charlemagne and the Saxons has been well put by a modern writer. "That the alternative," writes Sir James Stephen, "'Believe, or die,' was sometimes proposed by Charlemagne to the Saxons, I shall not dispute. But it is not less true that before these terms were tendered to them, they had again and again rejected his less formidable proposal, 'Be quiet, and live.' In form and term, indeed, their election lay between the gospel and the sword. In substance and reality they had to make their choice between submission and destruction. A long and deplorable experience had already shown that the Frankish people had neither peace nor security to expect for a single year so long as their Saxon neighbours retained their heathen rites, and the ferocious barbarism inseparable from them."

While this apology may be accepted for Charlemagne, it is to be regretted, as we have said, that Christian missionaries made themselves in any extent partners in his policy; for no excuses which may be drawn from the spirit of the age, the atmosphere of violence in which they lived, and the extent to which their views were shared by our own reformers, must make us forget that those who took or advocated the taking of the sword on behalf of the Church, departed from the command of the Master himself. As the matter has been well put by a modern poet,—

"Christ bade his followers take the sword;
And yet he chid the deed,
When hasty Peter seized His word,
And made a foe to bleed.

"The gospel creed, a sword of strife,
Meek hands alone may rear;
And ever zeal begins its life
In silent thought and fear."

It is an interesting reflection that from among the Saxons who thus experienced the Jehu-like zeal of the mediæval Church came the first beginnings of the movement which broke the power of that Church, and introduced a purer faith and gentler manners into Europe; for it was Saxony that was the cradle of the Reformation.

One more remark regarding the mediæval missionaries, and we have done. The sayings recorded from their death-beds show how weary they were of life, and how gladly the word of release seems generally to have sounded in their ears. "Seek not," said one of them to the mourners about his bed, "to detain me any longer from the presence of the Lord; suffer me to be released from the trials of this troublesome world. I have no desire to live any longer, and I fear not to die." Such was the spirit in which most met death. Something, no doubt, of this willingness to die may be set to the account of the weary exiled life which they led, the want of all those home ties which are often so hard to break; but, in a greater degree, is it to be ascribed to a quiet patient trust in their Re-

deemer, and a simple belief in the promise that those who labour for him now shall hereafter "receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away." Many a nameless grave, in the forests of Switzerland and Germany,

received the worn and wasted frame of a labourer to whom the Master shall say in the great day, when we all shall have to give an account of the deeds done in the body, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

LIKE AND UNLIKE.

BY GEORGE TROUP, ESQ.

RIVERS and rivulets possess a family resemblance, yet each stream has its individualism and characteristics. Lakes and tarns have common features, with each its own peculiarity in outline. Hills and mountains have leading points in common, but each upland has its particular distinctions. Glens, straths, and vales are recognized by their general plan; yet two precisely similar glens, two straths quite alike, or two vales without a difference, cannot be found in the world. Trees and shrubs maintain the common likeness of their various classes, while each in something differs from all its neighbours. The buds, leaves, and flowers of each division in spring seem much alike, and all are unlike. Their fruits are identified by resemblance with their kindred, yet two exactly similar apples are never found. Clover leaves agree in shape, yet each leaf has its own peculiarity. Blades of grass make green the once brown fields, and each blade carries its own mark. Ears of corn are easily classified into their particular kinds, while each ear has some diversity in its form. When fields of root crops are dug, the gatherer never finds two specimens exactly similar, yet no difficulty exists in classifying them into their general divisions and minute subdivisions.

Matter in all conditions presents illimitable diversities. A microscopic examination of the sands shows that each grain differs from all the other grains; and even the atoms that compose a little stone have little differences, so that the multitude compressed within a small space are all formed on so many various patterns. Inorganic matter, absorbed by or dissolved in water or the atmosphere, comes out again from its concealment, under reversing processes, in atoms varied in their qualities, form, and size. The resemblance of each group and the distinction of each atom seems to be cared for in all mineral formations, is more obvious in vegetation, and, to ordinary observers, is in animal life still more visible. An order of creation is punctually observed in the division of species, for their classification; and as carefully secured in their subdivisions, for the identification of all separate existences—to the minutest insect, even to the smallest atom, so far as man can trace. Evidence of the continuous and intelligent supervision of all beings and all things by a Power inconceivably vast in knowledge and in might, is supplied by this similarity of groups or species, combined with the dissimilarity in each individual case. The common things of earth proclaim the infinitude of the Almighty.

Monotony would weary the human eye and impoverish the mind, and therefore is averted from creation, or from the earth, constructed for the temporary dwelling-place of mankind. Diversities of "surface-scenery" trace out kingdoms, divide provinces, and distinguish parishes, town-lands, even farms; and were provided before the advent of the occupants, because they were indispensable to society. A world coloured and shaped to uniformity would require efforts from mankind to form those landmarks that were made ready on the earth for our use. The earth in that dreary condition of uniformity in one way, is described in the second verse of Scripture as "without form and void," or, as otherwise rendered, "desolate and waste." And a desolate waste it would have been, in conjunction with other and existing conditions, and in the absence of its great oceans and its high mountain-ranges; for these are two of the Lord's granaries, devised and maintained to feed his creatures. He was only a herdsman and a gatherer of sycamore fruit who twice plainly disclosed the existence of one perpetual motion—one motion having the duration of "seed-time and harvest," "summer and winter;" and probably when Amos told the Israelites that the Lord "calleteth for the waters of the sea, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth," the men of "science falsely so called," among that people, treated his statement much as their successors among ourselves treat other Scriptural statements in our day, for although it is now a well-known truth, yet then it was an inspired revelation. Great mountains are also the Lord's granaries; for he built them on the fringes of long and wide tropical plains, to be snow-stores from which the growing crops on far distant fields and in far remote ages might be refreshed after the tropical seasons of rain had ceased for a time, and the soil might be prevented from becoming arid and dry sand.

The propriety of a copyright in or registration of designs is admitted in arts and science; for the most fertile and gifted mind among men is poor in the variety of thought, poor in the capacity to embody and work out ideas. But "the Infinite Mind," rich in power, requires no registration of designs in Nature; for that would be a record of all existences. Mankind, although a vast multitude, form only a minute fraction of the animal life on the land and in the waters; but while even the unlearned in natural history experience no difficulty in distinguishing between the great and numerous divisions among the beasts of the earth, the birds of the

air, and the fish in the waters, still, down to the more minute of the insect nations, individual distinctions in colour or form are evident to patient observers. The sparrow knows its mate; and although the livery of the common and favourite robin seems coloured and cut to one pattern, yet a distinction exists in each bird. One remarkable law governs the gradations or scale of this general rule of individualizing, that in and by itself would amply repay more careful inquiry than it has obtained. Several divisions of beasts and birds, being necessary to mankind in all conditions of society, are instinctively qualified for domestic purposes; and the differences between the animals belonging to these groups is greater than the distinctions among wild animals, so that their identification is made easy, for a reason found in their destination. They were to become property, and are stamped with the means of aiding the proof of their ownership. A game-preserve who could not positively identify partridge, pheasant, or deer as an inmate of his "preserve," would experience no doubt regarding a cow, dog, or horse belonging to a neighbour with whose stock he was in any degree familiar. Even among the more numerous domesticated animals, this mode of identification exists to a considerable extent. The owner of a large grazing farm, holding flocks of two or three thousand sheep, may be unable to recognize each one among his thousands except by his initials or trade-mark; but, from the same cause, the general of a military division consisting of an equal number of men, or an employer with thousands of operatives in his factories, would be equally unable to identify each individual under his command or in his employment. Failure in these cases would not arise from the lack of distinctions among the thousands, but from the incapacity of the "one memory" to seize and retain them. Within the number that a shepherd can properly manage, he knows his sheep, and is recognized by them. The most celebrated Hebrew monarch was taken from the sheep-fold to the throne; but he doubtless could have identified each of those "few sheep" left by him "in the wilderness," when in doing his father's errand he approached the turning-point of his life. The highest authority is given for the truth that a good shepherd knows his sheep. The truth is ever consolation to those who belong to the Good Shepherd, that of his flock, whom no man can number, each one is identified in his sight, lives ever in his thought, and will live evermore in his love.

One thousand millions of human beings dwell upon the earth, in circumstances varying from the sloughs of poverty to the hills of wealth, from hopeless toil to senseless luxury—with intellectual conditions stretching from dense ignorance to comparatively high places in literature and science; while, guided by conflicting motives, engrossed in diverging pursuits, they exhibit all shades of the varied colouring between existence in the darkest selfishness and life among the sunbeams, the flowers and fruits, of generous feeling and Christian principles. Diversities of personal health and physical

strength must be nearly as numerous as our race, yet no more numerous than their mental differences; while, far as the distance is between the circumstances of the bandit's den and the missionary's station—the dungeon of the oppressed and the palace of the oppressor—even the hut of the savage and the home of the regular and skilled mechanic—yet it is not endless. It is a long but a chained and measured way; and no difficulty exists in determining the claim of each individual on the family, and each person's responsibility in the common brotherhood, and little, practically none, in establishing the identity of each member. Cases of disputed or erroneous identification have formed ground for wars and fightings in past ages and for litigation in the present time; but errors or mistakes of this class are exceptions to the general law—as in the history of the man who was born blind, "that the works of God should be made manifest in him." All the exceptions to the great rules in creation and providence, in an accurate although a more general manner, manifest the works of God. The blind are object-lessons on the blessings of light and sight; and the much fewer cases of possible error in the identification of individuals also proclaim the merciful provision of God on a less considered subject.

One thousand millions of mankind form an aggregate number of which any individual among them can have only a dim conception. Yet this old estimate of the population on the globe is now carried higher by one-fourth, or to twelve hundred and fifty millions; and this latter number is probably correct, for more than one-fifth, or two hundred and fifty millions, are included within the great empire with its centre in our Western Isles—a larger population than any of the ancient empires contained, involving a responsibility that hitherto few of our people at home have "laid to heart," in the power and the privilege that providential arrangements have placed on them, with a special duty and a particular work.

Vast as are these waves of human life, rising and following on with a ceaseless regularity of increase, still each "drop" has not only personal consciousness and separate existence, but a completely distinct history, with an individualism visible and recognized. Although this remarkable evidence of continuous care and plan and richness of design in creation is seldom noticed, is rarely the object of gratitude and thankfulness, yet it is a common and grand mercy, essential to the existence of society, the chief pillar of the world's commercial, political, social, and family life. Let personal identity be shaken away from a generation, and the relations of society would perish in the convulsion. The capitalist, rich in bills and bonds—all, in financial language, first-class and undoubted—may or may not thank the controlling Providence that preserves this individualism; but without it his securities would vanish and his documents be rendered worthless. All our political and social relations rest on this foundation; for in its absence

the criminal and the judge would be undistinguishable—personal villany and personal worth be commingled in bewildering confusion—and in the chaos that would follow its loss, citizen and magistrate, represented and representative, ruler and subject, would be turned into unmeaning words. Upon this characteristic in our being depend all those family relations which, more than any other elements of our existence here, or any influences connected with time, its journeyings and struggles, contribute happiness to life. The kindest affections of the heart spring from this common mercy; and it renders possible those riches of generous feeling which constitute the light of home—a light that often resembles the sunset in gathering its grander tints from partings and sorrows, taking the marvellous tinges of the sky at the evening hour even from the grave's side. Yet, unlike to the sun-paintings on clouds, these pictures on grieving souls wane not always away in the deeper darkness or the further gloom, but wax clearer and stronger until the expansion of the life of time into the life of eternity. Earth never had a happy home unindebted to the universal divergencies in likeness for its existence—never, certainly, since it had many homes; and the affections clustering round an abode of peace and quiet arise from these differences. Deprived of them, a nation could neither secure happiness nor achieve progress towards any good; but so far as men can foresee, any pleasing fragments in human society would perish, and any hope of a better time-coming would die out, with the extinction of this law or rule of divergency in resemblance, made and maintained by our Father who is in the heavens.

A subordinate mark of individualism or mean of identification is exhibited even among the inferior animals, and forms to them a limited power of intercommunication. Birds recognize the cry of their young and the notes of their fellows, and may be alarmed, gratified, or guided by these sounds. The bleating of a flock of sheep is wondrously alike, yet the ewe knows the call of its own lamb. A captive goldfinch, kindly noticed, will recognize its owner's footsteps on the stairs. The distinctions of voice, and the capacity of recognizing them, are more fully developed in the higher classes of domestic animals. The bark of a particular dog is easily distinguished by his owners or their neighbours, and a family will recognize the tread of the master's horse at a long distance; while the capacity of domesticated animals to identify different human voices is very clear and expansive. Cattle soon learn to know the voice of the person who attends to them and their wants. A well-trained dog rapidly classifies for his own use the voices not only of a numerous family, but those of their friends, neighbours, and visitors. This faculty of instinct is perhaps more contracted or slower in the horse than the dog, but no animal is more grateful for kind usage, or, with that condition, is made more joyful than the horse by the sound of his master's voice.

The identification of many yet slightly different sounds

by the human ear confers much enjoyment, but the minute individualism of voice which identifies the speaker and stands next to individualism of feature in strength and tenacity is one of the bonds around men or one of their privileges, a detective or a witness always abiding with them; the root of happiness or of punishment precisely as they act and live, yielding pleasure during the greater part of time on earth, and sorrow only in the blacker hours of dark lives; but in all circumstances a testimony to the Creator's power borne on the fleeting breath, spoken in every word.

Providential purposes are evinced in the works of men's hands; for in many mechanical industries skilled artisans could not absolutely identify their own productions, after these have been completed for some time, except by some special and always similar mark. Iron ore is converted into watch-springs, and the few shillings forming the value of the original material are turned into as many hundreds of pounds, by the art and labours of many persons, through processes requiring skilled manipulation; yet the artisans in each step could not, without the aid of a trade-mark, positively recognize, in twelve months after its completion, their own workmanship. The works of our hands bear a general resemblance, so far as they are directed to one department of industry or carried through with one purpose, yet Art usually lacks that power of combining "the like and the unlike" exhibited in Nature; and thus the existence of this power in mankind, in a matter familiar and obvious to all persons with even a limited education, and to an extent that renders its exercise almost involuntary—is extremely "note-worthy" and remarkable. A nailer employs many strokes, during a marked period of time, on the production of one nail, yet he could not absolutely identify the nails which he formed in a few weeks after he had made them, and they had been carried out of his shop and sight. A rapid writer traces many letters in the time occupied by a nailer on a single nail, yet he can identify his own writing, not only for a few weeks but for all the years of his life, while the facility of its identification by other persons increases the peculiarity. After the hand that traced a document or letter has crumbled into dust, and all the acquaintances and friends of the writer have passed away from the earth; even when the generations among whom he and they lived are all with the dead, that handwriting may be completely identified. Centuries after a paper has been written, its authorship may be established by comparison with documents known as the productions of one individual; and this facility in tracing written characters to one hand has aided the solution of difficult questions in history and knotty points in literature; and in other circumstances is said to have decided the destiny of "fortunes."

Written characters in all languages bear a family resemblance to render them generally intelligible, and individualism to identify them easily with the writer. These two distinct and even opposing peculiarities are

requisite to fulfil the purpose of writing, and they are providentially secured : both were less requisite in other operations, and the second is more feebly manifested or is imperceptible in them.

This "difference in resemblance" can neither be easily counterfeited nor subdued in handwriting. One man may make a neat forgery of another person's signature, but find an insuperable difficulty in copying a letter in the feigned hand. Another person may disguise his own writing over a few lines; but the effort becomes evident, and an "expert" will generally be able to expose the fraud. The necessity for this distinction in the handwriting of individuals is manifest. The integrity of commercial documents, the interests of family and social life, all the reasons that induce people to send letters, depend on this peculiarity in writing, which, when considered in contrast with more complicated operations of the hand, can be explained on no other principle than the appointment of God. If it be attributed to accident or to "development"—a word now in common use—why is the same chance inoperative, or the "development" invisible, in other employments of the hand? Even a manuscript prepared in the advocacy of infidelity bears witness to the care and power of the Almighty, who compels the writer of groundless theories to confute them in every stroke of the pen where-with he records his own "credulity" and "evil thoughts."

The peculiar facility in the recognition of handwriting is at the foundation of our commercial and financial systems. An appalling spectacle would be daily presented at the counter of a bank in a commercial town to shareholders who did not believe in this providential security raised in their defence. The officials are few and the visitors many, and neither have leisure to spend on long examinations or tedious inquiries; yet amid much bustle and apparent confusion small slips are handed, often by strangers, to a teller, who glances at the papers and pays away, probably, large sums of money, trusting to this established individuality of handwriting. He passes many cheques in the course of a single day, all or nearly all with different signatures; yet even attempted impositions are not as one to one million of transactions; and although a successful forgery is a loss of its amount to the shareholders, they live without a dread of their dividends being lessened from this cause, and also usually in forgetfulness that their safety originates with the Author of this special "diversity in resemblance."

The peculiarity of handwriting often operates as a detective of deception and a witness against fraud, but far more frequently it works out happiness to multitudes in social life, and confers on old letters the character and value of hidden treasures. Men acclimatized to anxiety, apparently absorbed in the business of the world and grown gray amid its cares, men who look cold and hard on 'Change, are often softened down and made wiser by a bundle of old letters. Worthless in the office, that parcel is priceless at home. Its owner may be indisputably well acquainted with the value of money, yet he would neither destroy nor transfer these memorials of the dead and of remote times for much gold. The eyes may be dim now while looking over words that once they read with joy, for the heart whose hand traced them stopped in the early morning of an apparently pleasant life. A different kind of letter comes up, written in very close lines on very thin paper, for it came from a far land, and the brother who, full of hope, wrote all these anticipations of a long future was soon to find his grave there. And here is a somewhat antique female handwriting, with the letters all turned very sharp, yet distinct; and they carry a mother's counsels, marvellously rich in faith and hope, seemingly richer now, for a multitude of years ago these hopes became realities to her, and faith grew into life. Another sheet must have been covered by a broad pen in a heavy hand, and every letter expresses undoubting decision. That strong hand has written nothing now for a long time, and in all that period it has seemed well that the writer's letters to his own always carried some remembrance of vital truths; some useful reference to that great future wherein he has been so long concealed from them. Cherished treasures of that nature are more eloquent within their own circle than published works by earnest thinkers, for they include the weight of personal affection—the affection of the dead. We are indebted for them to the singular characteristic that identifies beyond doubt the writer with the writing, and casts a responsibility on family and friendly correspondence that Christians should never forget; for earnest, plain sentences written now may be made the means of quenching a bad or kindling a good fire in some heart many years hence, when the writer's warnings will resemble counsels from the voiceless grave or entreaties from a spirit-friend before the throne.



THE BEATITUDES.*

BY THE REV. H. WARD BEECHER.



HE Beatitudes, then, were not new principles; the truth in them had been recognized before. They were truths hidden in the very nature of the soul, and in the best sense natural. But formerly they lay scattered as pearls not detached from the parent shell, or as rough diamonds unground. Here they first appear in brilliant setting. They are no longer happy sayings, but sovereign principles. They always spoke with instructiveness; but now with authority, as if they wore crowns upon their heads.

There was a noble strangeness in them. The whole world was acting in a spirit contrary to them. They conflicted with every sentiment and maxim of common life. On a lonely hill-top sat One known to have been reared as a mechanic, pronouncing to a group of peasants, fishermen, mechanics, and foreigners, the sublime truths of the higher and interior life of the soul, which have since, by universal consent, been deemed the noblest utterances of earth. The traveller may to-day stand in Antwerp, near the old cathedral, hearing all the clatter of business, a thousand feet tramping close up to the walls and buttresses against which lean the booths, a thousand tongues rattling the language of traffic, when, as the hour strikes from above, a shower of notes seems to descend from the spire—bell notes, fine, sweet, small as a bird's warble, the whole air full of crisp tinklings, underlaid by the deeper and sonorous tones of large bells, but all of them in fit sequences pouring forth a melody that seems unearthly, and the more because in

such contrast with the scenes of vulgar life beneath. In some such way must these words have fallen upon the multitude.

Whether the audience felt the sweetness and exquisite beauty of Christ's opening sentences we cannot know. They are the choicest truths of the old dispensation set to the spirit of the new. But not until, like bells, they were thus set in chimes, and rung in the spirit and melody of the spiritual age, could one have dreamed how noble they were. And what blessings! When before did such a company of ills and misfortunes find themselves mustered and renamed? No word of commendation for wealth, or favour, or high estate, or power, or pleasure. For all that the world was striving after with incessant industry there was no benediction. Congratulations were reserved for the evils which all men dreaded—poverty, sorrow, persecution, and the hatred of men—or for qualities which men thought to be the signs of weakness. Could his disciples understand such paradoxes? We know that they did not until after the descent upon them of the Holy Spirit, at a later day. Still less would the rude multitude comprehend such mysterious sayings, so profoundly true, but true in relation to conditions of soul of which they had no conception. The real man was invisible to their eyes. Only the outward life was known to them—the life of the body—and of the mind only as the ready minister to bodily enjoyments.

"BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT."

Not poverty of thought, nor of courage, nor of emotion—not empty-mindedness, nor any idea implying a real lack of strength, variety, and richness of nature—was here intended. It was to be a consciousness of moral incompleteness. As the sense of poverty in this world's goods inspires men to enterprise, so the consciousness of a poverty of manliness might be expected to lead to earnest endeavours for moral growth. This first sentence was aimed full at that supreme self-complacency which so generally resulted from the school of the Pharisee. Paul's interpre-

* From "The Life of Jesus, the Christ." By Henry Ward Beecher, author of "Life Thoughts," &c. T. Nelson and Sons, London, Edinburgh, and New York.

Mr. Beecher, in this his latest work, has applied his power to the greatest of all themes. He seems to have appreciated well his gifts and opportunities. His younger years have been devoted to great practical activity, mingled with some bold speculations. From time to time something eccentric has appeared, and something that, from our Old World view-point, seemed daring. His mind does not easily submit to conventional rules. All the more striking, we think, is the sober, devout earnestness of this book. Not till his powers have been mellowed by years and a very large experience has Mr. Beecher undertaken this great task. The work exhibits a remarkable combination of tender feeling, graphic description, philosophic generalization, and reverential faith.

tation of his own experience illustrates the predominant spirit. He once had no higher idea of character than that inculcated in the law of Moses; and he wrote of his attainments: "Touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless" (Phil. iii. 6). He was a perfect man!

The land was full of "perfect men." Groups of them were to be found in every synagogue. To be sure, they were worldly, selfish, ambitious, vindictive, but without the consciousness of being the worse for all that. Rigorous exactitude in a visible routine gave them the right to thank God that they were not as other men were. For such men, in such moods, there could be no spiritual kingdom. They could never sympathize with that new life which was coming upon the world, in which the treasures were "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance" (Gal. v. 22, 23). But those who painfully felt the poverty of their inward nature in all these excellences might rise to the blessings of the new kingdom, "in which dwelleth righteousness."

In a world so full of trouble, a thousand modes of consolation have been sought, a thousand ways of joy. But Jesus, still looking upon the invisible manhood, next points out the divine road to happiness.

"BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN."

For perfect beings sorrow is not needed; but to creatures like men, seeking to escape the thrall and burden of animal life, sorrow is helpful. As frosts unlock the hard shells of seeds, and help the germ to get free, so trouble develops in men the germs of force, patience, and ingenuity, and in noble natures "works the peaceable fruits of righteousness." A gentle schoolmaster it is to those who are "exercised thereby." Tears, like rain-drops, have a thousand times fallen to the ground and come up in flowers. All the good in this world which has risen above the line of material comfort has been born from some one's sorrow. We all march under a Captain "who was made perfect through sufferings;" and we are to find peace only as we learn of him in the school of patience.

Not less astonishing than the value put upon poverty of spirit and mourning must have seemed the next promise and prediction:—

"BLESSED ARE THE MEEK, FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH."

Each part of a man's mind has its peculiar and distinctive excitement. The passions and appetites give forth a turbulent and exhausting experience. The full activity of the domestic and social emotions produces excitement less harsh and violent, but yet tumultuous. The highest conditions of the soul's activity are serene and tranquil. It is to this superior calm of a soul that is living in the continuous activity of its highest spiritual sentiments that the term **MEEKNESS** should be applied. It designates the whole temper of the soul in the range of its moral and spiritual faculties. The appetites and passions produce a boisterous agitation, too coarse and rude for real pleasure. The affections develop pleasure, but with too near an alliance to our lower nature for tranquillity. The spiritual portion of the soul is at once luminous and peaceful. The strength of man lies in those faculties which are furthest removed from his animal conditions. It is in the spiritual nature that manhood resides. The action of these higher sentiments is so different in result from the violent agitations of the appetites and passions, that man may well speak of himself as a duality, a union of two distinct persons, not only of different, but of opposite and contradictory experiences. At the bottom of man's nature lie rude strength, coarse excitements, violent fluctuations, exhausting impulses. At the top of man's nature the soul puts forth continuous life almost without fatigue, is tranquil under intense activities, and is full of the light of moral intuitions. Meekness is generally thought to be a sweet benignity under provocation. But provocation only discloses, and does not create it. It exists as a generic mood or condition of soul, independent of those causes which may bring it to light. In this state, power and peace are harmonized,—activity and tranquillity, joy and calmness, all-seeingness without violence of desire. From these nobler fountains chiefly are to flow those influences which shall control the world.

Man the animal has hitherto possessed the globe. Man the divine is yet to take it. The struggle is going on. But in every cycle more and more does the world feel the superior authority of truth, purity, justice, kindness, love, and

faith. They shall yet possess the earth. In these three opening sentences how deep are the insights given! The soul beholds its meagreness and poverty; it longs with unutterable desire to be enriched; it beholds the ideal state luminous with peace and full of power.

But now the discourse rises from these interior states to more active elements. Amidst the conflicting elements of life no man can gain any important moral victories by mere longing, or by rare impulses, or by feeble purposes. If one would reach the true manhood, the spiritual life, of the new kingdom, it must be by continuous energy during his entire career. In the whole routine of daily life, in the treatment of all cares, temptations, strifes, and experiences of every kind, the one predominant purpose must be the perfection of manhood in ourselves.

"BLESSED ARE THEY WHO DO HUNGER AND THIRST AFTER RIGHTEOUSNESS, FOR THEY SHALL BE FILLED."

The life of the body, its strength and skill, are every day built up by the food which hunger craves. And as hunger is not a rational faculty, and does not depend upon any of the rational faculties for its action, but follows the internal condition of the body, and is an automatic sign and signal of the waste or repair going on within; so the longing for uprightness and goodness must be a deep-seated and incessant importunity of the soul's very substance, as it were, acting, not upon suggestion or special excitement, but self-aroused and continuous. To such a desire the whole world becomes a ministering servant. All this is strangely in contrast with the life of man. The fierce conflict, the exacting enterprise, are felt, but they expend themselves upon externals. They seek to build up the estate, to augment the power, to multiply physical pleasures. In the new life the strife and enterprise are to be none the less, but will be directed toward inward qualities.

These four Beatitudes not only revealed the divine conception of the new spiritual life, but they stood in striking contrast with the ideas held by the leaders of the Jews. The Pharisees were also expecting a kingdom, and great advantage and delight. They had no idea of the joy there is in spiritual sorrow. They knew nothing of the

sweet tranquillity of meekness, and to them nothing seemed so little likely to inherit the earth. Energetic power, invincible zeal, and a courage that did not fear disaster or death,—these would win, if anything could. The Beatitudes thus far must have been profoundly unintelligible to Christ's hearers. What wonder? They are even yet unintelligible to mankind.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL, FOR THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY."

To an undeveloped race, struggling ignorantly forward rather than upward, jostling, contending, quarrelling,—each man selfish, but demanding that others should be kind,—each one unjust, but clamouring against others for their injustice,—each one exacting, severe, or cruel, but requiring that others should be lenient,—comes the word, *Blessed are the merciful*. No one thing does human life more need than a kind consideration of men's faults. Every one sins. Every one needs forbearance. Their own imperfections should teach men to be merciful. God is merciful because he is perfect. Mercy is an attribute of high moral character. As men grow toward the divine, they become gentle, forgiving, compassionate. The absence of a merciful spirit is evidence of the want of true holiness. A soul that has really entered into the life of Christ carries in itself a store of nourishment and a cordial for helpless souls around it. Whoever makes his own rigorous life, or his formal propriety, or his exacting conscience, an argument for a condemnatory spirit toward others, is not of the household of faith. Merciless observers of men's faults, who delight in finding out the evil that is in their neighbours, who rejoice in exposing the sins of evil-doers, or who find a pleasure in commenting upon, or ridiculing the mistakes of others, show themselves to be ignorant of the first element of the Christian religion.

"BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART, FOR THEY SHALL SEE GOD."

Precisely what is meant by "purity" has called forth much speculation. But it should be remembered that the whole discourse contains either a latent or an avowed criticism upon the prevailing notions of the Jews as to true religion. On

no point were the Pharisees more scrupulous than that of Levitical purity. This had no direct relation in their minds to the inward dispositions and purposes. Impurity was contracted by some bodily act, and was removed by some corresponding external ceremony. There were some seventy specific cases of uncleanness described by Jewish writers, and others were possible. A conscientious man found his action limited on every hand by fear of impurity, or by the rites of purification which were required in case of defilement. A ceremony designed to inspire a moral idea by a physical act suffered the almost inevitable fate of symbols, and ended by withdrawing the mind from moral states and fixing it superstitiously upon external deeds. The benediction of Jesus was upon purity of *heart*, as distinguished from legal and ceremonial purity. A state of heart in which all its parts and faculties should be morally as free from the contamination of passion, selfishness, injustice, and insincerity, as the body and its members might be from Levitical defilement, was, without doubt, the state upon which the blessing was meant to rest. But the promise here given, "They shall see God," assumes a wider view and a more profound philosophy. There can be no knowledge of God in any degree, moral and spiritual, which does not come to man through some form of moral intuition. To understand justice, one must have some experience of justice. There could arise no idea of love in a soul that had never loved, or of pity in one who had never experienced compassion. Our knowledge of the moral attributes of God must take its rise in some likeness, or germ of resemblance, in us to that which we conceive is the divine nature. In proportion as we become like him, the elements of understanding increase. The soul becomes an interpreter through its own experiences. They only can understand God who have in themselves some moral resemblance to him; and they will enter most largely into knowledge who are most in sympathy with the divine life.

"BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS, FOR THEY SHALL BE CALLED THE CHILDREN OF GOD."

Peace is not a negative state, a mere interval between two excitements. In its highest meaning it is that serenity which joy assumes, not

only when single faculties are excited, but when the whole soul is in harmony with itself, and full of wholesome activity. An original disposition which dwells in peace by the fulness and the inspiration of all its parts is a rare gift. One whose nature unconsciously diffuses peace is very near to God. Jesus himself never seemed so divine as when, on the eve of his arrest, with the cloud already casting its shadow upon him, and every hour bringing him consciously nearer to the great agony, he said to his humble followers: "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you." There is no other sign of divinity more eminent than that of a nature which can breathe upon men an atmosphere of peace. They who can do this, even imperfectly, have the lineaments of their Parent upon them. They are the children of God.

Far out from the centre of creative power, among the elements of nature, there is wild turbulence, and immense energies grapple in conflict. As the universe rises, circle above circle, each successive sphere loses something of strife and develops some tendency to harmony. All perfection tends toward peace. In that innermost circle, where the God dwells in very person, peace eternally reigns. The energy which creates, the universal will which governs, and the inconceivable intellect that watches and thinks of all the realm, have their highest expression in a perfect peace. Thus, though the lower stages of being are full of agitations, the higher stages are tranquil. The universe grows sweet as it grows ripe. "The God of peace" is the highest expression of perfect being. Whatever disturbance is raging in his remote creation, he dwells in eternal peace, waiting for the consummation of all things. There is, then, evident reason why peacemakers "shall be called the children of God."

In a lower way, but yet in close sympathy with this supreme disposition of a soul in harmony with God, are to be included all voluntary efforts for the suppression of riotous mischief and for the promotion of kindness, agreement, concord, and peace among men and between nations. While malignant dispositions stir up strife, a benevolent nature seeks to allay irritation, to quiet the fierceness of temper, and to subdue all harsh and cruel souls to the law of kindness. A pacificator will

make himself the benefactor of any neighbourhood.

It is true that peace is sometimes so hindered by means of corrupt passions or selfish interests that there must be a struggle before peace can exist. "I came not to send peace, but a sword," was our Lord's annunciation of this fact. A conflict between the spirit and the flesh takes place in every individual and in every community that is growing better. It is, however, but transient and auxiliary. Out of it comes a higher life. With that come harmony and peace. One may sacrifice peace by neglecting to struggle, and one may seek peace by instituting conflicts. Love must overcome selfishness, even if the demon in departing casts down its victim upon the ground and leaves him as one dead.

"BLESSED ARE THEY WHICH ARE PERSECUTED FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS' SAKE, FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

All the elements of human society were originally organized by the force of reason acting in its lowest plane—selfishly. Little by little the animal gave way to the social, the material to the spiritual, and room began to be found in the secular for the eternal. It has been a long conflict. It is a conflict still, and will continue to be for ages. A just man at every step finds some one whose interests turn upon injustice. One cannot make the truth clear and stimulating without disturbing some drowsy error, which flies out of its cave and would extinguish the light. Not only have pride and vanity their unlawful sway, but every passion has in human life some vested interest which truth and love will either altogether destroy, or greatly restrain and regulate.

Now, although the truth when presented in its own symmetry is beautiful, and although men, unless greatly perverted, recognize the beauty of righteousness, yet their selfish interests in the processes of life, the profit or pleasure which they derive from unrighteousness, sweep away their feeble admiration, and in its place come anger and opposition. All potential goodness is a disturbing force. Benevolent men are the friends of even the selfish, but selfish men feel that benevolence is the enemy of selfishness. The silent example of a good man judges and condemns the conduct of bad men. Even passive goodness

stands in the way of active selfishness. But when, as was to be the case in the new spiritual kingdom heralded by Christ, good men acting in sympathy should seek to spread the sway of moral principles, the time would speedily arrive when their spirit would come in conflict with the whole kingdom of darkness. Then would arise the bitterest opposition. Since the world began it has not been permitted to any one to rise within himself from a lower to a higher moral state, without an angry conflict on the part of his inferior faculties. No part of human society has been allowed to develop into a higher form without bitter persecutions. If this had been so up to that era, when the stages were tentative and preparatory, how much more was it to be so now, when the fulness of time had come, and the followers of Christ were to found a kingdom in which the moral and spiritual elements were to predominate over every other.

But persecution which is caused by true goodness drives men more entirely from the resources of the animal and secular life, and develops in them to greater strength and intensity their truly spiritual or divine part; and in that state their joys increase in elevation, in conscious purity, in peacefulness. They live in another realm. They are not dependent for their enjoyment upon outward circumstances, nor upon the remunerations of social life. They are lifted into the very vicinage of heaven. They hold communion with God. A new realm, invisible but potential, springs up around them. Dispossessed of common pleasures, they find themselves filled with other joys, unspeakable and full of glory. "Theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Here the Beatitudes end. They raise in the mind an exalted conception of the spiritual manhood. In the new kingdom manhood was to be clothed with new power. It had broken through to the realm above, and was clothed with divine elements. In this state the grand instrument of success in the subjugation of the world was to be the simple force of this new human nature, acting directly upon living men. Until that time religion had, in the weakness of the race, needed to employ rules, laws, and institutions, and to maintain its authority by force borrowed from the physical nature of man. But

the new kingdom was to rely sovereignly upon a new force,—the living soul acting upon living souls. Therefore Jesus, having revealed by these few profound elements what was the true spiritual strength of man, declares to his disciples their mission. They were to be the preservative element of life. They were to become sons of God, not alone for their own sake, but as spiritual forces in subduing the world to goodness. While Pharisees were intensely concerned to maintain their own supposed blameless state, and Essenes were withdrawing from human life more and more, and various religionists were playing hermit, shunning a world which they could not resist or overcome, the disciples of the new kingdom of the spirit, inspired by a divine influence, and living in an atmosphere uncontaminated by the lower passions, were to go boldly forth into life, taking hold of human affairs, seeking to purify the household, to reclaim the selfishness and the sordidness of material life, to infuse a spirit of justice and of goodness into laws and magistrates, and to make the power of their new life felt in every fibre of human society. "Ye are the salt of the earth!" "Ye are the light of the world!"

The opening portion of the Sermon on the Mount must not have the canons of modern philosophy applied to it. Its organic relations with the rest of the discourse must not be pressed too far. It depicts the moral qualities which are to give character to the new life, but does not include all the elements of it, nor even the most important ones. Hope, faith, and love are not mentioned. It is plain, therefore, that the principle of selection was largely an external one. Jesus was about to criticize the national religion. He fixed his eye upon the living officers and exemplars of that religion, and emphasized with his benediction those qualities which most needed to be made prominent, and which were signally lacking in the spirit of the Pharisee.

Just as little should we attempt to exhibit in the Beatitudes a natural progression, or philosophic order of qualities. There is no reason why the second Beatitude should not stand first, nor why the fifth, sixth, and seventh might not be interchanged. The fourth might without impropriety

have begun the series. The order in which they stand does not represent the order of the actual evolution of moral qualities. On the contrary, we perceive that the Spirit of God develops the new life in the human soul in no fixed order. Men who have gone far in overt wickedness may find their first moral impulse to spring from a condemning conscience, but others are more affected by the sweetness and beauty of moral qualities as seen in some goodly life. Sometimes hope, sometimes sympathy, sometimes fear, and sometimes even the imitativeness that becomes contagious in social life, is the initiatory motive. For the human soul is like a city of many gates; and a conqueror does not always enter by the same gate, but by that one which chances to lie open. It is true that a general sense of sinfulness precedes all effort after a higher life. But a clear discrimination of evil, and an exquisite sensibility to it, such as are implied in the first two Beatitudes, do not belong to an untrained conscience first aroused to duty, but are the fruits of later stages of Christian experience.

The Beatitudes constitute a beautiful sketch of the ideal state, when the glowing passions, which in the day of Christ controlled even the religious leaders, and still so largely rule the world, shall be supplanted by the highest moral sentiments. The ostentatious wealth and arrogant pride of this sensuous life shall be replaced in the new life by a profound humility. The conceit and base content of a sordid prosperity shall give way to ingenuous spiritual aspiration. Men shall long for goodness more than the hungry do for food. They shall no longer live by the force of their animal life, but by the serene sweetness of the moral sentiments. Meekness shall be stronger than force. The spirit of peace-making shall take the place of irritation and quarrelsomeness. But as we can come to the mildness and serenity of spring only through the blustering winds and boisterous days of March, so this new kingdom must enter through a period of resistance and of persecution; and all who, taking part in its early establishment, have to accept persecution, must learn to find joy in it as the witness that they are exalted to a superior realm of experience, to the companionship of the noblest heroes of the prophetic age, and to fellowship with God.

THE PARABLE OF THE HID TREASURE.

MATT. xiii. 44.

BY THE REV. DR. CALDERWOOD, PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.



IN the parables of the mustard seed and of the leaven we see the spiritual kingdom presented as a divine possession. While the one illustrates the external manifestation, and the other the spiritual expansion of the kingdom, both apply to it as a whole, regarded from the divine side. On this account there is in these parables no traces of individual relations to the kingdom. It is primarily and essentially the possession of God, so that he may say of it, The kingdom is mine. But in this parable and its companion, the pearl of great price, it is shown how the kingdom becomes the possession of man, so that an individual member of our race may say, The kingdom is mine. We thus obtain a twofold view of proprietorship in the kingdom, divine and human. We are now to consider how the kingdom of God may become personal property with men. "The kingdom of heaven" in this world is the kingdom of righteousness, and this is the highest sovereignty of the Deity. Sovereignty in the laws of nature is secondary, and so also is judicial sovereignty over rebellious creatures. God's highest sovereignty is in grace. Here also is man's highest property. Property in material substance is subordinate, so also is the higher property acquired in growing acquaintance with the secrets of nature. But even of that which belongs to our personality itself, righteousness is the noblest property of man. There is diversity of value among human possessions, and the gospel of God provides us with a scale of measurement. Here is the great treasure, in the acquisition of which man becomes possessed of the highest riches.

The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure. In this utterance of the Saviour we have a marked feature of Bible teaching, for it is characteristic of it to insist that man's highest property is that which belongs to his own being. It uniformly leads man to this reflection: Of all that I have, that which I am is not only the most enduring of my possessions, but also the most important. How then shall we contemplate "the kingdom of heaven" so as to regard it as a human possession? If we attain this point of view, we shall easily discover the truth that amongst human property it is indeed a treasure. **RIGHTeousNESS** is the one feature of the kingdom in which the proprietorship of God and of man most plainly meet. The kingdom is mercy and grace, but these belong exclusively to the divine Sovereign. It is peace and joy, but these belong exclusively to the subject. But **RIGHTeousNESS** is that which is God's while it is man's, and is man's while it is God's. The stand-point for observation is thus secured. Righteousness is treasure for man. And human righteousness as

a form of life, is part of man's own being. Moral purity may be reckoned in the sum of possible possessions, and "the kingdom of heaven" has been established by the Lord Jesus Christ to the intent that it may be secured by men. And when we thus speak of moral purity, we do not mean merely the absence of sin. It is a possession—a treasure—the highest human treasure. For, among the possessions belonging to man as part of his own being, while the intellectual is more in value than the physical, the moral is still higher than the intellectual. By moral purity is meant right principles of action, with harmonious dispositions, as perennial stores of vital energy. Within this a large sum of human treasure falls to be computed. In its possession the worst poverty is escaped, and the highest wealth is permanently secured—wealth which is not only most valuable in itself, but which procures the greatest good. If this possession be once lost by man, lowering him a degree in the scale of being, it may seem a mystery how it can ever be regained. But the gospel comes to us with a practical solution of the mystery, which can be put to proof in personal experience, even while the problem continues beset with intellectual perplexities. Let us then begin with the acknowledgment that moral purity is conspicuous in the circle of human possessions, and that the member of our sinful race who finds it, finds the kingdom of heaven. The sovereignty of this kingdom is exercised where righteousness exists, and to this end, that special privileges may be conferred on them who cherish righteousness as their chief treasure. On all such the Sovereign bestows grace, peace, strength, and gladness in their most valuable forms. The kingdom is thus a form of life; and as life in all forms is the gift of God, so it is here. Under guidance of the present parable we are to inquire how this life, as a treasure, is acquired by man.

It is like unto *treasure hid in a field*. We must first give heed to this concealment of the treasure, that we may rightly enter into the manner of its acquirement. The saying that the kingdom of heaven is as treasure hid in a field, seems at first difficult of interpretation; for the value of the treasure is openly proclaimed in Scripture, its exact nature and the precise means of reaching it are made known, and its acceptance is pressed upon men as a free gift from God. And yet, from the structure of this parable, it is clear that in some sense the kingdom is really hid from men, notwithstanding the proclamations so freely made, and the invitations so widely circulated. To be convinced of the truth of this, we have only to inquire if the existence and value of the treasure are apparent to all to whom

the gospel is proclaimed. So far is this from being the case, that the real worth of the treasure becomes apparent only as men make the discovery of it for themselves, as a possession which they are warranted to call their own. On this account the gospel preached is still said to be hid from some, whose eyes are blinded, and whose hearts are hardened. The gospel which makes known the existence of the treasure must therefore be accompanied with the exhortation to search for the blessing. Thus it appears that the treasure, with all the accompaniments of pardon, and reconciliation, and the favour of God as a reconciled Father, is really discovered only as men come to lay hold upon it and appropriate it under the warrant given in the gospel. Without this, its existence remains concealed—buried underneath the surface. Jesus Christ, the Saviour, is clearly revealed, all his work is set forth in detail, and everlasting life is offered through his name; but still each man needs to discover for himself the gift of God which lies within this great revelation. No man can find it for another. Each man must search for himself, must dig in the field where it is concealed. He must, by penitence, by prayer, and by appropriating faith, accepting Jesus as a Saviour, receive the gift of God, even eternal life—the life of righteousness.

If, then, it is plain that the treasure is hid from men, until by personal exercise they seek and find it, what shall we say of the distinction between the hid treasure and the field in which it is concealed? Is the reference to the field merely incidental, or is it significant? In order that anything may be hid, a hiding-place is essential; and the one must have significance when the other has. What, then, is the field, which is the hiding-place? By a few simple steps we shall reach an answer. Eternal life is to be obtained by acquiring knowledge of God's plan of reconciliation. "This is life eternal, to know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." And this knowledge is to be found in the Scriptures. Here we must dig if we would find divine treasure. "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me." The Bible is that field in which lies hid the treasure which is most precious among the possessions attainable by men. In the field of nature is hid the treasure of scientific truth; in the field of mind is concealed the store of philosophic truth; but in the field of revelation is hid the treasure of spiritual truth, in the reception of which man becomes the possessor of everlasting life. And gospel treasure far surpasses in value the united treasures of science and philosophy. Gospel treasure is for all of us. Whatever treasure besides some may secure in other fields by patient toil, all must come to this for the treasure which must be reckoned the highest by all who rightly appreciate the greatness of their own nature. But, like all other treasure, this is hid beneath the surface, and is not to be found without searching. As we must bore to discover where the coal seam stretches far beneath the surface—

as we must dig deep to find the gold ore, where it lies imbedded in the soil—so must we, with earnest effort and patient toil, dig beneath the surface of the field of revelation in order to find the treasure unspeakably precious which lies concealed there. "Search the Scriptures." Nowhere else can the spiritual treasure be found. Dig deep and patiently, for the treasure is not on the surface. Many may visit this field, and may turn up the surface soil, and in disappointment of heart go empty away. But the treasure is still there—the mine is inexhaustible.

And here we reach the point in parabolic teaching where it is well to observe two distinct aspects of hiding which come to view in the history of the spiritual kingdom. The one is the hiding in order to provide for its beginning and progress; the other is the hiding so as to require effort from man for its finding. And these two forms of hiding are so different, that in the one case, the field is the World; and in the other case, the field is the Word. God creates the germ of a spiritual kingdom, and hides it in the world, that as a seed it may grow quietly, and become a great tree. Here the spiritual kingdom is but a seedling among the full-grown kingdoms of the earth. God provides the spiritual power, and hides it within the hearts of a few disciples, that as heaven it may spread its influence through society. Here it is a spiritual power with expansive force sufficient to bring the world under dominion. But as the advancement of the kingdom must be by the ingathering of single individuals at a time, and as that must be done in harmony with the moral obligation of individuals—that is, by personal knowledge, conviction, desire, and choice—Revelation must not only be provided, but must be committed to men for individual use, in accordance with individual responsibility. The revelation which is plain enough to all, must still require labour for its understanding. The treasure is hid in the field of Revelation, and so hid as to require careful searching on the part of every one who would find it, and appropriate it with full warrant to call it his own.

But there is a third hiding, which is man's hiding, the explanation of which is in himself, and the purpose of which is concealment from his fellow-men. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth." At the first perusal of these words, it is apt to appear as if the concealment were designed to hide from the owner of the field the existence of the treasure, so that the field might be bought at a cheaper price than was known to the purchaser to be its real value. This is not the case. The hiding has plainly a regard to others who do not know of the existence of the treasure. So far is it from having a bearing on the transaction with the owner, that the buyer is represented as selling all that he has, in order to give the utmost which may be required. So far are the words from conveying the idea of concealment from the owner, that it is rather implied that the motive for purchasing the field, and for offering a high

price, is the admitted discovery of the treasure. The explanation of the hiding is thus seen to lie in a reference to others, and not to the owner. When men make a personal discovery of eternal life in the Scriptures, do they tend to conceal it? Undoubtedly they do. Whether before familiar with the teaching of Scripture, or ignorant of it; whether previously leading a life inconsistent with its requirements, or in comparative harmony with its precepts, the result is the same. There is that in the first discovery of the surpassing treasure contained in the Scriptures, which makes the discoverer at first incline to silence and secrecy. And this desire of secrecy does not concern God, who is the owner of the field and of its treasure; but it concerns men, who, sooner or later, must come to know of the discovery which has been made. When the discovery is fresh, the desire of the heart is to keep its own secret, until it feels assured of real proprietorship in the treasure. Secrecy from God is not to be thought of. There could be no motive for it, and the attempt to maintain it were vain, even if it were thought desirable. But the discovery of the spiritual treasure necessarily sends the soul to God with the acknowledgment of it. He has placed the treasure there, he has invited us to the search, and between the soul and God must it lie, if the soul is to become rightful possessor of that which it has seen and learned to value. To discover the treasure contained in the Bible, and to ask God that we become its possessor, are events which come in close companionship. But in the midst of the exercise of soul which these involve, there is an instinctive sense of sacredness, and a consequent concealment of the matter from others. The man previously familiar with Scripture teaching, feels as if he had never before known its meaning, and is silent as to the newness of knowledge which has broken over his spirit as the dawn of a new day. The man who has before been indifferent to Bible teaching, feels now a strange delight, of which at first he scarce dares to speak, lest it should suddenly vanish, and he should feel only as one who had awaked from a pleasant dream. But whatever the desire to hide this inner experience from men, its nature is such that it must be told to God. Prayer is the necessity of the hour. He who would make that treasure his own, must go to the owner of the treasure, and from him seek the rights of proprietorship. If it be once acquired, the fact will soon afterwards become known to others.

But how can we speak of acquiring eternal life by purchase? How can we buy from God the pardon of our sins, and a restored life of holiness? Is not eternal life the gift of God? Is not the prevailing tenor of Bible teaching even this, "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God"? What, then, is the meaning of these closing words of this parable as to the treasure, "the which when a man hath found he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field"? What mean the selling and buying in this case? They point

to an essential feature in the system of grace. There is an important sense in which acquisition of property by purchase may represent the acquisition of eternal life. Eternal life is the gift of God, freely offered in the Scriptures; and these Scriptures are open to the searching of all. But that which is of grace is not given to all. Participation is made dependent on some condition required of those who desire to have the blessing. In a sense, this is the price to be paid for the treasure. In a way, the gift of God is purchased by men. All that is surrendered by a man for the sake of newness of life, may be said to be sold for this end: all that is given to God may be said to be paid as the purchase-money. What a man surrenders for the sake of spiritual life in Jesus, is everything in motive and life which is inconsistent with righteousness. By this surrender he does not lose, but gains. It seems as if it were a mere casting out, or emptying, of that which he would not keep, and which God would not have. It is so much that a man not only parts with willingly, but is glad to be rid of. Yet these same dispositions and indulgences were the riches of the man before. In parting with them, he gives up the things which were most valuable. Still, he is not thereby impoverished, but made richer; obtaining in exchange the current coin of the spiritual kingdom, which he may present to God, and which will be received into the Divine treasury, while the gift of eternal life is bestowed. He who parts with self-confidence, receives penitence in exchange; he who parts with sinful passions, receives holy desires. There is thus an exchange which is represented by the *selling*. And he who has penitence and holy desires, comes with these to God, and gives them to him, which is represented by the *buying*. He who thus comes, gives to God; yet so gives, as not to part with that he has; and so buys, that what he gives is not the equivalent for what he receives. He gives confession and supplication, but still keeps his penitence and holy desires. Yet with penitence and prayer he may be said to buy the gift of God. These are not indeed as an equivalent for eternal life, to be obtained through means of them; they do not enrich God to whom they are given, as the man is enriched by what he receives. Buying by exchanging equivalents, whether coin or kind, does not exactly indicate what is here involved. And yet the analogy is sufficiently close to make it serviceable for illustration; and so it may be said that the man who finds the hidden treasure buys it from the proprietor of the whole. Without penitence and prayer and faith, the treasure cannot be acquired; and yet so far are these from being equivalents, that eternal life is ever the gift of God, the pledge of grace.

One point more needs to be pondered—that is, the fact that the purchaser is here said to *sell all that he hath*, in order to secure the treasure. In this we have indication of the inherent value of the treasure, for this complete surrender is sanctioned by God, and is here set forth to admiration. In the willingness to make the

surrender we have, on the other hand, token of the absorbing earnestness of him who has made the discovery, and desires to become possessor of the treasure. He will part with everything else rather than part with this. If he only have this he will account himself richer than he should, if, by some unexampled turn of events, he had become lord of the world itself. In his eyes no gain would compensate for the loss of this matchless treasure; no price would be too high to pay, that it might be his own. But let us see that we rightly understand what is intended by this selling of all that one has. In connection with this passage the Bible reader is at once reminded of the words addressed to the young man who had great riches: "Sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven." Nevertheless the recollection in this connection would be entirely misleading. In that particular case the command to part with wealth was directed to something special, and did not convey a universal requirement on the part of those who would be saved. The young man was summoned to give up his wealth, not for the sake of the money, but on account of the love of it, which hindered the reception of the greater blessing. And when from the special we pass to what is the common requirement of God's Word, it is clear that men generally are not called upon to part with money, any more than with health, or with life itself, in order to obtain spiritual life. God may, indeed, in distinct cases, summon a man to part with any one of these, for the sake of everlasting good, but in such instances the call comes through the events of providence, as the words of command were addressed to the young man. But the common demands are those made known in the Word, and these are certainly not of such a character as to require that men shall part with all other good in order to become partakers of the highest good.

To interpret aright the selling of all that a man has, we must consider what a man is required to part with in order to obtain everlasting life, what he receives in exchange, and what God accepts from the man who comes desiring to have the treasure as his own. As the kingdom established by grace is within a man, and altogether spiritual in character, externals in themselves considered are of no account, and are regarded only as connected with the spiritual. Worldly substance in greatest store could not purchase the kingdom. "Without money, and without price," this purchase must be effected. The requirements in this case are spiritual. To obtain the spiritual life which God gives, man must part with *all* that he has previously regarded as precious. Something to trust in man must have, and if it be not God's grace, it must be such personal goodness as he can with any semblance of warrant regard as his own. But such goodness is held precariously as a ground of confidence. It has enough of worth to keep up the delusive trust in it, as if it were enduring and sufficient. And yet it is held with a disturbing consciousness of

imperfection and inconsistency which awakens apprehension lest discredit be thrown on the currency of what has hitherto been esteemed. And when the discovery of Bible treasure is made—treasure which God has concealed there to reward man's searching—the apprehensions lest discredit be thrown on the fancied treasure already in possession are all confirmed. A sight of the hid treasure convinces the finder of its unspeakable superiority to all that he has hitherto reckoned his own. The righteousness which he possesses has no such value as that which God has laid up in store, to be freely sold to all who would be owners of such treasure. So convinced is the man of this, that he will part with all he has in order to secure the other. And so needful is this, as the condition of acquiring that other, that he at once resolves upon his course, and carries it into execution. Such surrender of self-righteousness is indeed a spiritual necessity in the case. Self-righteousness cannot be retained while the righteousness of grace is received. The sale of the one is needful for the purchase of the other. But in matters spiritual this implies a double transaction. He who seeks to be owner of the righteousness which is by grace must indeed part with the righteousness which is his own. But this poorer possession, with which he must part, he cannot offer to God as purchase money for that which he seeks to obtain. Not merely because the purchaser cannot offer the less valuable as the price of the more valuable, but because such righteousness could not be offered to God at all, and could not be accepted by him. Such an alloy cannot be received into the heavenly treasury. The evil has been so fused with the good as to destroy the value of what in itself could have acceptance. The evil mixture renders the whole worthless,—yea, even worse than that,—so offensive that the Scriptures have described all our righteousness as "filthy rags." Thus, in the dispensation of grace, a man must part with all that he has, and must cast it out as useless. And yet this giving away of what he cannot keep, and of what he is glad to be done with, has so much the character of selling it, that he somehow finds himself in possession of an equivalent which can be honoured in the courts of heaven. The penitence, which is lamentation for the past; the emptiness, which is the sense of the soul's great need; the longing, which is a new desire after a higher good;—are all of them tokens of poverty, all of them acknowledgments of inability to purchase what is so greatly needed. Yet are these the conditions which God makes account of in handing over the field with its treasure to the man who appears to seek it, and who yet cannot offer any equivalent for what he receives. In acknowledgment of these as existing in the soul, yet altogether of his own grace, everlasting life is conferred on the suppliant. Thus does it come out true that man parts with all he has in order to buy the great treasure; yet God gives it altogether in the exercise of his favour. "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God."

A THREEFOLD CORD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPANISH BROTHERS," "THE DARK YEAR OF DUNDEE," ETC.

"His servants shall serve him : and they shall see his face ; and his name shall be in their foreheads."

IT is remarkable how little Scripture gives us to satisfy our yearnings after some positive and definite knowledge of our future condition. The eternal state of the redeemed is described to us, when described at all, chiefly by negatives. "No pain," "no crying," "no curse," "no night,"—all these, with many another blessed "no," "never," "not any more," have soothed the hearts of the mourners for well-nigh two thousand years.

Two reasons may be given for this. The most obvious is that such negative assurances are more intelligible to us than any positive ones could be. Our experiences of pain are usually far more frequent and intense than our experiences of joy. For ten—we might almost say for a hundred—who are competent to tell us what sorrow, and pain, and crying mean, we shall scarcely find one who attaches any very definite idea to such words as "fulness of joy," and "pleasures for evermore." "If we were to meet a great joy now," says the writer of a clever and cheerful volume of social essays, "we suspect it would make us very ill." And probably his suspicions would be shared by many, indeed by most, who have passed beyond the period of early youth, if we except those only who know the mystery of purely Christian joy—joy in the Lord.

But a deeper cause than the poverty of our present experience may be found for this striking peculiarity in God's way of dealing with us about our future. The little light he has seen fit to throw upon what lies within the veil seems purposely *economized*, all the objects there except one being left in shadow, just that upon that one our eyes, our thoughts, our affections may rest without distraction. We are taught to look not so much to a place or a state as to a Person. The promise to which the heart is meant to cling most fondly is this: "I will come again, and receive you"—not unto heaven, unto paradise, unto blessedness, or even unto peace, but—"unto MYSELF."

But in the text chosen for our motto we have three distinct, positive assurances about our future. For this reason, though not for this alone, it may be an interesting task to examine it. Still, be it observed that these positive statements, no less than the negative ones, are designed to turn our thoughts rather to the Person than to the place or the state. One word alone—one brief but most important word—occurs alike in all three: "*His*,"—His servants, His face, His name.

We have here decided for us, in two short words, the momentous question, Who are to be the heirs of the blessedness described? "Servants." But this alone would not do, since all mankind are servants, and they who boast the loudest of their freedom often the lowest and most abject ones. We have no choice *whether* we will serve; our only choice is *whom* we will serve. We are servants of God and Christ, or of self, sin, and Satan. Therefore we are told that it is *His* servants, and none beside, who shall one day enter in where they serve him, see his face, and have his name in their foreheads.

In fact, it is only his servants who are likely to care even to unravel and examine this threefold cord of blessing, still less to possess it. Many promises there are which prove naturally attractive even to the unbelieving and ungodly. It is not necessary to be a servant of Christ to long for a state where there shall be no more pain, neither sorrow, nor crying. We fear Bunyan's words are too sadly true: "I think of God and heaven, and desire them," says Ignorance. "So do many that are never like to come there," Christian answers. But it is the peculiarity of this threefold promise that only those for whom it is intended long to inherit it. Here it is true that

*"Wishing moulds in clay, what life
Carves in the marble real."*

He who longs for these things has in that very longing the strongest pledge and assurance that they shall be one day his.

What are the three greatest sorrows of Christ's

true servant here ! That he cannot serve him as he ought ; that he lives more or less at a distance from him ; and that the likeness of him, which he would fain reflect, is marred and blotted. What are his three greatest desires ? To serve him perfectly ; to see him perfectly ; to be like him perfectly. What, then, are the three supreme ineffable joys after which his spirit yearns, for which his soul thirsteth and his flesh longeth in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is ? Surely these : perfect service ; full communion ; spotless holiness.

Which is the greatest and best of these ? Truly to see his face—the full perfection of communion. Well has the Spirit placed it here, in the centre, as the pivot upon which the others turn. It may be said that it is also the first and the last, the mainspring of service, and its exceeding great reward ; the root of holiness, and its crown.

The mainspring of service ; for service that does not follow communion and grow out of it, is not true service—it is only work. “All work,” it has been well said, “is not service ; and all service is not work.” It often happens that those attempt to work in the Master’s vineyard who have never been hired by him, who have never seen his face or heard his voice. Such are not his servants, and they cannot expect that he will acknowledge or reward them. Rather will he say, “I never knew you.”

Here some one may plead, “It is true, alas ! that I have never yet heard his voice or seen his face. But I am seeking him with my whole heart ; and whilst seeking him, may I not work for him ?” Undoubtedly you may. As Pascal says, “Thou wouldst not be seeking him, if he had not already found thee.” And though you know it not, you *have* heard his voice. You have heard it saying, “Seek my face ;” and if your heart responds, “Thy face, Lord, will I seek !” you shall yet see that face in righteousness, to your soul’s exceeding joy.

Perhaps a still more common case is that of the true servant who *has* seen the Master’s face, who has been hired by him, and despatched to his appointed place with the blessed charge, “Son, go work to-day in my vineyard.” But as the day wears on, the servant is “busy here and there,” and he leaves his first love, and loses the con-

sciousness of his Master’s presence. His soul forgets its resting-place ; and there is little joy or none, because there is little or no conscious communion. Perhaps even he doubts that he was ever hired ; he forgets that he was purged from his old sins ; and loses the sense of belonging to Christ at all.

Ought service then to cease, until communion is restored ? No ; for service is obedience. The command, “Son, go work to-day in my vineyard,” remains : it is not abrogated. The son who “afterwards repented and went” may well have dug the field and pruned the vines that day with a heavy heart. He may well have felt not quite at peace until he looked his father in the face again, and heard his assurance that he had forgiven his rude undutiful word. Yet we know that he was right, in the meantime, to be about his father’s work.

If therefore I am a son, though an undutiful one, let me without delay, even as at the first, “arise, and go to my Father,” and seek the renewed assurance of his forgiving love ; but let me not, because for the present I lack that assurance, pause in the work he has given me to do. See the advice addressed to the solitary and mourning bride, Canticles i. 7, 8. It is in going forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feeding her kids beside the shepherds’ tents, that she will find again that which she has forfeited by her unfaithfulness.

But, after all, the more our service springs from actual and present communion, the more true, perfect, and acceptable service it is. “At Thy feet my work I do,” is the language at once of the happy child and of the faithful servant. No work is half so well done as the work that is done there ; for Christ’s presence makes the heart that dwells in it very calm, very happy, very strong, very wise. And hereafter the exceeding great reward promised to the faithful servant is just this, “Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

But communion is also the root of holiness and its crown. “They shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads.” The “name” in Scripture frequently means the character ; but here the allusion seems to be rather to the brand or mark by which ownership was designated and attested. It is like the passing

under the rod for the flock, spoken of by Ezekiel (xx. 37).

There are two places, in either of which this mark of ownership may be set. We are told that the beast like a lamb, which spake as a dragon, caused all men to receive a mark in their right hands or in their foreheads. Now, it would be possible to conceal a mark in the right hand: no one but the person marked might know anything about it—at least, for a long time it might pass unnoticed. But a mark on the forehead would be visible to all, even to the most casual and careless observer.

Christ's servants bear his mark upon them both in the hand and on the forehead. There is a secret mark, known only to the Giver and receiver, answering to the "white stone, which no man knoweth save he that receiveth it." But there is also a mark on the forehead, known and read of all men—a sign by which all may take knowledge that they have been with Jesus. This is his "name"—his likeness—"righteousness and true holiness." If, even here, we have any measure of that likeness, it is because we have been with him, because we have seen his face by faith. "We all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image, from glory to glory, as by the spirit of the Lord." The beholding of him by faith is the means whereby the Spirit transforms us into his image. And the beholding of him in glory will finish the work of transformation. "As for me, I shall behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness." "We shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

Thus these two promises—"They shall serve him," "His name shall be in their foreheads"—look to and depend upon that grand centre promise, "They shall see his face." Service and holiness rest upon communion. But what is communion? The word is often vaguely used, and, we fear, imperfectly comprehended. Some use it as if it meant simply prayer. Now, all true prayer is certainly communion; but all communion is not prayer. A child may be holding communion with a parent at many seasons when he is not asking him to give him something; nay, he may be in very true and deep-felt com-

munion with him many a time when but few words—perhaps no words at all—are passing between them.

It would often help us to the better understanding of spiritual mysteries if we would use our earthly affections as the types and shadows of them they were meant to be. We can most of us understand, without elaborate definition, what is meant by communion with our dearest friends on earth. If, however, words *must* be found for it, we may call it the intercourse of love. It is seeing eye to eye, meeting heart to heart, feeling soul to soul. There may be love without it—deep, strong love—though there cannot be the full enjoyment of love. There is bitter, cruel falsehood in the poet's words—

*"Child and parent scarce regret
When they part—strangers yet."*

Child and parent, husband and wife, brother and sister, may live and die "strangers yet" in point of communion, and yet may have loved each other with a love most true, most faithful, most profound; such love as many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown it. But upon such love as that there rests the curse and the shadow of the fall—the curse of incompleteness, the shadow of the grave. Well if it be redeemed from the curse and the shadow by the redemption which is in Christ Jesus; and if those who learn to take it meekly and thankfully, as the best thing God has seen fit to give them upon earth, can look forward to that meeting-place where perfect communion with him will involve and secure perfect communion with each other in him.

One of the greatest hindrances to communion with our earthly friends is our imperfect comprehension of, and consequent imperfect sympathy with, each other. The degree, therefore, to which we enjoy communion with Christ will probably depend in great measure on the extent to which we realize his perfect knowledge of us, as well as his perfect love to us. If we add a strong and abiding sense of his continual presence, we have the essential features of communion. Perhaps it has never been more beautifully described than in those words of the Psalmist: "So foolish was I, and ignorant: I was as a beast before thee. Nevertheless" (in the full knowledge of all my

folly, ignorance, baseness)—“nevertheless, I am continually with thee: thou hast holden me by my right hand. Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me into glory. Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.” The soul that lives in the realization of all this will speak often and much to him, “Thou” and “Thee” will come naturally to the lips; and often—nay, continually—will hear him speak, by his Word, his ordinances, his providence, his Spirit, “guiding with his counsel.”

The promise, “They shall see his face,” implies then, in the first place, the full, perfect, and continual enjoyment of this spiritual communion. But we doubt not it implies something more. It has a plain and literal signification, which we ought not to overlook. He whom we hope to see is “very God,” but “very man” also. That human nature, soul and body, dear “human hands and lips and eyes,” which for our sakes he assumed, he keeps, and shall keep for ever. And it is amongst the Christian’s fondest hopes that one day his eyes shall rest upon that human face, and he shall hear the words of welcome from those human lips. Does not this thought thrill our hearts with joy almost too keen for us to bear in our present state?

Moreover, it sets our minds at rest upon one

point, often discussed,—the place or locality of heaven. Christ’s human body is subject to the laws of matter, and occupies space. There is some definite place, known to God and to the glorified saints, where he is; and where he is, there is heaven, and there shall also his servants be. We know no more than this, and we need no more.

We arrive, then, at this conclusion,—Perfect service, full communion, spotless holiness, are the three chief joys of heaven. They are joys which we may begin to taste here; nay, which we *must* begin to taste, or we shall be incapable of tasting them hereafter. It follows, therefore, that those who are most diligently serving him, most constantly living in his presence, most earnestly seeking conformity to his image while here below, are the best prepared, when he shall call them to the place where he is, to “pass in there calmly with ease and naturalness, as those who have everything to gain, and nothing to lose.”

Novalis tells us, in words often quoted, that we are less dazzled by the light on awaking when we have been dreaming of bright objects. Let our dreams then, during the dark night of time, be of Him who is the light of that city, which needs no sun nor moon to enlighten it, so that we shall awaken there with no sudden shock of surprise, no sense of being strangers and foreigners, but *at home* at once and for ever, where his servants serve him, where they see his face, and his name is in their foreheads.

D. A.

OUR UNA.

UNDER the name of Una, Miss Nightingale introduced to the readers of *Good Words*, some three years ago, the saintly life and martyr-like death of one who seemed to approach very near indeed to the feminine ideal of holiness and purity. Her memoir has now been published by her sister, and in its deeply attractive pages we can read the life of one who, being dead, yet speaketh. “If a name written in heaven—written on the hearts of hundreds of God’s poor—written in the annals of all that is most self-sacrificing and self-devoted—written on lives that will for ever bear the impress of her companionship,—if this be worth having, she had this; and, better still, she had the only thing she cared for, God’s approval and blessing.” The simple story of the life of Agnes Elizabeth Jones divides itself naturally, after her early years, from 1832 till 1855, into her various spheres

of labour: Fahan, in the County of Derry, where she was in private the attentive sister and daughter, in public, the district visitor and Bible-reader; Kaiserswerth, where she became the obedient pupil, and then, with much diffidence, the hospital superintendent; London, where she was manager of the “Missing Link” Mission, then the “Nightingale probationer” at St. Thomas’s, and the lady-superintendent of the Great Northern Hospital; finally Liverpool, where, as the lady matron of the work-house, she closed her three years’ ministry in a fatal typhus fever.

Agnes Jones seemed to have a rare combination of the finest Christian and womanly characteristics. She had a power of will, exemplified in anecdotes that remind us of Emily Brontë; an industry which triumphed wonderfully over the original slowness of her intellect; a delicate sensitiveness which throws into stronger re-

Not the intense self-conquest which she must have made to associate so freely with all classes; an artist's love of nature, which seemed almost the only recreation she allowed herself; a singular power of influencing others; and a deep fervent love for her family and a select circle of like-minded friends. So far for the woman: as for the Christian, she had distrust of self; an eager eye for her own failings; decision of character wherever principle was involved; a keen desire to be instant in season and out of season in sowing the divine word which conquered the deep reserve of her natural character; and, above all, a singular patience and submission to the leadings of the divine will.

Her mother was born in Ireland; and her eager desire was always to do good in that land. Her father's death in 1850 recalled her from school at Stratford-on-Avon, and suddenly developed her into womanhood. On the removal of the family to Dublin, the good seed watered by her father's anxious prayers now seemed to develop, and the confirmation class became to her, as to so many Episcopalians, the pathway to Christ and him crucified. Her instructor was Dr. Gregg, now Bishop of Cork, whose "clear gospel teaching and earnest personal appeal to the hearts of the young awoke new desires after God." Strengthened in her inner life by her confirmation, in her family routine by the almost too stern self-discipline that we find traces of in her journal, she began by classes for the poor to lead others to Jesus. A tour to Paris in 1853 introduced her to deaconesses; and a visit to Kaiserswerth, where she met Pastor Fliedner, awoke a passion for nurse-training which for many years only in the pages of her journal expressed itself; for she always felt that her first duties were to the little household.

At Bonn she was much impressed by Dr. Graham; at Geneva, by M. Malan; and with a character fully developed, though not as yet by trials "polished for the Master's use," she returned to "the dear old home" at Fahan, on Lough Swilly, in 1856. Her life here, as traced in journals and letters, lasted for four years only; but here all her affections centred in life, and here, as is fitting, she now sleeps in death. Her study of the Scriptures seems to have been most thorough and minute; she found rich streams of spiritual comfort even in the mystic imagery of Ezekiel's visions; she seemed to feel herself called and trained, like the prophets of old, for active use in her Master's vineyard. It was this daily living on Scripture food that gave her such tenderness among the sick, such tact in difficult cases, such prudence in the year of the revival excitement. In this quiet way she might have spent her life, had not a singular providence sent her at last to the home of her secret hopes and prayers.

Kaiserswerth seems to have done her good chiefly indirectly. In the habits of mental work and nursing probation during an eight months' residence here, she says she learned the great lesson of implicit obedience. But one is tempted to ask, Did Agnes Jones need such

a lesson at all? Was it not rather the fact that her habits of submission here almost increased that feeling of distrust in her own directing power that comes out so strongly in some of her letters? However this may be, she did the Lord's work there; perceived that others besides Irish and English evangelicals could serve in one spirit a common master—and by learning the German language, was able, in London and Liverpool afterwards, to preach the word of truth to many who would have died untaught.

Her own opinion on the subject of deaconesses, developed by visits to St. Loup, Mulhausen, and Strasburg in 1862, which are described in the appendix, may thus be summed up: (p. 156), "The training of course is invaluable; but I should say that, taking a deaconess and another Christian of the same standing in grace and training, the latter might do as much as the former; the only thing is the training both in outward and spiritual things." And on the other side: (p. 312), "The temptations in communities are to jealousy and envy; and yet perhaps one feels both one's own power, and what one lacks more strongly than in independent work. I think too there is not the same daily and hourly difficulty about what is one's duty and work, which many shrink from and meet by doing nothing. Those who persevere learn in the school of mistakes; invaluable, but slow training; I long, however, for a more royal road for many ardent but weak ones."

In May 1861 she returned to England, and for some months entered with much energy and success on the mission work which the author of the "Book and its Story" had originated in London. Called from this by a sudden journey to Rome to nurse her sister—a journey which showed how much latent courage her nature possessed—she was led to consider what was the sphere to which God seemed to call her. Wisely remembering words of Fliedner—that, though Bible work seemed the highest, yet any one with an earnest Christian spirit could help there, but in hospital work there was a special faculty—she began to ask herself if she were worthy in attainments for this, and was at last led to join Miss Nightingale's band of training nurses in St. Thomas's Hospital. Here her deep Christian love easily surmounted the difficulty many ladies feel in intimate association with nurses of the lower classes. She was truly a sister to all; her firmness of nerve was developed in the operating-room—her Christian experience by the death-bed; and at last she had enough confidence in herself to become a lady-superintendent. She entered the Great Northern Hospital in that capacity in 1863; but here, alas! her conscientiousness almost sacrificed her life. Her only holiday for many months was an occasional Christian reunion at Barnet; and in her new sphere she had to watch personally over all the most critical cases, owing to a lack of proper nurses. She returned home to Ireland, deaf, nerveless, and depressed, in 1864; but her eager spirit again strengthened the frail body in a few months' repose, and

though with much hesitation, she accepted the post round which her martyr glory circles, and became lady-superintendent of the Liverpool Workhouse. Her sister explains simply and clearly the importance of this position. The workhouse infirmary was still an uncured plague-spot; too black apparently for public opinion, as represented either by government commissions or local boards, to attempt to heal. The guardians and vestries were still almost as bad as in the days of "Oliver Twist," when Mr. W. Rathbone proposed to substitute for the Mrs. Gamps of the workhouse infirmaries—ex-paupers, untrained and uneducated—a party of "Nightingale nurses." Miss Jones became the pioneer in this noble but very arduous work; and her success in it was warmly attested before two years were out in enthusiastic reports of the board of guardians.

The work, however, was a very dark and heavy one. The only gleams of sunshine to the outward eye were the Christmas rejoicings, and a short holiday in Ireland. She says (p. 319), "I have no time for letters and reading; just one verse at night." There is a most pathetic entry in her journal in July 1866: "Weary, weary. I seem to understand the word now, for I am weary, mind and body. I have been trying to use this feeling as a plea, and to accept the invitations to the weary, selecting all the passages in which the word occurs."

Yet all her trouble she seemed to feel drawing her nearer to the great shelter, and quotes from Keble's beautiful poem for the Wednesday before Easter:—

"That I from self may rest,
And feel at heart that One above,
In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
Is working for the best."

Truly in this she had the charm "which lulled her, clinging to her Father's breast, in perfect rest."

The great new experience in this capacity was the *sin* which everywhere surrounded her,—sin in its darkest and blackest forms, as was naturally to be expected in any workhouse, but especially in the Liverpool one, to which the scum of all nations seemed to gravitate. How dreadful for that pure and holy nature to see young children engrossed "with the knowledge and practice of the vilest sins," to have wretched criminals brought in, with policemen waiting for their recovery. Yet amid such scenes was her lot; and through it all she did her work patiently and hopefully. Her name, "the Lady," became, to the wildest and most degraded, a sort of talisman to lead them to a better mind; and over some of the miserable death-beds she could murmur, "There remaineth a rest."

To turn to another of her troubles. It is a painful

task to review the errors of men who, after her death, confessed that "they could have little hope again of finding one who will combine such a religious sense of duty with such a rare power of influencing, under much difficulty, those over whom she was placed." But she confesses more than once that she was exposed to much jealousy, and was very isolated. She missed the sweet Christian sympathy of Kaiserswerth, the reverential love of Fahan, the well-trained co-operation of St. Thomas's.

She saw all her trials in their full light, for hers was not a *couleur-de-rose* nature. She says, in one outpouring of the heart, "No religious advantages of any kind; not much teaching when I can get to church, besides being shackled in every way by my fellow-workers." In this last clause she refers to the great jealousy the Roman Catholics, with a few noble exceptions, showed of her mingling with their part of the infirmary. Gradually conquering all these difficulties, she persevered for nearly three years. At length a sudden attack of typhus laid her low; and before her mother and sister were able to see her wasted form, the sweet and holy spirit passed away as calmly and gently as it had lived.

Her funeral, both at Liverpool and at Fahan, must have been a touching sight. All the poorest and most helpless came out, as to Dorcas of old, to do her honour. And her grave was wreathed, even in the chill February weather, with violets, snowdrops, and primroses.

The memoir is very simply and sweetly written. Her sister had little to do but choose suitably from her letters and journals, and give some facts of her early life. As she sought merely to pay a tribute of affection, and lead others to follow in the path of the loved one, rather than to influence boards of guardians, or direct public opinion on deaconesses, we have facts more than theories, the private rather than the merely public life of Agnes Jones.

There is little of direct appeal in the pages of the book, but we may quote one sentence from the eloquent article of Florence Nightingale, which stands as a preface to the memoir:—

"Let us add living flowers to her grave, 'lilies with full hands,' not fleeting primroses, not dying flowers. Let us bring the work of our hands, and our heads, and our hearts to finish her work, which God had so blessed. Let her not merely rest in peace, but let hers be the life which stirs up to fight the good fight against vice and sin, and misery and wretchedness, as she did,—the call to arms which she was ever obeying, Oh, daughters of God, are there so few to answer?"

R. E.



France and its Reformation.

X.—THE NIGHT OF THE PLACARDS.

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D.

Two parties and two policies in the Evangelical Church of Paris—Farel's thunderbolt—Shall it be launched?—The question decided in the affirmative—The nation convulsed—The king's rage—"Let Lutheranism be exterminated"—The lieutenant-criminal's net—The evangelicals enclosed in it—The Reign of Terror—The phantom of the sixteenth century becomes the reality of the nineteenth—An exodus—Its effects on France—The Day of Purification on the 21st of January 1535—Splendour of the procession—The royal penitent—Bloody interludes—Days which repeat themselves—The 21st of January 1793—The 21st of January 1871.



WE come now to speak of the incident which put an end to the vacillations of Francis I., and inaugurated the era of martyrdoms in France. The matter was not such, one would have thought, as was likely to lead to consequences of moment; but the whole air was electrical, and a single spark sufficed to kindle the conflagration.

In the young Church in Paris, there were two parties: the one were styled the *Temporisers*, and the other the *Scripturalists*. These names sufficiently indicate the leading policy and character of the parties that bore them. Both loved the gospel, and both were sincerely devoted to the reformation of their native land; but in striving to promote it, the one party was more disposed to fix their eyes on men in power, and follow as they might lead, than the other thought either dutiful or safe. Is not FRANCIS, asked the first party, favourable to a reform of religion? He lets slip no opportunity of showing his contempt for the monks; he courts the company of scholars and men of letters; his minister, Du Bellay, is negotiating a league with the Protestant princes of Germany; and these negotiations have already borne fruit in the restoration of Duke Christopher to his dominions, and an accession of political power to the Reformation. Besides, let us think, said they, of what is going on in the Louvre, where we see councils every day assembling, under the presidency of the king, to discuss the union of Christendom. Is not the Queen of Navarre, the king's good genius, a person of undoubted piety, and a tried friend of the new doctrines? We cannot doubt into which scale her influence will be thrown at this crisis. Let us leave the conduct of this great affair in hands that are so well able to guide it to a prosperous

issue; we shall but spoil all by obtruding our counsel, or obstinately insisting on having the matter managed as seems right to us.

The other party in the Evangelical Church in Paris were but little disposed to shape their policy by the wishes of the court. They did not believe that a monarch so dissolute in life and so irresolute of purpose as Francis was, would labour sincerely for a reform of religion. To embrace the Pope this hour and the German Protestants the next, to consign a Romanist to the conciergerie to-day and burn a Lutheran to-morrow, only disgusted them. They built no hopes on the councils at the Louvre. The attempt to unite the Reformation and the Pope could end only in the destruction of the gospel. The years were gliding away; the Reformation of France tarried; they must wait no longer on man. A policy bolder in tone and based on principle could alone lead to the overthrow of the Papacy in France.

It was natural that these two parties, at one as to the end, but divided as regarded the means, should look for advice to the leaders of the Reformation in other countries. At the head of the Reformers of Switzerland was Farel, himself a Frenchman, deeply interested in the reform of his native land, and one who could enter more fully than most into the views and feelings of the two parties in Paris. To him they resolved to submit the question. Should they proceed in the Reformation of France by their customary slow steps, or should they quicken their pace? Such was virtually their question.

They found a humble Christian, Feret by name, willing to be their messenger. He departed, and arriving in Switzerland found himself in a new world. In all the towns and villages the altars

were being demolished, the idols were being cast down, and the Reformed worship set up: He could scarce doubt what the answer of the Swiss Reformers would be to the question he had come to put to them. The Council of Ministers was assembled, and Feret laid before them the difficulties of the Paris Christians, and craved their advice as to the course to be pursued in the existing circumstances in France. The council decided that the French Protestants should cease to wait upon the movements of the court, and that they should adopt an aggressive attitude. In short, they counselled a decisive blow at the Mass—the root of the evil system that overshadowed Christendom.

Farel was requested to write a paper on the Mass, to be published in France. He took the pen and traced the lines in characters of fire. This crowning dogma of Rome he hewed in pieces, as the prophet did Agag. Most terrible were the blows he dealt it. Its gross idolatry, its horrible impiety, the affront it so daringly offered to the Most High, and the desolation and ruin it was bringing on France, he denounced in language of terrible energy. The document could be compared only to one of the thunderstorms of the Alps, where the red bolts light up the whole sky, and the mountains and valleys are shaken by the awful reverberations.

Farel's paper was headed, "True Articles on the horrible, great, and intolerable Abuses of the Popish Mass: invented in direct opposition to the Holy Supper of our Lord, and only Mediator and Saviour, Jesus Christ." It begins by taking "heaven and earth to witness against the Mass because the world is, and will be, by it totally desolated, ruined, lost, and undone, seeing that in it our Lord is outrageously blasphemed, and the people blinded and led astray." After citing the testimony of Scripture, the belief of the Fathers, and the evidences of the senses, against the dogma he was denouncing, the author assails with merciless sarcasm the ceremonies and grimaces that attend the celebration of it, and goes on to pour a torrent of terrible invectives upon the head of popes, cardinals, bishops, and monks, and winds up by saying, "Truth is wanting to them, truth threatens them, truth pursues them, truth terrifies them, and by truth will their reign be destroyed for ever."

Written in the free air and amid the glorious hills of Switzerland, where every sight speaks of liberty and inspires with courageous thoughts, and with the crash of the altars of an idolatrous faith in the ears of the writer, these words did not seem too bold, nor the denunciations too fierce. But Farel who wrote, and the other pastors who approved, did not perhaps sufficiently consider that this terrible manifesto was to be published not in Switzerland, but in France, where a powerful court and a haughty priesthood were united to combat the Reformation. It might have been foreseen that such a publication, breathing a defiance so fierce and a hatred so mortal, could have but one of two results: it would carry the convictions of men by storm, and make the nation abhor and renounce the abomination it painted in colours so frightful; or, if it failed to do this, it must needs evoke such a tempest of wrath as would go near to sweep the Evangelical Church from the soil of France altogether.

The document was printed in two forms, that it might be the more conveniently and widely circulated. There were placards to be posted over the kingdom, and there were small slips to be scattered in the streets. The bales of printed matter were ready, and Feret now set out on his return to Paris. As the messenger held his quiet way through the lovely mountains of the Jura, which look down so tranquilly on the fertile plains of Burgundy, no one could have suspected what a tempest travelled with him. He arrived in Paris without question from any one.

No time was lost in assembling the members of the Evangelical Church of Paris. The paper of Farel was opened and read. The assembly was divided, not as regarded the subject-matter of the manifesto, but as regarded the prudence of launching it upon France. There were Christians present who were not lacking in courage, nay, who were ready to go to the stake for the gospel, who yet shrunk from the responsibility of publishing such a fulmination. France was not Switzerland; and what would be listened to reverently on the south of the Jura, might, when read at the foot of the throne of Francis I., bring on a convulsion which would shake the nation and bury the Reformed

Church in its own ruins. Gentler words, they thought, would go deeper.

But of this mind was not the majority of the meeting. They were impatient of delay; they feared the councils which were progressing in the Louvre, and which had for their object to unite the Pope and the Reformation; and they wished, before such an unhallowed connection might be consummated, to launch this bolt, "forged on Farel's anvil." Before a blast so strong, it was just possible that the walls of the Papacy in France might bow and fall. So it was resolved to publish the placard; and in this resolution most of the Christians whom we mentioned in our former chapter—Du Bourg, Bartholomew Milon, and others—concurred.

The next step was to make arrangements to secure that, as far as possible, this manifesto should meet the eye of all in France. To this end the kingdom was divided into districts, and persons were told off who undertook the hazardous work of posting up in each district the proclamation. A night was fixed on; for clearly the work could be done only under cloud of night, and equally clear it was that it must be done in one and the same night all over France. The night chosen was the 24th of October 1534.

The night arrived. The agents selected had previously received each his roll of placards; and when the darkness fell, they sallied forth, and with all secrecy and expedition began the work of posting up the terrible manifesto. The placards were displayed on all the public buildings and great thoroughfares of Paris. They were to be read in all the leading towns of the kingdom; nay, even on the highroads and cross lanes of the country. The whole land, like the prophet's roll, was written over and over with solemn denunciations of the Mass, with fierce invectives against the hierarchy, and with warnings of coming woe and ruin unless France should repent.

The morning broke. In city, and village, and country, men awoke and came forth, and there were the terrible placards staring them in the face. Little groups gathered round them, and began to read. These groups speedily swelled into great crowds, comprising citizens of every class, lay and clerical. Many read with amazement, and some with horror. The nation was

stunned as if by an earthquake's shock. Some were thrown into great alarm, fearing that the judgment of Heaven would follow upon such an outpouring of blasphemy; and others burst into a transport of rage at the open defiance thus given to the hierarchy of the Church, and the measureless contempt poured upon all that the nation held to be most sacred. But the priests, who for some time past had been waiting for just such a pretext for dealing a blow at the Reformation, were quick to perceive the advantage the occurrence gave them.

The king was then living at Blois. In the morning, Montmorency and Cardinal de Tournon repaired to his closet to tell him of the dreadful event of the night. As they were about to enter, their eyes caught sight of a paper posted upon the door of the royal cabinet. It was a copy of Farel's placard, which some Protestant about the court had, with more zeal than prudence, affixed to the very door of the king's private apartment. Montmorency and Tournon tore down the handbill and carried it in to the king. The king grasped the paper, but so agitated with anger was he that he was unable to read it. He handed it again to the courtiers, who read it to the king. He stood pallid and speechless for a while; at length his rage found vent in the words, "Let all be seized, and let Lutheranism be totally exterminated."

Now it was that the tempest burst. The first blow fell on the imprudent Lutheran who had posted the placard in the castle in which Francis was then residing. The known Protestantism of this man made him at once suspected, and without much ado he was seized, thrown into chains, and carried to Paris to be burned. This prisoner's arrival in the capital sounded the first note in Paris of the approaching storm. The king, summoning his lieutenant-criminal, JEAN MORIN, gave orders to him to discover, apprehend, and bring to justice every one in the least suspected of being concerned in the affair of the placards. Morin was a man of profligate life, a heart-hater of the gospel, and dexterous at entrapping those on whom he wished to fasten the charge of heresy. He knew beforehand the person whose customary duty it was to convene the Christians to the evangelical reunions. The lieutenant-criminal

had this man instantly apprehended and brought before him. On appearing in his presence, Morin told him that he was perfectly aware that he knew all the heretics in Paris, and ordered him to make haste and assemble them. On his hesitating, the lieutenant-criminal bade one of his attendants prepare a scaffold; and, turning to the man, told him that he might have his choice of instant burning, or of stooping to the baseness of pointing out the abodes of the Lutherans. Alas! terrified by the threat of the fire, this poor man consented to become the betrayer of his brethren.

The lieutenant-criminal now took his measures. He arranged a procession of the *Corpus Christi* through the streets of Paris. Expiation must be made of the fearful affront which had been offered to the holy Sacrament. The houses were draped in black; priests and friars passed along, bearing the Host, accompanied by incense-bearers and hymning choristers. Before the ecclesiastical members of the procession walked the officers of justice, with Morin at their head; and immediately in advance of Morin walked the traitor. When he came opposite the door of any of his brethren, the man stopped: he spoke not a word; he simply made a sign, and the officers entering, the family were dragged forth, and led away manacled. Alas! what a cruel task this man had undertaken, and to what terrible sufferings had he doomed himself! Had he been walking to the stake, his joy would have grown greater at every step. As it was, every door he stopped at, every victim that swelled the procession which he headed, augmented his guilt and embittered his remorse.

Onwards went the procession through all the quarters of Paris, the crowd of onlookers continually increasing, as did also the mournful train of victims which the traitor and the lieutenant-criminal gathered up for the stake as they passed along. The tidings of what was going on spread like wild-fire over the whole city. This was the first day of the "Reign of Terror." Fear and agony of spirit preceded the march of the procession, for no one could tell at whose door it might stop; and lamentation and woe were heard in its rear. The disciples we have already described—Du Bourg the merchant; Bartholomew Milon the paralytic; Valetton, who was ever in-

quiring after the writings of the Reformers; Poille the bricklayer, and others—were all taken in the net of Morin. They were too noted as Lutherans to escape. Along with these humble men, many others higher in society were drafted off to prison, to be thence transferred to the stake.

That they might wreak their vengeance the more easily upon their poor prisoners, the persecutors propagated hideous falsehoods to render them the objects of popular indignation. The most atrocious designs were imputed to the Lutherans. They had formed a league for firing all the public buildings and massacring all the Catholics. They were accused of seeking to compass the death of the king, the overthrow of monarchy, and the destruction of society itself. They meant to leave France a desert. So was it said, and these terrible rumours were greedily listened to.

How holy and righteous the judgments of God! Not a Lutheran was there who ever meditated perpetrating such wickedness. Well, three hundred years pass away. Protestantism is all but suppressed in France; and, lo, there stands up, or rather issues from the darkness, a powerful confederacy which avowedly aims at these same atrocious objects. The bugbear of that day, conjured up by bigotry to crush the Reformation and its adherents, has become the menace of our own times. We have seen the throne overturned; the blood of nobles and priests shed by assassins; the public monuments sinking in ashes amid the fires of the incendiary; and society itself in danger of perishing.

The several stages of the awful drama we are describing followed each other in quick succession. On the 10th of November, just a fortnight after the apprehensions, were the prisoners brought to trial. They were condemned, of course. For them there could be no other punishment than death, and that death could come in no other form than the terrible one of burning. For the fiery stake, which was to bring, together with shame and pain, an immortal crown, they had not long to wait. Three short days, and then the executions began. The scaffolds were distributed over the various quarters of Paris, the more effectually to cleanse a city the whole of

which had suffered pollution ; and the burnings followed each other on successive days. Thus all were taught to eschew heresy. But the advantage in the end of this prolongation of the martyrdoms was on the side of the gospel. It was seen what sort of men the new opinions could produce. There was no pulpit like the martyrs' pile. The heroism of these sufferers, the serene joy that lighted up their faces as they passed along to the place of execution in their wretched tumbril, or stood bound to the stake, their meekness, their forgiving spirit, all pleaded eloquently and convincingly in behalf of that gospel for which they were laying down their lives.

It was the dismay and terror that followed these proceedings which brought to light, for the first time, how widely the Reformed doctrines were spread in Paris. All who were conscious of having, although only in heart and not by open confession, abandoned Rome and turned to the gospel, felt as if the eye of the lieutenant-criminal was upon them, and that his step might any moment be heard on their threshold ; and accordingly they rose up and fled. It was bitter to leave home, and country, and all the delights of life, and go forth into exile ; but it was less bitter than a stake, their inevitable lot should they remain. There were many blanks in all classes of society in Paris. Merchants disappeared suddenly from their shops ; clerks were amissing from the counting-house ; students assembled at the hour of lecture, but the professor came not ; and several printing-offices were all but emptied. Among the refugees which now hurried by various routes, and under various disguises, to the frontier, were nobles, officers of the royal household, government officials, teachers of youth, lawyers, tradesmen of all crafts, and even monks and priests. Among the flight of fugitives there was one who deserves special mention—Mathurin Cordier, the venerable schoolmaster, who was the first to detect and who so largely helped to develop the wonderful genius of Calvin. Du Bourq and Milon, and all those whose names we have already mentioned, were also gone ; but their flight was by another road than that which the other fugitives were treading in weariness, and fear, and hunger. They had gone whither the persecutor could not follow them.

These men whom we see fleeing from France were the first to tread a path which was to be trodden again and again by hundreds of thousands of their countrymen in years to come. Scarce a generation for two hundred and fifty years thereafter which did not see, before passing away, these scenes renewed—the disciples of the gospel fleeing before the insane fury of the persecutor, and carrying with them the intelligence, the arts, the skill, and the industry in which, as a rule, they pre-eminently excelled the rest of their countrymen, to enrich the lands in which they found an asylum, and more especially the countries of England and Holland. And in proportion as they replenished other lands with these good gifts did they empty their own of them. The fault was not theirs, however, but that of a bigotry so blind that it could not see that in driving away all that made the country great it was impoverishing the resources, undermining the order, and destroying the loyalty and morality of France, and opening the door to the revolution which came in due time, and brought in its turn scaffolds and massacres, and again flooded the frontier with terrified crowds of unhappy exiles : only there was a change of victims.

We have seen only the beginning of this tragedy: its more awful scenes have yet to be told. The numerous martyrdoms that had already taken place were not enough ; more blood must be shed before France could be cleansed or expiation done for the affront which had been offered to Heaven in the matter of the placards. So did the priests assure the king, enjoining him, at the same time, to proceed with all due rigour in the bloody rites by which his throne and kingdom were to be purged. King Francis was but too willing to obey. A grand procession, to be graced by bloody interludes, was resolved on, and the day chosen was the 21st January 1535. The horrors which will make this day famous to all time were not the deed of the king alone : they were that of the nation not less, which by its constituted representatives countenanced the ceremonial, and put its hand to its bloody work.

When the day arrived, vast crowds came pouring into Paris from the country. The houses were hung with drapery, and altars rose at intervals. Every window and doorstep was occupied with

sight-seers ; every roof bore its cluster of gazers ; while the pavement beneath was black with human beings. The procession, which had marshalled at the palace of the Louvre, swept along in all the bravery of official insignia, of priestly vestment, and of holy relics, with banners, crosses, and burning tapers. The van of the procession was opened by the head of St. Louis, the patron saint of France ; and it was not less appropriately closed by the shrine of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris, carried by the corporation of butchers, who had prepared themselves for a work so holy by the purification of a three days' fast.

The procession was swollen by a great array of the dignitaries of the Church. Cardinal and abbot, and archbishop and bishop, were there in the grandeur of mitre and cope and purple roba. Next came a long array of clergy, seculars and regulars. There walked the curé in his black robe ; and there were monks of every habit, and of all varieties of tonsure, striding along with cords on their loins and sandals on their feet. The ecclesiastical part of the procession was terminated by the Host, under a magnificent canopy of state, carried by four princes of the blood.

After the Church came the State. First came the king. He wore on that day no crown or royal robe ; he appeared in the guise of a penitent. He walked on foot, bareheaded, and held in his hand a burning candle. He did penitence : but his heart was not broken. He fasted, not for his debaucheries, or for the blood he had shed, but for what he was pleased to regard as the heinous sacrilege of which his subjects had been guilty in outraging the Mass. After the king came the queen, the nobles of the realm, the Parliament of Paris, the ambassadors, the judges, officers, and guilds of the various trades ; while a row of citizens, holding lighted tapers, lined the streets, and bent the knee as the Host passed by.

The procession entered the great temple of Notre Dame. There High Mass was sung ; and then the king, ascending a temporary throne, addressed the assembly, setting forth in very moving terms how his soul was burdened with the sin of his Lutheran subjects, and how resolved he was, at all costs, to wipe out the stain which heresy had brought upon his dominions. Having ended, he descended from his seat to begin the

promised purification. The procession re-formed, and set out on its way back to the palace of the Louvre. Terrible spectacles had been prepared for its gratification. In the streets through which the cavalcade was to pass scaffolds had been erected at certain stages, on which it was meant that certain Lutherans should be put to death, having first been tortured after a method devised by a most ingenious cruelty ; while the king and the entire procession were to halt and gaze upon their dying agonies. Let us describe the dismal apparatus.

First rose an upright beam firmly fixed in the ground ; to that was attached another beam cross-wise. The one end of the cross-beam was made to move up and down at pleasure by a rope tied to its other end. The poor martyr who was appointed to execution had his hands tied behind his back, and being fastened to the end of the movable pole, he was raised into the air, the whole weight of his body resting on his arms, and suddenly let drop into the slow fire underneath. He was raised and lowered, raised and lowered, each time being scorched by the burning coals, till at length the cords that held him were consumed, and he fell into the fire and was burned. Such were the horrible spectacles on which Francis and the grandees of his kingdom feasted their eyes. Their halt was frequent, and at every halt a fresh batch of victims was brought forth. It was a new sensation to the men of Paris ; and as one victim expired, the un pitying mob began to clamour for another. The first effect of the sight of torture and blood is to appal, but oft repeated the heart hardens, and man begins to have a pleasure in witnessing the agonies of his fellow-man ; like certain animals, which, having once tasted of human flesh, hunger for it ever after.

As there are events which repeat themselves, so there are days which return over again. The *twenty-first* of January is a noted and ominous day in the French calendar. Twice has that day summoned up spectacles of horror, and seen deeds of blood which have made France and the world shudder ; and twice has it inaugurated an era of woes and tragedies which stand without a parallel in history. The first 21st of January is that of which we have spoken above. It saw Francis I., attended by his court and nobility, and

the whole ecclesiastic and civic functionaries of his kingdom, walking in procession to Notre Dame, pausing frequently in their progress thither to perform acts of superstition, and pausing again, on their return from it, to shed the blood of the martyr, and feast their eyes on his dying agonies. Never can this day be blotted from the page of history; nor can its voice be silenced. On the contrary, it continues to cry to the God of the martyr.

The second notable 21st of January came round in the year 1793. This *twenty-first* of January had its procession also through the streets of Paris, and in that procession it happened over again that the King of France was the principal figure. Again there were tumult and shouting; again the cry rose ever more for victims; again there were black scaffolds and horrid executions. On this second *twenty-first* of January, Louis XVI. stood before the guillotine, and yielded his head to the axe of the executioner.

We have seen a third 21st of January come round. The cycle which brought round this fatal day the first time was something more than two hundred and fifty years; this time the cycle has

revolved in something less than eighty years. After a siege of four months, during which the pressure of famine made the luxurious citizens of Paris fain to feed upon the vermin of the sewers, and the dead from disease and the sword were to be counted by tens of thousands, the resolution was taken to make a grand sortie, if haply they might break through the circle of fire and steel that girt them in all round. Despite the thousands of lives which this attempt cost, it failed. On the 21st of January 1871, nothing remained save to drink the bitter cup of national humiliation—to Frenchmen, how bitter!—by capitulating to the Germans. On that day was this resolution to capitulate taken, and on the morrow they went forth and bowed the head to the conqueror. On the 21st of January 1871 France stepped down from the position she had long held as the first military power on the Continent.

Well may France say of this day, "Let darkness and the shadow of death stain it; let a cloud dwell upon it; . . . let it not be joined to the days of the year; let it not come into the number of the months."

DISEASES OF THE BODY POLITIC.

CONDITION OF FRANCE FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW.



MENENIUS AGRIPPA was probably not the first to compare a state to the human body, though his immortal fable of the "Belly and the Members" has for ever associated the notion with his name. The analogy was too obvious not to have occurred to poets and philosophers often enough before his time. Bodies politic, like natural bodies, are born, and grow up, and flourish, and grow old, and die. That is, many of them have perished off the earth, and many more so entirely changed their original constitution, through development or degeneration, as to have lost their first identity. Still there is this difference between the two: that, while the natural man, though he should vie with the patriarchs in longevity, must die at last and return to the dust whence he came, the body politic has no natural limit to its possible duration. All governments, in all time, past and present, are but experiments and stretchings forward toward the ideal which shall unite liberty with safety in the sacred hands of religion, virtue, and intelligence. Plato and Cicero, More and Harrington, and many besides, have put their dreams into words,

which have passed for romances, but which were but prophetic forecastings of the future—crude, indeed, and marked by the prejudices and ignorances of the times in which they lived—when slavery in some form, for example, was assumed as a natural and necessary element of society, but inspired by unsatisfied longings after a higher state of society and a polity more in accordance with the highest and purest conceptions of the human soul.

Bodies politic, like bodies natural, are composed of a vast number of individual particles, which are in a constant state of flux and efflux, making the one as well as the other over again in the course of an ascertainable number of years. And the health or disease of each depends on the condition of the particles of which it is made up. It is true, as Sir William Jones has interpreted the magnificent fragment of Alcæus, that a state is not constituted of

"High-raised battlements and laboured mound,
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned,"

or France would not be in her present extremity; but of "men, high-minded men." But this is a state in its

highest ideal condition, including virtue and self-control in the meaning of "high-minded" such as humanity sighs and longs for and is labouring after. The average of states of the ancient and the modern world have not been made up of such, or so many of them would not have gone down into "the sepulchre of dead nations." They have died from the morbid conditions of the molecules called men, of which they form the aggregate, which have taken the shape of "painful diseases and deform," and so produced the dissolution which was the natural and righteous ending of a hopelessly distempered organism. Despotism, spiritual tyranny, political and religious persecution, popular ignorance, private vices, have all acted and re-acted on the whole and on the parts, on the governing and the governed, until the condition was reached in which political death was the divinely ordained and happiest possible issue. Thus perished two earliest empires; thus the Grecian republics were first absorbed by Macedonia and afterward by Rome; and thus imperial Rome herself, enervated by luxury, and decrepit through her vices, was swept out of existence before the fierce but reinvigorating blasts which came down upon her from the chill fastnesses of the Northern barbarians.

As disease is now known to be but a wholesome struggle of nature to throw off diseased conditions in the natural body, so wars and seditions are of the same category in the political one. Vitiated conditions are only medicable by terrible remedies. Of this we ourselves are a pregnant instance. Such a cancer as negro slavery—which had so laid hold of our national vitals, and was sure to destroy freedom, religion, virtue, and everything that makes "high-minded men," could only be eradicated from the system by the sharp blade and actual cauterization of our civil war. We are still in the stage of convalescence, and may yet go wrong by empiricism or vicious folly; but we believe that there is yet healthful vigour enough left in our veins to throw off the dregs of the disease, and make our republic a model of immortal youth, strength, and beauty. Happy

was it for us that the crisis was no longer delayed, and that it came upon us before our stamina had been destroyed beyond repair.

It behoves us, then, to look with considerate and pitiful eyes on the feverish distemperature which now convulses unhappy France. We ourselves might have afforded an example of an effete nation, whose life had been consumed by a plague she had made a part of her vital organization. The malady which afflicts our sister nation and our friend is one that has been centuries in growth, and has tainted her very life-blood, until it is doubtful whether this critical struggle can eliminate it from her system. Long centuries of despotism, false notions of glory, superstition breeding atheism, idol-worship of blood-stained fetishes, vices which strike at the very root of the family on which the state alone can flourish, a literature polluted and foul in its substance as it is fair and graceful in its form and its expression,—all these have brought France into her present deplorable and desperate condition. If the keen knife of the civil sword could work the cure it did for us, there were hope; but her disease is, we fear, too thoroughly spread through her veins, and not gathered to one ugly excrescence, as with us, to be thus summarily removed. It is to be apprehended that any change which this distemper may give to her body politic will only be an apparent and not a radical recovery. It is religion, morality, command of passions, reverence for law, respect for the rights of others, that she needs; and, unless these are gained through her terrible sufferings, the day of her national demise is but deferred. Bonapartism, or Orleanism, or even republicanism, such as is likely to come out of this effervescence, would but "skin and film the ulcerous place," if the spirit of her mind be not renovated and she fitted by suffering for a new life. Words spoken in assembly or written in constitutions are no specifics for maladies like these. Herein the patient must minister unto herself. But can she? And will she? The answer impends.—*Independent*.

NOTHING TO DO!

NOTHING to do!" in this world of ours,
Where weeds spring up with fairest
flowers,
Where smiles have only a fitful play,
Where hearts are breaking every day!

"Nothing to do!" thou Christian soul,
Wrapping thee round in thy selfish stole;
Off with the garments of sloth and sin,
Christ thy Lord hath a kingdom to win.

"Nothing to do!" There are prayers to lay
On the altar of incense, day by day:
There are foes to meet within and without,
There is error to conquer, strong and stout.

"Nothing to do!" there are minds to teach
The simplest form of Christian speech;
There are hearts to lure with loving wile,
From the grimest haunts of Sin's defile.

"Nothing to do!" There are lambs to feed,
The precious hope of the Church's need:
Strength to be borne to the weak and faint,
Vigils to keep with the doubting saint.

"Nothing to do!" and thy Saviour said,
"Follow thou me, in the path I tread."
Lord, lend thy help the journey through,
Lest, faint, we cry, "So much to do!"

The Nation.

The Church in the House.

BY THE EDITOR.

XL.

THE VESSEL CHOSEN AND CHARGED.

ACTS IX. 15.



I shall best explain and apply the text by examining its terms in succession, one by one.

1. A *vessel*.—The term signifies the implement by which any work is done, or the dish in which anything is held. It is an instrument constructed and fitted for use in any species of operation.

All the world is the field whereon God works, and it is full of the instruments which he employs. Every flower, every leaf, every tendril is a cunningly contrived instrument, designed and fitted for carrying on some delicate process in the vegetable economy. In animals, every member of the body is a tool with which the creature, with which the great Creator works. The eye, the ear, the tongue, the foot, and a thousand other exquisite instruments, hang at hand in the workshop, ready for the worker's use.

Each separate part of creation, again, is an instrument in God's hands for carrying his plans into effect. The internal fires of the globe are his instruments for heaving up the mountain ridges, and causing the intervening valleys to subside. The clouds are vessels employed in carrying water from its great reservoir in the ocean to every portion of the thirsty land. The rivers are waste-pipes for carrying back the soiled water that it may be purified for subsequent use. The sun is an instrument for lighting and warming a troop of revolving worlds; and the earth's huge bulk a curtain for screening off the sunlight at stated intervals, and so affording to weary workers a grateful night of rest. Chief of all the implements provided and employed on earth is man—made last, made best for his Author's service; broken, disfigured, and defiled by sin, but capable of working wondrously yet, when redeemed, and restored, and employed again.

God has not cast away the best of all his instruments because it was marred and polluted. He has conceived and executed a costly plan for redeeming and renewing it. He spared not his own Son, that he might have from this fallen family a multitude of vessels full of his love—a multitude of fitting instruments employed in his service. A soul won is the best instrument for winning souls.

2. A *chosen vessel*.—This man, who was raised from the ground by his companions and led blind into Damascus, is the vessel whom the Lord has sovereignly chosen, and will graciously employ.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place." "Known

unto God are all his works." Compassing him about in all his ways, God felt every throb of impotent anger that was beating in the persecutor's heart. Although the vessel was marred and occupied with evil, its Maker counted it still his own. He can employ the evil as his unconscious instruments, or make them willing in the day of his power. When he had chastised backsliding Israel by the King of Babylon, he broke the rod and threw it away. In other cases he turns the king's heart as a river of water, and then accepts the willing homage of a converted man.

It was a polished and capacious vessel that the Great King wrenched from the hands of the arch-enemy near the gate of Damascus. One of the clearest intellects that ever glowed in a human frame changed hands that day. Saul was a man of rare courage. He was a good soldier of the wicked one before he owned allegiance to Christ. He did what he said. The purposes which his heart devised his hand executed. "I verily thought I ought to do many things against the name of Jesus of Nazareth, which thing I also did." The vessel was capacious, and the capacious vessel was full. All the learning of the time had been poured into it. The traditions of the Jews and the philosophy of the Greeks lay and seethed together in that roomy and restless brain. Not only was his head full of notions; his heart was fired with a resolute purpose, and his arm was nerved by a dauntless will. He was Christ's chief enemy then in the world. He breathed forth threatenings and slaughter against the members of the Church, blasphemies against its living Head. God looks down from heaven on this man, not as an adversary whose assaults are formidable, but as an instrument which may be turned to another use. As clay in the hands of the potter this man lies. The vessel may be broken in anger, or employed in labours of love, as the Maker wills. Arrested at the crisis of its course by a hand unseen, it is turned upside down, emptied of its accumulated filth, purged from all its dross, filled from heaven's pure treasures, and used to water the world with the word of life. Under God's eye and in God's hand, this man is not a formidable antagonist, but simply a vessel to be broken in judgment, or purified for use on earth and in heaven.

Saul of Tarsus, called to be an apostle, is a conspicuous example of divine sovereignty. He did not first choose Christ, but Christ chose him. He was in the way of evil when the Lord met him with subduing, forgiving, renewing mercy. When human pride is at last silenced by the sense of redeeming love, it is sweet to feel and own that Jesus is at once the author and the finisher of our faith—"the beginning of the creation of

God" within renewed human hearts on earth, and the ending thereof when the spirits of the just are made perfect in his presence. Christ is first and last—all in all. I recognise God's command to me, that I should turn and live; I recognise my duty to close with his offer; I recognise the justice of my condemnation if I refuse to comply. God bids me believe and live: I ought to obey; but if I obey and be saved like Paul, like him I shall say and sing, as the history of my redemption, When I was wandering helpless further and further towards death, the Good Shepherd followed and found me, turned me round, and bore me back to his fold.

3. A vessel unto me.—Two things lie in the conversion of Paul and in every conversion: the man gets an Almighty Saviour, and God gets a willing servant. The true instinct of the new creature burst forth from Paul's breast as soon as he knew his Saviour, and before he was lifted from the ground,—“Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” The answer, sent through Ananias in Damascus, after the tumult had subsided, indicated to the convert what he should be, rather than what he should do: “He is a chosen vessel unto me.” We get a glimpse here of the two tendencies, the human and the divine. I shall do, says the disciple in the ardour of a first love; Thou shalt be, answers that wise and kind Master, who knows that the spirit in the disciple is willing, but the flesh weak. To be like Christ is the most effectual way of working for Christ. I shall *bear* the vessels of the Lord, volunteers the ransomed sinner, when he feels that he is not his own, but bought with a price; the reply to this offer requires a less positive, more passive, and yet greater thing: Thou shalt *be* the vessel of the Lord. It is a great thing that I should take up instruments, and do a work for Christ in the world; but it is a greater that Christ should take me in his hand, and work out his purposes with me. “A people near unto him,” is an ancient appellation of the saved. Surely they are near him who are held as a vessel in his hand. This is our security alike for safety and usefulness. The star that is in his right hand is held up so that it cannot fall, and held out so that it shines afar. When he chooses a vessel he uses it; he neither keeps it idle nor casts it away.

XII.

THE VESSEL EMPLOYED.

ACTS ix. 15.

4. A vessel to *bear my name*.—The text tells not only what he is and whose he is, but also and specifically to what uses he will be applied. He was a vessel firmly put together, and filled to overflowing, before Jesus met him in the way. At that meeting he was emptied of his miscellaneous vanities, and filled with the name of Christ. See an account of the whole process by his own pen: “If any other man thinketh that

he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I more: circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews; as touching the law, a Pharisee; concerning zeal, persecuting the church; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless. But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ. Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord: for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ” (Phil. iii. 4-8). The whole stock-in-trade of the self-righteous Pharisee is inventoried here. Himself delights to display the filthy rags, and make a show of them openly. He appropriates the shame to himself, that the glory may rise to his Lord. He recounts how these were cast out at the great change, and counted no longer gain, but loss. When these are cast out, however, he does not remain empty. No man ever yet did cast out his own self-righteousness from mere dislike of it. As the money-changers were driven from the Temple only at and by the entrance of Jesus, so the false confidences maintain their ground in a human heart until they are displaced by the presence of the Lord our righteousness. All these carefully gathered, tenderly cherished stores, he now counts loss; but it is for Christ. He counted them precious as long as he knew none other. He never proposed to sell off all that he had, or anything that he had, until he fell in with the pearl of great price. The old adage is true in fact although defective in philosophy: Nature abhors a vacuum; and in nature, whether its material or spiritual department, a vacuum is never found. Each man is full either of his own things or of Christ's.

The name of Christ is the precious thing wherewith the vessel is charged. So full was Paul of this treasure, that he determined in his ministry to know none other. Whether the apostle be considered for the moment a vessel for bearing seed, or one for bearing water, the result is the same. It is of the things of Christ that the ministering Spirit takes and gives to the disciples, that they may drop the seed into broken hearts, or offer cold water to thirsty souls. There is none other name given under heaven among men whereby we must be saved.

5. To bear my name *before Gentiles, and kings, and the people of Israel*.—The name of Christ is the treasure which the vessel bears; to the Gentiles, and kings, and the people of Israel the vessel bears it. This bread of life, like the manna which fell in the wilderness, is given to be used, not to be hoarded. To be ever getting, ever giving, is the only way of keeping both the vessel and its treasure sweet. The more you give to others, the more you enjoy for your own use. The twelve had a fuller meal in that desert place, after they had distributed the bread among five thousand, than they would have had if they had dined alone. Christ is with his people still, to bless and multiply the portion of every cheerful giver.

Certain classes are enumerated before whom Paul should be a witness for Christ. Before, or, more literally, "in the face of" these, this vessel must bear that precious name. The form of the expression indicates that in this ministry self-denying courage is required. Perhaps the series, in this respect, constitutes a climax. It is easier to speak of Christ and his salvation to the Gentiles than to kings, and easier to speak of him to kings than to his own chosen people. Israel's enmity against the Lord's Anointed was keener than that of the surrounding nations. He came unto his own, and his own received him not; but to some, even of these, he gave power to become the sons of God. Paul himself was one of the first-fruits of the seed of Abraham, and a harvest has been gathered since. To this day, however, the nation in its main bulk remains more obstinate than the heathen in refusing to have this Man to reign over them.

In our day, too, there are various classes and characters of men who need the testimony of Jesus. Those who possess it should be prepared to bear it about in every place, and hold it forth in any company. This witness in his day was not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; would that all our Christianity were as honest and as strong! If we quail where the majority profess to be on our side, what would have become of us if our lot had been cast in the beginning of the gospel, when its disciples were obliged to confront an adverse world? May the Lord increase our faith, and increase, too, that which hangs next beneath it in Peter's golden chain of graces—the courage to confess our Saviour before friend and foe.

But, perhaps, we should not speak of more courage being required to maintain a good confession in one place, and less in another; for with God it is as easy to keep the ocean within its bed, as to balance a dew-drop on a blade of grass: and the same principle rules in the distribution of grace to disciples of Christ. Without it, the strongest is not sufficient for anything; with it, the feeblest is sufficient for all. Our martyr forefathers, who, by the peace of God ruling in their hearts, were enabled to make a good confession at the stake, would, if left to themselves, have denied their Lord under the blandishments of a godless drawing-room. To the eye of sense, the faithfulness of this generation is not tested by so severe a strain; but the difference lies mainly in the outward appearance. The human heart is still as deceitful, and the god of this world still as powerful, as in the days of old. In our own strength we cannot overcome the least temptation; through Christ that strengtheneth us we can conquer the greatest.

Not before Gentiles, and kings, and the people of Israel, are we summoned to bear witness for Christ; but we stand daily in a place and presence where the temptation to deny him is equally strong. A Christian young man in a great workshop, a Christian young lady in a gay and fashionable family, is either carried away like chaff before the wind, or stands fast by a modern miracle of grace.

We are so many vessels, labelled on the outside with the name of Christ; what we are really charged with may not be seen at a distance or discovered in a day. Those, however, who stand near these vessels often or long, will by degrees find out what they contain. By its occasional overflowings, especially when it is unexpectedly and violently shaken, the secret will be revealed. Some are looking on who do not believe that the Spirit which fills us is the Spirit of Christ; and they lie in wait for evidence to prove their opinion true. For their own sakes let them find it false. Before them bear the name of Christ, when needful, on your lips, the Spirit of Christ in your heart, the example of Christ in your conduct.

But the word which requires that we should be witnesses unto Christ is peculiarly apt to slip from our grasp, especially when the specimen exhibited is some eminent saint. An indolent, earthly selfishness, under pretence of humility, like Satan in an angel's dress, cunningly suggests the distinction between a common ungifted man and the great apostle of the Gentiles. He was a worthy witness; but what could we do, although we did our best? If you are a sinner forgiven through the blood of Christ, in the greatest things Paul and you are equal; unequal only in the least. In the things that reach up to heaven and through eternity, there is no perceptible difference between you; the distinction is confined to the earth and time. You, a lost sinner, get pardon and eternal life in God's dear Son; and what does he get more? Getting as much from your Lord, you may love your Lord as much. In the economy of grace, a shallower vessel serves nearly every purpose as well as a deeper, if both are full of Christ.

In nature, the shallowest lake, provided it be full, sends up as many clouds to heaven as the deepest, for the same sunlight beams equally on both their bosoms. This law may often be seen at work in the spiritual kingdom. "Glory to God in the highest" rises in a stream as strong and pure from a sinner saved who lays out one talent in a lowly sphere, as from a sinner saved who wields ten talents in the sight of an applauding world. Nay, more; as a lake within the tropics, though shallow, gives more incense to the sky than a polar ocean of unfathomable depth, so a Christian of few gifts, whose heart lies open fair and long to the Sun of righteousness, is a more effectual witness than a man of greater capacity who lies not so near, and looks not so constantly to Jesus.

XLII.

THE LORD ENLIGHTEN.

ACTS IX. 16.

In the conner work of breaking up his own way at first, God freely uses the powers of nature and the passions of wicked men; but for the nicer touches near

the finishing, he employs more sensitive instruments. A work of righteousness is about to be done upon the person of a Greek jailer at Philippi. Mark the method of the omniscient Worker. A strong coarse tool he seizes first, and therewith strikes the hard material, with the view of carrying it through a certain preparatory stage; then with an instrument of more ethereal temper and keener edge, which he had previously placed within reach, he completes the process. The earthquake, which shook the foundations of the prison, rent the outer searing of the jailer's conscience, and made an open path into his soul. In such work the powers of nature could no further go. What an earthquake could not do, God did by a renewed human heart, and gentle, loving human lips. From the same chosen vessel that Ananias had visited at Damascus, the ointment was poured forth which healed the jailer's wound. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved," said Paul: the rude heathen believed and lived.

Thus God works to-day, both in secret individual conversions and in wide-spread national revivals. Bankruptcies, storms, diseases, wars, are charged to batter down the defences, and then living disciples go in by the breach to convert a kingdom or win a soul. Missionaries seldom begin the work, and providences never complete it. Each kind of instrument is best in its own place and time. Do not go forward without providential openings, lest you should spend your strength for naught; and do not neglect providential openings, lest the lost opportunity should never return.

The inanimate machinery of war, more powerful now than in any former generation, may suffice to break down the walls of the enemy's stronghold; but these engines that pioneer so powerfully cannot capture the fortress; loyal, living men must enter and take possession in their sovereign's name. This order is adopted in the Christian warfare. Wherever the strife of men or the judgment of God has made an opening, good soldiers of Jesus Christ spring in and take possession for their Lord.

Thus, when war and treaties opened China, the Christian Church leaped in. Within those mysterious barriers Christ is now, by his chosen instruments, closing in a decisive struggle with the strong man who for ages has kept his house there in peace. By the rents which the earthquake insurrection has left in the framework of Indian society, our missionaries may, perhaps, get deeper into the nation's life than heretofore. In Italy, too, while the thunder and the lightning are doing their terrible work, Christians lie on the watch, ready to enter with the still, small word, as soon as the storm is spent. Already the Man of Sin has been compelled to slacken his grasp, and several provinces are free. The time seems near when chosen vessels full of Christ may bear their treasure through the broken barriers, and pour it out in Italy—pour it out in Rome, the same unchanged treasure that Paul bore long ago to the same place. A long barren night has passed over Italy, but the Word

of God liveth and abideth for ever. By the very fact of making openings, God is beckoning for instruments to bring it in.

But the same order prevails and the same laws rule in the minutest scale of individual life. It is not only China, or India, or Italy, that is long closed against Christ, and at last opened by commotions within or assaults from without. This neighbour who has lived long without God in the world, and fenced himself all round against the inroad of serious thoughts, has been shaken as if by an earthquake. It may be the insolvency of a bank, or the death of a brother; it may be the incroachment of disease in his own frame, or the spiritual awakening of sinners near him: it may be any one of these, or of other similar shakings, that makes a breach in the defences, and leaves an opening right through into the soul. Now is the time for those finer instruments which Jesus loves to use. Vessels who bear Christ's name, bear it in at that opening now. Do not stand and say, We are not great vessels. Little vessels will go more easily in, and little vessels, full of Christ, will do the work there as well as great ones. — Has Christ visited you, brother, and freely taken all your sin away? It shows, you think, that you had need of the Lord. Yea; but it shows also another thing—that the Lord has need of you.

The Apostle Paul occupies a large place in the Bible, in the Church, in history, in heaven. No mere man, before or since, has filled so great a space in the scheme of Providence, or left his mark so wide and deep upon the world. The gospel is the greatest power that has ever operated on earth, and Paul was its greatest minister.

Considering the tendency to hero-worship, which seems inherent in our fallen nature, there was great danger lest he who stood so far above his fellows should be mistaken for a god. This danger was foreseen and averted in the election and calling of Paul. He who conceived the plan and executed it, hath done all things well. The worshippers of that saint will be put to shame when the Scriptures reveal the hole of the pit whence sovereign mercy dug their idol. The history of Saul's conversion proclaims more clearly, more loudly than an angel's voice, "See thou do it not."

This most learned doctor of the schools, the Pharisee who scrupulously tithed his mint, and devoutly buckled on his broad phylacteries, was the life and soul of the infuriated gang who shed the blood of Christ's earliest martyr. The mob executioners got their signal in the glance of his cruel eye. He satiated his own sectarian pride by the murder of the good, and crowned his wickedness by offering the bloody deed as a service done to God. To make an idol of this man, when by free grace he is highly exalted and greatly used, is either impossible or inexcusable. God needed a man to signal the glad tidings so that they might be seen afar; with this view he lifted one up from the lowest place, and set him on the highest. Thus divine mercy found free

scope, and human pride was effectually excluded. Job, though free from idolatry in fact, confessed that "the moon walking in brightness" tempted him to kiss his hand in token of reverence, as if the creature were divine. But if he had known that moon at first, a mass of impurity lying on the earth and polluting it, and seen it then by God's hand lifted up, and lighted, and balanced in the sky, he would not have experienced any tendency to worship the once filthy and still feeble thing. All the homage of his heart would have risen spontaneously to the living and true God, who made that lesser light, and hung it in heaven for the use of men. It is thus that we are kept from unduly reverencing the Apostle Paul, although, under the Sun of righteousness, he is the largest light of our spiritual firmament; for in our sight he was, by mere mercy, lifted from the mire of guilt, and fixed the loftiest and brightest of that cloud of witnesses who receive and reflect the "Light of the world."

XLIII.

SAUL'S FIRST EXPERIENCES AS A CHRISTIAN.

ACTS II. 22-31.

"Then was Saul certain days with the disciples which were at Damascus." After the great change, he did not immediately go either to Jerusalem or to Tarsus, his home. He was not yet ready to begin his mission to the Gentiles. He was, as yet, a novice; and in his own experience he first learned the rule which he afterwards prescribed, to "lay hands suddenly on no man" for ordination to the public ministry of the gospel.

"Straightway," however, it is added, "he preached Christ in the synagogues" of the city where he happened to reside. As one who had received mercy, he instantly began to make it known; but this is not yet the exercise of his apostolic office. It is the witnessing of a convert, on the method practised by David the king. I should not expect much from a missionary or a minister after he had completed his preparation and been ordained to his office, if he had not in the course of his preparation sought and found opportunities of bearing witness for Christ.

The old proverb, "Is Saul also among the prophets?" was revived with a new meaning and greater power. "All that heard it were amazed," and well they might. No such contrast had ever occurred in the memory of the people—no such contrast has ever been presented in the history of the Church. Already the conversion of Saul began to be felt as an evidence of Christianity. In this aspect it is a great study, and has been of late years presented with great variety of learning and skill. The more that you examine the facts, the more you are shut up to the conclusion that all suppositions fail except one—that Christ appeared to Saul in the way, and turned the heart of the king like a river of water, so that the whole volume of his life thenceforth flowed in a new channel and to an opposite sea.

If Saul was not true, he must have been either *deceived* or a *deceiver*; he must have been either a fanatic believing his own error, or a deep schemer, consciously cheating his contemporaries by an elaborate tissue of falsehoods. If you suppose that he was himself deceived, what fanatic ever exhibited the calmness, constancy, wisdom, and humility of this man, through a long and extremely active life, in contact with all classes of men, with mobs and with statesmen, and profoundly influencing all? To believe that such a life had no other origin and support than the whim of an enthusiast, is intellectually harder than to believe that it sprang from his meeting with the Lord.

If, on the other hand, you suppose him a deceiver, where shall you find a motive? He renounced place, and power, and honour. He attached himself to a small, despised, and persecuted sect: he suffered the loss of all things that he might win Christ for himself, and preach him to others. This supposition is contrary to nature—contrary to universal law. The conversion, and life, and ministry of Paul constitute a strong pillar, raised by the hand of the king in the mid-stream of human life, that mightily helps to make fast a disciple's faith, when the currents of time threaten to carry it away. He hath done all things well. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!"

From the simplest testimony of the new-born to the fact of his regeneration, the word of the convert increased in power until it silenced all his adversaries. "Saul increased the more in strength, and confounded the Jews which dwelt at Damascus, proving that this is very Christ." But the unbelieving Jews, true to their character, raised a persecution against him. They could not, indeed, withstand this witness in argument; but they could kill him. Already he began to suffer what he had formerly inflicted. He saw clearly that this would be his experience to the end of his course, yet he never wavered. He had counted the cost.

Somewhere in the interval between his conversion and his final escape from Damascus the sojourn in Arabia probably took place (Gal. i. 17). Arabia, like Asia, is a very indefinite term in ancient geography. It indicates sometimes a larger and sometimes a smaller district of the same region. Whether Paul retired to the desert which lay close by Damascus, or went into the region of which Petra was the capital, or penetrated into the Sinaitic peninsula, we cannot ascertain.

Nor are we informed of his occupation there. Probably he did not go thither to preach, like Philip, even to a single seeking soul. The object more probably was retirement, with such inner exercise of spirit as might qualify him better for his subsequent work. Here he was physically as well as spiritually in the track of Moses; and in the track of a greater than Moses. There seems to be some mysterious necessity that one who is commissioned to lead a great exodus, should be trained beforehand in a solitude.

The length of this sojourn in Arabia is also left un-

certain. His residence in the city immediately after his conversion, the sojourn in the wilderness, and his subsequent abode in Damascus occupied three years in all. The Jewish authorities had time to recover from their consternation, and now they took courage to resume the offensive. They took council to kill him; but he found the means of escape, and returned to Jerusalem.

At Jerusalem, Saul sought the society of the disciples of Jesus; but they feared a plot, and kept out of his way. No wonder that they feared him. The flock had suffered by the wolf, and they could not easily believe that the creature's nature had been completely changed. Here Barnabas appears in his proper character as a son of consolation. Knowing the history of the case, he took the convert under his protection and obtained for him a welcome into the bosom of the Church. Again the convert preached with power, and again the power of his preaching excited the enmity of the Jews. When his life was a second time exposed to danger the brethren withdrew him to the sea-coast at Cesarea, and thence sent him to Tarsus that he might be beyond the reach of his persevering persecutors.

Then had the Churches rest. At first they were troubled by Saul persecuting, and next they were troubled by Saul being persecuted; but now that the greatest enemy had been subdued, and the most obnoxious Christian sent into Asia, there was a lull in the storm, and the Christians obtained an opportunity of consolidating their infant society. They used their opportunity well; for "they were edified, and walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, were multiplied." When they obtained relief from external persecution, they became spiritually prosperous. They grew in numbers and in grace. We are accustomed to think that a time of suffering is the most likely to be a time of serving, either in the private experience of a Christian, or the public experience of the Church. This may be true in point of fact; but it would be a great mistake to suppose that a state of suffering is in its own nature better fitted to edify the body of Christ than a state of peace. Severe trouble tends to crush the spirit; and when deliverance comes, there is liberty if there be a will to run in the way of the Lord's commandments. The time of health and prosperity is a better time for growth in grace than a time of adversity, if it were rightly improved. Nothing more distinctly marks the spirit of adoption than to cleave closely to the Lord in the height of health: it is the sign of a carnal mind to occupy itself with the earth till a time of sickness, and then begin to cry, Lord, Lord, open to us.

Nothing is said here about the profession of those primitive Christians: the only thing mentioned is their walk; and it is described by two features. They walked "in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost." Both sides are given. All solid things have two sides. The engine and train cannot run on one rail; a man cannot walk on one foot; two are re-

quired to balance each other. The new life must also be sustained on two that are in some sense opposite to each other. Such was their Christian experience that issued from the empty grave of Jesus; "they departed from the sepulchre with fear and great joy." Such precisely was the life of the disciples in Judea when they obtained a breathing time after persecution. "This child is set for the fall and the rising again of many in Israel." They were bowed down, and then raised up. Their hearts were first broken, and then healed. They feared greatly before the Lord because of sin, and then the Holy Ghost comforted them by showing them the things of Christ.

XLIV.

PETER'S MINISTRY RENEWED.

ACTS ix. 32-42.

We have now passed in review the first section of Saul's new life. In that man's history the law of the Lord, that there are diversities of operation, was most conspicuously exhibited. The choice and call of the twelve did not complete the Saviour's scheme for the beginning of the gospel. For the purpose of introducing his kingdom to the Jews he adopted one method; for the purpose of spreading it among the nations he adopted another.

In this respect especially did the call of Saul differ from that of the twelve, that he was a man of learning, and they were not. The Lord had need at one time of the simplicity and even the ignorance of the apostles, that the excellency of the power might be seen to be of God; at another time he had need of all the culture that the age possessed, that Greek might meet Greek on equal terms in the conflict.

For other purposes Saul had laboured in the fires at Tarsus and at Jerusalem to acquire all the learning of the schools. For purposes of his own ambition and sectarian zeal he had amassed the treasures; but as soon as he had acquired his wealth, the Mighty One met and subdued him, and employed his wealth in building up what he had intended to destroy. The Egyptians had accumulated great riches, which they intended to employ in grinding the Israel of God; but Israel went out free, and spoiled the Egyptians in the outgoing.

Thus had Saul collected his treasures, that he might use them in wasting the Church of Christ; but he and his possessions were taken and pressed into the service of the new King. Again were the treasures of Egypt rifled to enrich the sanctuary of God.

In this extraordinary way was an educated ministry in the first instance obtained; but afterwards the supply was provided by direct human means. Only once did Israel obtain a supply by spoiling Egypt; afterwards, when they were settled in Canaan, they obtained their wealth in a normal way,—by merchandise, or agriculture, or mining in the mountains. It is thus that re-

sources wrested from the enemy enriched the ministry at the outset of the gospel; but for ordinary times we must ply ordinary methods. We have no right to expect a qualified ministry without our own far-seeing and painstaking effort. Hence the Churches, although they know that the Head sent Paul, as it were, a gift from heaven, are content to train up their ministers as Timothy was trained, first at the feet of godly parents, and then under the instruction of more experienced teachers.

At this point Saul disappears for a time from the horizon of our history. He is left unnoticed in his native city, and Peter reappears upon the scene. In those days he seems to have found a most appropriate field for the exercise of his energy in making tours of inspection throughout all Judæa. Here is the true work of a primitive bishop. How welcome would the venerable form of the aged apostle be in each of the small Christian communities scattered through the towns and villages of the land. Lydda was a small village westward from Jerusalem, and not far from the shore of the Mediterranean. In that place Peter performed a miracle of healing. The mighty work was first and last employed in the service of the gospel. The formula employed was, "Jesus Christ maketh thee whole." These men now were full of the Holy Ghost, and so had power to be witnesses to their Lord. The result corresponded with the design: the miracle was effectual in winning souls. All that dwelt in Lydda and Saron saw the restored paralytic, "and turned to the Lord."

In the neighbouring sea-port of Joppa another miracle was performed, greater in itself, and more interesting in its circumstances. This work accordingly is more fully detailed. A disciple, named Dorcas, who had endeared herself by her skilful benevolence to the whole community, grew sick, and died. The sorrowing neighbours thereupon sent express to Lydda for Peter, and Peter came at their call. It pleased the Lord, through means of Peter, to restore the dead to life. The fact became known to all the citizens, and "many believed in the Lord."

The character and special work of Dorcas are full of interest and instruction for us. She was probably unmarried, for nothing is said of husband or of widowhood. She probably lived alone, for nothing is said of father or mother, sister or brother. She seems to have been one of those "honourable women," of whom not a few have arisen in every country and every age, who, having no family to care for, adopt the poor as their children, and in this form devote their time, and skill, and resources to the service of the Lord.

She was not a nun. In order to devote a life to the service of the poor, it is not necessary to renounce, by an irrevocable vow, the privileges, joys, and duties of family life. The relations and affections of nature are God's workmanship, and do not necessarily hinder any good work.

Dorcas was a disciple full of good works. One phrase indicates the well-spring, and the other indicates the refreshing stream that overflows. She was a "disciple"

—behold the root! She was "full of good works"—behold the fruit-bearing branches! God hath joined these two; men should never and nowhere put them asunder. The one is faith, and the other good works. These two are beautiful in unity; but either wanting its mate "is dead, being alone."

People who have a smattering of religious knowledge, but have not been taught of the Spirit, fall alternately into two opposite errors in regard to the place and work of good works in the Christian system. In the first instance the crude conception of self-righteousness springs up: Let me crowd in as many good deeds as I can, in order that I may thereby make my peace with God, and have a good case against the great day. But when this man hears the gospel, and especially the doctrine of justification by faith alone, he begins to think that in this way of salvation there is no place left for a good life—that the gospel is jealous, not zealous of good works.

When the work of the Spirit advances another step in his heart, when he is convinced of sin, and brought to the blood of Christ for pardon, this man gets a new view-point, and consequently a different view. Good works, as a justifying righteousness, he not only does not value, he loathes them as filthy rags; yet, as fruit to his Redeemer's glory, he lives and labours in them all his days.

Such was the place of works both in the profession and the practice of this honourable woman. The branch was full of grapes, sweet, and ripe, and beautiful; but the branch was in the vine, and that accounts both for its beauty and its fertility.

When she was raised to life, they gave her back to the saints and widows. She was their property, and their property was restored. Such a working Christian belongs to the neighbourhood, and is their richest treasure. The work of Dorcas was personal. This is the most precious kind of benevolence, both to the giver and receiver. She knew each widow whom she clothed, each child whom she fed. Possibly she had not much money to bestow; but she contributed visits of sympathy, looks of love, and works of skill. There is no coin more welcome in the treasury of the Lord.

The coats and garments made by her hands, and exhibited by the poor after her death, were monuments to her memory. Perishable monuments, you may think. Think of an inscription to commemorate a great life sewed with thread in garments for the poor!—written, not in brass or stone, but on the smooth sea-sand, ready to be blotted out by to-morrow's tide! Nay, but the woman's eulogy has, in point of fact, been more securely preserved and more widely published than the victories of Rome or the art of Greece. All generations read her praises, and call her blessed. She has been greatly honoured. In one point she has been made like the Lord, she has left us an example that we should follow her steps. Many are treading in her track to-day; and the world is greener for us because of the footstep that she left imprinted on its sand.

The Children's Treasury.

THE LORD IS MY SHIELD; OR, INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN EXILE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF W. O. VON HORN.

CHAPTER V.



NE day the count asked Tzernikoff, who seemed to have forgotten all about the furs, "How about the skins which you are bound to provide? To purchase them is an expensive matter; and it is not in my power to free you from the obligation, though I am willing to afford you every facility to enable you to meet it."

Tzernikoff gratefully acknowledged the governor's kindness, but was at a loss how to reply to his question, being fully aware of his own incompetency to fulfil the task imposed on him, and not at the moment recollecting Lupansky's promise of assistance.

"I think," said the count, smiling, "you had better apply to our young friend Lupansky. He is acknowledged to be the most accomplished huntsman in Tobolsk, and possesses a complete stock of the necessary implements."

"I have already offered to do what I can to help our friend," observed Lupansky. "It depends on your excellency's pleasure to allow us the needful leave of absence for undertaking an expedition."

"As there is no pressing business just now, and as it is the hunting season," replied the governor, "there is no obstacle in your way."

Here was a new field for Lupansky's activity. On that evening and some following ones hunting was the sole topic of conversation at Tzernikoff's house. Lupansky gave his friend copious instructions in all matters relating to the chase, thereby awakening many fears in the minds of his wife and daughter, who were now for the first time made aware of the great privations and dangers to which hunters are unavoidably exposed.

It was necessary to penetrate far into the interior of the country in order to get at the wild animals, which had retreated before man in the vain hope of living undisturbed in their own lonely domain. For weeks all the rigour of the climate and the privations of a lonely life had to be encountered by the adventurous huntsman, who went forth equipped with only the most indispensable accoutrements, and provided with victuals that might be eaten uncooked. The wolf and bear-hunts were attended with special peril; and the more inexperienced the huntsman, the greater, of course, was the risk.

Now Tzernikoff knew a little about handling a gun, but was by no means a good shot, and had never hunted.

"Leave the preparations to me," suggested Lupansky. "I will hire two hunters who thoroughly understand

their work, and whose services will greatly contribute to your safety."

This arrangement calmed the minds of Mrs. Tzernikoff and Nahida.

When tents, or rather the canvas and skins for *yourtes* (as a very rude contrivance of the kind is called in Russia), had been procured, the sledges were packed with bedding, victuals, fowling-pieces, traps, and meat for baits, and so forth, under the superintendence of Lupansky, whose excellent spirits, in prospect of his new undertaking, went far to dissipate the anxieties of Nahida and her mother.

At length the hunters bade them farewell, expecting to be absent three or four weeks.

Lupansky, Tzernikoff, and their attendants, two active young fellows, who had accompanied Lupansky on some previous occasions, seated themselves in the sledges, and drove away, followed by many an earnest wish for their success and safe return.

They sped along the banks of the Irtysh with marvellous speed. As long as they followed the track of other sledges they seemed to be going on a pleasure-excursion. But soon they left the abodes of men in the rear, and had to traverse dreary forests, leagues in extent, and vast steppes, which presented to the eye the appearance of an ocean of ice covered with snow.

The first night they slept under a tent of hides, which it was no easy task to pitch in the deep snow. Besides this, a space had to be cleared on which to light a fire—an indispensable precaution, as otherwise the wolves, scenting out the horses, would certainly have paid them a visit. Then a fire had to be kindled within the tent, and the mattresses were spread on the ground, which was frozen as hard as a rock.

Then Lupansky arranged the night-watches, which had to be taken in turn by the hunters and the three drivers. The horses were fastened to the tent, their feet being tied together, in order to prevent their breaking loose when terrified by the howling wolves.

Lupansky and the two youngest drivers undertook the first watch.

Scarcely had Tzernikoff, overpowered by fatigue, fallen into his first sleep, when the unearthly howling of the wolves grew louder and louder. The horses, aware of their approach, stamped on the ground, snorted and moaned in unspeakable terror, and tugged violently at the strong leather straps by which they were secured. The fires blazed brightly, and scared away the famishing

wolves, which nevertheless continued to prowl in ever-lessening circles round the encampment. A few of the boldest or hungriest of them came within range of shot, and the report of a gun silenced for a little while the dismal howling.

Lupansky and one of the hunters had aimed well, having killed two enormous wolves, which they dragged to the tent, and offered as warm pillows to their disturbed comrades. Then, once more, Lupansky fired, and brought down an old wolf of uncommon size, after which the rest took fright, and withdrew from the vicinity of the tent.

Then Tzernikoff fell sound asleep, and was not aware till next day that, by Lupansky's express command, he had been excused his watch. Towards morning the howling ceased, and they all went to sleep, leaving the care of the tent to their dogs.

Next day they started at an early hour, having skinned the three wolves, breakfasted, and fed the horses. Lupansky, after closely inspecting the wolves' tracks, pronounced the herd to have numbered ten or twelve. He likewise discovered the footprints of a large bear, which had in all probability meant to pay them a nocturnal visit, but had been prevented by their well-sustained fire.

"If we go on as we have begun," said Lupansky, "this will be the luckiest expedition I have ever undertaken. Already we have three valuable skins to show."

They journeyed on till noon, when they reached a spot which Lupansky fixed upon as their head-quarters. It was in a dense forest, overspreading a rocky tract of country, on the banks of a tributary of the Irtysh. Like all Russian rivers, this stream had worked for itself a singularly deep channel in the soil. He decided to pitch their tent on a narrow ledge of rock, at the foot of a rugged declivity, from which the wolves could not hazard an attack; while in front was the steep, almost perpendicular descent to the river. Two sides were thus quite impregnable, and what remained could easily be protected by lighting fires.

They all acknowledged this site to be admirably selected, and while daylight lasted set to work with a will at clearing away the snow. This task accomplished, though not without difficulty, two of them undertook to fell and cleave the wood for their nightly fires. The others pitched the tent, and made the necessary arrangements for their own accommodation and that of their dogs and horses. All these labours had to be performed with the greatest care and forethought, as here were to be their head-quarters till their hunting operations were concluded. Far and near they heard the howling of wolves, which, however, never ventured to approach the tent, and, had they done so, would have found retreat no easy matter.

On the following morning Lupansky set to work in good earnest. The three sledge-drivers were still of the party, and he determined to avail himself of their assistance. Quantities of wood were felled, cloven, and

built up as a bulwark round the tent, only a narrow entrance, which might be easily barricaded on occasion, being left free.

These wooden fortifications completed, he sent away the sledges, entrusting to the drivers the three wolf-skins, to be presented to Mrs. Tzernikoff as the first trophies of their hunting-expedition.

Their house being now ready, and a hearth raised, Lupansky made the following arrangements: Three of them were to hunt every day, while one of the four, each in his turn, kept guard at home, and prepared a substantial supper.

So on the second morning they set out on their first hunt. One of the young men remained at home, while Tzernikoff, Lupansky, and the other hired hunter set out, bearing strange-looking traps, and meat for bait, and explored the forest in quest of places where masses of loose stones had accumulated at the foot of declivities.

Now, for the first time, Tzernikoff learned what a stock of knowledge and experience was needed for an undertaking of this sort. Not only had the tracks and footprints of the wild animals to be discovered, but their habits, the food most likely to tempt them, and their various degrees of instinct and cunning, had to be thoroughly studied, in order to know how and where to set the trap, which, by the way, might not even be touched with the ungloved hand, lest the keen organ of scent possessed by these creatures should warn them of their danger.

Lupansky was not only passionately fond of hunting and trapping, but he possessed all the technical knowledge which experience and close observation can alone impart.

Searching for tracks was an important part of the huntsmen's duty, as the beasts of prey, even the smaller ones, remained during the day concealed in hollow trees and other quiet nooks, whence they emerged at night to seek their food. When their footprints were discovered, the traps were set, securely fastened, and provided with bait. This done, the hunters studiously avoided the spot till the evening, when they went by torch-light to inspect the traps, or else waited till the next morning.

Lupansky was delighted with the spot which they had chosen, when, at evening, they returned to their tent. They had set above thirty traps that day, some for foxes, others for ermines and sables. Fatigued by their long walk, the huntsmen partook with avidity of their excellent supper, with hot tea as a beverage; then, wrapped in furs and rugs, stretched themselves on the ground, and, happy in having made so good a beginning to their undertaking, resigned themselves to refreshing slumber.

Early next morning Lupansky and Tzernikoff went on their rounds, and looked at the traps, while one of the hunters remained at home, and the cook of the day before went to find tracks in a new direction.

Who can describe Lupansky's delight on finding in the first trap one of the finest black foxes that he had ever seen? The animal still lived, and needed several blows from a club to dispatch it.

His joy increased when he found in the remaining traps five sables of the most valuable kind, and seven ermines and weasels.

On this occasion Tzernikoff showed himself to have already acquired considerable skill. He set the traps quite artistically, and fastened the bait to Lupansky's satisfaction, after which they returned home with their spoils before noon. The traps in which the animals had been caught had now to be subjected to furnace heat, in order to remove from them the slightest scent or trace of their having been used.

While they were thus employed, the other hunter returned, having shot some fine ptarmigan, which formed a welcome addition to their larder. He reported having found numerous tracks of martens and sable, and, to Lupansky's intense delight, the footprints of a bear, which he had followed to a rocky defile, where it probably had its den.

"It is a tremendous fellow," said the hunter; "for all the way its paws have sunk deep into the frozen snow."

While Tzernikoff and the hunter who had remained at home set the traps anew, Lupansky made arrangements for the bear-hunt; and early next morning they set out to attack Bruin in his den. They carefully closed the entrance to the tent, and all four set out, taking the dogs with them for the first time. It was a long way to the bear's den, and many obstacles had to be surmounted before they reached the rocky pass. When Lupansky had stationed the men, he loosed the dogs, which rushed into the defile, and by their loud barking announced the bear to be at home.

The dogs, thoroughly trained for bear-hunting, at last so exasperated the lazy animal as to rouse it to leave its den. Holding its assailants at bay, it emerged from the narrow defile, at the entrance of which stood Lupansky, who no sooner saw the bear than he fired off both barrels of his gun. The balls, however, merely grazed the creature's thick hide.

Enraged by this attack, the bear threw itself upon Lupansky, and with a stroke from its huge paw felled him to the ground. Thus, by his own imprudence, he found himself completely in the power of the huge animal, and in danger of losing his life. The dogs, which now vigorously attacked the bear, alone prevented it from tearing Lupansky, who already lay insensible and bleeding on the ground, to pieces. The hunters dared not fire lest they should hit Lupansky instead of the bear.

At this trying juncture Tzernikoff softly approached the bear, and plunged his hunting-knife deep into its side. Uttering a deep growl of rage and pain, it turned round to vent its fury on this new enemy, which Tzernikoff prevented by firing off his gun, though without taking aim very precisely. However, owing to his close proximity to the bear, the shot took effect, and a red stream gushed from the animal's throat. The two hunters immediately sent the contents of their rifles into the unwieldy carcass, and Bruin began to totter, though he still kept his ground, and deliberately seated

himself on his haunches to gain strength and consider his next move.

The hunters availed themselves of this opportunity to reload their guns, and presently a ball entered the eye and pierced the head of the ungainly animal, which fell to the ground, and, after a desperate struggle, expired.

Tzernikoff was now able to approach Lupansky, who still lay insensible, being stunned by the blow from the bear's paw.

His face was covered with blood, and Tzernikoff at first thought he was dead. They all hastened to him, and on examination found his wounds to be merely slight scratches on the face and head, inflicted by the claws of the bear. They rubbed his head with snow, and soon brought him to life again.

He got up, and asked, "Where is the bear?"

"Here he lies," joyfully exclaimed Tzernikoff, pressing his young friend's hand.

Lupansky's face glowed with satisfaction when he saw the enormous bear, one of the largest of its kind, lying dead before him.

Most cordially did he thank Tzernikoff, whom the two hunters pointed out to him as his deliverer. His wounds were slight, and not very painful. They now consulted what had best be done; and the hunters constructed a kind of sleigh, on which to remove the bear's skin and the best part of its flesh. It was very late when they reached the tent, thoroughly worn out with their hard day's work.

Next morning the traps, which had again been set, yielded a rich return. They then went to hunt in the direction where one of the men had found so many tracks.

The time certainly did not hang heavily on their hands; and Tzernikoff could not deny that this new mode of life had its charms as well as its toils and privations.

When in Lupansky's judgment they had exhausted the game in that part of the country, they returned to the forest where they had encamped on the first night of their excursion, and where the wolves had attempted to attack them. Here they killed several wolves, and both black and white foxes, and a large number of sables and erminea. Their collection of furs was rich beyond their most sanguine expectations, when at last the sledges came to take them home, Lupansky being wanted by the governor.

Great joy was expressed at their safe return, and at the brilliant success of their expedition. The anxiety of Nahida and her mother was at an end; and their painful excitement on hearing the adventure with the bear passed away with the telling of the tale.

When the two hired hunters had been paid and dismissed, Tzernikoff proposed an equal division of the booty; but Lupansky firmly declined any share of it.

"The hunting was a delightful recreation to me," said he. "I do not require the furs. They are yours."

In vain Tzernikoff urged him to accept of them. He was quite firm; and at length Tzernikoff had to yield.

He thought Lupansky's advice very good : to give in a sufficient number of skins to satisfy the demands of government for two years, as the result of their next expedition might not improbably be less favourable.

These disinterested acts of kindness on the part of Lupansky were, of course, calculated to draw still closer the bands of affection and confidence between him and the Tzernikoffa.

The furs that remained over sold for a considerable sum, which Tzernikoff expended in improvements on his house, and in the purchase of some luxuries which they had been used to in better days, and now greatly missed in their altered circumstances.

Lupansky evidently rejoiced in their prosperity ; and renouncing all other society, visited them daily, which helped to cheer their life.

Thus they passed the first long and severe winter in Tobolsk. Suddenly a warm southerly breeze set in, and in a few days the snow disappeared. The ice on the river, which was frozen to an almost incredible depth, rapidly melted in the glowing sunshine, which in that country accomplishes in a few days changes that our climate would take several weeks to bring about. In a few days the trees were green, and rich herbage decked the fields and meadows.

Activity was now the order of the day. The garden and field had to be attended to ; and Lupansky, who had never before been thus employed, was now most willing to lend Tzernikoff his aid in out-of-doors work, or to help Mrs. Tzernikoff and Nahida in the cultivation of their garden, spending all his leisure hours with them.

The Tobolsk summer lasting scarcely three months, it has pleased the Almighty to give to the sun during that season a power the effects of which seem truly marvellous to us who dwell under milder skies. Vegetation advances with incredible rapidity. You can almost see the crops growing. In the space of a few weeks they ear, blossom, ripen, are reaped, and gathered in.

Here the Rhenish proverb, which affirms that "once in every seven years the sluggard is in advance of the hard worker," does not hold good. Up and be doing ! is the order of the day ; for there is no time for sitting with folded hands. The crops ripen apace, and must be housed before the first snow-shower ushers in the winter in all its relentless severity. Vines and fruit-trees are not to be thought of in this climate, though the finest melons ripen in the open air during the brief and very hot summer. Peas, and beans, and other green vegetables are to be had only for a very short season. Yet there is ample proof, even amid the snow and ice of those northern latitudes, that our gracious God forgets none of his children, but fills their heart with food and gladness. In Siberia the fertility of the soil and abundance of all the necessaries of life bear ample testimony to the lavish bounty of Providence.

Thus every land has something to praise the Lord for ; and shall we, who rejoice in our glorious spring, our

long and beautiful summer, and cool autumn, which so gradually and gently prepares us for the chilly blasts of winter,—shall we neglect to say right often, in the words of the holy Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul ; and all that is within me, bless his holy name !" We should certainly do so with double fervour if we had experienced a ten months' winter at Tobolsk, or in its vicinity. With what sincerity should we then clasp our hands in thanksgiving on gathering in the rich fruits of our fields and gardens, of our vineyards and orchards, never again to be guilty of the base and miserable sin of ingratitude.

The dwellers in the icy North have to dispense with many of the pleasures which we enjoy ; but, on the other hand, God gives them much of the good and beautiful that we do not possess. The earth is the Lord's ; and everywhere he is a faithful God, who never wearies of blessing his creatures.

CHAPTER VI.

THE few bright summer days passed away like a pleasant dream. By the blessing of God on their untiring industry in field and garden, the Tzernikoffs had filled their store-room and cellar with abundant provision against the coming winter, thereby saving much outlay which had been necessary the year before.

The governor, highly satisfied with Tzernikoff's services, and constantly hearing his praises from Lupansky, continued to take a lively interest in his welfare.

The brilliant success of the last winter's hunt rendered another expedition superfluous in the meantime, and left the Tzernikoffs free to enjoy their godly and peaceful life. Lupansky was heartily glad of this, as he could not well have borne another separation from the lovely Nahida, to whom he had conceived a strong attachment, and who cherished for him the affection of a younger sister for a beloved elder brother, whose chief aim in life was to promote her own and her parents' happiness.

Here we may relate some particulars concerning Lupansky's early life, as doubtless we all take a friendly interest in him, on account of his endeavours to serve the Tzernikoffs.

Lupansky was, in a sense, alone in the wide world, having no surviving relations. The noble-minded Governor of Tobolsk, Count Wathshicky, was his firm friend and generous patron. His father had been a serf on an estate belonging to the count, who gave him his freedom. Soon after, there prevailed in that part of the country an epidemic, which deprived the young Lupansky of his parents and other relatives. Moved by pity for the poor boy, the count adopted him, gave him a liberal education, and afterwards employed him as his private secretary.

The expressions "serf" and "giving freedom" require some explanation, and I see that I must stop for a little and explain them to you. In those days the state of society in Russia was totally different from any-

thing that has ever come under our observation, and must be classed with other things in that country of which, as I said before, you cannot fail to disapprove.

Most probably you have learned at school, or heard from your parents, that at one period in the history of our own land all the common people were serfs,—which means that they, with the ground on which they lived and toiled in the sweat of their brow, were the property of the ruler of the country, who might dispose of them as he saw fit. Thank God, those evil days have long passed out of the memory of man!

Lupansky's father was a serf, but on account of his ability and integrity was raised to a position of trust on the estate of his master, Count Wathshicky, and freed from servitude. Soon after the country was visited by the terrible epidemic of which he died, as did also his wife and children, with the exception of the little Casimir, who was thus left an orphan at six years of age.

The destitute condition of the poor child so touched the compassionate heart of the count, that he took Casimir home and educated him with his own children. Consequently Lupansky was bound by the closest ties of affection and gratitude to Count Wathshicky. As the youth appeared to have inherited the talents, and, better still, the diligence and integrity of his father, the count employed him when his education was completed as his private secretary, paying him a handsome salary.

When the count was appointed governor of Tobolsk he tested the strength of Lupansky's attachment to him by saying: "If you like, you may remain on my estate and continue to draw your salary."

Lupansky stood the test. "Nay," he replied; "where you, my best friend and benefactor, go, I will follow, and nothing but death shall part us; unless, indeed, your excellency should no longer wish to be encumbered with me."

"So be it!" exclaimed the count. "You have stood the test!" And he took the young man with him, and never repented it.

Lupansky fully merited the unbounded confidence henceforth placed in him by his patron; for he was as true as steel, and his zeal in the service of the count untiring. There were in Tobolsk many temptations to evil—hard drinking and high play being the vices of the place—and the good count had many an anxious thought on behalf of his *protégé*. However, as Lupansky now devoted himself entirely to the Tzernikoff, avoiding all other associations, the count rejoiced to find that his alarms were groundless.

It was in the natural order of things that this young man, not above twenty years of age, and seeing Nahida Tzernikoff growing in beauty from day to day, should become deeply enamoured of her. She was not only pious and amiable, but so strikingly handsome as to attract general admiration. A dutiful daughter, she anticipated and strove to fulfil every wish of her excellent parents. Frequently Lupansky heard her utter the noblest sentiments, while her actions amply proved the sincerity of her words. She loved to attend church, and on week-

days worked diligently from morning till night, displaying a turn for order and cleanliness which honourably distinguished her from many of the Tobolsk women. As unpretending in her attire as humble in her disposition, it was only on Sundays that she could be induced to wear a cloak lined with some valuable furs which Lupansky had accepted as his share of the fruits of the hunting expedition, only on condition that he might be allowed to present it to Nahida.

Lupansky knew what he was about. He closely observed Nahida, and then compared her with other young women, and somehow the result of this process was always in Nahida's favour. He preferred her to every one else, and as she grew up to womanhood love for her filled his heart. One must have been blind indeed not to have perceived this. Her parents soon became aware of the fact, and could only rejoice in it; for to whom would they rather have trusted their beloved child than to this excellent young man who had done so much for them.

Neither was Count Wathshicky blind to the state of Lupansky's affections; and he heartily rejoiced that their object was one which he could approve.

Lupansky was one of the sensible men who dislike to fill a young girl's brain with idle flattery and love-making. He saw that she was favourably disposed towards him and that her parents liked him, and that was enough for him. He always was friendly to Nahida; but never said a word of love to her for two reasons—both creditable to him. "In the first place," he thought, "I am still very young, and have neither an independent position nor sufficient means to marry on. Why, then, should I form an engagement? especially as long engagements often turn out badly. Again," he considered, "it is not fair to fill the head of a young thing just out of the nursery with all sorts of castles in the air. Nay, let her enjoy her youth in peace as long as possible."

Another consideration likewise weighed with him. He hoped not to remain long in Tobolsk, nor, indeed, in Siberia, as this cold and remote country did not suit him at all. The post of Governor of Tobolsk was seldom held long by the same individual. Especially a man like Count Wathshicky, whose administration of affairs was beyond all praise, was likely to be soon recalled, and to receive a better appointment in a more genial part of the empire. At all events, Lupansky looked forward to one day filling a situation on one of the large estates of the count, which would afford him a competency. Besides, he hoped that the governor, who was so kindly disposed towards Tzernikoff, would eventually succeed in obtaining his pardon from St. Petersburg. Then would the desire of Lupansky's heart be fulfilled, and every hindrance in the way of his leading his beloved Nahida to the altar be removed.

Animated by these honourable sentiments, Lupansky never uttered a word of his intentions regarding Nahida.

As year after year passed away, the lovers became more deeply attached to each other. All Tobolsk be-

lied them to be betrothed, and so indeed they were, only nothing was said about it.

Lupansky fixed his chief hope upon Tzernikoff's receiving a pardon, because if he left Tobolsk with the count, Nahida could not accompany him, as she and her mother, sharing Tzernikoff's sentence of exile, were not permitted to leave Siberia.

Though Tzernikoff was reported every year more favourably by the governor, yet no one at St. Petersburg seemed to notice the circumstance. Every year free pardons were dealt out to persons far less deserving than this excellent and most unjustly banished man.

It happened that in his last report the governor had specially commended Tzernikoff, making honourable mention of the faithful discharge of his official duties, and expressly stating—"The Empress has not in her whole realm a more loyal and devoted subject than Tzernikoff." He even in plain terms petitioned that this man, so deeply injured by deceit and calumny, might be recalled from exile, and reinstated in his former position.

Unfortunately the good count had forgotten that Andrieff in his malice had accused Tzernikoff of speaking disrespectfully of Potemkin as well as of the Empress. He was besides ignorant of the fact that Andrieff tried by means of costly gifts to the prime minister to retain the favour which he had been at such expense in acquiring, and at the same time strove to keep alive in his mind the remembrance of Tzernikoff's offence.

In this he entirely succeeded; for when Potemkin, on reading over the list of exiles, came to the name of Tzernikoff mentioned with praise and recommendation to mercy from the governor, his rage always broke forth anew, and he wished that he could find a pretext for rendering the situation of the hapless exile yet more miserable, could he have done so with even a shadow of justice, which he had always to take into consideration in his dealings with Count Wathshicky. He hoped that his studiously ignoring the governor's application would at length open his eyes, and lead him to discontinue his intercession on Tzernikoff's behalf.

When, on the contrary, Wathshicky's representations only became the more urgent, and he almost demanded Tzernikoff's pardon, Potemkin's fiercest passions were aroused.

Nevertheless his native cunning taught him prudence. If the governor was to be prevented from doing anything for Tzernikoff, he must be recalled from Tobolsk. So, with the most deliberate malice, Potemkin set himself to accomplish this end. His first step was to nominate Count Wathshicky to one of the highest posts of honour in St. Petersburg. The count was at once to leave Tobolsk, and to proceed home by way of Moscow. There he was to find awaiting him an order to go abroad, instead of prosecuting his journey to the capital. This meant, in other words, that he was sentenced to banishment. For Tzernikoff a still harder fate was prepared. He was to be sent, whenever Count Wath-

shicky left Tobolsk, to one of the most remote districts of Siberia.

This truly diabolical plan—chiefly the work of Andrieff, who now spent the winter in St. Petersburg, and whose cunning and total want of principle made him the willing tool of Potemkin—was now acted upon with the greatest finesse. The count was quite unsuspecting of the evil design concealed beneath the flattering terms in which Potemkin's letter recalling him to St. Petersburg was couched.

The high preferment bestowed on him flattered his ambition; while Lupansky was reconciled to the necessity of parting for a time from Nahida, by the hope of soon being able to compensate his beloved friend Tzernikoff for all the sorrows of his unmerited exile.

The courier bearing Potemkin's letter arrived about noon at the governor's palace. On the count's communicating the tidings to Lupansky, he turned pale and sank down on a chair. "I thought," exclaimed the count, looking surprised, "that you would have been overjoyed at this news, and am astonished to find that, on the contrary, my good fortune overwhelms you with dismay."

"Do not misunderstand me, noble count," returned Lupansky. "Your excellency knows how deeply I am attached to your family and to yourself. My welfare is bound up with yours; but—" here he paused and coloured deeply.

"Compose yourself," said the count, smiling: "I spoke in jest. I know your mind too well to have the slightest doubt of your fidelity to me; but I also know the reason of your present agitation, for which I do not in the least blame you. Let me tell you, however, that in your distress at the prospect of parting from Nahida Tzernikoff, you lose sight of what ought to inspire you with hope and satisfaction. If you were allowed to take her with you, and chose to deprive her unfortunate parents of the only solace left to them, I, for my part, could place no hindrance in the way of your marriage; but that is out of the question, as Nahida shares her father's sentence of exile. You fail to perceive that when I enter on my new duties at St. Petersburg it will probably be in my power to procure a pardon for Tzernikoff. This I now solemnly promise to make my first concern whenever I return home."

Lupansky sprang up, and seizing the governor's hand, pressed it to his lips.

"God bless your excellency for these kind words, and the comfort they bring to myself and the dear friends in whom I take so deep an interest. Will you permit me to convey to them the intelligence we have just received, and to soothe their grief by communicating to them your excellency's gracious promise?"

"Certainly, certainly," replied the count; and Lupansky hastened to Tzernikoff's house.

The Tzernikoffs were not ignorant of what the count had already done for them. Though not himself hoping much from these renewed intercessions on their behalf,

Tzernikoff had not the heart to disturb the pleasing anticipations indulged in by his wife and daughter.

They knew of the arrival of the courier, and were eagerly expecting Lupansky to bring them his news. When at last he entered the room with a dejected air, Tzernikoff at once concluded that another year of suffering was appointed to him. Glancing upwards, he whispered, "Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done! Whatever thy wisdom may ordain I thankfully accept, knowing that thou wilt lead me through the darkness to the bright dawn."

"What news has the courier brought?" asked at length Mrs. Tzernikoff, who could no longer repress the tumultuous feelings at work in her breast.

"None that we hoped for," answered Lupansky, with a deep sigh.

The disappointed woman let her hands sink helplessly on her lap. "Great God!" she exclaimed, "has human malice no bounds, and will justice never prevail?"

"Do not," said Tzernikoff, calmly yet firmly, "dispute and murmur against God's holy will. Whatever he ordains is right. We cannot solve the mysteries of his providence. 'It is good to be afflicted,' saith his blessed Word; therefore will we praise him, though he bring to naught our dearest hopes."

"Ah, yes," said Lupansky; "all that is very true. Nevertheless, this is a severe trial to a man's heart."

"Not if he be strong in faith," said Tzernikoff. "You have not lived long enough to learn this lesson by experience; but I have learned it, and know it, and know, likewise, in whom I have believed, and therefore accept with resignation every dispensation of Providence."

"Ah, then you are happier than I," sadly returned Lupansky.

They all looked surprised.

"Have you met with any misfortune?" asked Nahida.

"Yes," answered Lupansky; "with the heaviest that can possibly befall me. We are ordered to St. Petersburg."

It was as if a thunderbolt had fallen among them. A death-like silence reigned in the apartment, and they all remained still as marble statues, till at length the spell which this new sorrow had cast over them was broken by Nahida bursting into tears.

Lupansky took her hand. "Nahida," he said, "your grief at the prospect of parting is a proof to me that you love me. So, before God and your beloved parents, I now declare the affection which I have so long cherished for you."

He then told them that he had hitherto refrained from an open avowal of his attachment only because he had hoped that Tzernikoff would be pardoned; but now that the hour of parting had come, he naturally felt anxious to arrive at a certainty respecting this most important matter, and to take with him the happy assurance of a speedy reunion with Nahida.

It is easy to divine what followed. Nahida was that very evening formally betrothed to Lupansky, with the cordial approbation of her parents. When Lupansky informed them of the solemn promise made by the count, Tzernikoff, thinking that now there seemed to be some solid ground to rest upon, began to share the hope of better days so confidently entertained by the young man.

Great as was the joy of the Tzernikoffs, and hearty as were the congratulations which they received from many families in Tobolsk, whose good-will and esteem they had gained, still the sad prospect of parting blighted, like a sharp frost, their budding happiness.

Lupansky could now spend only a few hours daily with his betrothed, as he had plenty to do at the palace. Everything—documents, money, &c.—had to be left in the most accurate order for the new governor; besides which Lupansky had to superintend the packing and other arrangements which the removal of the large establishment of the count rendered necessary.

At last the dreaded day of parting arrived. It was very bitter to all of them; and nothing but the hope of soon meeting again could have sustained their minds under it.

Lupansky was quite dejected during the first few days of the journey, and it cost his kind master some trouble to cheer him up.

After a most prosperous journey, on which no expense was spared to insure speed and comfort, they arrived at Moscow, where the count intended to rest a few days before proceeding to St. Petersburg. Here, however, a bitter disappointment was in store for them; as immediately on their arrival the Governor of Moscow waited on Count Wathsibsky, and, with many expressions of heartfelt sympathy, intimated to him his sentence of banishment. He was allowed one day in Moscow, after which he was to proceed *via* Warsaw to Germany.

We may imagine with what consternation the count heard this most unjust and cruel decree. Now he became aware of Potemkin's malicious design, and rightly conjectured that the warmth with which he had espoused the cause of the persecuted Tzernikoff was the ground of his disgrace. He was overwhelmed with indignation and dismay.

Lupansky was on the brink of despair when he beheld the utter demolition of his dearest hopes. At first he thought of returning to Tobolsk. But when he saw the yet deeper sorrow of the beloved friend to whom he owed so much, and who could so ill dispense with his services, he earnestly prayed for strength to sacrifice his own feelings and adhere to the path of duty. So when he had written to Tzernikoff and Nahida, telling them of his terrible disappointment, and vowing eternal fidelity to them, there arrived at the door of their lodging the post-chaise which was to convey the count and his faithful follower into banishment, quite as undeserved as that to which the unhappy Tzernikoff had been so relentlessly consigned.

ONE DAY'S SAILING.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

IT was a warm, warm day. The summer sun shone hot and bright on the dry sandy roads, and almost seemed trying to put out the eyes of the white-faced daisies that gazed so steadily skyward from meadow and roadside. There was scarcely a breath of wind moving in the tops of the pines that surrounded the little frame school-house at Boynton, and among the hats and bonnets hanging in the entry not a ribbon fluttered. The sound of voices that usually floated out from the open windows was subdued to a low murmur that morning, hardly louder than the drowsy humming of the bee outside.

The children all felt the heat. Little elbows rested wearily upon the old wooden desks, and listless glances wandered out to the green tree-tops and the fleecy clouds above them. Little Dot Grey's curly head had drooped lower and lower, until it was fairly pillowed on her open spelling-book, and she was sound asleep. Tommy Finley's contraband mill, with its wonderful machinery of empty spools and old clock-wheels, had yielded to the pressure of dull times and stopped; and the class of wee ones standing in front of the teacher's desk were spelling "c-a-t," as if they hadn't the least idea of ever getting the last letter up in time to form a connection with the first ones.

Miss Henshawe saw how tired the children were. Maybe she was tired, too; for she stopped in the middle of the lesson and touched her bell.

"How many of you think it is too warm to study to-day?"

Such a quantity of hands as that room contained, and they were all high in air in a minute! Even Dot Grey held up two, and her eyes were not half open yet.

"Well," Miss Henshawe laughed, "I want to give you something to think of—something that I have been thinking of; and then you may all go home, and we will have no more school to-day."

She paused a moment for the murmurs of "splendid" from the girls, and "jolly" from the boys to subside, and then said,—

"Away out on the ocean—the great, broad ocean—ships are sailing to-day, from all countries, bound on all errands. Each has its own orders; each carries a flag that tells to what land it belongs; and when they meet and speak each other they show their colours—all but pirates, smugglers, and slave-ships, that want to go on their wicked way unnoticed and unquestioned. Life is like an ocean; we are the vessels sailing on it, and as we pass and speak each other day by day, we ought to show our colours too—that is, those of us who are true and honest, out on a useful, honourable mission, and bound for a fair port. Of course, if we are like the pirates and slave-ships, doing a work that is wrong,

carrying a cargo that we should not dare to have brought to the light, and so are not willing that any one should suspect what sort of vessels we really are, why, then we can only hoist false flags—one thing to-day, and another to-morrow—and have none that really belongs to us, unless it is a dreary black one, that everybody would shun. But, boys and girls, I want you all to be fair and noble ships, sailing for the 'Better Country,' under orders of the Great King; and then never be afraid nor ashamed to show your colours."

There was a moment's stillness, and then the bell rang out, "Free! free! You can go!" And in less than three minutes the room was empty, and feet and tongues were running, chattering, as if the heat had never been thought of. It is so much easier to play than to work! Miss Henshawe understood all about that, and wasn't shocked in the least; she only laughed softly to herself.

Tom and Maria Hartley, their cousin, Johnny Carroll, who lived with them, and Rosie Clyde, who was only a visitor at Boynton, came out together, and stopped for a little in the shade of the pines, to plan what they should do with the long bright afternoon that stretched so invitingly before them.

"I'll tell you!" exclaimed Johnny. "Let's go to the woods. It'll be cool and shady, and we can build a house and have lots of fun."

"Well, we'll take the little waggon along too, with our hatchets and a shovel in it," suggested Tom.

"Pretend we're a family of emigrants moving West! That'll be first-rate," said Rosie. "We will have to build a house, and plant a garden—"

"And shoot the wolves and bears that come around at night," laughed Johnny.

"More likely there'll be snakes around—some big black one to come and scare us away, just as we're having a good time, I expect," said Maria. But she did not say it quite as forlornly as she usually said such things, which was a pretty sure sign that she liked the plan.

The little emigrant waggon was all packed and made ready before dinner; and four bright faces gathered about the table. But, alas! it proved in their case, as in that of many others longing to be westward bound, that there were troublesome matters to be settled in the old place before they could be off to the new. Johnny, glancing from his uncle to his aunt, began suddenly to entertain some misgivings.

"No school this afternoon? Dear me! if Miss Henshawe finds it too warm sitting in that school-house, with nothing to do, I wonder what she'd think if she had to be fussing over the stove all day, cooking and ironing," commented Aunt Susan, a little sharply, for she was tired and heated.

"If you can't go to school, there's plenty of work for you boys to do at home," said Uncle Nelson, in his quick, short way. "The onion-beds need weeding, and the beets too. It ought to have been done long ago, and I want you to do it this afternoon."

Johnny lifted his cup of milk to his lips, and made a desperate effort to wash down the lump that rose in his throat. He knew that it wasn't one bit of use to say anything. Tom knew that too; but, some way, he couldn't help the useless exclamation,—

"Oh dear! I thought we could go to the woods this afternoon!"

"Very likely, or do something else that would be play, instead of work. But the woods will do very well without you; and the garden needs you," answered his father.

"It looks so that I am ashamed of it," added his mother, glancing through the back window.

It was queer. Aunt Susan thought she had made the nicest kind of a cherry pudding for dinner, and they didn't have cherry pudding, nor any kind of pudding, every day; but not one of the children could have told how it tasted when they left the table. They gathered out in the old wood-shed. Johnny seated himself on the saw-horse, with his elbows on his knees, and his chin between his hands. Tom had emptied the small baggage waggon with a rapidity that was almost fierce, and stood aiming chips at a knot in one side of the building, as if he took a peculiar satisfaction in hitting it fast and hard.

"That's always the way! I just knew it would be so!" said Maria complainingly. "I never can have anything or do anything I want to; somebody's always sure to spoil it. I don't think this is a very nice world, any way."

Johnny was wondering, rather bitterly, whether Uncle Nelson had ever been a boy himself. He didn't much believe he ever had, for he never seemed to think a boy's plans or wishes were of any consequence; and Johnny could not quite see why it was that grown people's plans should always be considered so much more important than children's. He had resolved, a long time before, that he would try to be useful, and do bravely and cheerfully what he could do; but the things to be done were always meeting him in such disagreeable ways, and at such unexpected corners, when he had his mind fixed upon something else. It was very hard.

Rosie Clyde looked troubled as she glanced from one to the other. They had all been disappointed; but there was something not quite right here, she felt sure, though no one but Maria had spoken a word. It is not always easy to answer other people's thoughts, even when we do guess them; and Rosie hesitated to break the silence. At last she said, rather timidly, but hoping to recall a memory that might bring pleasanter feelings,—

"I liked what Miss Henshawe said to-day about the ships and their colours."

"Yes, I liked it then," answered Tom gruffly. "A fellow thinks it's easy enough to do such things just when he's listening, and it makes him feel sort of noble and grand, and all that—as if he could be the biggest kind of a ship. But when he gets away, where nobody is talking or thinking about such things, and the wood is for ever needing to be sawed, and the garden wanting to be weeded, just when he ain't ready to do it, why he don't feel like anything but an old tub floating round in a mud-puddle—the leakiest kind of a tub at that." Tom aimed a still larger chip at the obnoxious knot. "Come, Johnny, if we have got to do the beds, we might as well begin first as last." And he turned on his heel, and Johnny followed him.

The long rows of beets and onions looked dull and uninteresting enough; and the sunlight poured down upon them hot and bright. Still, a faint breeze had sprung up, and Johnny, as he rooted out one intruder after another, began to think that, after all, it could not be much warmer there than in the old car-shop, where Uncle Nelson was working. It was scarcely probable that he worked on so hard day after day just because he liked it—just for his own pleasure. Johnny drew his straw hat down to shade his eyes; and, as he did so, remembered whose money had bought it for him only the week before, whose hard work earned the money for all their hats, jackets, and shoes. It was warm in the kitchen, too, where Aunt Susan was ironing—ironing clothes for Maria, Tom, and himself. The garden did need weeding, and neither Uncle Nelson nor Aunt Susan could find much time to do it. They did not eat all the vegetables, either; there were others who helped considerably about that, if they were not willing to take care of them at any other time. Johnny felt that his cheeks were beginning to burn with something else than the heat of the sun. He glanced at his cousin, and wished, a little uneasily, that he knew what he was thinking about.

"Tom," he said soberly.

"Well!" answered Tom, without looking up.

"I expect," said Johnny, slowly and somewhat hesitatingly, "that vessels that are out on the King's service ought to do the work he has for them willingly, and not raise a mutiny whenever they can't go sailing off where they've a mind to, and have a good time in their own way."

"Yes, I know all about it," burst forth Tom, with emphasis—"how it isn't brave, nor right, nor anything. But you see, when a fellow feels half the time as if he didn't know whose ship he was, or whether he had any flag at all or not, there isn't much chance for doing anything grand; he's just got to grit his teeth and hold on, to keep from floating off nobody knows where—that's all there is of it."

Johnny said nothing more; but he went back to his work better satisfied. If Tom was trying to "hold on," there was a strong arm to help him.

After a time the girls came out to the garden and watched them for a little while—Rosie only being with-

held from helping by regard for her clean dress and white apron.

"You boys just work away at those weeds as if you liked to do it!" observed Maria fretfully. The washing of the dinner dishes had fallen to her lot, and the world looked drearier than ever.

"We might make faces at 'em as we pull 'em up, if you think it will do any good," said Johnny mischievously.

The afternoon wore away, as all afternoons will; and the old apple-trees were throwing long shadows by the time the work was done. Tom, pulling up the last stray clover, threw himself back on the grass, with it still in his hand, and drew a long sigh of relief.

"Let's go down to the brook, Tom, and set up your water-wheel. Rosie never saw it work. There'll be time enough for that before supper," suggested Johnny.

The water-wheel was one Tom had made himself, and so was his especial pride. He was very willing to go, and so were the girls; for the stream ran through a grove of pines, where it was cool and shady—a favourite resort at all times. The boys waded out into the stream, enjoying the plashing of the cool water over their bare feet, and removed some sticks and stones. Then, with a little repairing of their tiny dam, where it had been broken down, the wheel was put up, and worked splendidly. Rosie was delighted with it.

"Oh, I wish I lived out here, instead of in town!" she said. "It's so nice to be where there are woods and brooks—there are so many things you can do."

"Only folks won't hardly ever let you," interposed Maria, not quite ready yet to bury the dead grievance. Poor Maria! She always believed in holding on to one trouble until another came within reach; and was "never happy unless she had something to be miserable about," as Tom used sometimes to say.

"I read, somewhere, of a boy who was out swimming by a mill, and he went too near it, and the wheel drew him under," said Rosie. "I mean to see if your wheel will draw these leaves."

All sorts of experiments followed; and the children's voices, ringing through the grove, attracted a passer-by.

"Holloa! What fun are you all having down there?" Joe Parker joined the group. "Oh, got your water-wheel up? I say, Tom, I've got one too—first-rate one. George made it. Wait a minute, and I'll bring her down here, and see how she goes."

Tom was interested at once. What boy wouldn't be? He felt pretty certain that his wheel would run as well as any that Joe Parker had, if his big brother George did make it. Joe hurried away to get his, and the children were watching for his return, when the steam-whistle sounded from the distant engine-shops. It was six o'clock—time to go for the cow; and it was Tom's turn to go too. He did so want to stay a little longer. He hesitated a minute—only a minute; then he picked up the hat he had thrown down on the moss. "You'll take care of the wheel, Johnny, and bring it home when you're through with it. I'll have to go now."

"I wish you needn't go; but I expect you must. Yes, I'll take care of it," promised Johnny, and Tom turned away. As he walked up the road he met Joe Parker returning.

"Why, what are you off for in such a hurry?" demanded Joe, in surprise. "I thought you wanted to see my wheel work."

"So I did; but I couldn't stay. Johnny and the girls are down there yet. I've got to go for the cow."

"Well, if you have, couldn't you wait a little longer? You needn't go so soon."

"Yes, I must. Father always wants us to start at six o'clock."

"Oh, bother! Seems to me you might wait a little while. They'd only think it took you a little longer to find her; nobody'd say anything," urged Joe.

That was quite probable; nevertheless, Tom did not feel at all inclined to do it.

"Well, I don't want to turn back now I've started; it's too much bother," he said. "You'll find the rest waiting for you."

Joe hurried by, and Tom walked on his way; but with a dissatisfied feeling growing stronger and stronger in his heart, for a voice was whispering there,—“Tom Hartley, that was a mean and cowardly reason you gave, and not a true one either; for you know you would go back in one minute if the trouble were all. You will let Joe Parker think you have no higher reason than that for not doing wrong. Ashamed to show your colours!”

Tom had travelled some distance. He looked back, and Joe was just entering the grove.

"Joe, Joe Parker!" he called.

"Well?" shouted Joe in reply.

"Come back a minute; I want to tell you something."

Joe slowly retraced his steps, and Tom walked toward him.

"Well?" said Joe again when they were within speaking distance.

"Why, the reason I won't wait and not go for the cow, and let father think it took longer to find her, is because it wouldn't be right; and it ain't the way God wants folks to do—that's all!" and Tom walked off once more.

"Humph! what ever made him call me back just to tell me that, I'd like to know!" muttered Joe to himself, wondering.

Tom jumped over a fence into a field he had to cross. He was wondering, too, whether the King really did care for such little things as that. Yet even while he questioned he was glad he had done it; and, almost before he knew it, he found himself singing, and feeling as if, some way, the words had a new meaning for him,—

"Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
For Jesus and his cross:
Lift high the royal banner;
It must not suffer loss."

New York Independent.



Parable Stories.

THE SEPULCHRE AND THE SHRINE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

"Why seek ye the living among the dead?"

THE great torrent of the First Crusade had been sweeping for weeks through the valley of the Danube. Along that "highway of nations" tribe after tribe had poured westward, leaving its deposit in castle and village, on dominant height and in sheltered hollow. And now the rush of men swept back eastward: no slowly advancing tide of emigration, but a wild torrent of enthusiasm, which would leave behind it nothing but graves and the bones of unburied thousands. And yet in that death were seeds of life.

Week after week the Lady of the Tannenburg had seen from the terrace of her castle the bands of peasants pass on their way,—men and women and little children, with the red-cross on the shoulder,—to the Tomb of Christ, to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel. Multitudes almost entirely composed of the poor: no plumed helmets or richly-caparisoned war-horses. The red-cross of common stuff was fastened on the poor garments of the peasants. The only chariots were the rough cart drawn by oxen taken from the plough, carrying the mothers and the little ones, who were too feeble to walk.

Of geography they knew little more than the children, who cried out as each town came in sight, "Is that Jerusalem?" The patient oxen would suffice to carry them and theirs, they thought, to the Master's Grave!

The rich had loans to effect, lands to sell, affairs to arrange, stewards and agents to appoint, before they could commence the perilous journey with a fitting escort. Moreover, to them the Holy Land contained something more than the Sepulchre of Christ. It contained rich Moslem

cities to be plundered, fertile lands to be possessed, fair provinces to be reigned over. To the poor it contained only the Master's Grave. And He who leadeth the blind by a way that they know not, led the people then as now.

The rich, for the most part, came back impoverished. The poor, for the most part, never came back at all: but from their graves sprang the first-fruits of freedom for Europe. The religious enthusiasm for which they died had begun the emancipation of their class. From chattels, attached to the soil like its crops and its stones, they had become men. The Master's Grave was theirs to die for, as much as it was their lords'; the Master's will was theirs to live for, as much as for the noblest.

Day by day the Lady of the Tannenburg had watched the pilgrim-bands passing slowly in irregular groups through the broad valley beneath her. Night by night she had seen the camp-fires gleaming through the pine-woods, and heard the "*Dieu le veut*" echo from crag to crag. Often she had sent her only child, young Rudolf, with a band of retainers, bearing bread and meat from her stores, fruit from her orchards, and wine from her vineyards, to be distributed among the pilgrims. And night by night, as the hosts passed by, they knew the Lady's castle by the one steadfast light from one arched window, which never failed to shed its faint glow over the castle wall.

It was well-known among them that scarcely a year before, her husband, Sir Rudolf of the Tannenburg, had died. It was said that he had been on the eve of joining the Crusade; and many a vow was made to the young Rudolf that

his father's name should be faithfully remembered at the Holy Sepulchre. The boy knew that the tears which came into his mother's eyes when he told her of those vows were tears that heal. But at last one evening, as he rose from his prayer at her knee, he looked up into her face, while a sudden light broke over his, and said,—

"Mother, are not all the people going to the same Holy Grave?"

"The same? surely, my son," she said, bowing her head reverently. "The Grave of Christ, our Lord."

"We have our own holy grave, mother!" he replied—"thou and I. But have we no share in this Grave of Christ?"

"Surely their Lord is ours," she said; "and His Holy Sepulchre is ours, in common with all Christendom."

"Then, mother! mother!" he exclaimed, gazing full into her eyes, "let us also go to the Grave, to weep there, with all His Christendom. Let us do what my father meant to do. Who will remember his name as we would there?"

For a few moments she made no reply. The casement stood open, although it was winter; and through the stillness of the frosty air echoed once more the solemn "*Dieu le veut*."

"Out of the mouth of the babes who are Thine, out of the mouth of Thy poor, O Christ, Thou speakest. I listen—I obey. God wills it.—My boy," she said quietly, pressing him to her heart, "God has surely spoken by thee. My heart speaks by thee. We will go."

She sat beside the child till he slept, till the long lashes shaded the flushed cheek, and the half-open lips and the small clenched hand seemed to tell of some boyish dream of conflict with the infidel.

Kneeling beside her sleeping child, she made her first vow in the presence of all that made life living to her.

And then she went down to keep solitary vigil in the castle-chapel; to kindle those sepulchral lamps which were seen far across the valley, which she never suffered any hands but her own to trim or feed.

Her own room was bare and austere as any monastic cell. All her precious things were lavished on the mortuary chapel, which was her

treasure-chamber, the resting-place she longed to share, the threshold of the Father's house. On the steps of that memorial altar, which was a tomb, and there only in the world, she felt at home.

The light of the flickering lamps, contending with the steadfast, silent moonbeams, wrought strange magical contrasts of glow and gloom on silver shrine, and polished marble pavement, and jewelled paten, and chalice, and gold-embroidered drapery; and beyond, on the rich Gothic sculpture, here and there relieving the shadows of the arched aisle.

And kneeling there once more, she renewed the vow, in the presence of what made life death to her, and death as the threshold of life.

"*Dieu le veut*," she said, pressing her forehead on the cold marble. "O Christ, I take the cross on me, for me and for him. Accept it for both, and shelter us both with Thine."

* * * * *

It was early spring.

Forth through the green Danube valley they went,—the mother and her son, Snorro the old castellan, and Gunhilda the nurse, with other faithful old servants of the house.

At night they slept under a tent, or in any lowly hut they could find.

In the morning they awoke with no stately walls between them and Nature.

To the boy, the journey amongst the forests and by the streams was one perpetual holiday.

And on the mother also soft dews of healing began to fall, from sunsets and sunrises, and the opening of leaves, and the songs of birds, and the life of all the humble happy creatures.

But most of all from this, that she had stepped down from the cold height of her solitary sorrow, and went forth as one bearing the common burden of humanity.

"We are going to the Holy Grave that belongs to us all!" she said to herself. "We go with Thy poor, Thou who wast poor Thyself! We go to Thy sepulchre, mortal, mourning human creatures, for Thou also wast mortal once. Thou also *hast died and hast been buried*."

Thus, in stooping lowly, nearer her fellow-men, she grew nearer Him who stooped lowest of all.

"The whole earth is a sepulchre," she said; "for it was Thine! Not our beloved only; Thou also hast lain in the grave! When we and our beloved lie down in ours, it will be but where Thou hast lain before."

Yet all the time the earth was bearing her lowly witness to the resurrection in opening buds and nestling birds, and all the renewal of the spring. But the Lady thought only, "My love is dead. My Lord has died."

But one twilight, as they walked together in the sombre shadows of a pine-forest, the boy said to her,—

"Mother, I heard strange talk last night by the camp-fires. Old Snorro was talking to Gunhilda, and he said he could not make out all this wandering to the Sepulchre in the Morning Land. His mother, he said, used to tell him how, when they lived far away by the Northern Seas, the young men and maidens mourned for the death of Balder the Good and Beautiful, the sun-god, until one day a stranger priest came, with the Cross, from the south, and told them to mourn no longer for the slain god, for he brought them tidings of One good, and strong, and beautiful, the Light of all the worlds, who had wrestled with death and had *not* been overcome, but had broken through the grave and risen in immortal life to give life to men. If indeed He lived, Snorro said, why did all the people run away from the places he set them in, to His grave, where He was not, instead of praying to Him, and trying to please Him in the heaven where He is. And Gunhilda said Snorro must not talk of things he did not understand; that it was a good and holy work to wrest the Holy Grave from the infidel; the priest said so, and the Pope said so; and how should he know who had only been a Christian at all for two generations! Old Snorro did not seem satisfied. He said he only wanted to understand. And she said he ought not to want to understand; that was like Eve, and like the devil, and was the beginning of all wickedness; and so they were whispering on when I fell asleep.

"Mother, what did old Snorro mean?"

She took his hand, and they walked on some little time in silence.

"Was old Snorro quite wrong, mother?" the boy said at length.

"Not quite, my son," she said. "I think not altogether wrong. Our Lord is surely living; nevertheless, it is surely right that we should reverence the Holy Grave, and seek to wrest it from the unbeliever."

But that night she had a strange dream. She thought the ancient spirits, with legends of whom her Northern land was full, were all awake, careering through the forest like winds, flickering like the flames of the dying camp-fires, sitting to and fro like shadows, water-spirits from the forest-pools, dwarfs from the mountains, gnomes from under the hills. And some were laughing, some were sighing; but all kept saying to each other,—

"It is the old funeral procession we remember so long ago; it is the old, old wail. The children of men are mourning once more their Good and their Beautiful slain, and buried, and lost. Once more they find their best and dearest in a grave. For a little while we thought the death-wail was interrupted, swallowed up in the New Song of Life and Victory. But it has come back. Balder, the Beautiful, the Light of heaven, is slain. This new Light of Life, this new Hope of the children of men, is also slain. It is the old funeral train, and the old death-wail. We—the earth-born, spirits of the waters and the forests and the hills—live on, and send our echoes on from age to age. They—the heaven-born—die, and mourn, and pay vain worship to their dead. Once more the religion of the children of men is a pilgrimage to a grave."

All that day the wondering doubt of old Snorro the Norseman, and the moans and whispers of that strange dream, sent wild, bewildering echoes through the Lady's heart.

And that evening it chanced that the encampment lay amidst the ruins of some deserted dwellings on the outskirts of a walled city.

The Lady could not sleep; and as she lay awake in the silence, broken only now and then by the howling of wolves from the forest, and the baying of watch-dogs from the city, every now and then a low faint moaning fell on her ear, as if from a little distance.

At first she thought it was but some of those strange moanings which the winds make at night among the woods. She listened more intently, until she became sure that faint articulate sounds

mingled with the moans which she knew could only come from a human voice.

Softly she arose, and glided to where the sound seemed to be.

And there, in the angle of one of the charred and shattered walls, she found a young maiden stretched helplessly on a heap of dry leaves.

At the gentle tones of the Lady's voice, the maiden's eyes languidly opened.

After a time she consented to take a little food and wine from the Lady's hands; and then slowly she told how she was of the hated and hunted Hebrew race, and had lived with her people in this the Jewish Quarter outside the city walls, until, two nights ago, a wild band of Crusaders had fallen on them at midnight, had set fire to their dwellings, and killed all who could not flee, calling them Infidels and Enemies of Christ; while she herself, long laid on a sick-bed, unable to move, had been strangely overlooked, and left there to die alone.

Many days the Lady sat beside her, and tenderly soothed and served her, refusing to abandon this destitute sufferer, even to pursue the way of the Holy Cross.

"For," she said, "I would not have Him say to me in that day, 'I was sick and a stranger, and ye visited Me not.'"

Thus the company of Crusaders went on their way; and the Lady and her son, with their retainers, were left by themselves among the ruined dwellings between the city and the forest.

At first the sick girl seemed to revive with the tender care lavished on her, and her heart opened freely to the motherly heart that had thus taken her to itself.

"It is very strange," she would say; "what does it all mean? He whom you worship was one of our people. A good man of your people told me once He loved our race; and forgave even those who were most cruel to Him; and wept over our sorrows, which He foresaw; forbade any to think He did not love us. Such a lovely portrait the good man drew of your Christ, I thought if I had lived on earth when He did, I must have been a Christian. But His Christians hate our race, and never forgive, and hunt us to death."

"Not all," the Lady said tenderly. "It is He who bade me minister to you."

"If you are like Him, and all Christians were like you!" the maiden said, "I might be a Christian even now. But all is so strange!" she went on. "Our people say your Christ is dead, and was buried long ago. But your Book says He rose again, and lives evermore. Yet all His Christians seem to think He has left nothing so precious behind, belonging to Him, as His grave. But if indeed He lay in it only those three days, what was it more than a sick-bed, from which one rises to health? It is strange. If He lives, has He left you nothing more precious than a grave?"

"Surely He lives," the Lady said; "and I think He has left us much more precious and dearer to Him than His grave. Poor child," she said, her whole face radiant with the thought, "I think you are dearer, dearer to Him than His Holy Sepulchre. For you may be His living shrine. He said once in a parable, '*In that ye do it to one of the least of these, ye do it unto Me.*'"

A lovely light shone from the dark Oriental eyes of the dying girl.

"Did He say so?" she said. "Then your Christ was indeed different from those who call themselves by His name."

And soon afterwards she resumed,—

"Lady, it may be that I shall see Him soon,—see your Christ. It may be I shall find He is our Christ. It may be He will receive *even me* among His brethren. It may be He will be pleased with what you have done for me."

And soon afterwards the large wistful eyes grew languid, and were closed in death.

* * * * *

The morning broke over the pine-tops and over the towers of the city, and on the Lady watching beside her sleeping boy, and on the Jewish maiden sleeping the sleep of death.

And with the morning broke peals of bells from every tower in the city, and every lonely chapel scattered through the far-off glades of the forest.

Easter Bells.

The Passion-Week had come and passed, unheeded, whilst the Lady sat and watched through her agony with the dying girl.

And now the Easter burst on her with a glad surprise, as if it had been the first; as if the

tidings of Resurrection had now first burst on her from heaven.

The Lord has risen indeed.

It was time. His Sepulchre was empty. But heaven and earth were full of Him, and of His glory.

"Mother," said her boy, when they rose from their morning prayer together, "what do all these joy-bells mean? Is it a king's marriage, or a great victory? Perhaps they have rescued the Holy Sepulchre from the infidel at last."

"They are indeed ringing for a Great Victory," she replied; "the greatest ever won. It is Easter-Day, my son. This day our Lord left His grave for ever, and rose victorious over death, and opened the gate of everlasting life to all believers."

And still the bells pealed joyfully on, from the villages on the plains and hill-sides, from the rocky castled heights, from the depths of the forest—

"Lo! revixit,
Sicuti dixit,
Pius illævus,
Funere Jesus!"

Then, looking on the motionless form stretched

in the shroud beside her, the echo of her own words came back to her,—

"The Lord is risen indeed, and liveth for evermore. Dearer than His empty grave to Him is every sufferer such as this. His Sepulchre is empty; suffering men and women are His shrine, where we may meet Himself."

And retracing her steps to her castle, beside it she built a hospice for the sick and the forsaken, from which she suffered none, Greek or Latin, Jew or Gentile, to be repelled,—the only claim she admitted being need of succour.

And in thus ministering to His poor, she found indeed, in the depths of her own heart, that He was risen, living for evermore, and present every hour.

Through His Sepulchre, the grave of her beloved and her own had become to her but as an encampment for the night beside the Great Captain's, on the Battle-field.

In His life she learned that they also lived; and in living unto Him, once more she found she was living with them.

WATCH AND PRAY.



HAD long forgotten the Master;

My heart the world's voice had
stilled,

The lamp my dear Lord had given me

Lay unlighted and unfilled.

And yet there were times, in the dawning,

Or the hush of the gentle night,

When a low saddened whisper told me

I was losing in the fight.

But I strove, in the gay broad sunlight,

To laugh my fears away,

To close my ears to that whisper sweet,—

"Watch, my child, and pray."

The long nights were lonely and weary,

I feared the dark and the gloom,

As the wailing wind made music strange

In the silence of my room.

One night I awoke in the starlight,

And my wearying heart made moan,

"Why should I light my darkened
lamp,

Why should I struggle alone?"

E'en as I spoke closed my eyelids,

Veiling the starlight sweet,

A mystic dream from the far-off land

Stole in with silent feet.

I stood in the early morning,

The solemn hush of dawn,

Watching gray mountains flushing,

Dew glancing on the lawn.

A strange mysterious quiet

Oppressed my soul with fear,

As if Nature heard the footsteps

Of a holy presence near.

My expectant spirit trembled

With restless waiting dread,

As an all-revealing brightness

Broke from the clouds o'erhead.

And the far-off river gleamed
 With strange unearthly light,
 Yet even it seemed waiting
 To my fear-quicken'd sight.
 From far, beyond the river,
 Beyond the burnished cloud,
 Startling the awful stillness,
 A trumpet echoed loud.
 Why did my pale lips quiver?
 Why did I bow my head?
 I heard a sweet, low whisper—
 "He cometh, child," it said.

In a bitter, silent anguish,
 With parted lips I stood,
 With straining eyes, which noted
 The stillness in the wood.
 From far, beyond the river,
 'Midst flash of lightning-rod,
 Appeared—oh, me!—the great white throne,
 The great white throne of God.
 "That pitiless deep silence,
 The cruel steady light;
 Oh, that the air were full of sound,
 The heavens black with night!"

All glorious in its beauty,
 Like to the crystal sea,
 With wondrous radiance streaming,
 That dread throne seemed to me.
 I thought of Him that sat thereon;
 The warm light grew so chill;
 "Oh, for some shade wherein to creep,
 To lie for ever still!
 Let me die unseen, alone;
 Yes, die, and make no sign.
 How shall I meet the look of doom
 Upon His face divine?"

The birds' clear song rose joyfully,
 Gladsome worship singing,
 Sweetly came from flower and tree
 Adoration ringing.
 And what from me but broken prayer,
 A shuddering, sad moan;
 Awful to me was that brightness
 Circling the glowing throne.
 "How shall I look upon His face,
 My long-forgotten Lord?
 O God, O God, my heart will break,—
 Give me one word, one word!"

From the midst of that great glory,
 The depths of golden cloud,
 In pitying accents tender
 A voice rose clear and loud,
 "Watch, child; pray for the future:
 Thou know'st not when I may come.
 If I do not find thee watching,
 How can I take thee home?"
 My love broke forth in a passion,
 I longed to kiss his feet,
 My trembling heart well-nigh broken
 By His forgiveness sweet.

* * * * *
 And I woke in the fair still morning,
 The warm sunbeams kissed my mouth,
 A cool, soft wind with playful touch
 Crept in lightly from the south.
 A trembling flame near me flickered,
 My lamp with fresh oil replete.
 In my soul a low strain lingered
 Of strange music passing sweet;
 Then came to my heart so tenderly,
 As if from far away,
 In earnest tones, the Master's voice—
 "Watch, dear child, and pray."

E. M.



NOTES TAKEN IN GERMANY IN THE AUTUMN OF THE PRESENT YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

I.—ELBERFELD-BARMEN AND BERLIN.



OBSERVATIONS made in Germany during a brief vacation-tour cannot, of course, pretend to be exhaustive or authoritative; but if the observer have an open eye, and a mind in some measure free from prejudice, his notes may be useful in their own place, alongside of more elaborate investigations. So great is the interest which attaches to the German people at present in the eyes of the civilized world, that any impressions obtained from recent contact with them, and truly recorded, may be welcome and instructive, even though the notices should be cursory and miscellaneous.

My first halt was made among the industrious manufacturing population of the Wupperthal, eastward of the Rhine, in the latitude of Dusseldorf. I was the guest of Herr Carl Klein, a merchant of Barmen. Exactly ten years before, we had met in a somewhat romantic fashion as we returned from a conference of the Evangelical Alliance in Geneva. During the interval some intercourse had been maintained, chiefly by verbal messages borne by students and missionaries as they went and came between Germany and Scotland. When I presented myself, without warning, at his door, I was received with an affection even more than fraternal. I like to place this fact on record, although it is in its own nature most private, because all this kindness was lavished on me specifically on the ground of our common relation to one Redeemer. The hospitality was a fruit of faith: it is a glory to the Lord, and I am not at liberty to conceal it. When the faith of the gospel is engrafted on those robust German stocks it abounds in brotherly love, and in works of mercy. When I found myself, though a stranger in a strange land, cherished with more than a brother's love in the bosom of that Christian family, I obtained a precious lesson on "the goodness of God." I know not how it is, but I could realize better in those circumstances than at home, how much our Lord has done for

us, in redeeming us from sin and uniting us to each other as one family. At home we get as much of the Lord's goodness; but we cannot observe it so well. An evening spent in that Christian household seemed to me like a glimpse of a better world.

I learned, partly from my own observation on the spot, and partly from explanations subsequently given by an eminent pastor in Berlin, that the religion of those Rhenish districts is both more fervent and more sound than in most other portions of the empire. The twin-cities, Elberfeld and Barmen, in the Wupperthal, have long been the centre of an earnest and effective missionary society. They maintain an institution for the training and outfitting of foreign missionaries. It is interesting to see here, and in kindred colleges in Switzerland, the union of literary and theological education with the storing and distribution of miscellaneous goods for the actual supply of foreign stations. I was led by my host through all the departments, and introduced both to professors and students. In some places we needed to thread our way through spacious lobbies, blocked with boxes of various size, some filled and some in the act of being filled with shoes, shirts, coats, agricultural implements, &c. With true German simplicity, they conduct all the branches of the business on the same premises. The missionaries are trained in the same building where the stores are kept and packed for supply on the field of action. To bear a hand in the business of outfit may indeed be a useful part of their education. The system does much to bind the home and foreign departments in close and perennial sympathy. On one large box I read "Cape Town," newly painted in fine large English letters, indicating that the Society have missionaries in South Africa, and were sending out their supplies.

When any of the agents leave for a foreign station, professors, students, and directors convene in the great room of the railway-station to

see them off. On the night that I spent in Barmen two agents left for Brazil, by way of Hamburg; and I was present to witness the parting. In the whole transaction there was a hearty homeliness, corresponding to the national character, which we should look for in vain in the formality and stateliness of our own procedure.

The Protestants in the neighbourhood of the Rhine have been brought into closer contact with Romanism than those of the eastern provinces. They have been obliged to maintain a watch and warfare against an active adversary; and their own spiritual life has been quickened thereby. In this region, too, there is less jealousy between the Lutherans and the Reformed than you find in the centre of Prussia. The Reformed in the Rhenish provinces are more numerous, and the Lutherans more tolerant. But the most interesting characteristic of religious life in this district is its sustained and effective missionary zeal. Missionary institutions, having sprung from the life of the Church, do much to cherish the life out of which they sprang. Where the work of the Lord in the world is earnestly taken up, I find a greater measure both of sound doctrine and of brotherly love.

Some years ago, I had occasion to observe the connection between the health of the Church and the work of the Church in the Swiss city of Bâle. To a student, who was conducting me through their great missionary institute, I remarked that, having worshipped in one of the State churches, I was agreeably surprised to find that the ministry was evangelical and earnest. He replied,—"All the ministers of the State Church in this Canton are evangelical." This is a different state of things from that which prevails in other large cities of the Protestant Cantons. There must be a close connection between orthodoxy and missionary effort. The two are linked together in some way. It might, perhaps, be difficult to say which is cause and which effect. Perhaps the truth lies in the middle. Effort and life in the body of the Church, as in the material body, act and re-act on each other. They act reciprocally and simultaneously as cause and effect.

When my friends in Barmen inquired whether we have a missionary institution in Edinburgh,

my reply, I felt, was a lame one. We have, indeed, a professor of that department attached to our Theological Hall; and here and there a student announces his intention of devoting himself to the foreign mission field; but these provisions are not to be compared, in adaptation and efficiency, to the training which these Rhenish societies impart to their agents. Specific preparation for specific spheres and work is beyond all price for a missionary. Not only is the language of his adopted field acquired in great part ere he leave home, but he is taught such habits and arts as will enable him, without painful sacrifices, to clear his own way from the first, and lead his converts in paths of civilized industry.

The Germans, it should be confessed, have an advantage over us as mission agents in uncivilized countries, in the comparative simplicity of their manners. Other things being equal, a German evangelist has fewer wants, and gets them more easily supplied, than the youths who issue from our theological schools. It is quite true that love to the work and the Master has enabled many who were delicately nurtured at home to endure hardness without a murmur on the high places of the mission field; but it remains true notwithstanding, that a well-adapted specific training may greatly diminish the amount of hardness that must be endured, and set free so much of the missionary's energy for the direct work of the Lord.

The benevolent institutions of Barmen seem to be maintained on a scale of great efficiency. Houses for orphans, for widows, for the sick, rise like palaces on the finest sites of the neighbourhood. The Evangelical Societies' House—the common *rendevous* of all the Christian workers in the place—is as fine a building as any that the city contains. Nor are the material interests of the city neglected in the warmth of its religious zeal. The new School of Arts rises like a palace on the right bank of the river, looking over to the Infirmary on the other. Glasgow, a city of seven times its size and wealth, owns no such magnificent college for the instruction of her artisans in the higher principles of their art.

Already, in the first section of the German population into which I have dipped at the outset of my vacation-tour, I have struck the vein which, running through and through the Father-

land, supplies the force that has borne down sparkling but frothy and enfeebled France. I have already felt the bone in the sleeve of Germany which gave such a wonderful effect to her blow.

In all my intercourse with my Christian friends in Barmen, I am bound to bear witness I scarcely heard the words war or victory pronounced. Not only was there no boasting, in my hearing, but there was no disposition to speak on the subject at all. My host led me from orphan-house to mission institute, and from the pastor's manse to the halls of the religious societies; and while he expatiated with beaming countenance and brimming heart on the work of the Lord at home and abroad, there was no room for sieges and battles; he never mentioned them, except for the purpose of expressing an eager desire and prayer, on the part of the whole Christian community, that the nation may reap spiritual fruit from the great distress that they have endured. There is a hope, mingled with fear, that the heart of the people may be more turned to the Lord through the discipline of immense bereavements.

It gives me pleasure to have the opportunity of mentioning here, that wherever I went with my kind host, among the benevolent and religious foundations of the city, he was welcomed and recognized by young and old as father and friend. To make the circuit under his guidance was like a royal progress. The faces of the inmates were lighted up at his approach. He enjoyed to the full the blessing of those that are ready to perish. The scene brought vividly to remembrance a progress which I made last year through the churches and institutions of Philadelphia under the conduct of George H. Stewart. I parted from the Gaius of those parts and his like-minded helpmate with much gratitude to the Giver of all good who provides such nursing fathers and nursing mothers for his Church in the time of need.

I had no opportunity on this occasion of spending a Sabbath in this interesting district; but on a former visit I encountered some well-pronounced specimens of what I now learn from Dr. Krummacher's autobiography is the characteristic of its piety. The phase of religious life which prevails in these provinces exhibits the peculiar strength which belongs to Puritanism, with perhaps some

shade also of its defects. I went early to the church in Elberfeld in which Fried. Krummacher had formerly ministered. Entering into conversation before the minister came in with a well-dressed artizan in the adjoining pew, I intimated to him that I was from Scotland, and that I was a minister there. He replied by asking if I were a Christian. Although somewhat taken aback by his question, after my intimation, I answered meekly in the affirmative. "But," he continued, with perfect self-possession, "are you a real Christian, or one only in name?" I gave an indirect answer; from which, however, he drew an affirmative, and with glistening eyes grasped my hand, and welcomed me as a brother. There is no doubt some danger lest a piety of such a character should run to seed; but, for my part, I would prefer this sturdy Puritanism to a conventional external formality, as I would prefer the society of living rustics to that of the well-dressed dead.

Religious life in Germany seems to vary with the longitude, as the natural climate varies with the latitude of the region. In Berlin, as Krummacher found after his promotion, the spiritual atmosphere is not so genial. Not that the eastern district is uniformly cold and barren; but there are great diversities. The Christianity to be found in those parts seems to be like Jeremiah's figs—the good is very good, and the evil very evil. And there are great divisions as well as great diversities. Those who serve the Lord cannot get into close union, so as to husband their strength against the common foe.

The union which was enacted by the father of the present king, between the Lutheran and the Reformed Churches, has not proved cordial. In the eastern provinces the Lutherans greatly predominate; and they are disposed to carry matters with a high hand.

But the peculiar misfortune of Prussian Protestants at the present day is the dead-lock into which evangelical doctrine and life have fallen in relation to ecclesiastical and secular politics. Gradually, by internal affinities and attractions, the orthodox in religion have gone into alliance with the conservatives in politics; and the rationalists in the Church have attached themselves to the liberals in the State. There are exceptions to this rule;

but as yet they are few, and comparatively un-influential. It was from some of these men who stand aloof from both the great parties, and so maintain an independent view-point, that I obtained information regarding the actual state of affairs. There are pastors who maintain evangelical doctrines, and yet dare to entertain liberal views of ecclesiastical and secular government. They are in sympathy on the religious side with the body of the orthodox Lutheran pastors, and on the political side are in sympathy with the men who in the main undermine the gospel of grace. They know the difficulty of their position, but cannot help themselves.

The Lutherans throw themselves into the arms of the political conservatives for defence against rationalism. The rationalists ally themselves with the political liberals, and so strengthen their position, which would otherwise be weak. A portion of the jealousy and anger with which the German populace regard a reactionary and repressive system of politics is transferred to the evangelical doctrines, which are accidentally and unfortunately allied with it; and similarly, on the other side, the infidelity of the rationalists, not in itself attractive, is commended to the common people by the liberal franchise which it offers. The party that holds political reform in one hand, and religious scepticism in the other, is accepted in the lump. The negative religion is swallowed for the sake of the positive promise of national emancipation which is wrapped around it.

Thus the main body of evangelical Protestants in Prussia are pressed into a corner where they cannot move. Like salmon in a *cruise*, or mice in a trap, they have sunk into the siding, and there is no way of getting out. Unless they entertain and express some sympathy with the aspirations of the nation for emancipation from feudal lordship, they cannot get a hearing for the pure gospel which they cherish and preach; but they are afraid to entertain or exhibit any sympathy with the party of advance in the State, lest they be confounded with the party in the Church who undermine the foundations of the faith.

Thus, while the dead are helpless because they are dead, the living are nearly equally helpless because they are bound. This is one great hindrance to spiritual revival in Germany.

But besides the political conservatism which shuts them out from the sympathy of the common people, the Lutheran pastors for the most part have glided also into a species of sacerdotalism in some measure analogous to revived ritualism in England. While they preach in the main evangelical doctrines, they bind all privileges up with their own clerical office. They offer the gospel, indeed, but they claim the exclusive authority to dispense it.

The action of the evangelical Church, too, is greatly hampered by the terms of its connection with the State. The Church, where it is living and earnest, is like a strong man attempting to run a race while his limbs are enveloped in a sack. Patronage and routine and red tape are warped round and round the body of the Church, so that it cannot freely move. An intelligent and warm-hearted Christian lady in the capital, who is impatient of this bondage, explained to me how patronage operates, whether lay or clerical. A young minister, acting as the substitute of an aged incumbent, had gathered a large congregation from the neighbourhood into the parish church. The people were attached to the pastor, and came out in crowds to the public worship on the Sabbath. They had learned to take an interest in the spiritual state of the congregation and parish. With their beloved young pastor at their head, they were consolidated into a society that both obtained benefit for itself and conferred benefit on the neighbourhood. The aged minister died. The successful pastor was sent away, and a stranger appointed. The congregation was scattered, and all the good work ceased.

The people would not remain when the minister whom they knew and trusted was dismissed. Those who administered the patronage (in this case, I think, it was in ecclesiastical hands) saw the mischief and lamented it: but it was the turn of another minister to obtain promotion, and they knew of no remedy. Thus systematically the rights of a privileged clergy are allowed to dominate, although the work for which such a clergy exists should go to the wall. The *means* have mounted into the throne, and the *end* must succumb. It is a wretched overturn, placing the head where the feet should be, to the manifest detriment of both the Church and the nation.

One of the main reasons of the superior religious condition of the Rhine provinces, as may be seen in the recently published Autobiography of Friedrich Krummacher, is that there the congregations enjoy the right of choosing their pastors. Germany becomes in this aspect an interesting study for Protestants of other lands. There, in different districts of the same monarchy, and within the same established Church, you can observe the working of different systems in the appointment of pastors over the flocks. In the west, coincident with if not caused by the free election by the congregations, there are orthodoxy and mutual love and missionary power; in the east, coincident with if not caused by patronage, you find more infidelity, more disagreement, and less vigour. At the same time it should not be disguised, that in present circumstances the election of ministers by the congregations in the eastern provinces, in connection with the National Church, is practically impossible, for no distinction could be made between the congregation and the inhabitants of the parish. Universal suffrage would lead to scenes like those which have been exhibited at Bilton and Dover in England, and at North Leith in Scotland. The Evangelical Church in Germany is in a great strait between these two, and probably must go through much trouble ere it reach a plain path and a firm footing. It is the old way: it is through fire and water the Church is led out of the narrows into "a large place."

Having been called to preach in the American chapel in the morning of the Sabbath, I missed the opportunity of worshipping with one of the congregations of the city at the diet which ordinarily attracts the largest attendance; but I made my way to Bethanien Kirche, where Pastor Knack was announced as preacher. The church is circular, and much obstructed by pillars; the pulpit is elevated to an immense height above the floor—all the usual contrivances to prevent the edification of the people. The sermon was colloquial in style, but evangelical in sentiment and warm in tone. The Reformation doctrines were announced with great energy in all their fulness. A sententious brevity was studiously and successfully employed to bring out in bold relief the doctrine of justification by faith alone. "Der

Blick—der Glaubensblick zu Jesu macht selig" (The glance—the faith-glance to Jesus saves.)

Knack is the author of a lively hymn (*Lasst mich gehn*) popular both in Germany and in this country. At the close of the service the organist started the tune, and the audience spontaneously sang the lines while the pastor and people were in the act of leaving the church. It indicated a very warm sympathy between pastor and people, although in our country it would not have been considered altogether suitable to the time and place.

As I had translated the hymn some years ago for one of our magazines, I grasped the circumstance as an excuse for introducing myself to the preacher in the vestry, and was received with the greatest Christian cordiality. During a prolonged visit at his house next day, I found in him a delightful specimen of a minister, determined to know nothing but the Saviour and his Word. He is a man of great faith, and does not seem to set much store by the philosophy and criticism of his country. He seems to have one foot in heaven, while he treads the wilderness.

Since this interview, I have fallen in with another characteristic hymn by Knack, and made a translation in the same measure, as a specimen of the man and his class. It purports to be—and I have been informed literally was—a conversation between himself and his own daughter, aged five years, a short time before her death.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN A FATHER AND HIS DAUGHTER, FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

CHILD.

Now, father, if I die to-day, can certainty be given
That I shall go to Paradise, and have my home in heaven?

FATHER.

Yes, darling; angels swift and strong, at God's command
descending,
Will bear thee from thy bed of pain to blessedness unending.

CHILD.

And shall I see my Saviour too, in brightness never fading;
And will he look with love on me, nor scorning nor upbraiding?

FATHER.

Yes; he will take thee in his arms, and to his bosom press thee;
With kisses sweet from his own lips, he'll breathe on thee
and bless thee.

CHILD.

As people here grow sick, shall we grow ever sick in heaven?
And what for food, and what for drink, to little ones is
given?

FATHER.

Within those shining halls on high they nothing know of
sadness,
Nothing of sickness, night, or pain; for all their days are
gladness.
An ample board with manna there thy Lord for thee is
spreading,
And streams of living water through the flowery meads are
threading.

CHILD.

Yet one thing more, my father dear, I fain would hear thee
telling,—
What kind of garments do they wear, in that high holy
dwelling?

FATHER.

All glorious is the heavenly robe, it shineth like the morning;
The blood-bought righteousness of Christ is there the sole
adorning.
And when thou in the holy place approachest to adore him,
Thy crown from off thy head thou'lt take, and cast it down
before him.
A harp in thine own hands the Lord, gentle and condescending,
Will place, that thou mayst sound his praise in hymns that
have no ending.

CHILD.

Ab, father, then I long to leave this life of thirst and fever,
Since, when I cease to live on earth, I live with Christ for
ever.

I obtained much information from Pastor Prochnow, who has liberal sympathies in matters ecclesiastical, and yet is thoroughly evangelical. Indeed, he is so energetic and so well known in evangelistic work, that he can afford to exhibit reforming tendencies, without the risk of being suspected of rationalism. I had the honour also of an interview with Dr. Hoffman, whose titles and office I fear I could not correctly write down, but who seems to exercise a good many of the functions of a bishop. Maintaining an evangelical spirit, and lending his powerful aid to every effort in favour of the gospel, he bears his honours with meekness and affability, and at the same time exhibits a quiet dignity suitable to his position. He too is hampered by the complicated machinery of the ecclesiastical routine.

With Dr. Hoffman I had some conversation on the *Kirchentag*, a sort of informal general assembly, invited to hold its meetings in Berlin for three days, 10th to 12th October. I ventured to suggest that, as the experience through which

Scotland had passed was in some points different from theirs, it might be of use, if one or two from our country, who could freely speak the German language, were invited to their assembly, not to take part in their decisions, but to contribute information. He coincided with me in opinion that such interchange might be eminently useful; but he had no power to issue such an invitation. If one were invited, another would expect the same courtesy, and where would the end be? It was evident to me that, the meeting being a voluntary association of Christian ministers and elders, with confessions and ritual all Protestant indeed, but of various shades, it was necessary to walk warily, lest jealousies should be stirred up. The effort is to bring Protestants of differing views together for the cultivation of a brotherly spirit, and the prosecution of common work in the Fatherland.

Berlin is a plain and quiet city in comparison with other great capitals. Its apparent traffic is a mere rivulet beside the mighty tides that surge through London and New York. There is no such danger of a dead-lock between contending vehicles in its streets as even in Glasgow and Manchester you encounter daily. It is difficult to realize, as you pace or drive along its somewhat tame and silent streets, that you are in a capital where the destinies of Europe are mainly controlled.

This feature seems to belong to the German character. They do their work with astonishing patience and perseverance, as well as intelligence, but they do not shout very loudly as they go along. It is the reverse of the pungent Scotch proverb, "Muckle cry and little woo'." The wool produced is abundant, and the shouting is reduced to a minimum. Here and there, both in the outskirts of the capital and in the smaller towns, you observe a sergeant facing a troop of young men in slim unbleached linen garments, and quietly putting them through their drill, in some little tree-fringed, be-gravelled Platz, nobody taking any notice of the operation. These are the roots of the nation's military power. In these small schools have grown the great victories of Germany. I looked with interest and even with awe on these quiet and tiny military evolutions, as I would if I saw the spring from which the Ganges flows. Here

sprang the river that flooded and deluged France last year.

At Charlottenburg, near Berlin, a favourite residence of recent Prussian kings, they showed us the tomb and effigies of the king and queen, father and mother of the present emperor. The reclining statues of their majesties in white marble are much admired. One feature that seems to gain general admiration, I confess I disliked and resented. The only light thrown on the sculpture is blue, through coloured glass in the roof. To this artifice I could not be reconciled. I would have white marble to be white marble: I would not paint it blue, either with a brush and oil-colours or by pencils of refracted sun-rays.

I felt that the statuary was damaged by the colouring; very much as some Germans damage their religion by keeping rays of secular patriotism constantly playing on it. The religion is good, and the patriotism is good; but, for our British tastes, the marble would seem more beautiful under the open and unadulterated light of heaven; and the Christianity, which is real and true, would seem more itself if it were less tinged with the blue light of German Fatherlandism.

On this point, however, I speak with diffidence, as one having only a very superficial acquaintance with the people. I express only my own impression for the moment. It may be that a deeper knowledge of the subject would modify my views. It is very difficult for a man of one country to estimate aright the points in which another country differs from his own.

One thing is certain, and worthy of most earnest study by other nations, that the patriotism of Germany, as exhibited in the late war, was immensely strengthened by the infusion of religion which tinged it. For myself, I stand in doubt still, and wait for information, as to what effect is produced on their religion by the interfusion into it of their patriotism; but there can be no doubt the effect on their patriotism of an interfusion into it of their religion was beneficial in the highest degree. It was in virtue of this baptism that the German legions swept over the plains of France like a prairie-fire, and licked up opposing obstacles like the autumn grass. History presents no similar example: students of history have not finished their lesson from it yet.

Among other things, the benevolent and reformatory institutions of Germany have suffered from the war. I paid a visit to the institute for deaconesses at Kaiserwerth on the Rhine. The work of Fliedner and his successors there has been often and well described in this country. I found it in all respects such as it has by Mr. Stevenson ("Praying and Working") and other writers been represented to be, except, perhaps, that at present there may not be so many inmates as in some former seasons. My guide was none other than the Sister Gertrude who visited this country a few years ago on behalf of the affiliated hospital of Alexandria. She requested me to express, as far as I might have opportunity, her affectionate and grateful regards to the many Christian friends in this country who showed her kindness and contributed to her cause. It gives me pleasure to convey her message hereby to as many of her friends as may happen to read this journal. She is worthy for whom I should do this. She has given, not her money, but herself to the Lord and the poor in labours of persevering and self-sacrificing love. I add my testimony to the evidence given by others that the very atmosphere of the institution inspires confidence. Cleanliness, quietness, cheerfulness, labour in union with cultivation and dignity, are over all, and impress you at every turn. The place was filled with wounded soldiers during the war and after it; and all hands left at home were occupied with them, for some of the deaconesses followed the armies to the field. One relic of battle shown to me there by Sister Gertrude made me shudder more than any other sight; it was the cap of a French soldier, with a bullet-hole cut cleanly through. It had entered one side of the cap and gone out through the other side. The head that wore it! Ah, it never ached again! This minute messenger must have made short, sharp work with the life of one man that day.

I went out to visit Dr. Wichern's Reformatory, called Johannesstift, on the outskirts of Berlin. I felt an interest in this place from the time that the veteran philanthropist at his first and greatest work, the Rauhe Haus, Hamburg, showed me the plans of the new foundation that was then about to be established at the capital. He had the architectural plans spread out before him on the

table, and expatiated with glistening eyes on the houses and gardens that glittered on the landscape. Partly with a sigh and partly with a touch of humour, he paused in his description to explain that the trees and buildings were only on paper as yet. It is only bare white sand, he said, to-day; but I hope it will be as green as the artist's picture soon.

Accordingly I eagerly inquired for Johannesstift, and made my way to it through oceans of quicksands, in order to satisfy myself whether Wichern's fond anticipations had yet been fulfilled. To our eyes it has still a barren aspect; but a good beginning has been made. Through the patronage of the royal family and other princely houses, ample ground, such as it is, has been obtained, and several of the reformatories erected. But here, too, the war has left its mark. The able-bodied were called away, and the staff has not been again fully recruited. Comparatively few young men are now in training as missionary brothers. The able and energetic superintendent assured me that the sand bears good crops, if the cultivators take care to carry plenty of clay to the spot and mix it with the sand. In this respect the ungainly aspect of the soil may be suitable for the special work of the institute, which is to reclaim humanity when it has run into barrenness, by setting it to work in reclaiming the barren ground.

I left the spot with greater affection than ever towards Wichern and his noble associates in their sublime vocation; but with a deeper conviction than ever that though these efforts, conducted by devoted men and women, to make up again the *débris* of humanity when vice and pauperism have ground it down, may alleviate the sufferings of the world, there can be no cure by such isolated efforts. It is not by handing a subscription to an institute, managed by enthusiastic philanthropists, that we shall reform and purify society. We cannot save our brother by proxy. We must be all enthusiastic philanthropists. There is a prediction in Scripture regarding a time when "they shall not teach every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord;" but the reason why that universal home mission work shall cease is, that it shall then be completed; "for all shall know him, from the least even unto the greatest." Every one who pos-

sesses health and wealth and wisdom from above should busily lay out these talents in the work of saving the fallen within his reach, and continue the operation until there is no more of the raw material to work upon. But if the work on such a scale were begun, it would immediately also be ended. The proverb, "Many hands make light work," would be verified in the experience of the world. Home mission work would cease, for want of home heathen; that is, the millennium would be here.

In the meantime, we need all the institutions that benevolence can rear, and all the enthusiastic lovers of humanity who arise, to labour for the alleviation of an ailment which by these means cannot be completely eradicated.

There is no ground for despondency. We are still far from the goal; but we are also far from the starting-point. Immense progress has been made during the present century, both in the elevation of our aim and the invigoration of our effort. In view of all the past, the Christian philanthropists of the world have ground to thank God and take courage.

Subjoined are some extracts from the letter of a correspondent on the general features of the Church Assembly lately held at Berlin.

BERLIN, 13th October 1871.

The Kirchen Versammlung is now over. I attended every day, and was very much interested. I shall try to-day to give you a general idea of the meetings; and as to the speeches, I shall wait for a printed report, and send you a translation of the more important passages. This will be better than anything that I could give from memory.

The Garrison Kirche, in which the meetings were held, is an immense edifice, and the body of it was crowded every day with members. The first day our tickets were for the gallery, where we did not hear well; but we obtained some compensation in getting a very good sight of the Emperor, who was present for about an hour. On the succeeding days we obtained places in the Officers' loge—an enclosed part under one of the galleries—where we saw and heard well. The tickets for this place, which were dearer, had not sold, and it was not nearly full. In the galleries there was always a numerous audience.

Two ministers, Referent and Cor-referent, were appointed each day to open the subject. These were allowed to speak as long as they pleased. They all spoke at considerable length; but none of them wearied the audience except dear old Dr. Wichern, who pro-

duced a pamphlet that occupied about three hours. It was all interesting; but he read in a monotonous voice, and was not well heard. The people at last became impatient, and the president found it necessary to request him to draw to a close. I was very sorry for the noble veteran, who has left his mark on Germany as the greatest worker in the reclamation of the sunken masses; all the more that the next speaker was listened to with enthusiasm, and urged to continue when he apologized for being long.

Regarding the other speakers—Ahlfeld was not well heard; Frommel spoke shortly and powerfully; Brückner splendidly; he spoke nearly as long as Dr. Wichern, but the assembly listened eagerly to every word. The applause was frequent and hearty. "Ruffing" is unknown here; approbation is signified by "Ya, ya," "Sehr wahr," or "Sehr gut;" or when they become excited, "Bravo." At the close it is generally "Amen." I wish some of our own ecclesiastics at home had heard Brückner.

Others who wished to speak, after the subject was introduced, were obliged to send in their names to the secretary. The president then arranged the order in which they should be heard, and called on each in his turn by name. Each was allowed ten minutes; but on the second day, as so many desired to participate, it was necessary to reduce the allowance to five minutes. A bell was rung at the expiry of the term to bring the speaker down. Even that brief space, however, was not granted to every one: unless the orator showed at the outset that he had something to say worth hearing, he was summarily quenched. Some were met with cries of "Schluss!" before they had concluded the second sentence, and were obliged to make way for others who could speak more to the point.

The president must do precisely as he is bidden. He had not a very strong voice, and when he rose to read the resolutions on Wednesday, he was met by calls of "Vorlesen lassen"—told that he must allow some one else to read them; and they named the reader of their choice, Dr. Kögel. He is one of the cathedral ministers here, and a great favourite. He is comparatively a young man, an earnest and powerful preacher. He came forward and read the resolutions, one of which was

the appointment of a committee to make arrangements for the next meeting, and to communicate with the governments of the several Churches represented. As the names of the committee were announced, each was separately approved by a loud "Ya!" and at the close additional names were suggested by members of the assembly.

The Sabbath-school Conference, on Monday evening, was also an interesting meeting. Three deputies from the London Sabbath School-Union spoke, through interpreters, and all spoke much the same thing. The Germans were well represented. Prochnow, Cassel, and a Pastor Kraft spoke admirably. The speech of one of the Englishmen was interpreted by Graf Bernstorff, a fine-looking young man, who is "Geheim-legations-secretair," whatever that may be, in Dresden. He has come to Berlin for the meetings, and has attended regularly, standing most of the time, and drinking in every word. He takes a great interest in Sabbath schools, which are comparatively new here. When Prochnow and Büchelrode spoke of them in the *Versammlung* yesterday, they were not heard very patiently. I was glad, however, to hear one after another speaking of the keeping of the Sabbath as the first step towards any improvement in Church matters.

In the Sabbath-school Conference, on Monday, Prochnow spoke very openly of the separation of Church and State. He said,—“The stream is rising and gaining strength; there will soon be great rendings. First the Church and the school will be separated; then the Church and the State. We do not know when it will come; but we know it will come, and we are not afraid of it. But we must prepare for it. We must gain the hearts of the people; and, above all, we must get hold of the children, and train them up for the Church. He who has the children has the future. And we must gather them into the Sabbath schools before the day schools are taken out of our hands. We are on the eve of a great struggle: we know not what the end will be; but we have no cause to fear. Even now we can say, ‘Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory.’”

Five or six churches were open every evening during the assembly, and eminent ministers from a distance preached.

M.

THE PARABLE OF THE MERCHANTMAN.

MATT. xiii. 45, 46.

BY THE REV. DR. CALDERWOOD, PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.



HE similarity between this parable and that concerning the hid treasure is so great that it is apt at first to hinder our appreciation of this one. Following immediately upon the other, we find it easy to fall in with the supposition that this second parable is only a repetition of the first

under a slight variation of figure. The pearl of great price has taken the place of the hid treasure; and this we are ready to suppose is the end of the distinction. Comparison of the two parables, however, may satisfy us that the resemblance is not so close as it seems.

The marked diversity of their commencement is the

key to the difference of meaning which they bear. "The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure:" and "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman." In the one, the treasure is prominent, while the seeker is subordinate; in the other, the seeker is conspicuous, and the thing sought appears only in the background. We must not be led away by the diversity in the figurative representation of value,—in one case a treasure, in the other a pearl. The circumstance of this parable having been commonly named "The Pearl of Great Price," has been misleading. It has turned attention on the points of similarity, not on the points of diversity, whereas the latter are the more valuable for the exposition of a parable confessedly very like to that given just before it. The treasure and the pearl plainly agree in this, that they are both used to represent exceeding value. But in the first parable the finder is described merely as a man, without a single distinguishing expression. He is there to represent any man. In the parable now before us it is quite different. It is a merchantman who is introduced. It is not now every man who will suffice to illustrate our Lord's meaning. Passing round to another point of view from which to contemplate man's part in obtaining the spiritual blessing, he selects for his purpose the merchantman; as distinguished from all other men. If this distinctive feature of the parable be not altogether overlooked, it must seem plain that our Lord would here teach us that there is merchandise in the blessings of grace. Not only is it true that a man must seek everlasting life for himself, if he would become possessor of the treasure; but he who thus seeks may become a merchant, proclaiming the value of the treasure, and offering it in sale to others. In the former case, the finding is made to appear as if it were all for self. And, indeed, it is to be observed in both parables that it is implied that the true finding is such that the finder recognizes that his own interest is completely involved in what he has found. But it is the specialty of this parable to point out that, both as a seeker and as a finder, the man is a merchantman. Besides, if from the treasure and the finder we pass to consider the relation of both parables to what is true concerning God as the source of everlasting life, the additional light thrown upon the whole subject is very striking. In the one case, it appears that God has hid the treasure in the field, in order that man may find it, and appropriate it to himself. In the other, it appears that God hides the treasure in order that he who values such wealth may seek it, and make merchandise of it among his fellows.

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman seeking goodly pearls." The merchantman here spoken of is a travelling merchant, such as may often be seen in the East, carrying rare treasures and precious stones, and offering them for sale in the several towns to which he comes. Such a man is skilled in the knowledge of the particular form of treasure he sells, and is looked to as one who may be trusted as an

expert. Of the great variety of merchants of this order from whom a selection might be made for illustration, the pearl-seeker is chosen by our Lord. Such a man has a double skill in exercise as he follows his calling. He has the skill of the seeker for the shell-fish; and he has the skill which enables him to judge of the relative value of the pearls as they are found.

He is a skilled seeker. It is the work of his life to seek for goodly pearls, and to dispose of them when found. He thus acquires great skill in seeking. He knows where the shell-fish find their most congenial resting-places, whether in the bed of the river or in the sands of the ocean. He does not waste his energies over unpromising fields. The work is too arduous, and the opportunities of success too rare, to admit of misdirected effort. Having selected a promising field for searching, he peers through the waters, with eyes carefully screened, that the glare of light breaking on the surface may not mislead. Every inch of the channel is subjected to scrutiny, and the form of a shell is quickly detected. He is, besides, a *skilled judge of pearls* when found. As he opens the shells he knows at a glance not only the goodly pearls from those which are of slight value, but amongst the goodly pearls he instantly recognizes any one of unusual purity and excellence. His eye is trained for such discrimination. And so he is a ready buyer, as well as a seller; purchasing with eagerness any pearl of extraordinary value which may be offered to him, knowing how quickly he can find a remunerative market. With such treasures as he has found or purchased, he starts on his course as a merchantman, that he may dispose of his selection to those who set account upon such possessions. This is the man chosen by our divine Teacher to illustrate an additional aspect of man's work in acquiring the blessings of salvation.

Here, as formerly, our attention is directed to the finding of treasure; but between the two examples there is a marked contrast, observed by all expositors. In the former case, the man finds treasure unexpectedly; in this, the merchant finds while he is engaged in the search for pearls. And it is obvious how naturally it falls to the merchant to be the type of persistent, methodical search, in the assurance of being amply rewarded. In this second parable we have incidentally a still greater range of application to the facts of human history. Like the man in the first parable, some find everlasting life when they seek it not. But, like the merchantman, some find the blessing as the result of a long and laborious search. The latter experience happens to those who make it the very business of their life to search for truth. Their daily engagements may vary endlessly; they may be merchants acquainted with the details of very different fields of production; but the one characteristic of their lives is found in this, that they are seekers after truth. Whether men of trade, men of commerce, men of science, or men of philosophy, it matters not; they belong to one great

company of searchers after such truth as the spirit of man craves and needs for the support of its higher life. For such unwearied, unbiassed, and self-trained searchers after truth, God has in his grace provided the discovery of one great treasure, which shall be to the soul a source of eternal joy. The more closely inquirers press the great problems affecting personal existence, character, and destiny, the nearer do they come to the greatest discovery which can reward human research. Finding that, they find newness of life, which sweeps away the darkness of the past, and gives a renewed spiritual life through faith in the Redeemer, and love to "the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

But here it is not to be overlooked that, while some find what they never expected, and others find exactly what they have been seeking, there is *something unexpected to all*,—so unexpected as to be altogether surprising to the finders, of whatever class they be. To those who find it as treasure hid in a field, it is a possession of the existence of which they were not previously aware, so that the sight of it is the occasion of entrancing wonder. To those who have toiled hard amid the dark problems of personal and social life,—who have felt the longings after the pure and noble, and have been conscious of these being crushed under the rude heel of mean passion,—to those who, through all this, have still seen that purity was noble, and sin the only baseness, and who have longed and cried for deliverance from the dread perplexities of contending self-reproach and holy aspiration,—the discovery of divine mercy and love in Christ Jesus, bringing a life of peace and holiness to man, has been the cause of amazement unspeakable. The transcendent value of the pearl was then apparent to the previously trained eye; and as it stood in the light of fresh discovery, it was pronounced with certainty and fulness of delight to be of all the world's pearls "the pearl of great price." To the man most earnestly seeking this very blessing, and most possessed of insight as to all that distinguishes truth from error, gospel truth seems of such surpassing value that it far exceeds in inherent worth all that had been conjectured. It is "the glorious gospel of the blessed God."

Observing thus the surprise to the merchantman in the discovery of the pearl, as well as to the man in the discovery of the hid treasure, we proceed now to consider the course followed by the merchantman. "*Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had and bought it.*" The intensity of personal interest is apparent in this. He has sought goodly pearls hitherto, not merely that he might be possessor of them, but for the sake of the gain of merchandise in them. But the first sight of this pearl makes him desire to secure it; and this more immediately because of the delight he feels in such a rarity. To see it is a joy, but to own it would be a satisfaction surpassing all that he had previously experienced. Therefore he parts

with all that he has, in order to buy it. So it is with the eager searcher after truth, when he comes to the first discovery of the real character of gospel truth. Its singular value is far more appreciated by the man who has struggled long with the dread problems of moral life, than by the man who is merely contented and delighted to find in it satisfaction for his own present want. The calm penetrating inquirer into the far-reaching problems of human existence, sees in the gospel, with its provision of spiritual life, a value which may kindle to brightness even the dulllest eye. He sees the light of a great deliverance breaking over the disorder, the misery, the self-reproach, and the despair of humanity. He sees in this a value for all the world, and with the merchant's appreciation of the common want, he is eager to buy this pearl, at whatever price. It is not to be had by him at less cost than by another. He must part with all that he has hitherto counted his valuables, in order to secure this treasure of surpassing value. This necessity lies upon him, just as it was seen to lie upon the man who found the treasure hid in the field. There is a common demand for self-abnegation laid upon those who would possess everlasting life. Self-confidence and self-righteousness must be surrendered, in order that confidence in divine mercy may become a possession of the soul, and that there may be participation in the righteousness which God has provided for the sinful.

In a right understanding of this selling of all that he has, it will be at once apparent that he who purchases and appropriates to himself gospel truth, is not represented as parting with all other forms of truth in order to secure this. At first sight, it might appear that the parable represented the merchantman as selling, along with other things, the pearls already in possession, in order thereby to attain the means of purchasing the one. But such a meaning, alien as it is to Bible teaching, is altogether obviated by the fact that the merchantman is represented as himself a *seeker* of pearls. The price he pays for the pearls he has, is the toil he expends in finding them. This is what they cost him, and he can have them at that price. Just so is it in the search for truth. Each one obtains just what he finds as the result of his own toil. The discovery of gospel truth, which brings to the soul the blessing of spiritual life, does not destroy the value of other forms of truth, and does not stop the search for them. Though, in comparison, this surpasses all, nevertheless all other truths have a relation to this, and are of similar nature. They have a distinct existence, are to be found in their own spheres, and all of them by their inherent value reward the seekers of truth. In this way, the parable guards against the supposition that lower forms of truth are to be abandoned for the highest, or are to be surrendered as the purchase-money of the one which transcends them. Rather, the opposite is distinctly implied, since it is the very life-work of the seeker of goodly pearls to gather from hidden depths, and add to the stores of human possessions, all the treasures that can be found.

By this line of reflection we are brought to what I regard as the essential feature of the parable—that *the merchantman buys, in order to sell*. This view of the merchant's business is not drawn out in detail, but it is set forth as essential. What needs to be observed is, that no account can be given of the merchantman which does not make him a *seller* of pearls, as well as a seeker of them. Nay, so prominent is the business of selling, that he does not restrict himself to personal efforts in fishing for pearls, but goes into the market as a buyer, if he can thereby secure a more valuable stock. So much prominence is given to this business of selling, that the designation chosen to mark out the man intended, is that which applies to a travelling merchant, and not to one who has a stationary place of business. He is not one who has in the city a store of pearls, to which buyers might resort, and where the work of selling might be entrusted to another, while he continued the work of seeking. On the contrary, he himself always carries the pearls which constitute his merchandise, and he travels hither and thither in search of those who will buy. That the selection of a travelling merchant is to be considered purely accidental, is not to be believed. That this should be the prominent feature of the parable, and yet have no significance, is not to be supposed. There is meaning here, striking and valuable, giving obvious completeness to the course of instruction. If there is in the kingdom of God a selling and a buying in order that men themselves may become possessors of the blessing provided, there is also a buying and selling in order that others may come into possession of the treasure. There is a form of merchandise which is characteristic of the kingdom of God. The man who first finds everlasting life for himself becomes a merchant, offering the treasure to others, and pressing it on their acceptance. If the merchant presents his pearl to others that they may become purchasers,—if he is wont to enlarge upon its excellence, with a view to induce his hearers to desire it,—if among them he finds some who attempt to undervalue it, and others who acknowledge its value, but are unwilling to pay for it the great price demanded,—and if he travel far, carrying his treasure wherever he goes, and repeating his efforts to secure a purchaser, something analogous in all these respects can be found in the history of the spiritual kingdom. An element of difficulty there is in the circumstance that there is but one pearl, which if once sold becomes the exclusive possession of the buyer. But this difficulty is

only such as adheres to all analogy. The truth cannot be conveyed by speaking of many pearls. There are goodly pearls of truth in great number and variety to be gathered in the world. But gospel truth is one, and is the same to all. It must therefore be represented as one pearl of great price. Since, therefore, the spiritual treasure offered to man must be spoken of as a unit, the engagements of the merchant are not recounted in detail. But passing the formal difficulty, the Christian obviously does the part of the merchant in seeking to induce others to accept the salvation which he himself has received with joy. By his eager attempts to find those who will contemplate the gospel; by his enthusiastic descriptions of its value; by his persuasive reasoning with those who lend an ear; by his untiring efforts continued after repeated failures, the Christian answers to the analogy here employed. How fully the Saviour considered all this effort needful in order to carry the spiritual treasure to men every Bible reader knows. He who said, "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman," gathered together his chosen and devoted followers, and said unto them, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." These are the merchantmen of the kingdom. Their merchandise consists in the treasures of grace; their toil, their travelling, their earnest entreaties, tell how eager they are that others should receive the blessing they describe; and they sell "without money, and without price."

Here we are landed in the midst of efforts which involve great publicity. We began in the former parable with intended secrecy—hid treasure; we end in this with intentional publicity—open merchandise. At the close we are returning upon the remarks made at the outset, when pointing to the fact that the presence and value of the treasure were made known in the world, and its acceptance pressed upon men, even while it was here represented as hid treasure. The close of the couplet brings out the harmony of the whole. How truly is the treasure hid, and yet how truly is it pressed on the acceptance of men! When both forms of analogy are before us, both sides of the truth become apparent. The reality of both is affirmed, their fundamental harmony is proclaimed, though still only partially explained. Salvation is by grace, yet must it be bought; it is hid from the view, yet is it daily offered for sale. The practical result is, that while God is ever offering the blessing, men must seek it for themselves, and must part with all that they have in order to obtain it.



KRUMMACHER.



A NEW edition of Krummacher's Autobiography, with a new Biographical Supplement by his daughter, carrying the history down to a later date. This book throws a vivid light across the somewhat dim landscape of evangelical religious life in Germany during the last half-century. It is not a cold history of the times; the actors are called up and walk across the stage in your sight. The simple and fervent piety of these lower Rhine provinces, under the guidance of the Krummachers and other like-minded pastors, is extremely attractive. In this volume, too, the character of the late king, the brother of the present emperor, is exhibited in a most interesting light. The friendship between the king and Krummacher was quite romantic. On the whole, the biography affords the reader a very instructive glimpse into the religious condition of Germany.

I.—HIS MARRIAGE AND INTRODUCTION TO HIS FIRST CHARGE.

KRUMMACHER TO HIS PARENTS.

"RUHRORT, 4th June 1823.

"I salute you with a warm, warm heart, dearly beloved parents. For the first time I salute you in my new life. Oh, help me to thank the Lord, and sing to him with a loud voice a new song, for he looks graciously on me; and it almost seems as if he could not, and meant not, to withdraw from me his paternal eye. How joyful I have been because of all his gracious dealings with me, since, with tears in my eyes and with your blessing resting on my head, I took my departure from your beloved circle.—Listen!

"On the 4th of June, at ten o'clock, I was united in marriage before the Lord to my dear Lotte. Passavant blessed our union; and he was so deeply moved and so joyful, and spoke so energetically, with such depth and clearness and unction, that I often thought I heard my own father's voice in his. The great crowd of persons present on the occasion wept. Lotte and I said, 'Ja, Ja,' with as much gladness of spirit and with as much decision as if we had been asked whether we were willing to enter the gates of paradise. With trustful confidence in the Lord, and with love to him and to one another, we left the altar, and we both carried in our hearts the seal and pledge of our happiness. We were happy then—are to-day happier than before; and so it will be for ever. Of that there is no doubt. God has

given me a noble wife, and to the congregation a pastor's wife (Pfarrerin), who, as such, leaves nothing to be wished for besides. Therefore let your hearts rejoice with ours; your joy has a firm foundation on which to rest. After our marriage, we spent a few hours in the circle of our intimate friends. My Manuel gave us the last parting kiss. The tears flowed copiously. We set off. Lotte acted nobly. She held firm by the words, 'She will leave her father and mother, and cleave unto her husband.' And because the Lord had said this, she found it quite out of place to complain much, or to despond. In the name of the Lord, and trusting in his help, we took our departure, and were happy and joyful. How could it be otherwise? It was a pleasure for me to contemplate my Lotte in the hour of her departure from her father's house—the bitterest of her life. Our journey on the Rhine was full of pleasure. Peace and joy in fulness came over us. We spent a precious day with the old faithful Wilhelmi, the pastor of St. Goar, a second day in Cologne, and arrived happily on Monday morning at Düsseldorf. Our first going out brought us into the arms of—our beloved Emil! What a hearty salutation we met with! How shall I describe it to you? Oh, how dear, how dear my brother Emil is to me! All the friends that I ever lose I find in him again, and, I might almost say, in a nobler form than ever. What a happy lot has fallen to me!—yea, happy beyond comparison!

"In the inn, we occupied a quiet little chamber together. In a short time a great crowd of the people of Ruhrort began to throng about the square. I went down with Emil, and entering into their midst, saluted them with the salutation of peace. What a moment was that! What emotions stirred within their minds, and what a light of holy joy beamed upon their countenances! Lotte stood above at the window, and could only sob. I could not say much to the people. Emil had to come to my help. It was an hour of divine mercy, and my soul was deeply moved. On the following morning another company came from Ruhrort to salute me, with eyes beaming with kindness, and with words of hearty welcome as they shook me by the hand. About ten o'clock the whole multitude formed into a procession, and accompanied us to the banks of the Rhine. What a sight there met our view! Here there lay a large boat, with sails unfurled, and wreathed all around with ornaments and branches. Three large flags floated from the masts, like three banners of victory. The chairs provided for me and Lotte were wreathed also with flowers. We seated ourselves, and forthwith the anchor was weighed. One of our elders, a pious old man, held the rudder; ten young lads rowed with all their strength, the flags spread out, and the wind was favourable. The ship glided along majestically down

"Krummacher: an Autobiography." Edited by his Daughter. Translated by Rev. M. G. Easton, A.M. With a Preface by Rev. Professor Cairns, D.D., Berwick. Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.

the stream: the king himself could not have been conveyed more royally than we were. Now we conversed seriously together, and our conversation always ended in thanks to God. The Spirit of God hovered over the waters, bound our souls together, and revealed his presence in our words and actions. The people of Ruhrort who accompanied us, said that the four hours they had spent in the ship with us were the fairest and happiest of their whole life. There was eating and drinking at the table, which was richly spread; but all was becoming and worthy. It was *Christian* joy that ruled in our midst. For Lotte's sake, there were some women also with us in the ship.

"At Kaiserwerth, Uerdingen, and other places which we passed in our voyage, we were saluted with the firing of cannon. Oh, how much Emil and I delighted in thinking and speaking of you! Had you been only present with us in our boat, we would gladly have resigned to you our seats. Your health was several times proposed in the toasts of the burghers.

"At length we came near to the birch-woods of Duisburg, when, lo! little boats adorned with birch-branches were seen rapidly sailing up the stream to meet us. Scarcely had they seen our flags when they saluted us, firing their cannon and muskets. Our boat gave answer to the salutations. They soon boarded us, and heartily welcomed us, shaking us warmly by the hand. The boats were all bound together; and thus, like a little fleet, we floated down the river. Soon the cannon at Ruhrort were fired, and the tower of the church came in view. I went with Emil and Lotte into one of the boats near us, and we there prayed together unto the Lord. The banks on both sides of the river became the longer the more animated. At Homberg several cannon were fired as a friendly salutation to us. Ruhrort now lay before us, beautiful in the sunshine, under a clear blue sky. The cannon roared without intermission. The whole banks swarmed with people; and—what a lovely sight!—all the boats were adorned with their gayest flags. Now the bells pealed forth their welcome: my heart was filled within me, and tears began to flow, while inwardly I prayed to the Lord. I cannot describe to you the state of our minds when we at length set foot on the banks of the river at Ruhrort. The burgomaster and the president of the presbyterium for the time being received us at the side of the ship. The teachers were there at the head of their scholars; the girls, dressed in white and adorned with shoots of ivy, came to meet me with flower-wreaths; they gathered in a circle around me, and delivered to me a beautiful poem. They then all sang a hymn in four-part beautiful music. I could now only lean on Emil's arm and weep, and my Lotte sobbed with emotion. As soon as the singing ceased, I composed myself and spoke a few words from my heart to the assembled people. A hymn was again sung, and thereafter the whole company formed into a procession, and we walked away toward our home. I walked between the burgomaster and the president of the pres-

byterium. The children, wearing wreaths on their heads, strewed flowers in the way. Emil accompanied Lotte, and then the whole congregation followed behind. The whole of Ruhrort was adorned with flowers like a very garden. All the streets were planted thick with branches and twigs. Everywhere there were crowns, wreaths, and tablets covered with well-chosen precious sentences from the Scriptures. Banners and handkerchiefs were waved from the windows of the houses, and branches and flowers covered the streets. Every one bowed with a friendly salutation to me as I passed. I greeted them in return, and prayed and wept and smiled—all at the same time (*durcheinander*). Thus we were accompanied to the parsonage-house. The rooms were crowded. I poured out my heart in prayer aloud, in which the whole company, moved to tears, joined with me. I then went into my chamber alone, and shortly thereafter we left the house and proceeded to that of Haniel, whose family gave us a most friendly welcome. Emil remained one day with us. On the following day, Lotte began to see after the affairs of her housekeeping, while I received visits and studied.

"Last Sabbath I was introduced by Mohn. The church was beautifully adorned with flowers and inscriptions, and was more densely crowded with people than it had ever been before. An additional gallery had been erected, and yet the house could not contain all the people. They stood in crowds before the door, and clustered round the windows, from which the frames had been removed that they might hear. I preached from the text 1 Corinthians iii. 11-13, with much delight, and, as I hear, energetically. God be praised for this! It was very difficult for me to compose myself during these exciting days. After the sermon, Mohn introduced me; and he did so with great dignity and solemnity. He spoke with unction, and made mention of my 'venerable, pious father, who had laid his hand on the head of his son, blessing him.'

"At mid-day a large party gathered around our table at dinner. Emil, Molenar, our noble brother from Orsfeld, Daubenspeck from Homberg, von Ernstet from Xante, were the pastors who were present on the occasion. Ross was unwell. On Monday we made our first journey to Baerl and Budberg. These were precious hours. This Ross of Budberg—no, there is not a more amiable fellow than he is. We sat and chatted together till midnight. Ross gave utterance to many precious evangelical sentiments and maxims. It was specially soothing to us, dear father, to find that he cherishes so great an affection for you. He loves us, and treats us as if we were his own children.

"Last night was the first which we have yet spent in our own house, and to-day our dinner has been cooked at our own fire, and we have eaten our own bread for the first time. Our housekeeping goes on altogether most splendidly. Yes, my Lotte understands her department, and everybody praises me that I have been so fortunate."

II.—THE KING AND THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

"Yesterday I sat down at the king's table along with General Gerlach, Niebuhr, the Prince of Hohenlohe, Alexander Humboldt, the sculptor Rauch, the architect Stüler, the general director of the Botanical Gardens, Lenné, and the music-intendants Redem and Costenoble. The conversation was very animated, and old Humboldt overflowed with vivacity. All at once the king appeared to be greatly delighted, and suddenly said to me, 'Krummacher, do you know that the Evangelical Alliance is desirous of holding its next meeting in Berlin?' 'Yes, your Majesty. The friends in Paris expressed this wish.' 'And what did you say to that?' the king asked. 'I advised against it, your Majesty.' 'Why?' 'Because I feared it would find in Berlin little sympathy, and not the most friendly reception.' 'On what grounds did you think so?' the king further inquired. 'Because the Evangelical Ober-Kirchenrath—at least the greatest part of its leaders—are hostile to the Alliance.' 'So.....; and have you, therefore,' replied the king, 'indeed dissuaded them?' 'I have, your Majesty.' The king then, laughing, again replied, 'And I have invited them.' You could not imagine my joy at hearing these words. Several of the guests at table made strange faces, others laughed aloud at the surprising issue of this conversation. After rising from the table, the king took me aside, and said, 'Express to me more particularly, once more, the grounds of your hesitation.' I did so. But the king promised very much to himself from the assembly of the Alliance in Berlin. 'Formalism,' said he, 'threatens to put my church to death. It shall be seen in Berlin, that even behind the mountains inhabitants are to be found.' Since that time an excellent Cabinet order has already gone forth to the minister and the Ober-Kirchenrath. Of course doubts are expressed on their side, and the matter was placed in some uncertainty. When this transpired, however, at London and Paris, there immediately appeared at Potsdam a deputation from the Evangelical Alliance, consisting of Pastor Valette from Paris, and Dr. Steene and Mr. Finch from London. They were received very heartily by the king. They carried away with them from Sans-Souci the renewed invitation to the Alliance, which, on account of the shortness of the time, could not meet, however, till the next year. Filled with joy at the result, they spent the remainder of the day with me and my family."

It was a great gratification to him to journey in a land where he felt himself so much at home. He did not feel in Scotland as if he were a stranger among the people. Many a mansion and many a cottage opened joyfully to him their gates and doors, and many a hand of welcome was stretched out to the author of "Elijah" and "Elisha" as to a trusted and long-known friend whom they loved. On his return home to Potsdam, he received an invitation from the king to deliver to him in his own chamber an address on the origin, the ten-

dency, the dogmatic principles, the action, and the results of the Evangelical Alliance; and also on the meeting that had been held at Glasgow, and the projected meeting at Berlin, which he had counselled. When the day appointed for this address came, the king sent his adjutant to ask him whether he would be disturbed if he should bring along with him two other persons to hear it—an opponent and a mediator. Krummacher assured the king that his doing so could only afford him pleasure; and accordingly there were present in the king's Cabinet on the occasion, the President Goetze and General Count Groeben. As Krummacher wrote afterwards to his brothers and sisters, the king himself on that occasion gave hearty utterance to his own sentiments regarding the exigencies of the Church. "Then I spoke," says Krummacher, "almost for an hour; whereupon the king opened the discussion in favour of the Alliance, and called on the opponent to speak his sentiments. Then arose a long, thorough, but peaceful disputation, in quite a parliamentary style. One would say, 'Your Majesty, may I say a word?' (*Ich bitte um's Wort!*) Then the king would reply, 'It is Groeben's turn to speak,' or, 'It is Krummacher's turn,' &c. At length the king closed the debate with an interesting address. When he gave me his hand on my retiring, he said, 'You have afforded me a very precious hour.' By this occurrence I obtained again a deep insight into the heart of the king. Oh, how the welfare and the revival of the Church lay upon it!"

III.—OBJECTIONS TO A HYMN-BOOK.

"Have you heard of that remarkable scene which occurred at one of Hoffman's church visitations in Silesia? One of the congregations which he visited in that province stood up against the reception of his 'Improved Hymn-book.' Hoffman directed the heads of households to meet together in the church that he might confer with them about the matter. 'Now, friends,' said he, 'what have you to allege against the new Hymn-book?' A peasant replied, 'The purchase of it involves us in expense, and the congregation is poor.' Hoffman answered, 'That will be cared for. The poorest will obtain it gratuitously.' Another peasant said, 'We wish to abide by the hymns which our fathers before us have sung.' Hoffman, in reply—'Your fathers sung, it is true, only good hymns, but these are all contained in the new Hymn-book.' A third peasant stood up and objected, 'So much is said about the devil in the new book.' Hoffman answered, 'Yes; but there is also very much said about the devil in the Bible; will you reject it also?' A fourth peasant then interposed, 'Yes; but there is also something said about the devil's widow in it!' Hoffman, in astonishment, answered, 'Why, that would be good indeed; for then would the devil be dead. But where do you find anything said about the devil's widow?' The peasant, with the open book in his hand, cries, 'Here, here, General Superintendent!' And so in truth it was. The printer had

made a typographical error, and had inserted the words 'devil's widow' (Wittwe) instead of the 'devil's rage' (Wittern)!

"I now commend you to the protection and grace of the Lord, against the devil's rage, and against his insinuations and his wiles."

THE OLD CATHOLIC MOVEMENT.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BIRNIE, D.D., STERLING.

IN TWO PAPERS.

I.—THE MUNICH PROGRAMME.



ALL through the winter of 1869-70, while the Council of the Vatican was prosecuting its labours, and all Europe was ringing with the threatened definition of Infallibility, many well-informed persons continued to doubt whether the Pope and his ultramontane advisers would venture, after all, to promulgate the blasphemous dogma. No doubt the great majority of the people belonging to the Romish communion, especially in the Latin nations, already believed the Pope infallible; and the policy of the Vatican had been for centuries ruled by that conviction. Still, it was known that the dogma was opposed by many of the ablest men in the Church; and the voices raised against it on the floor of the Council were precisely those which would ordinarily be listened to with the greatest deference. It seemed incredible that, at such a time as the present, the Pope would choose to encounter the danger of cutting off his own right hand in some of the most advanced countries of Europe, in order that he might have the pleasure of binding a new article of faith on men's consciences. To this day, one finds it hard to account for the decree of the 18th of July 1870, except on the old principle that *quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat*. It seems a clear case of judicial blindness.

Possibly the Jesuits, whose touch is so perceptible in the wording of the document, hoped a good deal from the extreme elasticity of the terms in which the definition of Infallibility is couched. It is so worded as to leave room for endless doubting and disputation as to which of the Papal utterances are really infallible, and which of them may be safely rejected as the fallible judgments of an erring man. It would seem that the Jesuits hoped that, by involving the subject in this per-

plexing ambiguity, they might induce the opponents of Infallibility to acquiesce in the decision for the present, in the expectation that they might manage to make it of no effect by endeavouring to show, in regard to each particular Bull that might be offensive to them, that it lacked the indispensable conditions requisite in a truly *ex cathedra* and infallible determination of the points in question. In fact, there can be no doubt that this hope of the Infallibilists has been realized in a greater number of instances than one would have liked to see. Prelates of great note, American and English, French, German, and Hungarian, who stoutly opposed the dogma in presence of the Council, are now trying to cover their retreat by interpreting the definition in a sense which would make it mean very little indeed.

Happily the device of the Jesuits has not succeeded everywhere. It may be in the recollection of our readers that, in one of the papers which we devoted last year to the Œcumenical Council, we expressed a somewhat confident anticipation that, in Germany at least, the enforcement of the Infallibility decree would be resisted, and if pressed, might lead to a disruption within the Roman Catholic Church. For a while it seemed as if the anticipation we had expressed was to be falsified, even in the Fatherland, the chief seat of whatever the Church of Rome yet retains of enlightenment and liberty. No sooner was the definition finally voted by the Council than the Franco-German war broke out. Changes of appalling magnitude succeeded one another with unparalleled rapidity. The French army of occupation having been obliged by the necessities of home defence to evacuate Rome, the Italian government got possession of the long-coveted capital, and dealt the finishing stroke to the temporal sovereignty of the Popes, after it

had lasted a thousand years. The princes of Germany having, at the head of a nation in arms, driven the French armies from every field, found themselves constrained to put the copestone on the recovered unity of the Fatherland by re-associating the German Empire, with the King of Prussia at its head. The Roman Catholic world heard with dismay that, in a solemn gathering in the palace of Versailles, the potentates of the mighty dominion, which they had been in the habit of describing as the Holy Roman Empire, had bestowed the Imperial Crown on a Protestant prince—the head of a house which has always ranked amongst the most steadfast adherents of the Reformation. In presence of events like these, men were little inclined to occupy their minds about the Vatican Council and the definitions with which it had been favouring the world. What was worse, it seemed as if the German governments—that of Prussia in particular—engrossed with the anxieties of the war, were going to abandon the opponents of Infallibility to the tender mercies of the bishops. Certain professors at Bonn, who had made a stand against the new dogma, were proceeded against by the Archbishop of Cologne, and ominous symptoms appeared of a willingness on the part of the government to yield to the demand for their dismissal. But with the return of peace the voice of the opponents of Infallibility began to make itself heard. They commenced an agitation which soon attained such dimensions and assumed such a shape as entitle it to the careful attention of all to whom the cause of Christ and of truth is dear.

The movement, it is to be observed, owes nothing to the hierarchy. Not a single prelate has, as yet, cast in his lot with it. So long as there was a chance of success in opening the eyes of the Papal court to the perilous character of the measures they were urging through the Council, the leaders of the German episcopate offered a strenuous opposition. Among those who spoke strongly against the Infallibility decree, and who recorded their votes against it at the preliminary division on the 13th of July, there occur the names of Prince Schwartzenberg, the Cardinal Archbishop of Prague; of Rauscher, the Cardinal Archbishop of Vienna; of Von Ketteler, the Archbishop of Mainz; and of Hefele, the newly-ap-

pointed Bishop of Rottenburg.* But if any expected that these princes of the Church would carry out to their legitimate issues the convictions they expressed at the Vatican, they were doomed to disappointment. No sooner was the definition promulgated—no sooner did it appear that the alternative which the bishops had to face was unconditional submission or a breach with the Papacy—than they hastened to give in their adherence to the obnoxious decree, and began to impose it on the consciences of all under their authority.

A large party among the theologians and the laity have refused to make such a shameful sacrifice of truth. They are fortunate in their leader. Dr. Von Döllinger has for many years had a European reputation for learning and intellectual vigour. Since the death of his master, the late Dr. Möhler, he has been, by general admission, the ablest theologian within the pale of the Roman Catholic Church. His proper domain is Church History, of which, indeed, he is Professor in the University of Munich; but he has rendered able service to his Church in more departments of theology than one. For, although he never was a "Papist," in the proper sense of the word, and has many points of sympathy with his Protestant countrymen, he has hitherto stoutly opposed the peculiar doctrines of the Protestant confessions. There is reason to believe, however, that, like his late master, he owes much to the influence of the Evangelical and Protestant divines of Germany—more, perhaps, than he is altogether conscious of himself. He is much respected, on all sides, as a man of honourable character and serious convictions. A significant token of this is seen in the fact (significant enough in other respects also) that, since the Vatican opened its thunders against him, academical honours have been showered on him from far and near. His brother-professors at Munich have, by a large majority, elected him Rector of their University, and the University of Oxford has sent him an honorary degree.

The opponents of Infallibility had a meeting at

* See the list in Quirinus's "Letters from the Council," p. 774. It may be worth while to mention that a surprising number of English and Irish names appear among the *non-placets*. Of English prelates there are Bishop Clifford of Clifton, Bishop Vaughan of Plymouth, Bishop Macquade of Rochester, Bishop Rogers of Chatham; of Irishmen, Bishop Moriarty of Kerry. We presume they have succumbed, like their foreign brethren.

Heidelberg in the month of August last. That there might be a solid foundation for united action, it was resolved to draw up a Declaration or Programme, which might serve as the joint testimony of the party. The preparation of the document was intrusted to a committee of seven, of whom Dr. Döllinger was one; and a Conference of all the friends of the cause was appointed to be held at Munich in September. On Friday the 22nd September, accordingly, the Bavarian capital beheld the unwonted sight of a great and influential Congress of Roman Catholics gathered from all parts of the Fatherland, who had come together to concert measures for opposing a firm and united resistance to the tide of Papal impositions. The meeting was essentially a German affair; but some foreigners of distinction took part also. Father Hyacinthe spoke some cheering words in the name of the French opponents of Papalism; and a Jansenist bishop from Utrecht proffered the right hand of fellowship on the part of the small community which has for one hundred and fifty years maintained in Holland a protest, in the name of old Roman and Catholic orthodoxy, against the doctrinal laxity of the Papacy.

The committee appointed in August submitted to the Conference the Programme they had been instructed to draw up, and it was adopted* as the manifesto of the party. It may be right to mention, in passing, that the committee consisted of men of eminence. Three, including Dr. Döllinger himself, were Bavarians, professors in the Munich University; but every part of the Fatherland was represented—North Germany, by Professor Langen of Bonn and Professor Reinkens of Breslau; Bohemia, by von Schulte, Professor

of History and Jurisprudence in Prague; German Austria, by Massen of Vienna.

The document is drawn up with much ability. Curiously enough, it is cast into a form which recalls the memory of the stand made by the great Reformers of the sixteenth century when they gave forth, in the city of Spire, the Protest from which they derive their most familiar designation. The Munich reformers are not anxious to appear to be walking in the steps of the greater men who revolted from Rome three hundred years ago. On the contrary, they would do a good deal to avoid the reproach of Protestantizing. But Protestants they are, nevertheless. The one thing their manifesto most emphatically does is to protest. It is a document which will be remembered in history; and readers who take any interest in the history of the kingdom and Church of our beloved Lord will, we are sure, be willing to spend a little while with us in studying its contents.

The first feature which strikes an evangelical Protestant in the Munich Programme is one that will be apt to prove somewhat disappointing. It is not to be denied that there is an absence of the kind of topics which would enlist the warmest sympathies of godly Protestants. In the Reformation of the sixteenth century the main battle was waged around a truth which appeals to the tenderest instincts of every soul touched with a true sense of sin—the doctrine of justification by God's grace through faith—the grand "article of a standing or a falling Church." Many other topics came up in the course of the long strife; but the vital article which we have named was always felt to be the key to the Protestant position. It was a great advantage to the cause of the Reformation that it turned so much on a question which every person who had felt the burden of sin or tasted of the grace of God, let him be ever so illiterate, could appreciate as heartily as the best-learned divine in Christendom. The Jansenists of one hundred and fifty years later had a similar advantage in their memorable strife with the Jesuits; for their principal contentings had respect to the doctrines of sin and grace—the old vital doctrines of the utter depravity of man and the efficacious grace of God. It is a serious disadvantage to the Anti-papal

* From an article in the *Neue Evangelische Kirchenzeitung* of October 7, and a letter in the *Times* of October 6, which reached us after the above was written, we learn that the Conference made several not unimportant alterations in the committee's draft which Dr. Döllinger is understood to have prepared. It seems that the learned Professor, in expressing the hope that the party might yet come to an understanding with the Protestant Churches, had so worded the sentence as to make it refer exclusively to the Episcopal Churches of England and America. As finally adopted, it refers to the Protestant Churches generally. The most important alteration, however, consisted in the addition of a new paragraph, authorizing the Old Catholics to organize themselves into distinct congregations in their respective localities, under anti-infallibilist priests. This was strenuously opposed by Dr. Döllinger, as savouring of "schism;" but of the six hundred deputies, or thereby, who were present, only some twenty shared the fears of their venerable leader, and the paragraph was carried with enthusiasm. Dr. Döllinger seems to have at length acquiesced in the decisive action thus resolved upon.

party, in the present instance, that the articles about which they are called to contend are much less directly connected with the faith and hope of the individual soul. Important as they are in their own place, it will be somewhat difficult to bring home a sense of their importance to the mind and conscience of the general membership of the Church.

It has already been observed that the Munich Programme is essentially a Protestation. We may be able to show, by-and-by, that it is by no means so purely negative in its character as a hasty reading might suggest. In fact, the more carefully it is studied, the more one comes to see that it is almost as emphatic in its aspirations after reform as in its protests against error and abuse. The *protestant* and the *reforming* features (we use the terms in their original and proper signification) are blended pretty equally throughout. For the present we shall confine attention to the former feature, as being perhaps the one which stands out most prominently.

The document opens with a strong and sweeping protest against THE NOVEL ARTICLES OF FAITH for which the present Pope has such a passion, and the promulgation of which, in the shape of new definitions of dogma, will always be remembered as perhaps the most remarkable characteristic of his long pontificate. The series was opened a good many years ago, in the definition of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary; a thoroughly baseless and unscriptural fancy which the Pope imposed on the consciences of all his subjects in spite of the urgent remonstrances of very many of the bishops. The series ended with the decree of the 18th July: a definition in which the Pope surely touched the utmost extreme of this form of wicked folly. The whole series is boldly repudiated by the Munich protesters in the first article of their Programme. Their protest runs thus:—

"First, In the consciousness of our religious duties, we hold fast to the old Catholic faith, as defined by Scripture and tradition, as likewise to the old Catholic mode of worship. We regard ourselves, therefore, as fully entitled to rank as members of the Catholic Church, and will not allow ourselves either to be expelled from the communion of the Church, or to be deprived of the civil and ecclesiastical rights accruing to us from the communion. We declare the ecclesiastical measures pronounced against us on account of

our fidelity to the faith to be groundless and arbitrary, and we shall not be misled in our conscience, nor hindered by them from participation in ecclesiastical communion. Taking our stand upon the Confession of Faith contained in the symbol of Trent, we reject the dogmas announced under the pontificate of Pius IX., as being at variance with the teaching of the Church and the principles which have been always accepted since the date of the Council of the Apostles; more particularly, we reject the dogma of Infallibility; and of the supreme, ordinary, and immediate jurisdiction of the Pope."

This article would alone have sufficed to show how decisive and irrevocable is the step which has been taken by the Munich Reformers. They have crossed the Rubicon. The breach with Rome is complete; and nothing remains save to organize their adherents, and prosecute the war to the uttermost. The article, moreover, indicates very distinctly the position the party mean to occupy. They claim to be the "Old Catholics." This is the designation by which they have been describing themselves for a twelvemonth past. It is the title by which they are likely henceforth to be known both to friends and foes; and this first Article of their Programme declares what they mean by it. We occupy, they say, the old ground of the Catholic Church—the ground from which, after many attempts during many centuries, the Papacy has at length succeeded in driving or seducing the numerical majority of the people belonging to the Catholic pale. According to this theory, the Papal community is a new Church—"the Church of 1870," as the Munich men are never weary of styling it; and the true Catholic Church is now represented by the German protesting party and their co-protesters throughout the world.

Our object for the present is to set clearly before the reader the position that has been finally assumed. Explanation, not criticism, is the thing we aim at. But perhaps it would be hardly fair if we did not indicate, in a sentence or two, the opinion we have been led to take up regarding the claim thus made.

This claim of a party to occupy the old and genuine position of the society to which they have hitherto belonged is one that is exceedingly familiar to the student of Church history. It has been often made. Generally speaking, it is only the wilder and more revolutionary sort of reformers who care to announce that they have

broken with the past, and have moved away to new ground. We think none the worse of the Munich party because they cling so anxiously to what they call "the old Catholic faith." We have no doubt they are sincere in believing themselves to occupy the old ground. Nor have we the least doubt that Pius IX., on his part, has removed the Roman Church from its old foundations. His legislation amounts to an alteration of the doctrinal and constitutional basis of the society. So far as the body from which they have separated is concerned, their claim is therefore just and valid. But they deceive themselves utterly if they imagine that, on their part, there has been no turning aside from the belief in which they were nurtured. The step they have now taken involves an alteration—a portentous and revolutionary alteration—of their old creed. Nothing can be more certain than that it involves the rejection of a doctrine which is the corner-stone of the system they have hitherto maintained. We allude, of course, to the Romish doctrine of the Church—the very doctrine to which they have been accustomed to give the foremost place in their teaching. They may labour to persuade themselves that they have altered no article of their creed; but the fact remains that they—a number of theologians and other private members of the Church—have taken a step which implies that the visible Church, with the Pope and the prelates at its head, has rejected the pure Word of Christ and fallen into such deadly error that separation from it becomes an imperative duty. Now this, as it seems to us, is to do precisely what they have constantly censured Protestants for doing. They refuse to accept the voice of the collective episcopacy as the voice of Christ. They abandon the old Romish doctrine that the Spirit of Christ so guards the visible society which enjoys the oversight of a hierarchy dating from the times of the apostles that it will be infallibly kept from falling into error. In spite of themselves, they have abandoned the ground they occupied before, and have taken up what is essentially a Protestant position. So much for their protest against the new dogmas enunciated by Pius IX., and their claim to maintain the old Catholic faith.

The second article of the Munich Programme

is, if possible, more important than the first; both as setting forth the grievances which have constrained its authors to revolt against the Papacy, and as indicating the position they have resolved to take up. As the former article dealt with the ancient *faith*, so this deals with **THE ANCIENT CONSTITUTION OF THE CHURCH**. The Pope is charged with having subverted the Constitution as well as corrupted the Faith of the Church committed to his oversight. The article on this subject is of considerable length; but the drift of the whole will be gathered with sufficient accuracy from its leading sentences. They are as follow:—

"*Secondly.* We hold fast to the old constitution of the Church. We reject every attempt to deprive the bishops of the immediate and independent management of individual Churches. We reject the doctrine contained in the decrees of the Vatican, that the Pope is the only divinely-appointed bearer of all ecclesiastical authority.....(a.) We declare that articles of faith cannot be prescribed simply by the decision of the ruling Pope and the expressed or silent concurrence of the bishops, who are bound by oath to unqualified obedience to the Pope, but must also be in harmony with the Holy Scriptures, and with the old ecclesiastical traditions as laid down in the recognized Fathers and Councils.....(b.) We declare emphatically that the right of a Council to promulgate a doctrine must justify itself to the consciences (*Glaubensbewusstsein*) of the Catholic people and to theological science, by the agreement of that doctrine with the original and traditional faith of the Church. We assert for the Catholic laity and clergy, and likewise for scientific theology, the right to discuss and attend new rules of faith at the time they are being established."

Those who attentively watched the proceedings of the Vatican Council know that its labours in the way of formulating new articles of faith were not, by any means, confined to the famous definition of the Papal Infallibility. A series of canons were passed dealing with the whole of the extensive department of theology which relates to the Constitution and Prerogatives of the Church. It is to be remembered that, till 1870, no Council had attempted an authoritative declaration of this extensive doctrine. In point of fact there was, and had always been, great difference of opinion in regard to it. One numerous and influential party, including many of the most eminent divines, maintained that the Constitution of the Church is aristocratic, inasmuch as all power and jurisdiction are vested by Christ in the bishops. Another party maintained, with the Jesuits, that the Church is an absolute monarchy, inasmuch as all

power and jurisdiction have been vested in the single person of the Pope. This, we repeat, was the state of matters up till the midsunamer of last year. But here also the Council has made a sweeping alteration. No difference of opinion regarding the Constitution of the Church is henceforth to be suffered. And it is to be noted that the canons on this subject are quite free from the perplexing ambiguity which we have found cleaving to the Infallibility definition. It is laid down in the most absolute and unambiguous terms, that all the powers which Christ has bestowed on his Church are bestowed upon her in the single person of the Pope. The bishops have no independent authority of any kind. They are merely the instruments by whom the Pope puts forth his power. The voice of the Pope must be obeyed, although he should stand alone. The bishops, the clergy, the whole body of the faithful count for nothing, if their voice is opposed to the single voice of the Pope. To the Pope, and to him alone, belongs "the supreme, ordinary, and immediate jurisdiction" over the whole Church.

It may perhaps be remembered that in the early part of last year—some months before the Infallibility decree went forth—we devoted a somewhat lengthy article to this subject of Church Power, or the Constitution of the Church, with the view of pointing out that, if the Council should venture to endorse the Papal intentions, the result would be the suppression of the ancient hierarchical theory, which makes the bishops the depositaries of Church power; a theory which, unscriptural and mischievous as we believe it to be, has always been maintained by men of the foremost ability and influence in the Romish Church. The Council has done its master's bidding; and we are not surprised to find that it is on account of the novel definitions on this subject that the Munich reformers offer to the Papacy their most strenuous battle.

In one respect the language of their manifesto goes further than our most sanguine expectations. That they would protest against Papal absolutism, if they protested at all, could not be doubted. But, in common, we suppose, with most people on this side of the North Sea, we imagined that their protest against the Pope would be merely in the interest of the hierarchy. We are delighted

to find that it is not so. In this connection the concluding paragraph, quoted a little ago from the second article of the Programme, is exceedingly important, and seems to be quite decisive. It is not the hierarchy only, but the whole body of the faithful, who are recognized as entitled to discuss new rules of faith. The decisions even of a General Council may be tainted with error. An appeal lies from them to the original faith of the Church; and of this, "theological science and the consciousness of the Catholic people" must judge. These are remarkable positions to be taken up by Old Catholics. They will call for further notice when we come to speak of the probable issues of the movement: for the present we can only direct the reader's attention to them.

To non-theological readers the *fifth* article of the Programme will be more attractive than any other. It may be described as the third item in the enumeration of Papal enormities against which the Munich reformers utter their prohibition. In this instance the protest is levelled against the DOGMA OF INTOLERANCE as taught by Pius IX. and imposed on the conscience of the Roman Catholic Church. The article is short, and may be quoted in full:—

"We adhere to the principles in the constitutions of our countries which protect civil freedom and humanitarian culture; and accordingly we reject, both for political and historical reasons, the dogma, so threatening to the State, of absolute Papal power, and declare that we are prepared to stand by our several Governments in the conflict against Ultramontanism, as it is expressed dogmatically in the Syllabus."

This reference to the Syllabus may require a word of explanation. In December 1864, the Pope issued, in a collective form, the condemnations of so-called errors which had been emitted by him from time to time in allocutions, encyclical letters, and such like documents. This "Syllabus of the principal errors of our time" is in many respects a notable utterance of Papal infallibility. It exemplifies the disreputable habit of mixing up, as if they were all of a piece, opinions rejected by all who bear the Christian name, and opinions which, although obnoxious to Rome, are dear to the generality of serious men. The doctrine of toleration comes in for severe condemnation. We have not room to quote more than

two brief sentences ; but they will probably be deemed sufficiently decisive. The two following propositions are gravely condemned as heretical : "That in the present day it is no longer expedient that the Catholic religion shall be held as the only religion of the State, to the exclusion of all other modes of worship ;" and, "That it has been wisely provided, accordingly, in some countries called Catholic, that persons coming to reside therein shall enjoy the public exercise of their own worship." These propositions, let it be observed, are condemned in a paper of instructions regarding matters of faith and morals, addressed by the Pope to the whole Church. Here, if anywhere, is the voice of Infallibility.

Well, what does the infallible voice command all men to believe? This, for one thing,—that the Catholic religion, to the exclusion of every other, ought to be held as the only religion of the State. There is not a single country of any importance in Europe which this does not condemn as guilty of sin in a fundamental article of its constitution. It will not do to say that this merely indicates an *ideal* to be aimed at ; for in the next sentence the brand of condemnation is affixed on the notion that non-Catholics may lawfully be allowed the public exercise of divine worship in their own way. In Catholic countries, only the Catholic worship ought to be tolerated : even foreigners coming to reside in those countries ought to be interdicted the public exercise of their religion. These are doctrines the Papacy has always taught ; but they are now, for the first time, obligatory as articles of faith on the conscience of every man — be he statesman or private citizen — who remains in the communion of the Roman Catholic Church. No marvel that the Munich reformers find themselves under the necessity of relieving their consciences by uttering a protest against such doctrine.

Reference was made at the outset to the fact that the position taken up by the Old Catholics labours under the disadvantage of embracing

little or nothing of positive evangelical truth—little which comes home to the heart of a simple Christian. This is undoubtedly a serious defect ; but it would be unfair to press it too far. When men are resisting violence done to their consciences, the form to be assumed by their resistance is determined very much by the form of the violence with which they are assailed. The decrees of the Vatican Council do not relate to matters of Christian doctrine, as Christian doctrine is ordinarily understood ; they relate exclusively to such subjects as the constitution of the Church and the seat of Church power. The leaders of the Old Catholic movement cannot be altogether blamed, therefore, if they begin the war by taking up a position of resistance on the same ground.

Besides, there is reason to believe that they do not mean to confine themselves to the negative work of protesting against the novel articles now sought to be imposed on men's consciences. There is at least one paragraph in their Programme which distinctly announces their purpose to attempt something in the line of positive reformation ; and it is not to be supposed that in this manifesto they have spoken their last word. We hope to find them bringing forward reforms touching more closely the vitals of the Church's life and worship. However this may be, enough has been said to show that the Old Catholic movement ought to receive the hearty and prayerful sympathy of Christ's people in the evangelical Churches. The history of all great reformations, whether in Church or State, proves that the men who lead them are generally themselves led on, step by step, to positions never dreamed of at the first setting out. It will be a grievous dereliction of duty on our part if we do not offer prayer very importunately to Him who has the hearts of all men in his hands, entreating Him to make this great movement issue in a Second Reformation of the Church in the same German Fatherland which was honoured to be the cradle of the First.



THE GOSPEL IN MADAGASCAR.

IN TWO PAPERS.

I.



It does not fall within the scope of this paper to give any account of the natural features and productions of Madagascar, nor to describe the manners and customs of the inhabitants. Nor do I propose to enter into any detailed statement regarding the form of religion once universally prevalent, though that is more closely connected with the object I have in view. From the works mentioned below,* and especially from Mr. Ellis's elaborate "History of Madagascar," published more than thirty years ago, abundant information on the above subjects may be obtained. It may be noticed, however, in passing, that the heathenism of Madagascar presented a somewhat unusual combination of features, apparently derived from different quarters. There did not exist any regular priesthood, properly so called—any class of men separated from the general community, and devoted to the services of religion. The only class to whom this title has been given were the keepers of the national idols; but the chiefs, and, since the union of the tribes, the sovereign, has acted as the national high-priest. Every family had its own household gods. Drury, who was a captive on the island for fifteen years (1702-1717), denies the existence of any sacerdotal order, and declares that "every man here, the poor man as well as the rich lord, is a priest for himself and for his family." There were no temples appropriated to religious worship; the cities where the national idols were kept were, however, held sacred. In such things we discern some relics of the old patriarchal system; while in some ceremonies connected with sacrifices, especially the importance attached not only to the blood, but to the inward fat, we seem to have some analogy to the Hebrew ritual. Again, in the great reverence shown to ancestors, there is a strong resemblance to the superstitions of the Chinese. Whencesoever derived, heathenism here, as elsewhere, brought forth its inevitable fruit. Its influence was debasing and demoralizing in the extreme; divination was universally resorted to; justice, honesty, and purity were utterly disregarded. Moral excellences were not attributed to their gods; it were vain, then, to look for them among the worshippers. But the Dayspring from on high hath visited that land, so full of darkness, cruelty, and deceit; and to trace the

progress of the gospel there, from its small beginning, through its severe trials, to the present time, is the immediate object of this paper.

Previous to the arrival of the Protestant missionaries, the intercourse of Europeans with Madagascar was not of such a nature as to produce a favourable impression on the people. Their principal object was the prosecution of the slave-trade, which entailed almost ceaseless wars and manifold miseries upon the natives. For a long time Madagascar was one of the chief sources of supply for the slave-market, as many as four thousand being often carried away in a year. So closely did the natives associate this nefarious traffic with the white man, that it was some time before they could look upon the missionaries as animated by any other motives, or seeking any different end, than the slave-dealer. They were afraid to send their children to school, lest they should be eaten by the English; which they believed to be the fate of all those who were carried beyond the sea. There is a spot on the summit of a hill, over which the poor slaves had to pass on their way to the coast, from which they caught the first glimpse of the sea over which they would be borne to a hopeless bondage, and from which also, looking back, they could discern the mountain-ridges that shut in their native home, which they would never again revisit; it is called "the Weeping-place of the Hovaa." It was under the impulse of her noble purpose to exterminate the slave-trade, that Great Britain began that connection with Madagascar which has been so beneficial to the latter, and so honourable to the former. Radama I., the chief of the Hovas, was in the midst of those sanguinary wars which issued in the subjection of the whole island to one sovereign, with Antananarivo, in the province of Imerina, as the capital, when, in 1817, the British Government, through its representative in Mauritius, negotiated with him a treaty which put an end to the slave-trade in Madagascar. From this traffic considerable revenue had been derived by the king, and the compensation which he received from Britain materially contributed to the establishment of his authority over the whole island. The king faithfully fulfilled his obligations; and thus one other country was rescued from the debasing presence of the slave-hunter. The early efforts made to Christianize the natives were scarcely less fitted to produce an unfavourable impression regarding the religion of the white man. The Portuguese, by whom the island was discovered in 1506, introduced some Popish priests; but their labours to convert the people were both brief and ineffectual. During the seventeenth century the French established some settlements on the east coast, and under their

* "The Martyr-Church." A Narrative of the Introduction, Progress, and Triumph of Christianity in Madagascar. With Notices of Personal Intercourse and Travel in that Island. By Rev. William Ellis, Author of "Polynesian Researches," &c. Third Thousand. London: John Snow & Co. 1870.
 "Madagascar and its People." Notes of a Four Years' Residence. With a Sketch of the History, Position, and Prospects of Mission Work amongst the Malagasy. By James Sibree, Jun., Architect of the Memorial Churches. The Religious Tract Society. 1870.

auspices another Romish mission was begun. No better success attended it; the result, on the contrary, was to make the very name of Christianity odious to the people, being associated in their minds with French insolence, aggression, and persecution. For the priests, finding that they made little progress, began to weary of the quieter mode of procedure. They assumed a tone of authority, and commanded the chief in whose territory they were located to renounce idolatry, polygamy, and his other evil ways. In his fanatic rage, one of them seized the household gods and dashed them to the ground. The result might have been anticipated; the passions of the natives were roused, and the priests and their attendants instantly slain. French troops were called in to avenge their death, and in the cruel war that followed, one of the most prominent actors was another priest. The impression made by these events had not quite passed away when the first Protestant missionaries sought to enter the capital, more than one hundred years later. The king granted leave, on condition that no one should be compelled to become a convert, or to submit to instruction; showing that he was more familiar with the mode of propagating Christianity by force, than by the power of argument or the sword of the Spirit.

Early in the present century, the attention of British Christians had been directed to this important island. Dr. Vanderkemp was preparing to enter on this new sphere of labour, when he died at the Cape in 1811. In 1818 the London Missionary Society sent forth its first missionaries to Madagascar. Heavy discouragements were experienced at the outset. A few weeks after landing at Tamatave, the two mission families were prostrated by the dreaded Malagasy fever, which prevails at certain seasons along the low-lying coast, and with one exception they all died. Mr. Johns, the only survivor, returned to Mauritius, where he lingered till 1820, when, in company with the British agent, he again entered Madagascar, and reached the capital in October of that year. On 8th December the first school was opened at Antananarivo with three scholars, one of whom was the nephew of the king. Such was the small beginning, fifty years ago, of the mission which has since attracted so much interest in the Christian world. Radama, more enlightened than the great majority of his subjects, clearly perceived that the diffusion of education would be highly advantageous to his people and government, and he gave the missionaries every encouragement. His own time and energies were chiefly devoted to the prosecution of the cruel wars by which he at length established the supremacy of the Hovas over all the other tribes, and the union of the whole under his own government. He had no personal sympathy with Christianity, but, at the same time, he treated with contempt many of the superstitions which prevailed among the people. He was too shrewd to be deceived by the tricks of the diviners, and on several notable occasions acted in direct opposition to their decisions;

and, in so far, his conduct tended to lessen their influence, and indirectly to assist Christianity. As the mission staff gradually increased, the sphere of operations was extended. The prejudices of the people were at first hard to overcome; they could not understand that their children were wanted at school for their own benefit. But when confidence was established, education became very popular; and in a few years the schools had increased from one to thirty-two, and the scholars from three, to four thousand. It was thus that, in the early years of the mission, the principal labours of the missionaries were devoted to education. Sometimes they were ready to regret that they were able to devote so little time to the direct preaching of the Word; but when the time came that the infant Church was left without human guidance and instruction in the midst of severe trials, then they marked the wise and gracious arrangements of Providence, by which large numbers had been taught to read the Word of Life, and find comfort therein in the hour of distress. The number of readers multiplied with great rapidity, for those who were taught by the missionaries became teachers of others. For some time, an adult class, attended by three hundred officers and their wives, was held in the palace-yard; and the king himself, when in the capital, was a diligent student of French and English. It taxed the energies of the missionaries to provide for this fast-growing thirst for knowledge. They had to reduce the language to a written form; to compile grammar, dictionary, and school-books. A printing-press was obtained from England, and catechisms, Scripture-lessons, and hymn-books were issued, and greatly contributed to diffuse the knowledge of Bible truth. It is a matter of great importance, and that not only for missionary purposes, that one language is spoken throughout the island. There are different dialects in the provinces, but not more strongly marked than those that prevail in different English counties; and the books printed in the Hova dialect are available for other provinces also. This will greatly facilitate intercourse and the diffusion of knowledge, and render access to the distant tribes for missionary purposes comparatively easy. As soon as the missionaries were able to speak the language, preaching was begun; and Bible-classes and congregations were established in the city and surrounding villages. Christian artisans were sent from England to instruct the people in useful arts; and this also tended to secure the good-will of both the people and the government, by whom their skilled labour was highly appreciated.

Thus they continued for eight years diligently raising up an educated and intelligent class, and by books and preaching sowing the good seed of the Word. But as yet they had reaped no fruit. Doubtless the diffusion of knowledge was gradually undermining prevalent superstitions; doubtless in many hearts the truth was lodged and was slowly germinating. The king had declared that any one who chose was at liberty to profess Christianity; but no one had yet done so. In 1828.

the mission sustained a heavy discouragement in the death of Radama. He had lived and died a heathen. He was sensual and cruel; but his personal influence had smoothed the way of the missionaries. When the idol-keepers complained that the spread of Christian education was leading many to disrespect the idols, he stood firm to his purpose and protected the missionaries in their benevolent labours. The accession of Ranavalona, one of Radama's wives, boded no good to the Christian cause. She was wholly devoted to the idols of her country and the traditions of her ancestry, and completely under the influence of the diviners. On the day of her coronation, the national idols occupied a conspicuous place, and received all due honour. Taking two of them in her hands, she said, "I have received you from my ancestors: I put my trust in you; therefore support me." All that this implied became manifest afterwards; but for a little longer the work must go on in comparative peace.

All meetings for teaching and preaching were prohibited during the six months of mourning that followed the death of the king; for, according to the custom of the country, idleness was enforced upon the people on such occasions. At its close, permission was given to the missionaries to resume their labours. A check was, however, experienced at the very outset; for no sooner were the schools again fully organized, than seven hundred of the teachers and more advanced pupils were drafted into the army. The immediate effect was that the parents, suspecting the designs of government in encouraging education, refused to allow their children to attend. This feeling wore off, in some measure, and a great point was gained when the queen gave permission to any one who wished it to be baptized. Accordingly, the devoted missionaries had the joy of gathering the first-fruits of their labours, when, in May 1831, twenty openly professed their faith in Christ by baptism, and when, in August following, the Lord's Supper was celebrated for the first time among native Christians. Meanwhile the interest in divine things was deepening and extending, many of all ranks were earnestly seeking after the truth, and evidence was not wanting that some had experienced its transforming power. It was a season of much gladness to God's faithful servants; the seed long sown in faith was now springing up. But they could only rejoice with trembling; for the queen's deep dislike to Christianity was well known, and soon became too manifest. It was from no friendly or tolerant spirit that they were permitted to prosecute their work, but because their educational labours were useful to the government—their schools furnished better qualified officers for the army, and the artisans were doing good service to the country. So long as a sense of these benefits held her fanatical tendencies in check, it was well; but the time was approaching when her deep hatred of the gospel, her narrow, bigoted heathenism, would overleap all such barriers, and reveal itself in the persecution of the saints. In 1834, a first step was taken with the view of checking

the progress of Christianity, by prohibiting any of the pupils in the mission-schools to be baptized and to receive the Lord's Supper; and soon after, this prohibition was extended to the whole people. The opposition of the authorities seemed, however, only to stimulate the desire for Christian instruction, and converts were multiplied, though they were not allowed openly to profess their faith. Many Christians had been sent into the army: their steadfastness was shown in refusing to be sprinkled with sacred water, and to take part in idolatrous sacrifices, and for this they were ordered to occupy the most dangerous position in battle. They proved their devoted zeal in seeking to instruct their comrades in the truth; and many of them, returning from the war, brought to the missionaries those whom they had been instrumental in interesting in Christianity. Many remarkable instances of conversion gladdened the heart of Christ's servants, and among these was the case of a once famous diviner, who became a devoted servant of Christ and a noble witness for the truth. Private meetings for prayer, reading, and conversation were held by the natives themselves; the preaching of the cross continued with growing interest and power; members of the government and connections of the royal family, as well as labourers, soldiers, and slaves, were added to the faith. The spirit in which they devoted themselves to Christ, is revealed in the words of one who thus wrote: "I desire to devote myself both soul and body to Jesus, that I may serve him in all things, according to his will; and I pray God, in thus giving myself to Jesus, to assist me by his Holy Spirit, that I may love Jesus with all my heart, my spirit, and my strength, that I may serve Jesus, even until I die." Discouragements increased; annoyances beset the Christians in common life; any leaning towards the gospel was a barrier to promotion in the army; slaves were forbidden to be taught; and a master who permitted his slave to be baptized was condemned to bondage. Nevertheless the Word of God grew and multiplied. During the latter part of 1834, the mission was blessed with a large measure of prosperity. It was a time of much fervent prayer and deep religious earnestness. In the capital, in adjacent villages, and in places sixty and a hundred miles distant, was this spiritual awakening experienced, and the power of God revealed. He was preparing his people for the hour of sore trial close at hand.

All this could not fail to provoke the keener hatred of the bigoted heathen, and especially of the idol-keepers, most deeply interested in upholding ancient usages. Their craft was in danger, and they employed every means likely to stir up the wrath of the queen. Spies attended the meetings of the Christians; the preaching of the missionaries and of their native assistants was represented as seditious. A paper was laid before the queen, in which, after stating that the preachers urged all present to serve Jehovah and Jesus Christ (whom these heathen regarded as the illustrious ancestors of the English, and therefore rivals of the queen and her

ancestors), that these meetings were carried on by slaves, that they were held during the night and without the permission of the queen, it was added, "We fear that these people, who have become so friendly with the English, will attempt to transfer the kingdom of the queen to them." Thus they sought to have Christianity regarded both as a political danger and a religious offence. Having by private means obtained a list of the places of meeting and the names of the baptized, the queen was astonished and enraged at their number, and solemnly declared that she would stop their progress by shedding blood. She sent a letter to the missionaries, declaring her purpose to maintain the customs of her ancestors, forbidding all Christian teaching and baptism, permitting only instruction in the arts and sciences. Their appeal for the continuance of past privileges was disregarded. A public assembly was summoned for the 1st of March 1836; the queen's message was delivered, and it uttered no uncertain sound. All who refused homage to the idols were pronounced criminals; preaching, baptism, the formation of Christian societies, places of worship, and the observance of the Sabbath, were declared to be unlawful. Those who were guilty of attending to these things were required to come forward and accuse themselves within a month, under the penalty of death for disobedience. Afterwards, the time allowed for self-accusation was reduced to one week. Her purpose was not to be shaken; and could she have thoroughly carried it out, Christianity would have disappeared. This blow was not quite unexpected, but its severity produced wide-spread consternation; for there were few families in and around the capital that were not connected, more or less closely, with some who came within the scope of this terrible decree. The enemies of the truth, professing not to believe in the sincerity of the Christians, anticipated an almost universal apostasy; but in this they were disappointed. No doubt some who had associated with the Christians fell away, but the great majority abode steadfast in the faith. Many refused self-accusation; but great numbers fearlessly confessed Christ, at the same time declaring their continued allegiance to the queen. This was but the beginning of sorrows. They were forbidden to resort to the missionaries, yet many secretly sought their counsel; prayer was prohibited, yet never was it more fervently and abundantly offered; and secret meetings were held for Christian fellowship and the celebration of the Lord's Supper. The gathering storm drove them to seek closer communion with each other, and with their exalted Head.

During fifteen years had the missionaries and their assistants been permitted to devote their whole energy to this noble work. Eleven years had elapsed before any of the natives avowed their faith in Christ; but the remaining four had been a period of joyful ingathering. Hundreds, it is believed, of all ranks, now rejoiced in the faith of the gospel, and though imperfectly

instructed, manifested in no small measure the graces of the Christian character. They were generally a humble, prayerful people, greatly delighting in the Word; and the heart of their teachers was rejoiced by their consistent conduct, and by their zeal for the Saviour's cause. Ere the mission was completely broken up, it was an unspeakable satisfaction to the missionaries to be able to leave behind them a translation of the entire Scriptures into the native language. Thousands of copies of the New Testament and of separate gospels, as well as other religious books, had been printed and distributed, and proved of incalculable service during the dark period that followed. Now they were prepared to acknowledge the unspeakable advantage resulting from their early educational labours. Somewhere about thirty thousand of the Malagasy had learned to read, and to them the printed books were available, and among them many converts were made to Christ by means of the Word simply, when no missionary was near. Some idea of the extent to which Christianity had spread may be gathered from the fact that, after the self-accusation enjoined by the queen, about four hundred officers in the army were reduced in rank, and two thousand of other classes were fined. The queen, having prevented some new missionaries from going to the capital, those already there, being cut off from all intercourse with the people, felt that for the time their work was done: the whole machinery of the mission was at a stand-still. Accordingly, in 1835, some of them, accompanied by the English artisans, who refused to remain behind though invited to do so, left the country, and the others followed in 1836, leaving the infant Church in a very critical position. The future was dark and threatening; but the strong conviction remained that the same Divine Spirit who had led them to Christ would not forsake them when called to suffer for Christ. In this they were not disappointed. And so closes the first epoch in the history of the Madagascar mission.

Dark, indeed, were the years that followed; severe beyond anticipation were the trials to which the native Christians were exposed, brightened nevertheless by the most remarkable instances of steadfast faith, patient endurance, and heroic devotion to the cause of truth, that modern times can furnish. It is the martyr-age of the Malagasy Church, and extended over the long period of twenty-five years. It is impossible to give here more than a brief outline of this interesting epoch. Restraint had been laid on the Christians before the departure of the missionaries. They were forbidden to meet together for worship, to pray or to observe the Sabbath, and were ordered to deliver up all Christian books. Very soon after, more active persecution began, and continued, with intervals of comparative peace, till the death of the queen. Possessed of a strong will, but narrow and superstitious in a high degree, her settled purpose was utterly to exterminate Christianity. In prosecuting this and she was reckless of human life; and this, together with

her many wars against hostile tribes, made her reign one long series of cruel atrocities. Though the Christians were never quite free from annoyance, repeatedly the flames of persecution raged with peculiar violence. Directed at first against individuals of high rank, those in the humblest position were not more safe. Among those who were first arrested was a young woman named Rasalama, who was honoured to be the first martyr for the cause of Christ in Madagascar. On the morning of her execution, passing, heavily-ironed, the chapel in which she was baptized, she exclaimed, "There I heard the words of the Saviour!" She was speared to death while in the act of prayer. Amazed at the calm and joyful manner in which she met death, so different from the experience of heathens, the executioner repeatedly exclaimed, "There is some charm in the religion of the white people which takes away the fear of death." Torture was freely applied to other Christians in order to extort from them the names of their companions. Being mostly known to the authorities, and liable to arrest at any moment, some of them fled to the wilder parts of the country, where they were reduced to great straits. A few, after enduring almost incredible hardships, contrived to escape from the island, and ultimately reached England, where their presence excited no little interest. Many of their companions, less fortunate, were condemned to various forms of punishment. A few were put to death; some were deprived of rank and honours; about two hundred were reduced to perpetual slavery, and others sent into the most unhealthy parts of the country, there to die of the slow poison of the marsh-fever. Yet, though thus fearfully harassed, they contrived to meet together in secret on some mountain-top or in some dismal cave, there to read, and pray, and encourage each other in the faith. Sometimes they would travel twenty miles to enjoy such a meeting. When hunted from place to place, they were often refreshed by meeting with brethren in Christ where none were known to exist. In scattered villages, far removed from the capital, and in solitary dwellings, they were welcomed and aided by Christ's hidden ones; and such unexpected fellowship was like streams in the desert to those weary wanderers. Sometimes a recognition would be effected by repeating the words: "If I declare it unto thee, wilt thou not surely put me to death?" (Jer. xxxviii. 15); to which the answer would be given in the following verse: "As the Lord liveth, that made us this soul, I will not put thee to death, neither will I give thee into the hands of those men who seek thy life." The following extract from a letter addressed by some of the persecuted saints to Mr. Johns, a year after his departure, shows the admirable spirit in which they bore their trials:—"It is thought that we shall certainly forget the Word of God, now that we have no teachers. The queen does not know that the best Teacher of all, the Holy Spirit, is still with us. We will go forward in the strength of the Lord. We have opportunities of meeting on the mountains to sing and pray on the

Sabbath. We have also three services during the week in the capital after sunset. Our meetings are large, through the diligence of the disciples in conversation, in season and out of season. All the Christians here are teaching others to read: there are ten learning with one friend, six with another, four with another; and the number is increasing. How much does the compassion of the Saviour console us now! We are filled with wonder at the work of the Holy Spirit, for it is he who thus persuades us to increase in love. The Word is indeed true that says, 'I will send you the Comforter. It is expedient for you that I go away.' Precious to us now is Jesus; he is our rock, our shield, our hope, and our life." With this before us, who wonders that, despite all the wrath of the enemy, the saints grew in numbers and in grace? Each Christian was a missionary; even the soldiers, amid the harassments of war, sought to win new adherents to Christ, and the scattered military stations became centres of light and of blessing.

In 1840, Mr. Johns made a secret visit to the capital, and was eye-witness of the sufferings and noble self-denial of the Christians. A company of these had endeavoured to reach the coast, but were recaptured and brought back to the capital. Their only crime was reading the Scriptures and praying. Nine of them suffered martyrdom, and many more were reduced to slavery. The martyrs bore themselves with rare Christian fortitude; and the impression made upon the people, alike by their life and their death, was altogether favourable to Christianity. Silently but surely idolatry was losing its hold; and, by the very means employed to extinguish the gospel, the way was being prepared for its triumph. The condition of the Christians was indeed at this time most desolate and disheartening. The strictest orders were given to the soldiers to search out the praying people; and as the persecutors became better acquainted with their habits and hiding-places, concealment was less easily effected. Those who fled to the woods and deserts were in danger of starvation, or of being seized by bands of armed robbers, who had greatly increased under the tyrannical government of the queen. The order given to the soldiers was to bind, hand and foot, any Christians whom they might find, to dig a pit on the spot, hurl them head foremost into it, and pour boiling water upon them till they ceased to live; then to fill up the pit with earth, and continue their search for others. This barbarity was perpetrated under the pretence that the victims could not have escaped so often had they not possessed some powerful charm, which might be exercised for evil on others, and which rendered it dangerous to bring them to the capital for trial. Thus, in jeopardy every hour, hunted like wild beasts upon the mountains, their faith, charity, and patience were wonderful; yet we are not surprised to learn that, in such circumstances, their meeting-places were less numerous, and the attendance smaller. Still, their love to Christ constrained them to undergo almost any risk, that they

might make known his name. The Christians of Vonizongo hearing that the Sakalava chiefs in the west were willing to receive teachers, two of their number went to visit them. They were captured on their return, taken to the capital, tortured, condemned, and sent to their own village for execution. Their last message was, "Farewell, beloved brethren; God will cause us this day to meet with him in paradise." Their heads were stuck on poles, doubtless with the design of deterring others from following similar courses, but with the effect of perpetuating the memory of the faith and patience of these first martyrs of Vonizongo.

It must have filled the hearts of the sufferers with a strange joy, to find that, even in darkest times, the power of the gospel was magnified by frequent accessions from the heathen. Chains and torture, slavery and death, did not deter from embracing the word of salvation. Not only the poor, but nobles and princes, were brought to the knowledge of Christ, and associated with them in worship; even the queen's only son was favourably disposed towards them. To him the Christians owed much in years to come; he administered help, he shielded from danger, and used his influence, often successfully, to mitigate the wrath of the queen, and secure some leniency towards the sufferers. When the leaders of the heathen party complained of this, she excused him by saying, "He is young, and he is my only son." What a contrast to our easy enjoyment of Sabbath privileges, and how like in this, as in other respects, to the bitter experience of our persecuted ancestors, is the following account of the toil and risk cheerfully endured to enjoy Christian fellowship: "We always go to some

hill or valley far away. We leave home on the Saturday, and on Sunday meet together and offer our worship to the Lord. It is only the men who can thus go to a distance, and this makes us feel on account of the sorrow of those who cannot go. Still, we do not faint. Hitherto we have been safe, for God has hidden us under the shadow of his wings; for though many hear about us and see us, they say, 'These people pray,' and do not inform against us, but compassionate us." Cheered by a temporary lull in the storm, the Christians became more active and bold. Larger audiences assembled, and hundreds more adopted the Christian faith. Prominent among the converts at this time was Prince Ramonja, a nephew of the late king, and whose brother was the acknowledged head of the heathen party. A man of high character and deep piety, he proved an important accession to the faithful, and suffered much for the truth. A common zeal animated all; soldiers in the camp, labourers in the field, and prisoners in chains, were alike helpers in the great work. The greatest want was books. Truly the Word of God was precious in those days; diligently they copied it out, and carefully repaired the portions that yet remained among them. "I brought home," says Mr. Ellis, "no memorials of the persecutions in Madagascar more deeply affecting than some of these fragments of Scripture, worn, rent, fragile, and soiled by the dust of the earth, or the smoke of the thatch, at times when they had been concealed; yet most carefully mended by drawing the rent pages together with fibres of bark, or having the margins of the leaves covered over with stronger paper." M. H.

France and its Reformation.

XI.—CALVIN PUBLISHES THE "INSTITUTES."

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLLIE, LL.D.

Courage of the martyrs—Francis I. again turns to the Protestants of Germany—His miserable end—Béarn—Strasbourg—Calvin goes thither—Meets Bucer, Hedio, &c.—Their narrow views—Calvin goes to Basle—Position of Basle—Interview between Calvin and Erasmus—The great scholar getting old—The Pope courting him—Erasmus looking back, Calvin looking forward—Catherine Klein—What led Calvin to write the "Institutes"—Grandeur of the work—Its service to the Reformation—Calvin now the recognized chief of the movement.



As described in our last chapter the explosion which followed the publication of the manifesto against the Mass, written by the impetuous Farel. In one and the same night it was placarded over the greater part of France, and when the morning broke, and men came forth and read it, there was consternation and anger all throughout the kingdom. It proclaimed only the truth; but it came before its time. It was

a bolt flung at the Mass and its believers, which, failing to crush them, roused them into fury. The throne and the whole kingdom had been polluted; the most holy Sacrament blasphemed; the land was in danger of being smitten with terrible woes; and a public atonement was decreed for the public offence which had been offered. Not otherwise did the king think. Could France escape the wrath of the Most High! The terrible rites of the day of expiation we have

already chronicled. With the light of the tapers carried by the penitents in the long procession which swept through the streets of the capital on that day, there mingled the lurid glare of the fires in which the Lutherans were burned. With the loud chant of the priests and choristers, there arose the cries and tears of the victims. No! it was not so. These noble men uttered no cry, they shed no tear—that were a weakness, they felt, which would have stained the glory of their sacrifice. They stood with majestic mien at the stake, and looked with calmness on the flames. The sacrifice of old, when led to the altar, was crowned with garlands. So with these martyrs. They came to the altar to offer up their lives crowned with garlands of joy and praise. Their faith, their courage, their reliance on God when suffering in his cause, their vivid anticipations of future glory, were the white robes in which they dressed themselves when they ascended the altar to die. France will not always be ignorant of her true heroes.

Francis had hardly concluded this penitential procession, with its horrible accompaniments, designed to wash out the defilement which Lutheranism had brought upon his kingdom, when he again attempted to resume negotiations with the Lutherans of Germany. Those to whom he held out the hand of friendship not unnaturally demanded of him an explanation of his extraordinary conduct. Why should he be so anxious to court the favour of the Protestants of Germany when he was burning the Protestants of France? Was the Reformation true in the one country, and was Rome true in the other? This man of hypocrisy and blood was ready with his excuse; but the excuse is one of old standing. These men, he said, were not put to death for religion; they had been guilty of political crimes—they had committed sedition. This has been the persecutor's plea in every age. Those whom he has put to death for conscience' sake, he has indicted as rebels against civil government. The holocaust of the Jewish race under Ahasuerus, which was meant to appease the wounded pride of an ambitious courtier, was to be justified on this ground,—“They are the king's enemies.” When it was sought to open a way for Popery and arbitrary government in our own country in

the days of Charles II., our fathers were beheaded on scaffolds and shot on moors on the allegation that they were rebels. Was it likely that the honest trader Du Bourg would engage in a treasonable plot, or that the throne of France could be in serious danger from the poor paralytic Bartholomew Milon? But it suited Francis I. to think so. And he seems to have thought that the wretched pretext would not be seen through by the Protestants of Germany; for he made an earnest effort to induce Melancthon to come to Paris, and take up his abode in a city on whose streets might yet be seen the ashes of the fires in which his brethren had been burned, and aid in the discussions going on in the Louvre, which had for their object the union of Christendom. All the cunning devices of the monarch, wise as he doubtless deemed them, stood him in no stead in the end. The German Protestants shrunk back, and refused to grasp a hand which they saw to be red with the blood of their brethren. On every side his friends fell away from him. Desolation gathered round the throne of the man who had opened the flood-gates of persecution. The Pope deceived him. The three Italian duchies which he had bargained for when he married his second son into the house of the Medici he never obtained. The crafty Clement, when Francis pressed him, always found an excuse for putting off implementing the bargain. Henry of England turned coldly away from him. His first-born, the heir of his throne, went to the grave before him. The Duchess de Etampes, who supplanted the queen in his affections, even she intrigued against him, and filled his palace with faction and discord. The monks, whom he secretly disliked and contemned, daily acquired greater mastery over him. The learned men who had shed a lustre upon his court ceased to be seen around him. He was stricken with his last illness at the comparatively early age of fifty-three; and feeling the hand of Death upon him, he repented, when too late, of the blood he had shed. The stakes he had planted rose up before him. It was in vain that he denounced with his dying breath the men whose evil counsels had led him into this career of crime: the deed had been done, and must be reckoned for at that great tribunal before which he was about to appear.

His remorse deepened into horror as his last moments drew on. Thus died Francis I., whose opening career had been so full of promise. In him we behold a prince of fine talents, of cultivated tastes, the patron of letters, the friend of learned men, and under whom France might have risen to a higher pitch of prosperity and glory than she had known in any previous reign; but who, turning aside into the path of the persecutor, covered his name with infamy, filled his kingdom with calamity, and went down into the grave, unhonoured and unlamented, with disaster brooding over his house, and civil war lowering over France. "Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days."

We have anticipated the death of Francis I., because, having now cast the die, and sealed the step he had taken with an awful deed of blood, he will not henceforward come often before us. His sister, Margaret of Valois, now quitted Paris, and retired to her own kingdom of Béarn. Hope for her brother she could no longer cherish. With her went the freedom and material prosperity which had taken a long adieu of France, to enrich the little kingdom over which she reigned. The persecuted disciples found an asylum in Béarn. Under the tolerant sway of Margaret, and aided by the virtues of the refugees which gathered round her, things began to wear a new face in the little state of the Béarnais. The laws were reformed, schools were opened, many branches of industry were imported and very successfully cultivated; in short, the foundations were laid of that remarkable prosperity which made the little kingdom in the Pyrenees to resemble an oasis amid the desert of France and Spain. When Margaret went to her grave, in 1549, she left a greater to succeed her—her daughter Jeanne d'Albret, one of the most illustrious women in history.

We return to Calvin, in the track of whose footsteps it is that we trace the great movement of the period. He is the chief figure of the age. Charles V. and his contemporary kings play but a secondary part, and leave behind them traces which are soon effaced. It is Calvin's work that endures and goes forward with the ages. He was living very privately in Paris, afraid to let his voice be heard, or even to show himself in the

streets. This was not the part he chose to act. His spirit was weighed down; and so he left Paris, never again to enter within its walls. Scarce was he gone when the storm burst: thus did God preserve the man who was to be the chief restorer of the gospel.

Quitting Paris, Calvin set out in the direction of Germany, and in due course, travelling on horseback, arrived in Strasburg. Recent war has given a terrible interest to this city: it was even then a place of note, though the interest which attached to it was of a different kind. Its name, which signifies "the city of the highways," sufficiently indicates its position. It stood, like a mailed warrior, at the point of intersection of the roads of northern Europe. The territory of which it was the capital, Alsace, was neutral ground; and as its independence might be attacked, Strasburg was strongly fortified. Kings, as they passed by on their errands of war, whether it was an irruption from the west into Germany, or from the east into France, had first to come to terms with this man in armour who was posted right in their path, and without whose leave they could not advance. It stopped monarchs as they were rushing at one another, and afforded them a little space, if haply their anger might cool.

A yet more friendly office did it discharge to the persecuted children of the Reformation. Being a free city, it offered asylum to refugees from the surrounding countries. Bucer, and Capito, and Hedio, and other evangelical pastors of less note, were living in Strasburg at the time of Calvin's visit; and the pleasure of seeing them, and conversing with them, and of learning the gospel more perfectly from them, as he hoped, had no small share in turning his steps in the direction of this city.

Calvin's anticipations, however, in this respect, were not fully realized. He enjoyed the society of these men, and they freely made known to him their sentiments on all matters appertaining to the reformation of religion; but he was not a little disappointed in them. Their views of divine truth were less clear, less comprehensive, and less decided than he himself had already attained to. He was especially grieved to find their scheme of Church reform so narrow and defective. This was the inevitable consequence

of their defective views of truth. Had they known the gospel better, they would have seen the necessity of a deeper and wider reformation—a reformation which would have comprehended all truth, and by consequence excluded all error; but not knowing the gospel fully, they still talked of reconciling the Papacy with the Reformation, as if both systems could be true. This, in the judgment of Calvin, was to undo the whole work which had already been accomplished, and to settle down again under the old yoke.

It is instructive that none of the greater minds of the Reformation entertained for a moment the idea that the Papacy might be reformed and united with the Reformed Church. This was the dream of the second-rate men. It arose from their being unable to comprehend either the system of Rome or the system of the gospel in all their amplitude. Their views lacked both depth and breadth, and hence their narrow schemes of reform. They had not the penetration to perceive that the two systems are in both their origin and their issues antagonistic, that they are separated by the gulf that divides paganism from Christianity—the worship of idols from the worship of the one true God. Neither Luther nor Calvin ever regarded the project of combining the two systems as other than chimerical, the hallucination of men who were little able to take the measure of either. Small theologians, like little statesmen, are much given to compromises and half-measures.

Calvin soon grew weary of communing with little men, somewhat vain of their shallow plans, which would only at the best have patched and soldered a hopelessly rotten system, but would not have reformed either Church or State; and so, after a sojourn of a few months, he took his departure from Strasburg. He sought a retreat where he might study what he felt must, under the Spirit, be his great instructor—the Bible. The impression was growing upon him that it was not from others that he was to learn the divine plan: he must search it out for himself in the holy oracles; he must go aside with God, like Moses in the Mount, and there he would be shown the fashion of that temple which he was to be honoured to build in Christendom.

Following the course of the Rhine, on which Strasburg is situated, Calvin went southwards to

Basle. It is the gate of Switzerland as one comes from Germany. The Huguenot traveller Mission, who visited this town somewhat more than a century later, says of it, "The largest, fairest, richest city now reckoned to be in all Switzerland." Its situation is pleasant and somewhat romantic. Beneath it rolls the Rhine—here a broad, majestic river. Crowning its southern bank are the buildings of the city, conspicuous among which are the fine towers of the minster. Looking down from the esplanade of the cathedral, one's eye lights on the waters of the river, on the valleys through which it rolls, so fresh and beautiful, on the gentle hills of the Black Forest beyond, sprinkled with pines; while, in the south, the peaks of the Jura are seen peering over the landscape, and telling the traveller that he has reached the threshold of a region of mountainous grandeur. Much as the scene presents itself to the tourist of to-day must it have appeared to Calvin. There was the stream, rolling its milk-white floods to the sea; there was the long wooden bridge which crosses the Rhine; there was the crescent-like line of buildings drawn along the summit of the opposite bank; there were the emerald valleys, enclosing the town with a circlet of softest green; there were the sunny glades and the tall dark pines on the eastern hills; there were the azure tops of the Jura in the south;—a scene like this, mingling quietude and sublimity, must have had a soothing influence on a mind like Calvin's, and made him fain to turn aside for awhile and rest. Much troubled was the world around—the passions of men were raising frightful tempests in it; but these quiet valleys and those distant peaks spoke of peace and calm, and so the exile, way-worn and with heavy heart—for his brethren were being led as sheep to the slaughter—very unobtrusively, but very thankfully, entered within those gates to which Providence had directed his steps, and where he was to compose what the historian D'Aubigné pronounces "the finest work of the Reformation"—a work which still keeps its place at the head of the Reformation literature—the "INSTITUTES."

On his way from Strasburg to Basle, Calvin had an interview with a very remarkable man. This person, to whom we are now to be introduced, had done no small service to the gospel in

the first days of the Reformation, and he might have done ten times more had his courage been equal to his genius, and his piety as profound as his scholarship. We refer to ERASMUS, the great scholar of the sixteenth century. Erasmus was at this time living in Friburg, which was situated lower on the Rhine than Basle, although he came afterwards to reside at the latter place, where he kept court like a prince, receiving all the statesmen and scholars who chanced to visit Basle. Erasmus published the New Testament in Greek. This formed an era in the Reformation. The learned men of Europe could now read the doctrines of the gospel in the very words in which the inspired writers had communicated them to the world. The fountain sealed all throughout the dark ages was thus opened, and the impulse given hereby to the cause of pure Christianity can well be conceived. Erasmus saw with unfeigned joy the darkness passing away, and the light of letters breaking over Europe. He hated the monks with his whole soul, and lashed their ignorance and vice in many a biting satire. The great scholar was now getting old, and the timidity of age was creeping over him. In his best days even, he had not been remarkable for courage, and now he was less careful to put himself in the way of danger than ever. He had hailed the Reformation less for the spiritual blessings it brought in its train than for the literary elegancies and social ameliorations which it shed around it. He was getting frightened at the lengths to which the Reformation was going. He had not reckoned on such conflicts and overturnings as he saw around him. The loss of reputation and life which the profession of the Reformed doctrines often involved was not at all to his taste. Besides, the Pope, who fully understood the importance of enlisting his pen on the side of Rome in the great battle which was waxing hotter every day, had been making court to Erasmus, and flattering his vanity by the brilliant offer of a cardinal's hat. This, however, Erasmus had the good sense to decline; but these flatteries had left him not very zealous in the evangelical cause, if, indeed, he had ever been so. Could the conflict have been confined to the schools, could it have been fought out with the pen, and nothing more serious

lost or won in it than a little literary reputation, Erasmus would have continued to lead in the battle; but when he saw monarchs girding on the sword, nations convulsed, and men treading the bitter path of martyrdom, it required a deeper sense of the value of the gospel and a higher faith in God than, we fear, Erasmus possessed, to remain steadfast on the side of the Reformation.

Such was the state of mind of this great scholar when Calvin presented himself at his door. The greatest scholar and the greatest theologian of the sixteenth century now stand face to face. The one the personification of the *Renaissance*, the other of a yet more glorious day. The one had reached his limit, and further he could not go. In Erasmus, the dawn of the Renaissance had already begun to wane. Where Erasmus stopped, there Calvin found only his point of starting: it was the future on which his eye was turned; the glory which lighted up his face was that of a day that was only breaking. Both seemed to read instinctively the character of each other. Calvin freely gave vent to the convictions that filled his soul. Nothing, he believed, but a radical reform could save Christendom. He would have no bolstering of an edifice rotten to its foundations. He would sweep it away, and go to the quarry of the Scriptures for stones for a new building. Erasmus shrunk back, as if he felt the toppling ruin about to fall upon him. "I see a great tempest about to arise in the Church—against the Church," exclaimed the scholar, in whose prophetic ear Calvin's voice sounded like the first hoarse notes of what was coming. And so the interview closed.

There were distinguished divines and famous printers living in Basle when Calvin came to it, but he did not make the acquaintance of any of these men. That would not have suited his purpose. He had come hither unknown, and he wished to remain unknown. Crossing the wooden bridge, and ascending the acclivity on which Basle is built, he turned into one of the back streets of the place. Here there lived a pious woman, in humble condition, Catherine Klein by name, and at her door it was that the young Reformer knocked. In this house he lodged all the time that he abode in Basle; and under the humble

roof of this good woman did Calvin write the first outline of his immortal work.

Let us state the immediate cause which led Calvin to compose and publish the "Institutes." Tidings began to arrive at Basle of the horrible barbarities which the King of France was inflicting upon the Protestants of Paris. First came news of the individual martyrdoms; by-and-by came the more horrifying accounts of the wholesale torturings and burnings which signalized the fatal 21st of January. These tidings plunged Calvin into the deepest sorrow. He could well and vividly realize these awful scenes. He had but recently trodden the very streets on which they were enacted. He knew the men who had endured these cruel tortures and sufferings. They were his brethren. He had lived in their houses; he had sat at their tables; he had lately held sweet converse with them on the things of God. He knew that they were men of whom the world was not worthy; and yet he saw them accounted but as the offscouring of all things, and as sheep appointed to slaughter, killed all day long. Could he be silent when his brethren were being condemned and drawn to death? And yet, what could he do? The arm of the king he could not stay. He could not go in person and plead their cause. But he had a pen, and he resolved to employ it in vindicating his brethren in the face of Christendom. But how should he best do this? He could vindicate them effectually only by vindicating the cause for which they were dying. The Reformation was condemned in the persons of these men: the Reformation Calvin would vindicate, and in this way snatch them from the stake.

This was the task he set himself: as sublime and benevolent as it was arduous. But his immense love for his brethren and for truth raised him to a level with his mighty theme. He resolved to make plain to all men the purity and the scripturalness of that faith which was being branded as heresy, and for confessing which men were being burned alive. He proposed to show that this was no new faith, no cunningly-devised human system, but the old gospel: that it was no enemy to kings, no enemy to society, but that, on the contrary, it gave sanction to law, and was a bulwark to the throne; and being drawn from

the Bible, that it bore upon it the stamp of heaven and the authority of God. All this Calvin did in six short chapters.

This work—a summary, in short, of the doctrines of the Christian religion—was terse and eloquent in style, singularly compact and vigorous in logic, and in its matter and spirit was profound and comprehensive. Of the graces of literature Calvin thought not; the aim of his work carried him far above these things, and stamped his performance with a glory which art never could have imparted to it.

This work was dedicated to Francis I. Not that Calvin wished to have a king for his patron, but because he sought an opportunity of making a direct appeal to the conscience of the monarch in behalf of those among his subjects whom he was so cruelly persecuting. And so the dedication did not run in the usual form. He approached the king not to recount his virtues and extol his greatness, not to bow and gloze; but to stand up and speak as one ought to speak who pleads the cause of right overborne by might, of truth put down by bloody violence. His dedication was a noble, most affecting, and thrilling intercession in behalf of his brethren. It adjured the monarch to consider the truth of the cause he was fighting against, the innocence of the men whose blood he was shedding, and the certainty that the great Judge would avenge their wrongs upon his house and throne.

Calvin, in this work, occupied one of the sublimest positions in all history. He stood at a great bar—the throne of France. He pleaded before a vast assembly—all Christendom; nay, we may say, all ages: for all posterity were concerned in the plea, and had a stake in the issue. And as regards the cause which at this bar and in presence of this vast assembly he pleaded, it was the greatest in the world; it was that of the gospel, and of the rights of conscience. We can quote only the concluding words of this noble oration. "See," said Calvin, "I have set before you the iniquity of our calumniators; I have desired to soften your heart, to the end that you would give our cause a hearing. I hope that we shall be able to regain your favour, if you should be pleased to read without anger this confession, which is our defence before your

Majesty. But if malevolent persons stop your ears ; if the accused have not the opportunity of defending themselves ; if impetuous furies, unrestrained by your order, still exercise their cruelty by imprisoning and scourging, by tortures, mutilations, and the stake, we, verily, as sheep given up to the slaughter, shall be reduced to the last extremity. Yet, even then we shall possess our souls in patience, and shall wait for the strong hand of the Lord. Doubtless it will be stretched forth in due season. It will appear armed to deliver the poor from their afflictions, and to punish the despisers who are now making merry so boldly. May the Lord, the King of kings, establish your throne in righteousness, and your seat in equity."

This was the first edition of the "Institutes ;" and the form it assumed—that of an apology or defence—seems to have been borrowed from the Apologies which the early Fathers laid at the feet of the heathen emperors. It was the cry of the suffering Church, directed first to the throne of Francis I., but, remaining unheeded there, to the throne of Heaven, where it was answered, when the afflictions of the Church had been filled up, and the prophetic cycles completed in 1793. The "Institutes," in their original form, consisted of but six chapters. Numerous additions were issued during the life-time of Calvin, for the work

penetrated everywhere. It was read in the palace and in the cottage, in the schools and in the workshop ; and each successive edition was enlarged and amended. At last, this noble work was completed and finished, and then it was found to consist of eighty chapters.

This the world owed to the stakes which Francis was planting. But for them, Calvin would never have written this noble defence. Thus did Calvin avenge the martyrs before their ashes were cold, or the fires extinguished in which they died. This was "the first resurrection." Francis thought that these men were dead, and would find no successors. It was only now they began to live ; for the light of their martyr-pyres, gathered into this blazing torch held aloft by the hand of Calvin, was shining east and west, and in all directions. The publication of the "Institutes" placed Calvin in the van of the Reformed hosts : he was henceforth the recognized chief of the Reformation. Thus was consummated a well-marked stage in the career both of Calvin and the Reformation.

He could no longer be hidden. Had he remained in Basle he would soon have been joined in fate with the martyrs whose cause he pleaded ; and so, rising up, he hastily quitted that city, crossed the Alps, and entering Italy, found a temporary asylum at the court of Renée, Duchess of Ferrara.

THE TWO SEAS.

"There is sorrow on the sea ; it cannot be quiet."—JER. xlix. 23.

"A sea of glass mingled with fire," &c.—REV. xv. 2.

I.

SORROW on the sea—

Now a long-drawn sigh,
Now a shrieking cry,
Weary moan,
Hollow groan,
Tired, dreary sobbing ;
Its gray breast throbbing
Against the sky.
Wailing ever,
Resting never.

II.

Joy upon the sea—

Depths of crystal glass,
Fire-gleams through it pass ;
Victor's song
Mingles strong
With the ringing down
Of the blood-bought crown
Before His feet.
Troubled never,
Resting ever.

A RELIGIOUS TRACT.



AMONG the various agencies which the zeal of Christians has in modern times employed in the work of winning the world to the Saviour, the distribution of Religious Tracts occupies a very large, if not a very high place. A great quantity of tracts is printed and spread; and a great number of pious people, young and old, rich and poor, take part in the distribution of them. It is too true—and the distributors themselves are well aware of the discouraging fact—that a large proportion of these silent messengers are left unread, or at least unheeded. But those who betake themselves to this work are precisely the persons who are least apt to yield to such discouragements. They walk by faith, and the lack of sight does not divert them from their course.

The work does not require a very high talent. One-talent disciples can be employed in this department; and these are so numerous, that this department can reckon a greater number of labourers than any other. It demands, however, a stronger faith than other kinds of evangelistic labour. There is nothing in it to gain credit for the worker; there is no opportunity of displaying his own excellence. It is a little child's spirit that is required—a spirit that is ready to bear shame for Christ. It is a good symptom of the religion of our day, among many less comforting indications, that so many are willing to take up the Cross and follow the Lord in this particular form.

Simple faith comes nearer its mark in the end than the wisdom of wise men. God will not permit his little ones to labour in vain. He will make sure that the seed which they sow shall in some cases bear fruit unto life eternal.

An interesting example of direct result from the gift of a tract to a stranger has lately come under our notice, and we think it our duty to make the case known. It may, by the blessing of God, help to strengthen some hands that were beginning to hang down. We produce the letter precisely as the tract-distributor received it:—

“LIVERPOOL, —, 1870.

“DEAR —,—I don't think you will remember me; but I am going to America, and I wanted to put you in

mind of giving me a tract at the end of — Park, one day when you was passing. Maybe you will mind it; and you said, ‘May God bless it to your soul.’

“I did not think anything of it at the time, but put it in my pocket to light my pipe with, and laughed at you for giving it to me. But the Lord had mercy upon me, and hindered me from doing that. This was in June 1868; and in the winter of 1869, one Saturday, I was giving the coat to an old man, and taking the things out of the pocket, I found the tract. I put it on the end of the mantelpiece, along with the other things, without noticing it at the time. But the next day I was looking for something to read, not being able to get out with the cold; I saw it, and lifted it up, and read it. It was, ‘Are you Saved?’ The agony I suffered was very dreadful, for I saw myself a lost sinner before God. You may guess the state of mind I was in, when at a supper-party with some chums on New-Year's night I was going to sing ‘Auld Lang Syne,’ and before I could check myself I cried out, ‘Are you saved?’ They all laughed, thinking I was drunk; but my cousin asked me after what I meant, and I told him all about it; so we went home together, and asked for a Bible. Our landlady thought we wanted it for fun, and she would not give it to us; so we took the tract, and put it on a chair, and knelt down.

“Tom could say some of ‘The Lord's my Shepherd;’ but we could not get any peace. And then I minded what I heard a man preach—to ask the Lord to save us for Jesus' sake; and we did so; and oh the joy, the preciousness of our Saviour! Then I wondered how I had got the tract, till I saw you one day, and then I minded about the way we tormented you. I hope you will forgive me for it.

“I thought it would encourage you to go on in the Lord. I shall never forget you; I pray for you every day. My ship does not sail for a day or two. If you thought of writing me, I give you my address. I never knew where you were till to-day.

“I will write, if you wish, when I land in America.

“I am,

“Yours truly in the Lord,

“J— M—.”

THE LORD IS MY SHIELD; OR, INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN EXILE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF W. O. VON HORN.

CHAPTER VII.



HE Tzernikoff patiently resigned themselves to their hard lot. The winter before Lupanaky left Tobolsk he had accompanied Tzernikoff on another hunt, which proved so successful, that after supplying the skins demanded

by government, Tzernikoff, from the sale of the remainder, added a considerable sum to his savings.

For this he was truly thankful, as otherwise he would have been obliged to leave his wife and daughter alone in their sorrow, and repair, low-spirited as he

already felt, to the desolate and snow-clad hunting-grounds.

Deeply as he felt the loss of Lupansky, he had to exert himself to comfort those who were yet more cast down than himself. It never occurred to him, however, that their one bright hope in life was to be obscured, and that a sharper woe than they had ever felt before was in store for them; and yet, alas! it was close at hand.

The New-Year's holidays, with their many church-festivals, were just over, when the roar of cannon, accompanied by a merry peal from all the bells of the twenty-three churches of Tobolsk, proclaimed the arrival of the new governor. As Tzernikoff was still in office, though appointed by the late governor, he had to be in waiting at the reception of his successor.

The new governor was an austere and haughty man, who, true Muscovite that he was, never thought of softening down any disagreeable communication which he might have to make by suavity of speech. On Tzernikoff's being presented to him, he scowled at him, and said in a harsh, unfeeling manner, "You are an exile. I cannot understand how my predecessor ventured to place you in the responsible situation you have held under him. Take your dismissal, coupled with the intimation that you are ordered to Mangasea. You must leave Tobolsk in eight days, which I allow you from motives of compassion; so make your arrangements accordingly."

Tzernikoff turned pale when the hard man pronounced his doom before the whole assembly of by-standers; and, overwhelmed by the crushing intelligence, staggered and fell to the ground.

The barbarity displayed by the man in whose power was placed the weal or woe of so many thousands of his fellow-creatures, and whose conduct, moreover, presented so striking a contrast to the humanity and condescension of Count Wathshicky, filled the minds of the onlookers with disgust and indignation.

When Tzernikoff, whom they all esteemed and loved, sank beneath this sudden blow, the governor retreated a pace or two, and, looking angrily at the unconscious form at his feet, said, in his former grating tone, "Take this fellow out of my sight. An exile is quite out of place among respectable citizens and officials of Tobolsk."

There were hands enough ready, and, to the intense chagrin of the governor, those of government employes and other persons of high standing, to carry out the insensible form of the grievously-wronged man.

The chief physician, too, followed with an air of the deepest commiseration to the small apartments occupied by the porter of the palace, one who had received many a kind word from Tzernikoff. Here his kind friends were permitted to lay him on a bed, and the physician endeavoured to restore him to consciousness; but it was long before the unhappy man opened his eyes.

"Do not be alarmed on my account," said he at length, addressing the kind physician. "I yielded to human

infirmity, because for the moment my breast was unprotected by the shield of faith. But now I have it again; so take no thought for me."

He then gratefully pressed the physician's hand, thanked the other gentlemen for their kindness, and with a firm step walked to his house.

Here sounds of lamentation met his ear. The courier who accompanied the new governor had brought Lupansky's letter; and, in addition to its sad contents, the unhappy women had yet to learn what had just occurred.

Tzernikoff leaned his forehead on the cold wall, and prayed, "O Lord, forsake us not utterly!"

Not knowing the cause of the weeping within, he supposed that what had befallen him at the governor's had by some means been already communicated to his wife and daughter. When he entered the house they handed him Lupansky's letter. After reading it, he felt a sort of stupor come over him, and for some time sat bowed down in silent grief, endeavouring to collect himself, and praying for strength to bear this new trial.

But it was indispensable they should know all; so he began to tell them his mournful tale.

The impression which it made upon the two women was indescribable. There are times when the female mind is wonderfully strengthened and elevated by the shocks of adversity. Thus it was with Nahida, who now proved herself to be God's chosen instrument to sustain her parents. She arose and comforted them, expressing her firm belief that, after the darkness, God would send them light, and after the tempest, a great calm. "You have often joyfully testified, my beloved father, that the Lord has hitherto been your shield. Oh, why should we forget this in our present distress? He has been our defence as long as we can remember. Why should we then begin to doubt his faithfulness? Nay, he is even now our strength and shield. Here let us rest, and show by our resignation and faith that we believe the truth so often on our lips. We shall receive strength to bear all that he sends; for has he not said, 'Call upon me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me'?"

They fell on their knees and poured out their hearts in prayer: they rose calm and comforted. Their tears ceased to flow, and the heroism of faith inspired their souls, and made them cheerful even in the midst of their sore affliction. They quietly made the necessary arrangements, and for the first time thoroughly appreciated the good of having saved some money, and thankfully acknowledged the mercy of God in enabling them thus to lay up a provision against the evil day.

From all quarters they received proofs of the great esteem in which they were held by the good people of Tobolsk. Those who were able to render assistance rendered it with the greatest alacrity. When this reached the ears of the governor, he signified his displeasure against those who had dared to thwart his will; nevertheless, substantial tokens of sympathy continued to be bestowed upon the Tzernikoffs.

When the day of their departure came round, sharp as was the trial, their fortitude did not desert them.

It was a terrible journey. In the midst of winter they had to travel many hundred miles northward under a frosty sky, over vast, snow-clad steppes, or ice-bound lakes and rivers. The country always became more bleak and sterile, and human habitations fewer and further between; so they had often to spend the night under a tent of hides, around which the sledge-drivers had to keep watch in order to ward off the attacks of wolves and bears.

So great were the toils and privations of this arduous journey, that they had scarcely time to think of Lupansky and their shattered hopes. The cold was intense, and they were often exposed to imminent danger from the prowling beasts of prey, and from the so-called *buran*—that terrific snow-storm in which the snow, being whirled upwards, forms a column in the air resembling a waterspout at sea. This huge mass of snow is then borne along by the force of the tempest, and brings utter destruction to whatever it falls upon.

Wherever they alighted, people vied with one another in showing them the most open-handed hospitality. Inns were then even rarer in the remote north than at the present day; but its inhabitants remembered the apostolic injunction, "Use hospitality without grudging," and entertained strangers with a frankness and liberality unknown elsewhere.

At last the travellers reached the city of Jeneseisk, where it was deemed necessary for them to rest and recruit their exhausted energies.

On their arrival, a merchant of the place accosted Tzernikoff, and kindly invited him and his wife and daughter to his house.

Tzernikoff gratefully acceded to this proposal, and Mrs. Tzernikoff and Nahida found in the merchant's family kind and sympathizing friends, who did all in their power to make them for a time forget their sorrows.

Only a few days of rest would have been accorded them; but, as the officer escorting them was taken ill and confined to a sick-bed, they enjoyed the happiness of spending a considerable time with this kind and estimable family. In a fortnight the officer recovered and they resumed their journey, which became the more intolerable the longer it lasted—the dazzling whiteness of the snow bringing on inflammation of the eyes, and occasioning intense suffering.

At length they reached the small town of Mangasea, which lay almost buried under ice and snow. A dwelling of the meanest description, with a strip of ground, was assigned to them, after which no one took any further trouble about them.

The bare necessities of life were doled out to them from the government-store, where the presiding official plainly showed by his manner that Tzernikoff had, to say the least, not been favourably recommended to his notice. The most indispensable articles of furniture

were scarcely to be had at any price, and their Tobolsk savings alone kept them from starvation.

A more trying situation could scarcely be imagined. The place contained but few inhabitants, with the exception of the worst and most hardened class of convicts—the very offscouring of society. To associate with these was out of the question; on the contrary, the Tzernikoffs, to avoid coming into contact with them, were compelled to confine themselves to their own dwelling, where their hearts became more closely than ever knit together in the bonds of affection, and where they were supported by the consolations of religion—that sovereign balm for every wound.

For letters they never even hoped, in their remote place of banishment. Tzernikoff was again required to provide a certain number of skins, which, by the way, were not so plentiful at Mangasea as on the banks of the Tobol and Irtysh. Notwithstanding, the same number was expected from him. It was an unspeakable benefit to Tzernikoff that Lupansky had so thoroughly taught him the arts of trapping and hunting—initiating him into all their various branches; and, above all, giving him so complete a stock of the needful implements. He would have been in a wretched plight indeed had he still been inexperienced in these occupations, and destitute of the numerous means and appliances requisite to success in them.

There were wild reindeer in the surrounding country, and several species of wild-fowl, while the rivers abounded in fish.

So Tzernikoff divided his time between hunting and fishing. The latter art he had likewise learned from Lupansky, never having practised it in his youth.

Nahida accompanied and assisted her father when he went to break holes in the ice in order to let down his nets and lines. The return was generally abundant, and supplied them with an article of food which, by means of smoking, drying, and salting, was preserved against the season when the inclemency of the weather rendered it impossible to procure fresh supplies.

This was a most fatiguing occupation, as the holes cut in the ice froze up again almost immediately, and constant exertion was indispensable to keep them open and prevent the nets and lines from being lost past recovery. On some fortunate occasions a surplus remained for him to dispose of; and he employed the money thus gained in buying other necessaries, and was even able to save a trifle.

After a little he was tolerably successful with his gun, having discovered the haunts of the various wild animals.

The swans which he shot afforded down for beds, and some of the other water-fowl were excellent eating. In process of time he had again some valuable skins to sell, and thus was able to recruit his little capital, so nearly consumed by the long and expensive journey.

It is an unspeakable blessing that the force of habit inures mankind to even the hardest fates. The Tzerni-

koffs became in some measure reconciled to their dull and joyless life at Mangasea, and found it far more endurable than they at first expected. The sincere affection which they bore to one another sustained their spirits, and Tzernikoff's lively faith kept them from fainting by the way.

Nevertheless the hopelessness of their circumstances and the silence of Lupansky eat like a canker into their hearts.

There was but one family in Mangasea with whom they associated,—that of an exile named Bludoff. This man had held a government situation, in which he had embezzled public money. For this grave offence he had been sentenced to fifteen years' banishment. His troubles had been blessed to him, and he had become a reformed character. When Tzernikoff made Bludoff's acquaintance his term of exile had nearly expired.

This new association was a source of satisfaction to both families. Nahida began to think of getting a letter conveyed by them to Lupansky. But where was he?

CHAPTER VIII.

WHERE was Lupansky? This mournful query of the fair Nahida's revives any interest we may have felt in the fate of the amiable young man. We already know how painfully he felt the sad reverses experienced by his noble master when he heard his unjust sentence at Moscow.

Lupansky wrote once during the first stage of the journey, and again from Warsaw, to his beloved friends, but neither of his letters reached the remote district to which the cruelty of Potemkin had consigned them.

In Moscow the count had protested against the injustice of his sentence, but the governor replied by showing him his warrant, which enjoined him, in event of the count's refusing implicit obedience, to have him at once arrested and thrown into the prison of the Kremlin. This rendered opposition hopeless. We know, likewise, how Lupansky at first wavered and thought of returning to Siberia, there to share the fate of Nahida and her parents; and how he abstained from this course of action from a strong sense of what he owed the count, whom he resolved to accompany on his hasty and compulsory journey.

It was with an aching heart that he left Moscow. The count appreciated the sacrifice which the young man had made, and treated him like a son; but even this failed to compensate him for his lost happiness, and in his misery he despaired of ever seeing Nahida again in this world.

The count did not remain long in Berlin. The Russian ambassador there obtained leave for him to repair to Paris, whence he endeavoured to apply for pardon to the empress. But his petition had first to pass through the hands of Potemkin, who threw it into the fire. Its remaining unanswered showed the count

how vain would be a second attempt, so he relinquished all hope of pardon.

In Paris he lived very quietly with Lupansky, waited on by one servant. They both availed themselves of the many opportunities which that city afforded of innocent recreation, but all means were unavailing to remove the heavy load of care from their spirits.

The health of the count being impaired by his deep and constant melancholy, he obtained permission from the Russian ambassador to visit Italy, and passed some time in the neighbourhood of Genoa, where the mild and salubrious air was of great benefit to him.

Poor Lupansky, however, carried about with him a sorrow which change of air was powerless to alleviate.

Thus several years elapsed without any change taking place either in their outward circumstances, or in the feelings and desires of their hearts.

But far away in the icy North a change was impending, fraught with strange and momentous consequences. Bludoff's term of exile had expired, and he was preparing to return home, to the inexpressible delight of his daughters.

The happy prospect before them inspired Nahida with a new idea which soon occupied all her thoughts. Tzernikoff and his wife could not but perceive her distress and anxiety, and were not a little disquieted in consequence.

However, they also remarked that as the time fixed for the Bludoffs' departure drew nigh, she began to regain her wonted cheerfulness, and that at times her countenance beamed with delight. What so deeply moved her was nothing less than the thought of accompanying her friends, the Bludoffs, and going on to St. Petersburg. This plan had occupied her mind and been the subject of her earnest prayers for nearly a year; and now she was prompted to carry it out by mighty changes at St. Petersburg, the news of which had spread even to the remote North.

Potemkin was dead, and Catherine II. had likewise ended her earthly course. The Emperor Paul had been cruelly murdered, and the noble-minded and benevolent Alexander had ascended the imperial throne. All this had occurred, and Alexander had reigned for a considerable time, before the tidings reached these northern regions, and caused a beam of hope, bright as the morning sun, to dawn on the unhappy exiles there. This is only to be credited when we take into account the very limited intercourse between St. Petersburg and Mangasea, the vast distance between the two places, and the extreme scarcity of newspapers in those days. Scarcely had the intelligence transpired, when the dutiful heart of Nahida hailed it as a possible ground of hope. She had long relinquished the idea of ever seeing Lupansky again. He had never once written to them during all the years of their sojourn in Mangasea. Could he have thus acted if still in life? It never once occurred to her to doubt the constancy of his attachment. Even her parents ceased to fan the feeble spark of hope, which at

first still glimmered in her breast, as they also believed him to be dead. He would otherwise, they reasoned, have exerted himself to procure their pardon as soon as Potemkin breathed his last. This unprincipled man, we may here note, expired in great agony under a tree on the highway, having been taken ill while on a journey.

Only one idea urged Nahida to action—the pure and noble desire to deliver her aged parents from exile, and to remove the blot from her father's good name.

She concealed her cherished plan from her parents, and made the daughters of Bludoff her sole *confidantes*. Not all the terrors of a journey of more than a thousand leagues in these dreary northern regions could deter her from carrying out the resolution which her filial piety had framed.

She acted under the assurance that by the good help of God she would attain her glorious end. Having counted the cost, she earnestly committed her cause to the Most High; and the peace which thereafter filled her mind she took to be the seal of the divine approval.

She began in secret to make preparations for her journey, which she carefully concealed from her parents.

She determined to travel in male attire, believing that thus disguised she would more easily accomplish her purpose. She therefore made herself at Bludoff's house a suit of fur-clothes like those worn by the youths of Mangasea.

In case my readers should ask how Nahida ventured to leave Mangasea without asking or receiving permission, I may as well state that in the more remote parts of Siberia, and sometimes even in the districts near the seat of government, no one heeded the movements of the exiles, who enjoyed the same liberty as the rest of the community, and might travel from place to place without even being asked for their passports.

Otherwise it would have been impossible for so many exiles to have left Siberia and returned to Russia, as well as for the numerous French prisoners of war, dragged to Siberia in 1812 and 1813, to have escaped unmolested to their native country.

If ever there were a favourable opportunity, it was that now afforded Nahida of travelling with the Bludoffs, passing as their servant. All was ready. On the eve of Bludoff's departure, he and his daughters came to take leave of Tzernikoff and his wife. Then Nahida arose and communicated to her parents her intention of accompanying the Bludoffs, and of proceeding to St. Petersburg, there to implore at the feet of the good Emperor Alexander the pardon of her parents.

Their surprise was only equalled by their sorrow when they discovered her resolve to be unalterable. Her mother strove to shake her determination with all the force of maternal affection.

She represented to Nahida how vain had been the endeavours of Count Walschicky and of Lupansky for the same object, and how improbable it was that she could ever attain it. What would become of her in St. Petersburg in event of the failure of her undertaking,

and how was she to find her way home? And what should they, her afflicted parents, do when deprived of the only treasure which God had seen fit to leave them in their captivity? She painted their distress so vividly that Nahida wavered; but only for a moment.

Inspired at once by filial affection and religious enthusiasm, she expressed her sincere belief that God had given her an inward assurance of the fulfilment of her ardent and sacred desire. Her whole bearing betokened indomitable resolution. "God is my shield," she exclaimed, in joyful confidence; and then, falling on her knees, entreated her parents not to withhold from her their consent and blessing.

In Tzernikoff's mind conflicting emotions were at work, till at last Nahida's ardour communicated itself to him also. His countenance beamed, as if he beheld with prophetic glance the distant future. Grasping the hand of his partner, he cried, "Suffer her to go. God has put it into her heart; let us not oppose his holy will. Already I behold in spirit the success of her great labour of love. The Lord will be her defence and shield, and will grant us all a happy meeting even in this life. Blessed be his holy name!" Then placing his hand on his daughter's head, he said solemnly, "May the Lord lead and bless thee, guide and protect thee. May he give his holy angels charge over thee. He is faithful who hath promised this, and who also will do it. Amen!"

These words had a marvellous influence on the mother, who now also, though with many tears, bestowed her blessing on her beloved child.

They spent the rest of that evening with the Bludoffs. Tzernikoff gladly gave Nahida his savings; and at midnight, when the stars shone brightly, and the light of a splendid aurora borealis almost turned the darkness into day, two sledges shot forth from the gate of the little town. In the first sat Bludoff and his eldest daughter; in the other the younger girl, accompanied by a handsome youth; while in a lowly cottage an aged pair knelt and wept, and wrestled in prayer for a blessing from the God of all grace on the head of their only child, who, impelled by filial affection, was journeying to a distant land to seek mercy for them.

CHAPTER IX.

THIS enterprise required an amount of intrepidity for which few would have given a girl like Nahida credit; but there is scarcely any act of heroism too daring for filial piety to perform. Her resolve had not been lightly taken up.

At first the journey was prosperous, and they traversed great distances with unusual speed. At Jeneseisk they rested at the houses of hospitable friends, Nahida being entertained by the family of the merchant whose hospitality she and her parents had enjoyed on the way to Mangasea, and whose sympathizing hearts were now filled with admiration at the faith and courage of their

young guest. Cheered by their many expressions of kindness and good-will, she rejoined her friends and departed on her way; but no sooner had they left Jene-seisk than the perils and hardships of the journey commenced in good earnest.

On one of the vast, snow-clad steppes they encountered the *buran* (that frightful snow-storm described on a previous occasion) in all its fury, and were in imminent danger of being buried beneath the huge masses of snow whirled by the tempest over the unsheltered waste.

Sometimes the thickly-falling flakes enveloped the travellers in total darkness, and they had reason to fear the snow-wreath would be their tomb; but the dogs which drew the sledges, guided by their unerring instinct, always selected a safe path.

The use of dogs for draught is peculiar to the north of Siberia and to Kamtschatka. From eight to twelve of them are usually harnessed to a sledge. They go with great ease and rapidity, and take the right course by instinct, so that the driver never requires to use a whip. They must, however, not be overdriven, as they have been known, when infuriated by cruel treatment, to turn upon their tormentor and tear him to pieces. Their keen scent enables them to detect every lurking danger.

Every crevice in the ice of the rivers which they have to cross, every inequality on the surface of the ground, they avoid of their own accord, and need but little guidance when they once know what direction they are expected to proceed in. When once their strength is exhausted, they are not to be moved from the spot; and if their driver be wise, he allows them time to rest, and supplies them with a sufficient quantity of proper food. As soon as they recover themselves, they are ready to start again at their former rapid pace.

Many weeks elapsed before our travellers reached Tobolsk, where they deemed it advisable to remain for some days, the dazzling brightness of the snow having produced the same painful affection of the eyes as Nahida had suffered from when on her melancholy journey to Mangasea.

In Tobolsk she experienced a cordial welcome from her old friends. It pained her to the heart to hear of the rude and heartless behaviour of the governor to the exiles there, who in the days of the good Count Wathshicky had scarcely ever realized their painful position.

But what concerned her far more deeply was that here she learned the fact of the count's banishment. This intelligence—all that had ever reached Tobolsk concerning him—had been brought by Treboff, who, during the reign of the Emperor Paul, had repeatedly escorted great companies of exiles to Siberia.

Now the scales fell from Nahida's eyes, and hope once more revived in her breast.

But when she remembered the number of years that had elapsed since the parting, tears filled her eyes, and, with a mournful shake of the head, she said, "I shall

never see him again here below; but we shall meet yonder, where the intrigues of wicked men can never separate loving hearts."

The disguise, which she dared not lay aside, prevented many of her old acquaintances from recognizing her, and of this she was glad, as it helped to keep her secret from the ears of the harsh governor, who might easily have thwarted her plans.

The heart is a wonderful thing, and, as the Bible tells us, "deceitful above all things." Nahida had often persuaded herself of the certainty of Lupansky's death. Were he still alive, he would, she thought, have found means of returning to St. Petersburg and procuring her father's pardon. Yet, after all, there were moments when the hope of seeing him revived, and fortified her mind against the many hardships of her journey, the greater part of which was yet before her.

Moscow was Bludoff's native place, and Nahida knew that there she would have to part with him and his daughters, and pursue her way without his protection and assistance.

This circumstance had caused her much trepidation till now, when all at once her courage rose, and her anxieties subsided.

They all resumed their journey in excellent spirits, undaunted by the toils and privations still before them. By the guidance of a gracious Providence they arrived in safety at Moscow, where the Bludoffs were received with unfeigned joy by their delighted relatives. Here Nahida rested a whole week before starting for St. Petersburg.

They had discarded the dog-sleighs at Tobolsk. The drivers, who returned to Mangasea, were entrusted by Nahida with letters for her anxious parents; telling them of her safe arrival at Tobolsk, the kindness of her friends there, and the sad fate of Count Wathshicky and Lupansky.

They now travelled by the vehicle of the country, the tarantass, drawn by horses of Tartar breed, swift and hardy certainly, but not equal to the dogs in either respect.

Owing to this change, they progressed at a less rapid rate; and great was their satisfaction when at length they beheld the domes of the Kremlin and numerous churches of Moscow glittering in the sun. During the whole journey Bludoff's daughters had treated Nahida as a sister; and now that they were at home, they did not know how to make enough of her. They overpowered her with kindness, and were delighted to show her the many grand and beautiful objects in Moscow.

But Nahida seemed drawn by some resistless force towards the goal of her endeavours. In vain her kind friends besought her to remain a little longer with them. She laid aside the female dress which she had worn in Moscow, and re-appeared in the garb of a Siberian youth. She was now twenty-six years of age, and at the zenith of her beauty, which was not a little enhanced by the

earnest and animated expression lent by hope to her features.

From Moscow Nahida was obliged to travel by the mail—a painfully slow mode of transit, especially after the speed which had distinguished the first stage of her journey, and which so well suited her views. The frequent halts for the night were particularly unpleasant. The very first day they met with various disasters.

Through very great hardships the heroine of our history at last reached St. Petersburg, under the charge of an honest carrier named Dmitry, and was safely placed under the motherly care of his wife, Cathinka, in his humble but comfortable home.

The worthy carrier, having learned by the way all Nahida's history, immediately began to cast about for some means of approaching the emperor on her father's behalf. An elderly gentleman of high rank, he told Nahida, had come to live at the great house at the corner of the street. Dmitry knew his valet, whom he occasionally met of an evening at the ale-house, and meant to consult him. Perhaps he might drop some useful hint; at anyrate, he could ask his master's advice. Who could tell what means and instruments God might see fit to use to free the innocent from injustice and oppression!

So that very evening Dmitry went to the ale-house, where, as he expected, he met Ivan, the servant of the distinguished stranger.

Dmitry told him Nahida's story, which deeply moved old Ivan.

"Only have a little patience, my friend," said he. "I will tell my good master. He will know what ought to be done. Meet me here to-morrow morning at eight o'clock, and I will let you know his opinion. Such a good daughter deserves help and encouragement."

Dmitry went home with this pleasing intelligence; and Nahida impatiently awaited the morrow, when she hoped to obtain some advice how to approach the emperor.

When Ivan returned home that evening he entered his master's chamber very softly, not daring to disturb the death-like silence which reigned there. Ivan's master often sat for hours in speechless grief, all unconscious of the presence and sympathizing looks of his faithful servant.

The cause of this melancholy was unknown to Ivan, a serf just taken from the country to fill the place of an old man who had died after many years of faithful service.

At length Ivan ventured to break the spell, by saying, "Do not be offended, sir, if I disturb your thoughts at present. I am not going to trouble you about my own concerns, but to beg for your advice on behalf of one in great sorrow and perplexity."

Ivan's master was a fine-looking young man, about thirty years of age. An expression of melancholy clouded his handsome brow, and his features were pre-

maturely furrowed by much grief. He looked absently at old Ivan, and nodded his head. The man, who knew his master's way, at once perceived that his thoughts were pre-occupied.

Ivan, however, did not suffer himself to be discouraged, and told his story. When he mentioned "Mangasea," his master started to his feet, and gave him such a strange look, that Ivan stopped short in alarm. "What was that you said about Mangasea, and a young woman?" he exclaimed, grasping Ivan by the shoulder. "Go on, for God's sake!"

"O sir, what a fright you gave me!" gasped out the astonished valet; "and yet you have not heard what I was saying, it would seem."

"Begin your story again," said the master more gently, resuming his seat opposite to where Ivan stood.

Ivan, who had begun to think that his young master had lost his wits, felt somewhat re-assured, and told his story again, with great minuteness of detail, omitting none of the particulars communicated to him by Dmitry.

The unusual attention and excitement displayed by his master increased at every stage of the narrative. At its conclusion he rose up in the greatest agitation, and exclaimed, "Do you know the girl's name?"

"Nahida Tzernikoff," replied Ivan, much astonished, and wondering what would happen next. "So I was told by Dmitry; who, moved by pity, brought her here from Moscow, after she was robbed of her money and clothes."

Here his master gave vent to an exclamation which heightened Ivan's alarm. "Take me to her at once!" he cried. "Do not lose a moment, for God's sake!" He seized his hat and cloak, and left the room, dragging along with him the amazed Ivan, who was now convinced that a sudden fit of insanity possessed his beloved master.

The conjecture which, no doubt, you have already hazarded is right. Ivan's master was Lupansky. He had just heard the story of his Nahida, whom he so dearly loved; and his excitement, which bordered on frenzy, was owing to this.

On the death of Catherine, Count Wathshicky renewed his application for permission to return to Russia; but during the reign of her successor Paul, the government was conducted with the same corruptness and cruelty. As soon, however, as Alexander ascended the throne, *justice was permitted*. A purer influence flowed through the channels of power; and the long-banished count was restored to his home, his property, and his honours. He had taken up his residence in the capital, attended still by his faithful Lupansky.

The palace of the count was situated in one of the stateliest streets of the city; yet it formed the corner of the narrow street which contained Dmitry's humble abode and the ale-house where he met Ivan, the servant who attended on Lupansky.

Now, having learned how simply and naturally this apparently strange crisis was brought about, we are free

to follow the impatient Lupansky as he strode along, old Ivan panting after him.

Nor can we wonder at his impetuosity, when we remember his errand—to convince himself that no false tidings had deceived him; and that he was really, in this unexpected and wonderful way, to behold again his betrothed, his beloved Nahida, who had accomplished a great work—a labour of love such as only a heart like hers could have imagined—and who had suffered so much in its performance.

Ivan had to fetch him back, as he had far passed the house, heedless of Ivan's first call. Then he entered the house where he had been told she was, and opened the door of the room where he expected to find her, his heart beating as if it would burst.

CHAPTER X.

NAHIDA was sitting with honest Dmitry and his wife, and had just learned with heart-felt gratitude that the nobleman's servant would, on the following day, bring her the information she desired. A lamp burned on the table, and its light fell right upon the door.

They had heard Ivan's voice in the street, and paused in their lively talk to listen. Then, to their amazement, they heard some one storming up the staircase. Dmitry seized the lamp, and opened the door. Lupansky stood on the threshold, and the full light illumined his face.

"Nahida!" he cried, "is it really you?"

Nahida saw him, recognized him at once, stammered out his name, and swooned away from excess of joy.

Lupansky recognized her too, and rushed towards her to support her in his arms.

Words are powerless to describe the joy of Lupansky and Nahida. Many tears, it is true, were shed; but they were tears of joy and gratitude.

It is needless to recount the numerous questions that followed each other in such rapid succession that most of them had to remain unanswered; needless to record the exclamations of joy, which ever and anon interrupted their discourse; or the bewilderment of Ivan, Dmitry, and Cathinka, who did not know whether Lupansky was Nahida's betrothed or her brother, and could not understand how their *protégé* came to possess such an aristocratic acquaintance.

At length, however, they made out that the pair were betrothed, and that for many years each had believed the other to be dead. Nevertheless, endless perplexities arose in their minds, until Nahida's agitation somewhat subsided, and she briefly explained the state of matters, and likewise told Lupansky how nobly Dmitry and his wife had behaved.

Hereupon Lupansky grasped their toil-hardened hands, and expressed his thanks in language which drew tears from the eyes of the simple-minded pair.

However, when Lupansky declared his intention of conducting Nahida to the count's palace, a friendly con-

tention arose, as the good people would by no means consent to this arrangement. Nahida, they said, had in adversity found shelter under their roof; and now that prosperity had come to her, they wished her still to partake of their hospitality. So Lupansky yielded to their importunity, and suffered Nahida to remain with them.

Great was the astonishment of the count, who was at home enjoying the society of his children, when Lupansky rushed in among them in a state of joyful excitement, and told them what had occurred.

They were all deeply moved by his account of Nahida's filial affection, and the wonderful interpositions of Providence on her behalf.

"Do you now acknowledge, O man of little faith!" exclaimed the count, "the virtue of Tzernikoff's motto: 'The Lord is my Shield'? Of a truth he has been Nahida's shield until this day, and will likewise be Tzernikoff's deliverer."

As a reward for the good service which he had rendered the count, Lupansky was no longer treated as a dependent, but was in every respect considered as one of the count's own family.

The young countess, daughter-in-law to Count Wathshicky, declared herself ready to receive Nahida, and was about to order the carriage to fetch her, when Lupansky interposed, repeating Dmitry's words. So it was agreed that Nahida should remain for that night under the roof of her humble friends.

It made a great sensation in the narrow street when, on the following, day an elegant equipage stopped at Dmitry's door, at which alighted the aged count, his daughter-in-law, and Lupansky.

Nahida turned pale as they entered, and the old count, with tears in his eyes, stretched out his hands to greet her.

She advanced towards him, kissed his hand, and kneeling down, bent her head to receive his blessing. The good man laid his trembling hand on the girl's head. "Never had father a better daughter! God bless you, my child!" he said, raised her from the ground, and kissed her forehead.

The young countess, much moved, then embraced her.

Dmitry and his wife bitterly lamented the departure of the young girl who had already so endeared herself to them; and Nahida touchingly expressed her gratitude to them.

"Now take Nahida home," said the count; "I will remain here a little longer, as I want to speak to Dmitry."

When the old couple returned from seeing Nahida to the carriage, the count said kindly, "Dmitry, what you have done for Nahida you have done for me. I am consequently greatly indebted to you. Hitherto you have worked hard for your daily bread, as a carrier's life is no easy one. Sell your horses and other effects, and settle down on one of my estates, where you shall live in comfort all your days."

Dmitry looked gratefully at him, and replied, "Many thanks to your lordship. But I cannot do what you so kindly wish. In this house my parents died, and from it I buried my three children. I should like to die here also, when my time comes."

"Very well," said the count; "then I will take care that you shall be well provided for in your old age." He then took out his pocket-book and wrote a cheque, insuring to Dmitry and his wife an annuity on their lives.

"Take this paper to the steward at my palace. From him you will receive a sum of money yearly. Now you need work no longer." And, followed by the fervent blessings of the grateful pair, the good count hastened away.

To Nahida, all that had happened seemed like a pleasant dream, too good to be true. But when Lupansky held her hand in his, and the members of the count's family vied with one another in their kindness to her, she felt that all was real, and looked up with tears of joy to heaven, whence all these mercies flowed. Now all her pain, toil, and anxiety were ended. "Ah, if my dear parents only knew!" she often sighed; while she joyfully looked forward to their recall from exile, which Count Wathshicky was making every exertion to bring about.

During an interview with the czar, the count took occasion to mention Tzernikoff, and to relate Nahida's deed of filial heroism. The emperor listened with wonder, and hastened to tell his mother, the good Empress Maria. They both expressed a wish to see the girl.

On the following day the good folks of St. Petersburg witnessed a rare sight. In a splendid carriage sat an old man, whose uniform, and the numerous orders decorating his breast, announced him to be an officer of the highest rank. By his side was a beautiful girl clad in the quaint fur-dress worn by the women of Mangasea. From beneath her small cap of marten's fur her glossy ringlets hung in rich luxuriance; while her strange-looking costume set off to the best advantage her uncommon loveliness.

The count had wished to give Nahida the usual court-dress, but the empress had expressed a desire to see her in her northern costume.

None of the spectators could account for this strange sight, but conjectured that there must be some extraordinary circumstances connected with it.

How Nahida trembled when conducted by the count through the state apartments of the Imperial Palace! How her heart beat as the moment approached which was to decide the fate of her beloved father!

"Courage, my child!" said the count. "You have overcome many a greater difficulty than what awaits you here. Think of your dear parents, and your spirit will rise to the occasion." And his words came true. Her timidity vanished and her cheerful confidence returned.

Thus, led by the count, she entered the presence of the emperor, whose mild eye beamed encouragement to her. By his side there stood a tall, beautiful lady, whose eyes were moist with tears.

Nahida, quite overcome, fell on her knees, clasped her hands, and, looking up to the emperor, stammered out, "Mercy for my innocent father!"

The tender heart of Alexander was deeply touched at the great sacrifice which the girl had made.

"Nay," he said, "not mercy, my daughter, only justice for suffering innocence. Mercy is only for offenders; the guiltless victim of cruelty must receive justice in the full sense of the word."

Nahida bent her face to the ground, but the empress raised her up, and kissed her forehead, saying, with tears, "God bless you, my daughter, for your filial love."

The emperor took her by the hand, and said, "You have done a noble deed, my daughter; you have manifested more true bravery than the general who goes to fight for his country. You have given my whole people an example of filial piety, which shall assuredly be made known among them. It is now my duty before God to reward your heroic conduct. My ambassador at Paris has already reported to me a statement made to him respecting your father. The closest investigation has only tended to confirm its truthfulness. Your father was the victim of a heartless scoundrel whom righteous vengeance has already overtaken, and of one in high authority who shamefully abused the power committed to him, and who mercilessly persecuted this excellent nobleman"—indicating the count. "Without delay I despatched a courier to Mangasea, bearing freedom and honour to your father. He and your mother will return at my expense; so nothing will be lacking to their ease and comfort. Your father's salary will be paid up from the day he left Nictin to the day of his arrival here; and, if willing and able to undertake its duties, he shall have a lucrative appointment in the customs. Should he decline it, he will receive a pension to make him comfortable for the rest of his days, and to show him how willingly his sovereign makes restitution to the innocent victim of oppression. Such is my reward for your heroic deed, which, however, can only be fully recompensed by Him who gave the commandment to honour father and mother, and annexed to it a gracious promise. Tell me, are you content with your emperor?"

"O God!" cried the girl, and loud sobs stifled her voice. Again she fell on her knees and raised her streaming eyes and clasped hands to heaven, while her trembling lips and earnest countenance showed that she was imploring a blessing on her gracious sovereign.

The Empress Maria pressed Nahida to her breast, and asked the emperor's permission to conduct her to her own apartments. There she hung a valuable sable mantle about the girl's shoulders, saying, "This becomes you no better than the coarse furs in which you accomplished your labour of love; but you will wear it for my sake."

Then placing a magnificent diamond ring on Nahida's

finger, she observed, "This will remind you of the tears I have shed to-day." Lastly, she took a gold chain with her own likeness attached to it, and gave it to Nahida with these words, "When you see my picture, think of me as a happy mother, enjoying filial love like yours, and therefore knowing how to appreciate it."

Again the splendid equipage of the count rolled through the streets of St. Petersburg, and the people wondered more than ever to see the Siberian peasant-girl wrapped in a cloak such as only royalty could bestow.

Very soon the whole town knew Nahida's history, which was widely circulated, till every one praised her, and spoke of the emperor's justice and goodness and the Empress Maria's kind-heartedness.

When the ice on the Neva broke up, and the snow

melted at the approach of the brief northern summer, Count Wathshicky longed to repair to the country; but denied himself the pleasure, in order that he might be at home to welcome Tzernikoff, who was to lodge at the palace. So they all remained in town. Nahida had been prevailed upon to lay aside her fur-dress, and had allowed the young countess to adorn her to her heart's content. Daily she visited Dmitry and Cathinka, whose fortune she had made, and who thought they could never adequately express their satisfaction and gratitude.

Nahida's parents returned in safety from Siberia. The lovers were married; and the happy group rejoiced together in the goodness of God, under the protection of their beloved sovereign.

Palastine.

BY THE REV. ANDREW THOMSON, D.D., F.R.S.E., EDINBURGH.

VIII—THE EXPLORATIONS.

DURING the part of April 1869 that we spent in Jerusalem, we had repeated interviews with Captain Warren, were kindly permitted by him to descend several of his shafts and to explore his tunnels, had the design and character of his explorations explained to us, and were enabled, in some degree, to appreciate the formidable difficulties with which he had to contend in endeavouring to promote archaeological discovery and to settle some of the most important questions connected with the topography of ancient Jerusalem. In meeting in the streets of the city his shrewd and faithful assistant, Sergeant Birtles, followed by a staff of stalwart and intelligent engineers with their unmistakable British look about them, it was difficult to repress a wish to go up and shake hands with them, as if they had been old acquaintances. Indeed, from the first there had been a kindly nod of recognition exchanged between us, before we had gone through the formality of being introduced to them by their chief; while the sight of one of their shafts, with windlass at the top and a few curiously-disposed Arabs loitering near, made you feel many hundred miles nearer home; and, like one approaching a gold-mine, we could not come within a moderate

distance of it without a strong impulse to rush forward and learn whether there had been any new discovery.

We shall not pretend to describe the processes of exploration; for even did we possess engineering skill and a knowledge of technical language sufficient for the purpose, we are convinced that, without a very liberal use of diagrams and photographs, it is impossible by mere description to convey anything beyond the most vague conception of such matters to a general reader. Our purpose will be gained if we succeed in giving a correct impression of the importance of the work, of the nature of the obstructions so discouraging and irritating to the workers and yet so bravely and patiently met by them, with a summary estimate of the results.

Captain Wilson and his associates had already made valuable contributions to the geographical and antiquarian knowledge of Palestine, before Captain Warren entered on the inviting field. Not to enumerate many minor services, he had, at least to the satisfaction of the greater number of inquirers, identified the site of Capernaum, detected the ruins of Chorazin, and placed among the most certain of modern discoveries, on the eastern shore of the Galilean lake, the scene of

the destruction of the possessed swine when they ran down a steep place and were drowned in the sea. He had greatly increased our knowledge of the structure of the ancient synagogue, correcting the common popular notions on this subject; and had brought to light some of the most beautiful sculptures on those ecclesiastical buildings, which appear to have been, in many cases, not simply ornamental, but suggestive and emblematic. He had surveyed the district of which the Lake of Galilee was the centre, as well as the important region around Sychar, with its twin-mountains of Ebal and Gerizim. And he had crowned all his other solid services to science and Biblical study by preparing the material for a complete Ordnance Map of Jerusalem—by numerous well-directed excavations in the sacred city, in which he had directed the course and lightened the work of future labourers—and especially by discovering the spring of the arch which now fitly bears his name, opposite to that which had previously been discovered by Robinson on the Moriah side of the Tyropean Valley, thus completing the evidence that an ancient bridge had once spanned this ravine and connected the lower with the upper city.

Important results like these, along with other causes, awakened the expectation of other and equally valuable results from further explorations of the same kind in this unexhausted field, conducted by qualified scientific and learned men who should be stationed for a series of years in the country, should be amply supplied with all the apparatus and tools adequate for their work, and have under them a competent number of labourers. It was all very well in its own place that persons like ourselves, who were out on a short furlough, should skim the surface of the land like summer swallows, and perhaps be able to record some custom among the people, or to observe some feature in the scenery that would shed new or increased light on a sentence in the Word of God. But what was needed was thorough and prolonged investigation that should patiently dig among ruins, decipher inscriptions, discover the localities of lost towns and villages, and, in short, at length supply us with the means of knowing the topography of Palestine as well as we know that of England. We wanted men who should go out with carefully-prepared

questions and unsolved problems from England, determined to have the answer or the solution ere they returned,—men who should do for Jerusalem what Layard had done for Nineveh and Rawlinson for Babylon, and what Signor Castellani, by diverting the current of the Tiber, is now proposing to do for Rome. This led to the formation, in London, in June 1865, of the Palestine Exploration Fund. The programme of this society was admirably comprehensive, embracing, in addition to the objects at which we have hinted, the formation of an Ordnance Map of the Holy Land and of the Sinaitic Peninsula, similar to that which Captain Wilson had already prepared of Jerusalem. But as all these objects could not be accomplished or even attempted at once, it was determined to commence operations in Jerusalem, the natural centre of greatest interest, and where the most important problems had to be solved. In pursuit of this great and sacred enterprise, Captain Warren was sent out, and in February 1867 he appeared in Jerusalem with his mining tools, his scientific instruments, and a picked band of trained assistants.

This accomplished officer found himself at once met by difficulties of various kinds, that severely tested even his sanguine temper and fertility of resource. The experience of Captain Wilson and others had already in part apprised him that the ancient Jerusalem of which he was in search,—the Jerusalem in which our Lord and his contemporaries had walked,—was fifty feet down below the surface of the modern city, and that, in some places, it lay buried more than a hundred feet beneath. There were those who wondered when they read in the newspapers, a few weeks since, that the remains of the old Roman London had been discovered, in tessellated pavement and other signs, fifteen feet beneath the London of our own day, in Bishopgate Street. But the *débris* that conceals the old Jerusalem, if carried away and massed together, would form a large mountain of itself. And no wonder; for Jerusalem has on three occasions undergone general destruction; and in addition to this, it has been subjected to seventeen sieges, in which its largest and most prominent buildings were certain to suffer most. On these occasions, the people never thought of clearing away the bruised and broken material

and obtaining a deep and solid base for a new erection. The new houses rose upon the ruins of the old. We have a remarkable instance of the effect of this in the Tyropœan Valley, which was once a deep ravine separating between Mount Moriah and Mount Zion, but which has been so filled up by the ruins of centuries tumbling into it, that its outline is now scarcely traceable. Then the ruins themselves do not cohere. A few feet below the surface, the *débris* is almost fluid, and when once set in motion runs like water, and large stones and broken columns intermingled with it are certain then to move also, and to dash with terrific force against the first solid object they touch. It is easy to see how difficult it must have been to sink deep shafts through such loose and treacherous material, and how lateral tunnelling through such rubbish must sometimes have almost appeared like courting destruction.

There was another frequent and vexatious obstruction in the bigotry and ignorance of the people, and even of the public authorities. The bigotry is no doubt declining; for had the same attempt been made even ten years earlier, the opposition would have been much more formidable and dangerous. Within a period of less than twenty years, the state of feeling among the Moslem population presented an unpleasantly practical illustration of the late Isaac Taylor's definition of fanaticism as "enthusiasm inflamed by hatred." It had been observed that, at a particular period in the day, the shadow of the great Mosque of Omar fell upon a certain Christian burying-ground. Even the honour and blessing conveyed by so sacred a shadow was grudged. The public authorities at Jerusalem were strongly urged to have the Christian cemetery removed to some more distant place, and it required all the combined influence of the European consulates to prevent a scandalous order to this effect from being issued.

Later than this, when a firman was sent forth giving permission to persons who were not Mohammedans to visit the interior of the mosques, it was no uncommon saying among the more intolerant Turks, that while the sultan might have power to let a Frank enter their mosques, he had no power to let him out again; and there was an evident intention, in the first instance, that the

knives of wild dervishes and fanatical dependents on the mosques, should make amends in their own fashion for relaxed severity of restriction or exclusion.

These things are past now; but the prejudice and ignorance in which they originated are very far from having become extinct or inoperative. The exploring party had scarcely landed at Jaffa when they were met by the obstacle which was to annoy them in so many forms afterwards. Their innocent theodolites and sextants were pronounced by the custom-house officers to be warlike stores, and they only escaped seizure on the vice-consul's undertaking to vouch for them that they were of a peaceful nature, and not liable to go off! Indeed, the ignorance of the people in some instances almost exceeded belief. On one occasion, when Captain Warren was engaged in a most interesting exploration connected with Robinson's Arch, he found it necessary to use gunpowder for blasting some of the stones which were too large and hard for the hammer. Immediately the strange rumour was spread among the Moslems that these foreigners were about to deposit little lumps of gunpowder all round the walls of the Noble Sanctuary; that these would grow and grow until they became barrels, and that then, in about twenty years, when the powder crop was ripe, they would come back with some machine and blow the whole place up! Reports of this kind, fostering vague suspicions and fears, produced much anxiety and trouble, though the ignorance sometimes showed itself in an irresistibly ludicrous form. One day when a company of picked men were busily at work in their excavations, they struck in unexpectedly on a donkey stable in which the owner happened to be present. The poor donkey man, startled at the apparition of so many begrimed faces that had suddenly come upon him as if they had sprung out of the earth, fled in precipitation, declaring that he was pursued by Gins or evil spirits!

We can imagine, however, that obstructions of this nature were not so discouraging to our indefatigable explorers, as were the exceptions and conditions which accompanied and clogged the sultan's permission to excavate. It is plain that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and the

Haram Sanctuary were the places around which the questions of greatest interest gathered, and that these questions were almost certain to find a satisfactory solution, were the excavations allowed to be conducted within and beneath those two sacred structures. But they were sternly prohibited from opening their shafts within a certain distance of either of them. This was equivalent to shutting them out entirely from explorations in connection with the former building, which was, in fact, so encircled by convents that it could not even be approached; and the Haram, as belonging to the Moslem, was guarded with a yet intenser jealousy. The only way in which explorations connected with this second grand centre of interest could be made at all, was to sink shafts as near as possible to the prohibited distance, and then to approach the Haram walls by tunnelling underneath.

Even in the case of private properties, the difficulties were often great. Though ignorant as the beasts that perish about all matters of science, householders, when asked to sell their houses for purposes of excavation, were shrewd enough to drive home their advantage and demand an exorbitant price; and some of them, when asked to yield up portions of their gardens, did their utmost to get out of the concession a snug annuity. When we were in Jerusalem, Captain Warren complained to us of a kindred form of annoyance, which appeared for the time to overtop all the others. His researches awakened the selfishly litigious spirit. If some rickety house tumbled down within fifty yards of the mouth of one of his pits, his excavations got the blame of it, and he was summoned before one of the corrupt native "cadis," and sued for damages that were stated, of course, at a most extravagant figure. In some cases the demand was resisted; in others it was found to be an economy both of time and money to consent to a compromise. But the very likelihood of such fabricated lawsuits arising from every fresh opening of the ground, was disturbing in the extreme. Still, these admirable men took to their work with a will. They knew that the eyes of men of science and religion were fixed on them from every part of the world, that there were rich mines of discovery hidden somewhere within the range of

their explorations, and that to help in settling the long perplexed questions of sacred research, and in shedding new light on the inspired records, was something indeed worth living for.

In one quarter in which Captain Warren had probably anticipated some difficulty, he soon found substantial aid, and incidentally wrought out a conclusion which may be of use when applied in other directions. He was obliged to depend for the less skilled forms of labour upon native workmen. And he did not find the Arab to be the intractable creature that he has so often been described to be. At first, indeed, he was inclined to take his work by fits and starts, and the intervals of resting were apt to be much longer than those of working. When any work required plan or thought, he could not be trusted alone. The muscles necessary for the clever handling even of the common wheel-barrow seemed never to have been developed in him; and when he shivered with cold in winter, he could never be made to see that hard-working was one of the surest and safest ways to bring heat. But when he found himself paid at the end of the week, not according to the time spent, but to the work done, he saw the equity of the arrangement, and became gradually educated into a fair measure of steadiness in toil. For, while the Arab is slow to believe in goodness, he has a quick appreciation of justice, and a respect for calm power.

Wishing to have some notion of the manner of the excavations, we obtained leave from Captain Warren to descend two of his shafts. It was one of our most memorable adventures in Jerusalem; and as we were utterly new at such work, we suspect we must have looked amusingly awkward and cautious to those who were looking down upon us from the pit-mouth. Taking a lighted candle in one hand, we descended by a rope-ladder, which was fixed to an iron rod driven deep into the ground at the entrance of the shaft. The sides of the shaft were boarded by planks of wood that had been brought from England—for Palestine could not even supply this material sufficiently and in a prepared form—and it rots so quickly that, in a few months, it needs to have its place supplied by new boarding. When we were about half-way down, we were surprised to

find that the earth had bulged out in one place, and that the boarding had cracked and was protruding. It was no easy matter to get past this on the dangling rope-ladder, and any loss of self-possession would have been destruction. But we managed at length to wriggle past, and the remaining part of our descent was easy. We were received by one of Captain Warren's men at the bottom; and passing along a tunnel of some length, in which the earth was very moist, and on which drops were constantly falling from the uneven roof, we descended a second shaft to about eighty feet beneath the surface of the ground. There was a tunnel leading from this bottom, and we could hear at no great distance the dripping of water. We were told that one of the tanks or aqueducts of Old Jerusalem had been discovered in that direction, and throwing a stone we heard its sullen plunge into the depths.

We had obtained but a glimpse, however, of the dangers which those bold explorers were called every day to face. Showers of stones and streams of loose and treacherous shingle were common occurrences. In some places the earth was so poisoned by sewage, that the hands of the workmen broke out into festering sores; in other places the air was found to be so impure that the candles refused to burn. On some occasions, when descending into unexplored vaults, the rope-ladder proved much too short, and they had no choice but, holding by stones on the sides of the cavern, to climb down over-hands as they best could, sometimes for the distance of twelve feet. At other times, unable to keep their footing on the slippery soil, they were plunged overhead into an unwelcome bath, unsavoury as well as cold. In another instance, the water from a periodic spring so increased upon them that they were obliged to flee before it; and when it swelled up to Captain Warren's neck, he could only preserve the candle from extinction by carrying it in his mouth.—There were two adventures which we must describe in Captain Warren's own words. He was endeavouring to verify the conjecture that he had come upon one of the overflow-aqueducts from the Temple of Solomon, and that there might be a water-conduit underneath. "We scrambled along for a long way on our feet, our skulls and spines coming in unhappy contact with the passage roof.

After advancing thus for about 200 feet, we found that the mud reached higher up, and we had to crawl by means of elbows and toes. Gradually the passage got more and more filled up, and our bodies could barely squeeze through, and there did not appear to be sufficient air to support us for any length of time; so that, having advanced 400 feet, we commenced a difficult retrograde movement, having to get back half-way before we could turn our heads round." He thus describes his exploration of the subterranean passage extending under the Via Dolorosa, from the Convent of the Sisters of Zion, which had been entered some years before by Captain Wilson:—"I have examined the hitherto unexplored passage cut in the rock at the southern end. I got some planks, and made a perilous journey on the sewage for about twelve feet, and found myself in a magnificent passage cut in the rock, thirty feet high, and covered by large stones laid across. Seeing how desirable it would be to trace out this passage, I obtained three doors, and went down there to-day with Sergeant Birtles. We laid them down on the surface of the sewage, and advanced along by lifting up the hindermost and throwing it in front of us." Afterwards, a second subterranean passage was found, and he thus describes his examination of a part of it:—"For about seventy-five feet this passage is a pool of water about six feet deep, the water coming up to about two feet below the springing. We had to construct a raft, floated with inflated skins, to enable us to examine this portion of the vault."

These brave workers, in fact, went to their daily toils "with their lives in their hands," and it was impossible that they should always come out scathless. We have seen it stated that more than fifty accidents took place during the excavations. One day a labourer would be dragged out crushed and bleeding; another day some one would be buried in the ruins, and only extricated in time to save life. The same spirit was at work in these men as has borne others through the perils of a forlorn hope, or carried adventurous voyagers to the frozen seas around the pole. A yet more sacred enthusiasm glowed in the breasts of some of them. Many will say that it required discoveries of no common value to reward such ventures and toils, prolonged until failing health

compelled both leaders and men to desist. But very precious fruits for sacred archæology have already been gathered and garnered. In estimating these, it is necessary to remember that in many instances Captain Warren has helped forward investigations which he has not completed, but which will enable future explorers to start at the point at which he left them. In not a few other cases, he has increased the probability of previous conjectures, and carried us many degrees nearer to the goal of certainty.

Even his incidental discoveries of articles mainly of domestic use among the ancient inhabitants of Jerusalem, were something more than mere things for curiosity to wonder at, as in the house-lamps, the beautifully coloured glass vases, the stone weights, and the numerous fragments of pottery. The lamp found among the rubbish under the pavement on the southern side of the Haram, bearing the inscription, "The light of Christ shines on all," and which is thought to belong to the third or fourth century, is an object to linger over with interest. One likes to think of the hands that, two millenniums back, may have handled that well-preserved "seal of Haggai the son of Shebaniah." Again, the stone-roller, dug out far down from a heap of miscellaneous rubbish, is of value to the Biblical student, as bearing on the question of the structure of the houses in Old Jerusalem. It is of the same construction in every way as the stone-rollers to be seen on the flat roofs of the houses in Lebanon at the present day, which are used for the purpose of keeping the roofs smooth, compact, and solid. Such rollers naturally suggest the existence of flat-roofed houses in Jerusalem in far remote centuries, as the language and allusions of our Lord in many places imply that they were.

Captain Warren is right in speaking of the whole rubbish around the Haram wall as "*interesting débris*;" for it seems scarcely possible to doubt that, were it examined and searched in detail, as it will be one day, there would be found many unmistakable fragments and ornaments of the ancient temple, not improbably even many broken weapons of war. It seems far from improbable that in one tunnel whose course he traced, he had come upon the conduit by which the blood and offal were carried from the temple-

altar into the Kedron; and that in another spacious subterranean passage, he had discovered the secret road mentioned by Josephus, by which Herod conducted troops from the citadel in the upper quarter of the city, to check disturbance and riot in the open space before the temple gate. While it is beyond doubt that he has found the true bed of the Kedron brook 38½ feet below the present false bed. There is ample evidence that even yet the water flows along, and often fills this true bed, at the rainy season.

This ardent explorer has, in common with his accomplished predecessor, thrown a flood of light upon the water-supply of the Jerusalem of the past. In the remains of enormous tanks and artificial pools, some of them almost having the dimensions of lakes; in the engineering skill which is shown, at once for the prevention of waste and for outflow of surplus water, which their explorations have revealed, we are enabled to read with new interest and admiration, and also with much clearer understanding, the condensed references in sacred history to the elaborate arrangements of Solomon and Hezekiah. It is the strongest testimony to the science and grandeur of their work, that in all the seventeen sieges to which Jerusalem has been subjected since the days of her kings, her defenders and people have never suffered from the want of water. There were many places noticed by these explorers which had evidently been draw-wells; and the marks made by the buckets, as they were let down and drawn up, could still be traced. This subject is very far from being exhausted. There are questions which wait to be answered, both in reference to the sources of the water and the means by which it was effectually concealed from the enemy during periods of siege; but these two men have done more than any others both to open up this field of investigation and to cultivate it.

Captain Warren has also made solid additions to our knowledge regarding the bridge which anciently spanned the Tyropæan Valley. The entire history of discovery on this subject is indeed a remarkable example of investigation carried forward, from one step to another, to an ultimate issue which sets the whole matter at rest. By one traveller a spring of the arch was discovered on one side of the ravine;

by another, a corresponding spring was discovered on the other side; and then Captain Warren entered on the field, and not only revised and confirmed the previous conclusions, but, some fathoms down, discovered, lying in order, on an old pavement, the stones or voussoirs that had composed the arch. And as he dug downward to find the original bed of the valley, he came on the unmistakable fragments of another arch of much greater antiquity. Looking up from the depths of this valley along the immense stretch of the Haram wall, the view of the temple must have been a sight of wondrous beauty. Captain Wilson has helped our conceptions by asking us to imagine a building longer than York minster standing on an elevation loftier than that of our highest city towers, and dazzling, like a glory, in its singular whiteness and purity.

Those recent explorations have not set at rest the question regarding the site of the Jewish Temple. But they have done much to narrow the field of inquiry. They have given the answer to questions which will hasten the answer to the great question of all. The greater part of the exploratory work has been accomplished, which is necessary to be made outside the Haram walls. It is now a settled point that the site of the Temple was somewhere within the boundaries of the Haram Sanctuary. It is considered almost as certain that the temples of Solomon, Zerubabel, and Herod stood on the same site, though Herod, ambitious of ornament and splendour, may have extended the wings of his temple farther in some directions. And it is difficult to repress the belief, that were men of the energy and ability of those recent explorers only allowed to bore their shafts and to drive their tunnels within the Haram area, as *they* have been allowed to do around its outer walls, the great archæological problem would soon be solved. Captain Warren has indicated as a high probability that these inquiries, when they are carried out, will fix the site of the ancient Temple on a position nearly coincident with the Dome of the Rock platform,—the unexplored 600 feet of wall south of the Golden Gate and overlooking the Kedron, corresponding with what was the eastern side of the holy house; and he has stated tests by which his opinion may be put to the proof, when once

the space now guarded by Mohammedan exclusiveness is allowed to be pierced by the rod of Science, and made to let its secret out.

We happened to be in Jerusalem at the time when the red paint characters at the south-east angle of the Haram wall were discovered, some of which our fellow-traveller Mr. Deutsch declared to be special masons' marks or quarry-signs. Some weeks afterwards, at Beyroot, Mr. Dentsch announced to us, on his return from a short excursion to Tyre and Sidon, that he had found similar characters on the stones of the substructures of those old Phœnician harbours. The coincidence must be acknowledged as significant between this and the Scripture statement, that Phœnician workmen were employed by Solomon in great numbers in preparing stones for the house which he had resolved to build as the earthly dwelling-place of Jehovah. In reporting on similar painted marks discovered on the north-east angle of the Haram wall, Captain Warren called attention to the evidence which these marks afforded that the stones had been shaped at the quarry and brought prepared for building. In one instance, the paint had run, and the trickling was upward in reference to the present position of the stone. Indeed, all the noticeable facts and specialities unite to confirm the inspired record that "the house, when it was in building, was built of stone made ready before it was brought thither."

The design of this paper has restricted our observations almost entirely to Jerusalem. But we shall be carrying out the real intention of our statements if we make a closing reference to the discovery of the Moabite stone within the borders of the ancient land of Moab, as a rebuke to the unreasoning impatience of some when brilliant results do not turn up with every spadeful of earth, and an encouragement to the prosecution of this great and sacred exploratory enterprise. That stone, found unexpectedly on the surface of the earth, and with its inscriptions for the most part in a wonderful state of preservation, has, in many ways, been an immense gain. It is by some centuries the oldest Semitic lapidary inscription that has yet been discovered, bearing our thoughts back nine hundred years before Christ, to the period of the Hebrew monarchy. It illustrates, to

a previously unheard of degree, the history of our own alphabetic writing. And though, in consequence of mismanagement at the first, which, if we do not severely blame, we must profoundly regret, we do not now possess the stone in its original entirety, it is, even in its fragmentary state, a historic monument of much interest and high value. Written, as it has been said, from a Moabite point of view, it harmonizes at every part with what is recorded in 2nd Kings, chap. iii., respecting Mesha, king of Moab. It is incontestable that it contains the names of Omri, the contemporary king of Israel, and also of the wicked Ahab; those of several Moabite and Israelitish towns; those of the idols Chemosh and Moloch; and, above all, that of Jahveh, or Jehovah, God of Israel. But in addition to the great intrinsic value of this old monument, the simple fact of its discovery at the time invested it with no small relative importance. There was

a growing disappointment, both among scholars and the general public that was looking on, that no inscriptions of any magnitude had yet been found. While miles of inscription of even older date had been brought to light on the tombs and temples of Egypt and in the palaces of Nineveh, Palestine and its border-countries seemed to be empty of palæographical treasures, when this rich record appeared at the seasonable moment, and led to the natural conclusion that if even the surface of the land could present such records, more might be hidden under-ground. Those green mounds, which every traveller may see in Palestine and in the Lebanon valleys, in all likelihood preserve ruins which only need the divining-rod of Science to bring them to the surface, startling expectation, confirming faith, casting new gleams of light upon many an inspired sentence, and causing "truth," as it were, "to spring out of the earth, while righteousness looks down from heaven."

The Church in the House.

BY THE EDITOR.

XLV.

DORCAS.

ACTS ix. 36-42.



SOME monuments, such as that of Sir Walter Scott at Edinburgh, when they have obtained a high place in the judgment of educated men, are reduplicated in pictures, and spread in many specimens throughout the civilized world. The one original monument raised to Dorcas in the sacred record has in like manner been many times copied. Societies which are constituted for continuing her work frequently adopt her name: and thus she lives to-day in the world. Being dead, she yet speaketh through the manifold energies of Christian women in all the Christianized countries of the world.

This kind of charity was new in the world when Dorcas began at Lydda to make with her own hands garments for the poor of the neighbourhood. The seed of that kind came from a far country, even an heavenly. It was dropped from the lips of Jesus on the furrows of some tender hearts, and it has propagated itself from generation to generation. The Lord will doubtless find some fields of it growing green at his second coming.

Christian love is generic; it sends out many subordinate species, all partaking of the same essential nature, and each exhibiting particular features peculiar to itself. The species which Peter found flourishing at

Lydda is not unfrequent in our own day and land. Where it is genuine it is as beautiful as the violet growing under the hedge; and, like it, fills the air with fragrance. Female love, working outward through female hands in making garments to clothe the naked, is a well known and comely form of Christian benevolence. Behold, it is very good. It is scriptural, useful, safe. It is twice blessed—blessing those that give and those who receive.

The resources at our disposal are much greater than those which belonged to the primitive Christians. There is a greater number of loving hearts, and there is greater power in the operator's hands. Cotton, the spinning-jenny, the power-loom, the sewing-machine—who shall calculate how many times these modern discoveries have multiplied love's power of doing good wherever there is a real living love? Besides all these, we have more money in our hands, easier means of transit, and greater facilities for combination. The earth produces more, and the powers of nature perform for us all the harder portions of the labour. One Dorcas in our city to-day could do more with her own hands than five in Lydda in the time of Peter.

Yet with all these advantages we have not overtaken the destitution. In some quarters it is increasing on our hands. Widows and orphans are in want within sound of our Sabbath-bells.

The state of the poor around us should put us to

shame—should hush our manifold divisions and disputes, and bring us into one that we might be stronger for the Lord's work in the world.

I could point to scenes of horrid cruelty which would make the blood stand still in your veins if you saw them; and yet they are at our own doors. Children in our cities are starved and killed by slow degrees for want of food and clothing. Why should this be while there are so many really benevolent hearts and so great resources at the disposal of the community.

There is a deeper thing than the hunger and nakedness of the children. There is a root which bears these bitter fruits. It is the drunkenness of the parents. This is the gulf which we are unable to fill. There it yawns, as represented by public-houses and pawn-shops, between the warm hearts of Christians and the starving children. There it yawns—a bottomless pit. You may throw into it all the wealth of the kingdom: the mighty contribution will sink out of sight in the quagmire, and you will be as far from the naked children as before.

Dorcas sits at home with a burning heart, for she has seen ragged, barefooted children on the street in the winter's cold. She sits and sews. Stitch, stitch, stitch; love makes the needle go until the garment is completed. With light feet she trips down on the morrow to the place where the naked child dwells. She clothes it, and departs. Next day she will visit her charge and see how it fares. The child is naked again; the mother is drunk, and the house is cold. The garment that Dorcas made lies on the shelf of the pawn-shop, and the money in the till of the nearest public-house. Thus the mill goes round—the mill that grinds little children to feed the real giants, more terrible than all the pictured monsters that terrified the nursery.

This process is conducted on a great scale, crushing the little ones into premature graves. If the geologists of a future era should dig into the strata of our cemeteries, they will be amazed to find so large a proportion of the remains to be infants' bones. They will judge it contrary to nature. What can be the cause of the phenomenon? If the history of our time shall then be extant, they will learn from it what their philosophy could not tell them—that the vice of the parents slaughtered the children! Yet the nation looks on helpless!

It is certain, and easily proved, that the poverty which is true and natural, caused by providential circumstances, is small in quantity, and of a kind that is easily cured. We could relieve it and not be burdened by the effort. The exercise would be pleasant and healthful to the community. Instead of being a punishment it might be realized as the fulfilment of a promise, "The poor ye have always with you," that we might never lack an object to draw forth our charity, and so might never miss the larger blessing—the blessing which belongs to those who give. But the pauperism which springs from vice is not only so great that to relieve it becomes a burden—it is of such a kind that to relieve it is impossible.

There is need of two things: *first*, a perennial spring of charity in Christian hearts, finding or forcing a way into every home of misery in the land; and, *second*, an effort by a united people, acting through the legislature and the government, to deal effectively with the material feeders of vice, and so abate the nuisance.

There is some advance in public opinion at the present day; but, alas, great bodies move slowly, especially against the stream. In some of our colonies vigorous experiments have been made. In one of the Australian governments, for example, a law has been enacted under which, when a man or woman has been convicted of being a habitual drunkard, society has a claim for damages against those who supply the drink. Our own government have also intimated their intention of dealing with law of license in the general interests of the community. I cannot predict whether this method will be successful, or that; but the attempts are most interesting to all philanthropists, as symptoms that society is awakening to a sense of danger, and beginning to cast about for remedies. It is especially cheering to the heart of Dorcas, as she toils to roll her stone up-hill, only to see it rolling down again, to observe that the commonwealth is bestirring itself to put some check on the huge machinery, driven by greed of gain, which revolves night and day, summer and winter, to manufacture a wholesale pauperism.

Meanwhile individual disciples of Christ, whilst they are permitted and even bound in their capacity as citizens to lend their influence to beneficent legislative measures, should not wait on the slow movements of a nation. They should, from love to the Lord and pity for men, put their own hand to the work wherever they can discern an opening. Dorcas enjoyed the blessed privilege of clothing the naked who were within her reach. It was her meat to do her Redeemer's will, and her appetite was abundantly gratified. It is a beautiful feature of the Christian Church at the present day, and a symptom that the Spirit has not forsaken us, that "honourable women not a few" both lay out their means and labour with their hands to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, in loving obedience to the Word of the Lord.

XLVI.

A LIGHT TO LIGHTEN THE GENTILES.

ACTS X.

Already Christ had come, the glory of his own people Israel; and now he must be set forth as a light also to the Gentiles. The second half of the promise must be fulfilled as well as the first. Shiloh has come to hold the sceptre in Judah; but to him must the gathering of the peoples also be. It is not enough that the law of the new kingdom should be established in Zion; the word of the kingdom must go forth from Jerusalem. The king hath prepared his sacrifice,—he hath bidden his

guests. All things are now ready ; the servants must now go out into the highways and the hedges, and compel the outcasts to come in. North, give up ; south, keep not back ; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth.

The outflow of the gospel upon the Gentile world is a great turning-point in the history of the primitive Church.

That the Gentiles should be fellow-heirs, and of the same body, and partakers of his promise in Christ by the gospel, was not at first known to the followers of Jesus : it was part of the mystery of godliness specially revealed to the apostles after the ascension of Christ. "Other sheep I have," said the Master, "which are not of this fold : them also I must bring ; and they shall hear my voice ; and there shall be one flock * and one Shepherd" (John x. 16). This chapter narrates the accomplishment of the promise. Here we learn how the door was opened ; or, rather, how the middle wall of partition was broken down, so that henceforth there should be for the Church neither Jew nor Greek.

Although individuals here and there had already been admitted into the fellowship of the Church, it needed yet a revelation to show the believing Jews that the way into the gospel was as open and free to the nations as to themselves. Those who had entered hitherto, entered first into the Jewish communion, and thence were introduced into the Christian Church. Now it is made evident that the Gentiles may come direct to Christ, without passing through Judaism on their way. God's own hand had hung up the separating veil to serve important purposes for a time ; but now, when it has fulfilled its purpose, his own hand will rend it.

Peter and Cornelius are chosen as the two points at which the two bodies shall come into contact, so that they may be joined in one.

Cornelius was a favourite name among the noblest families of Rome. He was an officer of the Italian band. The body-guard of the governor was composed of native Italians. Levies raised in the provinces were not trusted near the ruler's person. This circumstance makes it sure that Cornelius was a Gentile. He belongs to the Roman Empire, the representative at that day of the world's power.

He was a devout man. Whether he was a proselyte of the gate cannot be certainly ascertained ; but, at all events, he was not further initiated into Judaism. He worshipped God, but did not conform to the Jewish ceremonial.

He worshipped God with all his house. This is a feature in family life that is always mentioned in the Scriptures with honour. Jesus is pleased when parents bring the little ones and place them in his arms. Grace not only flows down like water, so that from the head of the house it reaches the youngest ; it also, by a cog-

nate law, rises up like vapour, so that it may find its way from a godly child to a worldly father. Parents, bring your house to the Church ; and bring the Church to your house.

Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God. Prayers and pains were equally yoked in the life of Cornelius. Body and soul together constituted the religion of this devout Roman. It is not that the giving of alms makes the giver just with God. It is rather that the gifts accompanying the prayer serve to embody his desires. The charity was not a dead work, for it ascended to heaven ; the gifts were the outgoings of an earnest but unenlightened soul groping after God.

"Now send men to Joppa and call for Simon." The Lord puts honour on the gospel in that he sends an angel from heaven to set a train in motion for conveying it to an anxious soul ; but he also puts honour on the human ministry in that he does not entrust an angel with the work. The angel is employed to run an errand—to call the preacher to the spot. The matter is so great that an angel must be sent in order to get it accomplished ; but the matter lies so exclusively between sinful man and his divine Redeemer that the angel is not further employed, after he has told where a minister of the gospel may be found.

When there is great illness in a family, a loving neighbour comes in ; but he does not presume to prescribe. He will run for the physician. So do angels minister to "the heirs of salvation."

This arrangement is wise and good. When Paul was constrained in faithfulness to tell certain men of Philippi that they were "enemies of the cross of Christ," he told the stern truth "weeping." He who has himself been taken by free grace out of the pit, knows how to pity those who are left. The words that win souls run thus :—"Come with us and we will do thee good." "We have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did speak ; is not this the Christ ?" "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin." This is preaching ; and therefore angels cannot preach. They seem to say—"We can but desire to look into this mystery ; send for one who has passed through it." Send for the man who denied his Lord, and thereafter melted under his look of pitying love. Send for Peter, who has himself been saved, and he will tell you what you must do to be saved.

We know by the answer sent what the centurion's prayer had been. The answer is an echo of the request ; and the answer is to show him the way of life.

There were many strong barriers between this man and Christ. He was a Gentile, a Roman, a soldier, a centurion : each word indicates a fence within a fence to keep grace at bay ; but grace burst through all, and led him captive.

Peter went to the house-top about noon to pray. The house-top was the place of retirement. Peter's closet was large and lofty. Its roof was the

* "Not ONE FOLD, but ONE FLOCK ; no one exclusive enclosure of an outward Church,—but one flock, all knowing the one Shepherd and known of him."—DEAN ALFORD.

dome of heaven; yet it served his purpose well, for it was secluded. The closet, in the sense of our Lord's instructions on prayer, is any place where you may be shut out from earth below, and open upwards to heaven. That is the best closet which does for the spirit what the house-top did for the body,—which veils off the earth, and leaves all heaven open above the suppliant.

It is good to have associations of special communion with God connected with particular spots. The sight of these Bethels may revive sweet memories in later years. The tree, more hoary now, in the rural haunts of your youth, under whose shade, in the long summer twilight, you were wont to kneel and lift your soul to God, when the life of faith was young. The avenue along which you were wont to walk communing with a present Saviour, when the sense of his presence was new,—sweet spots! beautiful rays of light from above seem still to linger over them! This world is sweeter to a Christian than to other men. It contains for him many spots of holy ground on which he loves, even unto old age, to dwell; and even if some places call up sad memories of evil, they remind him also of his Saviour's love in blotting out all his sin.

The vision of Peter marked a great crisis of the Church. The apostles must have experienced at this time much difficulty in reconciling the Lord's command, Go ye into all the world, with their adherence to the Mosaic ordinances, which they still considered binding. On the general principle that you may discover in the answer sent to prayer what the suppliant pleaded for, we have good ground to assume that Peter, on the house-top that day, cried to the Lord, O send out thy light and thy truth, let them guide me on this very thing. The vision that followed was the opening of the gates, that the kingdom long pent-up in Israel might flow out upon the world. It is the bursting of the chrysalis, in which the life has been preserved indeed, but confined. The life that now issues forth is the same; and yet it is so much more glorious, that to observers the Church of the New Testament seems a new creature.

XLVII.

SAVED BY THE WORD.

ACTS XI. 14.

Convinced by the concurrence of the vision, and the arrival of the ambassadors, Peter at once consented to go to *Cæsarea*. When he arrived, and found that *Cornelius* had been directed by a divine message to send for him, he consented to preach the gospel freely to the Gentiles, and to receive them into the fellowship of faith, without imposing on them any part of the Jewish ceremonial.

When the Church at Jerusalem, which consisted of converted Jews, heard what Peter had done, they found fault. "They that were of the circumcision contended

with him." Placed upon his defence, Peter narrated the whole case, and obtained from the assembled council a favourable judgment on his conduct. There is certainly no Popery here. Yet this is subsequent to the time when the Lord had said to him, "Thou art Peter," &c. Either he was pope at this time, or he was never pope. The council placed him on his defence: he accepted the position, and defended himself. He assumed no autocratic authority. He simply submitted himself to the authority of his brethren.

At the date of Peter's mission I should not venture to say that *Cornelius* needed to be saved; but he needed to be taught the way of salvation. There was before this time a quickening by the Spirit in his heart, but as yet he knew not the truth with his mind. Although at that moment the new life was already begun in his soul, so that if he had been called hence ere Peter arrived he would have entered the mansions of the Father's house, the Word speaks of him as still needing to be taught how he should be saved. I shall adopt the same tone, and show the necessity of conveying even to such a man the message of the gospel.

Peter must go to *Cæsarea* for the express purpose of telling this man how he may be saved. If his alms and prayers had been sufficient, there would have been no need of this message. They that are whole need not a physician.

This was no common publican or sinner. Before the angel promised a minister, or the promised minister came to preach, *Cornelius* was a "devout man, and one that feared God with all his house, which gave much alms to the people, and prayed to God alway." Here is a man who possesses all the qualifications of a saint, if a saint can grow in the soil of this earth, without a seed sent down from heaven. He was devout in spirit, exemplary in the training of his children, beneficent to the poor, and constant in his religious duties. Here is a model man. If any man could be just with God, apart from faith in Christ crucified, surely this is the man. A better specimen of humanity you can nowhere find; yet the Word of God treats him as a sinner, and forthwith proceeds to tell him what he must do to be saved. There is no escape from the force of this case. It effectually shuts out all hope in the merit of a man. In presence of this word every mouth must be stopped, and all the world become guilty before God. If this man could not appear before the judgment-seat until his sins were blotted out in the blood of the Lamb, how shall we appear with our own sins or our own goodness marked to our account?

The difficulty of attaining a thorough practical conviction that if God should mark iniquity we could not stand, is greater, in some respects, where the sins are less gross. Open vices, although not more sinful, are more manifest than the rebellion that acts in the heart of a correct but carnal man. Hence the experience renewed from age to age in history, that publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of heaven more readily than

smooth and sombre Pharisees. A child or a savage realizes easily and completely that yonder mountain which lifts its head to heaven is matter; but cannot comprehend that the air which encircles and overtops the mountain is matter too. An educated person knows that air is as truly matter as the rock. It is in some such way that those who are childish in spiritual perception take in more easily the thought that vice is sin, than that the godless bent of the carnal mind is sin. It needs a keener spiritual perception to realize that this devout and charitable centurion is lost by sin, unless and until he be found in Christ.

By what means shall Cornelius be saved? By words; "He shall tell thee words whereby thou shalt be saved." Strange: when the loss is so deep and real, will words bring deliverance?—words—articulated air.

It was natural for Naaman, with his hardy intelligence as a practised soldier, to toss his head in contempt at the proposal of a bath in Jordan as the cure of his disease. There is a class of scholars in our day who sneer at the proposal to cure sin by words, as Naaman sneered at the proposal to wash a leprosy away in water. They have no confidence in doctrines that come into a man's mind from without; they will rather trust to principles that spring up within the man. A salvation by words they despise. Dogma is the scorn of the unbelieving philosophy of the age.

Beware of wandering into the mist here, and so losing your way—your life. Words become life or death when God employs them to express and proclaim his will. God said, Let there be light, and there was light. Jesus cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth, and he that was dead obeyed. But these were the words of God, our Maker and Redeemer. They were; and on that depended all their power. But may he not send his word into the world still? and may he not employ human lips and human ears as the channels through which it shall flow?

Even in the ordinary experience of life, men are saved or lost by words—the words of their fellows. An ocean-steamer at dead of night is rushing through the water, at the speed of a race-horse, bearing in its bosom a miscellaneous throng of men, women, and children, some asleep, some at work, some at play. Two words—*breakers ahead*—pass quietly but clearly from the watchman at the bow to the master on the gangway: two other words—*starboard hard*—ring out from the master to the man at the helm. As soon as these accents fall on the steersman's ear, he presses the rudder mightily to one side, and the ship bounds clear of the rocks, only leaping a little higher for a moment, in the surf that surrounds their roots. These words, that passed away as breath on the breeze, saved five hundred warm human beings from a cold bed that night in the bottom of the sea.

The world with its teeming freight of humanity is rushing on like that ship through the sea of time. Mankind, like the globe on which they cluster, are, as regards their own sensations, still and stationary; but in

the unseen, unfelt reality, sweeping forward, like smoke on the wind. All are in motion always. A lost world will one day strike, and sink, and die. God, who is rich in mercy, did not leave the world to its fate. He sent his Word, and saved it.

Truth, like a spirit, is invisible until it put a body on: and words are the body in which truth incarnates itself, in order that it may be known and felt. They may be spoken by human lips, or exhibited on a printed page, or sent along a wire in throbs of electric light—it matters not what form the words may assume, as it matters not what may be the colour of the ink in which the letters are written: in every form they are the body in which a spirit dwells. Evil spirits also become incarnate in a body of words. The wicked one embodies himself in words whereby men may be destroyed. The whole Word of God is the body which the Holy Spirit animates for his quickening and sanctifying work. Take heed how ye hear: the missing of a word may be the loss of a soul.

XLVIII.

THOU AND ALL THY HOUSE.

ACTS XI. 14.

God's hand in providence is always busy, bringing the saving word to bear on the lost that they may be saved. Ordinarily, the process is conducted behind the scenes, in secret; but now and then, as in the case of Moses and Cornelius, the curtain is drawn aside, and the whole machinery exposed to view, that we may learn the method of the divine government. The centurion is dwelling quietly in his own house at Cæsarea: he is training his children and servants in the right way as far as he knew it: he is finding out every frail widow and every helpless orphan in the neighbourhood, supplying the necessary food and clothing from his own stores as long as they lasted, and begging from his friends when they were done. Feeling his own need meantime, he is crying unto God for help. God in heaven hears the cry, and determines to answer it; but a complicated machinery must be set in motion ere the water of life reach this thirsting soul. The method is not in this case a whit more complicated than that which is adopted in the daily course of the divine administration. This case is uncovered as an illustrative specimen; all the rest are of the same character, although they are concealed from view; messages from heaven are sent both to Peter and to Cornelius; and when speaker and hearer have been separately prepared, they are brought together. They meet; and at the point of contact the water of life flows from the charged into the empty vessel. The word of salvation, already through grace dwelling richly in the Lord's apostle, overflowed into the open and prepared heart of the Roman centurion. By that word the man was saved.

In the Garden of Plants at Paris, a certain rare tree

grew for many years. It was a thriving, mature plant. Year by year it was covered with blossom, and year by year the blossom was shed on the ground, leaving no fruit behind. After every promise, it remained barren still. At last one season, although nothing extraordinary had been observed, after the flower came fruit. The fruit swelled apace, and in due time ripened. The tree for the first time formed and brought to maturity self-propagating fruit. They sought and found the cause. Another tree of the same species, but bearing flowers the counterpart and complement of this one, had that season for the first time blossomed in a garden at some distance. The small white dust from the flowers of that other tree, necessary to make the flowers of this tree fruitful, had been borne on the feet of bees, or wafted by the wind into their bosom, and forthwith they bore fruit. This, in the natural department, is the work of that same all-wise God who prepared the heart of Cornelius for receiving Peter's word, and brought Peter with the word to Cornelius. In both departments he is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working. The devout Roman centurion was a goodly tree, spreading its leaves and opening its blossoms to the sun year by year on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, very hopeful, and very promising, but bare and desolate, until words, as if wafted on the wind, came from Joppa by the ministry of an apostle, and fell upon the open, receptive, thirsting soul. Life sprang from that union.

You have passed ten or twenty or fifty years in this life. If you have passed over from death unto life, it is well. Hold the beginning of your confidence steadfast unto the end. But if not, think how much has been done to spare your life, and your reason; how much has been done to bring message after message to you. Be on the watch, lie open; at a time when you think not the hour may come, and the man, and the word—the word whereby you may be saved. The word may come to you at a moment when you are open for the word, as accidentally and yet as definitely determined and designed as the dust which makes the flower fruitful is brought on the feet of unconscious insects, or wafted on the bosom of the wind. But if your heart be closed and cold, when the word of life comes, you will be left in your sins. Beware lest you miss the word which is sent to quicken you.

Machinery boxed in goes round and accomplishes its work as well as if it were all exposed to view. At one extremity the raw material goes in, and at another the manufactured article comes out. This is all that the visitor sees. For once, and to instruct a stranger, the master may take the covering off, and lay bare the intricate system of cylinders and wheels; but soon he shuts the door again. Under cover all the work goes on as steadily as when the observer's eye was watching it. Thus has the author of salvation, in the case of Cornelius and some others, opened up the processes of his providence, which are usually conducted in secret;

but to-day, and here, he as truly works, and as wonderfully, in preparing hearts for receiving the seed of the word, and bringing vessels charged with seed to the right place at the right time. By the ministry, it may be, of angels unseen, or by the ministry of flaming fire and stormy winds unsuspected, or by the ministry of men whom I have not yet met, the word of salvation is coming to me. All things are now ready; be thou ready also, O my soul.

The words which Peter brought to Cornelius were intended and offered for the saving not of himself only, but also of all his house. The prayer of the centurion is not recorded. It is written that he prayed, but his prayer is not written. We have, however, the means of knowing what was in his prayer. As you may thoroughly know a man's countenance by seeing it reflected in a mirror, although at the moment a partition wall stands between him and you, so, from the answer which a suppliant receives, you may learn what he asked. The message sent to Cornelius in answer to his prayer tells him how both he and his house may be saved; therefore we know he had asked salvation for his family as well as for himself. Wife, children, domestics, and the soldier who waited upon him continually, bulked largely in the supplication of that earnest striver into the kingdom. He prayed in secret, and therefore we know not in the first instance what he put into his prayer; but God rewarded him openly, and by learning what he received, we learn what he asked.

If I am told in general terms of a mother that she has gone to the studio of a photographic artist to obtain a portrait of herself; and if the question afterwards arises, Did she sit alone, or did she group the children round her feet, and hold the infant on her knee, I do not know, for I was not there; but show me the glass which the artist has just taken out from a vessel of liquid in a dark room, and is holding up to the light. What figures are these that are gradually forming upon its surface, like hoar-frost on the window on a wintry day? In that glass, dimly at first, like a thought springing in the soul, but anon with greater distinctness, like articulated language on the lips, rises the outline of that matron's form; and see, the forms of the children come gradually in, variously grouped around her, and the infant sleeping in her lap. Ah, I know now, though I was not present at the operation, that this mother sat not alone when the sun in the heavens painted her picture in that glass.

Thus, by observing the group that cluster round Cornelius in the answer to his prayer, I learn who were crowding round his heart, and rising to his lips, when he pressed his own need before the throne of grace.

We pray in secret; it is a privilege. We enter our closet and shut the door, as the Lord commanded—permitted us to do when we pray to our Father. No one knows our thoughts and words; none knows except the Hearer of prayer, who feels our longings pressing on

the mercy-seat. But suppose our prayers—all their thoughts—were somehow impressed on a prepared plate, to start out in full outline, and be shown to our neighbours; what then? Then shame only to the Pharisees; but as many true wrestlings would be seen as might win a whole world to the Lord. It was this thought that was in Paul's mind when he said, "Would that ye knew what great conflict I have for you."

1. Parents and masters! God has placed the young under your charge, that you may bring them to him in prayer, and by instruction bring him to them. Nature's affections are at once soft and strong to draw them by. Are there ten in your house, yourself and nine besides, all leprous by a birth in sin? You, conscious of your disease, come to Jesus for healing; but if you come alone, he will miss the rest. He is still the same, and he will certainly complain. His complaint will be, Were there not ten souls in that house; and where are the nine?

If you bring them, as Cornelius did, to the Lord in prayer, you will also like him bring them to the word and ordinances of God when an opportunity is offered. Cornelius was able to say, before Peter began to preach, We are all here before God, to hear all things that are commanded thee of God.

2. The children.—The word that is sent to the father and mother of a family, is a word that saves the children, and servants too, if they receive it. The parents who receive the word cannot save the children. For the natural life the children must get and take sustenance for themselves. The bread that their parents eat will not preserve the children alive. So the life of parents, when it is hid with Christ in God, will not carry the children into heaven. I am the vine, ye are the branches. Every branch in me, &c.

Cling with all your strength, not to your godly father, but to your father's God.

The Children's Treasury.

HOW I CAME TO BE A PRINTER.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.



Y father was a country minister. Like most of his guild, his only abundance consisted in piety and the "poor man's blessing"—many children.

There were nine of us; and the butter on our bread was very thin; our pantaloons were pieced down and pieced up, and turned 'hind side before; and we went barefoot all summer, and never gave each other the value of a pin. One day a letter arrived from grandfather containing a gift of a small sum of money. It was deemed permissible that out of it father should treat himself to a certain book which he had long desired. So, one cold winter morning (I was nine years old at the time), mother dressed me in the combined wraps of the family, put the precious coins in my pocket, and despatched me to the neighbouring village, four miles away, to procure the book.

My way lay along by the river, which was frozen as hard as granite, and all alive with boys from the village, skating. I recall to-day my sensations as I stood upon the bank watching them. Such beautiful circles they cut. Such races they ran; and how splendidly they cleft the air as they drew up after a long run and let the momentum carry them on, on, as if they would never stop. It fairly made my legs tingle. I began to grow envious. I had no skates; I never had a toy bought for me in my life. I despised our home-made playthings. Then I had to cast the blame of my fancied wrongs upon somebody; and whom could it be but my father and mother? They were hard with me—they

didn't love me, I said. Once in this mood, it was easy for worse thoughts still to come. What if I should take some of the money in my pocket and buy a pair of skates! I wouldn't be so very wrong, I said—father did not earn it. I tried hard to make myself believe that it belonged almost as much to me as to him. Besides, the jingling of that money in my pocket made me feel grand and independent. I wanted to do something on my own account; so upon reaching the village, instead of going to the book-store, I went directly to a shop where, a few days before, I had seen a row of the coveted articles hung across the window. The longer I looked, the stronger grew the temptation, until it seemed as though I lost the power of moving away. Finally I yielded—went in and bought the skates.

And now I want to tell you what a strange thing I did. It took only half the money for the skates, but instead of purchasing something else with the remainder, I went out of the store and threw it away, poking it out of sight under the snow. It never occurred to me that I was not doing the most natural thing in the world. With that terrible sense of guilt in my breast, I could not even judge whether I was acting like myself or not.

I was soon at the river, and my skates strapped on. Another moment and I too should be sailing grandly before the wind. But what was my amazement to find, upon rising to my feet, that I could not even stand, much less move a single step.

This brought me to my senses. My spirit every bit oozed out. I saw plainly what a foolish boy I had been.

In a moment conscience began gnawing at me, and I felt how wicked I had been. I have since learned that there is nothing better than failure to produce both understanding and penitence. What would I have given to be able to bring back the morning! Should I ever be innocent again? I had stolen, and now was planning a lie to conceal the theft. I could scarcely believe that it was I! I seemed like some wicked boy I had read of. The skates I hated, and left them upon the ice. I shall never forget my walk home; how my guilt increased with every step, how heavy my legs felt, and how strange our house looked when it came in sight; not larger nor smaller, but so different; and as I neared it, all the windows seemed to be eyes looking right into my guilty breast. Then, as I thought of going in, there came such a feeling of suffocation—I was ill, and was glad of it; for I felt so far away from father and mother, and I was sure that would bring me near again.

Weak as an infant, I lifted the latch. Only mother was in the room as I entered. She looked surprised to see me empty-handed.

"Where is the book, Henry?" she said.

"Why, mother," I replied, "as I was going along I took the money out to look at it, and I put it back in my pocket; and when I got to the book-store, I felt for it, and it was gone!"

Mother looked at me suspiciously. In a moment father came, and she told him my story, adding, "I think it had better be inquired into closely."

Father looked at me and replied, "Henry has not been a lying child. I think he was never found in a falsehood, was he, mother?"

"No; but if I am not mistaken, he shows guilt now," she said.

"That may be because he saw suspicion in your voice and manner. The conduct of a suspected person is often so like that of the guilty, that one is easily mistaken;" and then, in a tone which proved that he thought me innocent, he said, "Let us do no injustice to our child, mother."

Nothing could have melted me like those words. And I had thought my father hard! If a chasm had opened before me, I think I would gladly have jumped in to hide my shame and remorse.

That evening I wandered to the study (for I could not stay with the family), and counted the books over and over again, they were so few.

I went to bed early, but could not sleep. I lay awake all night, a lump of conscious, animated guilt. Cold,

moist chills and waves of heat followed each other over my body. And harder to bear than even remorse, was the thought that it was my dear, loving father whom I had treated so basely. A revelation came to me as to the nature of his life, that was one of privation and self-denial. Oh, if I could only think of some way of earning money so that I could make up this loss! But I racked my brains to no purpose. The only comfort I found was in the thought that when I grew to be a man, I could earn money and buy father all the books he wanted. He should have a row as long as our house. Then the idea crossed my mind that maybe I could learn to be a printer and make books for him. Then he could have two or three rows as long as our house. This prospect afforded me so much relief that I determined fully that I would live to be a printer. And I may as well say here as anywhere that from that night this became the purpose of my life.

But when broad, glaring daylight came, I found this far-off consolation would not help me any for the present. I was the same guilty wretch I was the day before. Oh, how I envied my brothers and sisters! I wondered they did not seem happier, because they had not stolen and told lies. I was gentle and obliging that day, but the awful feeling at my heart would not go off. I was petrified with fear if but my name was spoken.

For three days and nights I endured this suffering, but then I felt as though I would rather be put in prison than endure it longer. The old remedy for prodigals occurred to me. I would go to my father. It couldn't be worse. In desperation I went to the study door, but it was not easy to enter. At last the door opened somehow, and I burst into the room in a wild fit of tears.

"Father," I screamed, "I did not lose the money. I spent it for skates."

And then, what I could not understand was, that father seemed to feel as badly as I did. He took me in his arms and held me silently to his breast, and my heart, which had nearly burst my jacket, became smaller and smaller, until I thought I had breathed it all out in sobs and sighs.

"Punished enough for this time," I heard father say to himself. After I was quite calm he said, "Henry, we will say nothing about this at present to any one, not even your mother. If you ask God, I think he will forgive you as I do, seeing you have so truly repented. I feel sure you will never be so wicked again."

I felt sure of it too, and so it was all kept between father and me.—*L. M. D., in the "Congregationalist."*





NOTES TAKEN IN GERMANY IN THE AUTUMN OF THE PRESENT YEAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

II.—STUTT GART, STRASBURG, AND SAARERÜCK.



IN my way homeward from Prague, I made arrangements for halting a day and a night at Nurnberg. It is a delicious resting-place. I delight to saunter in solitude through its quaint streets and squares, to promenade on its ponderous fortifications, and to pry into its clever, humorous monuments. When you are jaded in body and mind by the bustle of the nineteenth century, you may obtain a sweet sensation of retirement into an older and more leisurely era by a day in Nurnberg. Albert Dürer is the hero of the city, and all its art is moulded on his mind.

I made a special pilgrimage to an object which I had discovered on a previous visit,—a stone statue of a horned ox, life size, over the arched gateway of the Flesh Market. Attracted at first by the ox, I was soon diverted from the image to a Latin inscription below. As I read I smiled, and unconsciously broke into a laugh. Meantime a stone-mason, who was hewing on the spot for some repairs, observing a foreigner standing alone in the middle of the street and smiling, seemed to have conceived a strong compassion for the unfortunate gentleman, far from his friends and manifestly needing their protection. Slower and slower fell the strokes of his mallet, until they ceased altogether; and the hewer, mallet and chisel in his hands, stood gazing on me in a pose, as still and picturesque as the bovine image which was the origin of the mystery. I took out my pencil and wrote the couplet in my note-book. I then walked leisurely away, my compassionate friend looking after me till I disappeared in the distance.

There were funny fellows in the walks both of literature and art in Albert Dürer's days. The inscription on the pedestal of the statue ran thus :—

*"Omnia habent ortus, suasque incrementa; sed, ecce!
Quem cernis, nunquam, bos, fuit hic vitulus."*

In our country, although there is no lack of humour in the under-currents of society, we are accustomed to great gravity in public civic monuments. The sally caught my fancy, and I amused myself afterwards in the train with a translation into the vernacular, diluted, alas! and entirely lacking the terse brevity of the original,—

*From small to great do all things earthly grow,
Adding the larger to the lesser half;
But we do give you, gentle traveller, to know,
The ox you see here never was a calf.*

I was inclined to add, as a postscript, "Neither was the man that made it."

On the first stage of the journey between Nurnberg and Stuttgart my fellow-traveller was a professor in a Roman Catholic college at Augsburg. A very lively conversation ensued. My friend entertained liberal views on those ecclesiastical questions which now agitate Germany. He is in sympathy with the Old Catholic party, but was shy of committing himself on particular points. He expresses liberal sentiments towards Protestants, but he is still a Romanist. Notwithstanding the controversy that rages within the Church, he seems all for the Church still. My hopes of a real movement towards scriptural Christianity, I must confess, were not increased by close contact with one specimen of the reforming party.

My fellow-traveller seemed himself to stand quite open to exact information on any subject, but he had evidently received very exaggerated reports on the progress of Popery in this country. One of his questions, for example, was, "Isn't Glasgow Catholic?" I told him I had lived many years in that city, and knew it well. I gave him some sound information on the facts of the case. He received my statements thoughtfully and gravely, but without making reply. I think he considered my information correct, and that his notions on that subject underwent a considerable change.

I suspect that Popish zealots in this country practise a pious fraud on their Continental brethren. The "wish" and the "thought" do not seem to be kept sufficiently distinct in the reports which they transmit. Possibly alarmist Protestants may sometimes unconsciously aid them in spreading the exaggeration.

It may not be amiss to record here a compliment which I received from the Bavarian professor, as it bears on a question in classical education, now undergoing revision in this country; all the more that the compliment was manifestly given, not personally to me, but to the method adopted in the classical schools of my country. At the close of our conversation he said, "You speak Latin better than the English bishops who attended the Vatican Council at Rome last year." He referred, of course, to the vowel sounds, which in most of the Scottish schools coincide with the system which prevails universally on the Continent, and is in contrast with the usage in England. We understood each other perfectly and easily; whereas if one of the interlocutors had been a fellow of Oxford, there could have scarcely been any oral communication, although he might have had more Latin in his head than both of us put together.

I understand that the great classical schools of England are even now in a transition state on that question; and I happen to know that the Edinburgh Academy, which has hitherto somewhat servilely followed all English tracks, has this year, for the first time, introduced the Scotch pronunciation, which brings its pupils into harmony with all the scholars of the European continent.

In regard to the prospects of the Old Catholic movement, I found that earnest and intelligent Protestants in the district of the Lower Rhine entertain no expectations. They remark that it is not founded on the Word of God, and summarily set it aside. It is not allowed to enter into their calculations when they endeavour to forecast the prospects of the kingdom of Christ. I pay great respect to the opinion of men who are spiritually enlightened and have the best opportunities of judging; and yet, although I could not pin my faith to Döllinger and his co-adjutors, I am not without hope that an over-

ruling Providence may, through their means, make a rent in the great compact edifice of the Papacy, and so weaken its power for suppressing the truth.

The advisers of the Papacy have been playing a deep game over all Europe since 1848. The Jesuits are strong; but events have proved stronger. They have everywhere lost ground. It is believed in Germany that their hand was in the elevation of the present Emperor of Austria, and that they contrived to place him on the throne because they considered him pliable. But if the emperor is soft, the moulding of his course has fallen into other hands than those of the wily fathers. The misfortunes of the empire have promoted liberty. Political earthquakes have burst asunder the bands with which Rome endeavoured to hold captive the various constituents of that conglomerate state.

Within these few years immense progress towards liberty of conscience has been made in Europe. Rome has lost a hundredfold more by the introduction of the Bible and freedom into Italy, Spain, Austria, and Bavaria, than all that she has gained by a troop of aristocratic converts in England.

I spent a Sabbath in Stuttgart; but as I arrived late on Saturday, and left early on Monday morning, I had no opportunity of obtaining any introductions; and at the hotel I could not even obtain correct information as to the hours for public worship. I went at random to the first church I saw. I was too late, the service was far advanced; but I soon became much interested in what was going on. It was a day devoted to confirmation. This occurs, I think, twice or thrice annually. The minister did not at any time ascend the pulpit. He stood on a platform very slightly raised above the floor, near the middle of the huge edifice. Around him clustered a great number of children, and around them a large promiscuous assembly. Each child repeated aloud the answer to a question from Luther's Catechism. Then each approached to receive the pastor's blessing, and a certificate of his admission into the Church. Addresses to the young alternated with the prayers and hymns. In the evening, at five o'clock, the same church was again open, and instead of a sermon, it was

a repetition of the morning's work—the children were again assembled in the centre, and the minister addressed them; while the congregation listened and looked, in the outer portions of the area and the galleries.

In the course of the day I obtained a neat little newspaper, entitled the *Stuttgarter Kirchenbote*, which greatly interested me. It is published every Saturday, and is entirely devoted to evangelical religion and practical duty. It announces the hours at which the several churches open, and the names of the preachers for the day. The number for that week contains a long simple ballad addressed to the children on occasion of their confirmation, each verse beginning with the words, "Forget not." Among them, it seems, was one blind girl; and the Church journal contains, as a special portion for her use, two verses by Albert Knapp. As the verses are good in themselves, and acquire an additional interest from the circumstances, I submit an English version.

TO A BLIND CONFIRMANDIN.

The Saviour is the Sun that beameth
Into thy soul with rays of grace;
No daylight on thine eyeballs streameth,
Turn, therefore, turn to Him thy face!

There are who eye this world with relish,
But lack the Spirit's inward sight;
While others, blind to things that perish,
Behold in Christ life-giving light.

This discrimination, I confess, went right to my heart, and found its tenderest place. It reminds one of the Good Shepherd, who knows all the sheep by name, and misses one if it has gone astray. I came away from the pastor of Stuttgart and his lambs, rebuked and instructed. Whatever parents may have done, I fear the Church in our country has not nursed the little ones with sufficient tenderness.

From the journal I learned, too late, that at ten in the morning Von Gerok, author of "Palm Leaves," a collection of beautiful scriptural poems, preached in the palace chapel, on occasion of the queen's birth-day. Altogether, the Stuttgarter Protestants seem to be a united, warm-hearted, simple, and evangelical people. I should like to become better acquainted with them. In their case, cleanliness seems to be nearest to godliness, for their city is the cleanest that I have seen on the Continent.

From Stuttgart I made my way to Strasburg, turning aside on the way to visit Wildbad—a Spa with the most enchanting surroundings in the heart of the Black Forest. With intense emotion I approached the battle-fields of the late war. I did not expect to gain much additional information by personal inspection, especially as my time was limited and the weather was hot; but if I could not gain knowledge, I could at least abandon myself to the impressions which the scenes were fitted to make on my heart. Indeed, I suspect I travelled to the spot with the deliberate premeditated intention of indulging deeply in solitary sentiment. I was alone throughout my wanderings in Alsace and Lorraine. No human being accompanied me while I tracked the ravages of recent war, except the cabman who chanced to drive me to the spot; and in several of the most eventful scenes even he was left behind in charge of his horse, while I clambered up the hill or threaded through the wood, enjoying the dreadful reverie in absolute solitude.

In this field, however, although I obtained much for myself, I can gather little for my readers. "Story I've got none to tell, sir," except such as may be better obtained elsewhere; and as to mental impressions, no chemical has yet been discovered whereby they may be photographed and exhibited to view.

The ruins of Kehl, on the German side of the Rhine opposite Strasburg, were the first traces of the strife that met my eye. Here you obtain at once an idea of the power of modern artillery. The lofty tower of Strasburg is yet dim in the distance, and yet by guns around its root were these solid German dwellings and factories brought to the ground.

"Seeing is believing;" and here you see with a clearness which no reasoning can ever affect, that it is wrong—that it is both a crime and a blunder—for one country to build and maintain a great fortress so near its border that its guns can any day destroy an open town within the territory of another state. Nothing can ever justify it. If the country so dominated is weak, this show of strength is unnecessary; and if it is strong, such ostentatious domination will stir up all that is within it to wipe the dishonouring threat away. The inhabitants of Kehl, German

citizens, even in times of peace literally slept under the guns of a foreign fortress. It would have been better for France that this had not been. When war did arise, the proximity of Strasburg as a fortress nerved every German arm, and increased the resolution of every German heart to take the place and keep it at any cost. I am aware that in the divided sentiment of this free country a portion of our citizens held the opinion that France should not have been dismembered—that the victorious Germans should have restored Strasburg to France. It is no part of my business either to support or controvert that opinion; but my conviction is, that if Strasburg had been a fortress so situated that its guns could any day have laid, say the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, level with the ground, not one of Her Majesty's subjects would have proposed to restore it, after our arms had wrenched it from a foreign power.

If any German fortress had been planted so near the border of France, the error and the offence would have been equal. The act is wrong, whatever country may be caught in the act. It tends to jealousy and strife, not to peace and good-will, among neighbouring nations.

In the public-room of the hotel at Strasburg, a small one near the railway-station, a large shell unexploded was sticking half-buried in the wall, with the plaster repaired around it. It was left as a memorial, and perhaps may become profitable to the landlord. The house bore many marks of the siege; but by far the saddest mark was written on the face of its mistress. I saw her with her infant on her knee, the very ideal of a broken-hearted woman. A sadness that will not out is printed into her features. She told me that she lived in the cellar all through the siege. Her sentiments are French. When some German soldiers entered, she paused in her story, whispering timidly, "One dare not speak."

The cabman who drove me through and round the city told me that he was one of twenty-one men all in the employment of one master, and that five of their horses were killed and eaten during the siege. This driver was a lively, intelligent fellow. I could not desire a better guide. I learned something from him regarding the place which the French and German languages respectively hold among the population of the city. He spoke

German as his mother-tongue, but he was able also to converse in French. All the younger people, he said, could understand both, but the older know the German only. In illustration, he told of an English party who, some days previously, had engaged a carriage to convey them round the ruins, but as the driver was an old man he could not speak in French, while the English party could not understand German. The consequence was that they were obliged to dismiss him at the end of the first hour and engage a younger man.

Portions of the city are demolished, yet these bear only a small proportion to the parts that remain intact. In some quarters the desolation is complete. The scene is most appalling. People should pay a visit to these ruins to learn the art of loathing and avoiding war, and all that leads to it. The work of reconstruction is going on. Some of the houses that have not been much injured have been hit in so many places that now, after recent repair, the walls look as if they had taken small-pox.

Much unwise talk has been scattered abroad, not by Frenchmen only, about the barbarity of the Germans in bombarding a large city, and so necessarily destroying a number of its innocent inhabitants. Without expressing here an opinion either favourable or adverse to either belligerent as to the justice or injustice of their cause, I venture to pronounce an opinion, pretty confident that it is the dictate of common sense, that when a fortified city in an invaded country resists an army which dominates the neighbourhood, it must either keep the besiegers at a distance from the walls, or surrender. The responsibility for property destroyed and citizens killed rests with the commandant of the garrison who cannot defend the city, and will not give it up.

To charge the German army with special cruelty in the siege of Strasburg is to lay down a rule by which, in every war, victory would be assured to the weaker side. The weaker is the side whose territory is invaded. Had the French army gained the battles on the boundary, the German fortresses would have been besieged. But on the supposition before us, the fortified cities refusing to surrender have only to say that the besiegers' guns are destroying property and killing unarmed people, and so the victorious army must

abandon their prey and retire on the ground of humanity. The proposition is absurd. War is like a fire in the city: when it is kindled you cannot stop it by logic. In this and in all human affairs there is a distinction, clear in God's sight, if men's eyes are dimmed by prejudice, between the right and the wrong in the strife as a whole; both may be wrong, but both cannot be right. But it is childish and absurd, in any given case, to attribute the wrong to the assailant because he is assailant, and the right to the defender because he is defender.

When an enemy's guns dominate a city, and there is no help at hand, common sense seems to say the city should yield. To rule otherwise is to lay down a method, as simple as that of Captain Bobadil, by which the weakest is sure to win.

My next pilgrimage was made to Weissenbourg. It is a small fortified town within the old French territory, and near the border of the Bavarian province that lies westward of the Rhine. The boundary here runs due east and west; and northward of the line, for a mile or two on the German territory, the ground rises by a gentle slope. Along the crest of the slope is a belt of wood. Behind that wood the German army massed itself at leisure, knowing well that the French lay in and around the town. Meantime the French seem not to have put forward any feeler across the border, and were profoundly ignorant of the mighty adversary behind the trees couching for the spring. When it suited them, the Germans poured through the wood one morning, driving the French before them, and storming the heights behind Weissenbourg on which they attempted to make a stand. On the spot one can perceive clearly the fatuity with which the French generals exposed themselves, but it is very difficult to comprehend why they courted their fate in this fashion. There was philosophy as well as religion in the brief blunt telegrams in which Emperor William, from the beginning of the struggle to its close, in spite of all manner of sneers and obloquy, persisted in ascribing all to the dispensations of Providence. For my own part, I entertain a settled conviction that if you study the history of Europe during the last year without reference to a divine interposition, you are attempt-

ing to read a cipher without the key. While one limb of the compass was sweeping round Europe, the other rested on Rome as a central point. From that mysterious centre the human purposes ran out, and back to that mysterious centre rebounded the strokes of judgment. Man proposes, but God disposes. He that believeth need not make haste: he may wait in patience for "the end of the Lord."

The run by rail through the mountains from Hagenau to Bitche is exceedingly beautiful, especially on the southern slope. It is a fair region, that has changed hands as the result of the war. The town and fortress of Bitche could be seen in outline against the sky at a short distance from the line. For some time I had occupied a compartment alone; but at the station here an English artist joined me with his sketching traps. He immediately announced his profession, and his business in those parts. He was making the tour of the scenes rendered memorable by the war, and taking sketches for a publisher. Our intercourse, at first conducted in German, in which neither interlocutor was a proficient, proceeded at a slow pace. Would that the same rate had been maintained to the end! But in an evil hour I betrayed that I understood English, and then—an avalanche of Cockneyism, in which I was almost swept away!

My destination for the night was Saarbrück. I made my way to what was represented to me as the best hotel in the town. It was a shade rougher in style than hotels of the same class on the main lines of tourist travellers, but everything looked like business. The town seemed more stirring and lively than those in the neighbourhood that were recently French.

My object, however, in visiting Saarbrück was to see the scene of the battle on and around the Spichern heights. Accordingly I arranged with the officials of the hotel to call me at daybreak, and have a cab ready to drive me to the spot. All was ready by dawn, and I started at 5.30. The town lies in a narrow valley, occupying both sides of the river. As soon as you emerge from the streets, the road ascends a steep high bank, and then a plateau on the higher level extends for a mile or two to the foot of the heights which the battle has made famous. When we began to

ascend on the outskirts of the town, I pointed to a prominent edifice and asked what it was, promising myself that there would begin a series of solid sensible informations on places and events which I dearly love to get from an honest homespun coach-driver—relish far more from his lips, accompanied by a significant pointing with his whip hand toward the object, than from a more pretentious and more polite dragoman. But, alas! here my sorrows for the day began. My coachman, instead of answering my question, pointed significantly to his ear, and handed me a book and a pencil! He was deaf. Not one word could he hear; and his articulation was very imperfect. Indignation against the officials of the hotel rose in my breast—I would be ashamed to say how high. It was a difficult psychological exercise to think kindly of my poor innocent driver, and to indulge in a hearty spurt of anger against the culpable officials of the hotel who so cheated an offending stranger by palming a deaf man upon him as his guide over the battle-fields.

In a hollow about half-way between the river and Spichern there is a triangular cemetery, crowded with the graves of the slain, and crowded, too, with beautiful memorials of the dead. At the foot of the heights the carriage is left behind, and the traveller scrambles up as best he may. A gentleman was on the hill before me, and from his driver I obtained some important items of information to guide me in my survey. This man, seeing me disappointed and displeased, took occasion voluntarily to bear witness that my coachman, notwithstanding his one defect, was a very good man. I was touched by this act of justice and kindness rendered to a fellow-workman whose back was at the wall. His testimony, indeed, was a needed and grateful rebuke to me; for I had allowed my spirit to be ruffled by my misfortune far more than the occasion justified. On that spot it was especially out of place to fret at trifling disappointments. Here, about a year before, many noble men counted not their lives dear when their country demanded the costly sacrifice.

The spot to which I was led—the spot at which the heights were finally stormed—was a rounded angle, very like an artificial redoubt, and almost

bare of trees. From this corner the precipitous bank stretched westward in the direction of Forbach, and southward a distance of two miles in almost a straight line. Some parts of the face of the hill, and nearly all the plateau on the top, are covered with wood. I could not venture from memory to give my impression of the height, or of the angle of inclination. I climbed without going on all fours; but it was necessary to strike the toes firmly into the ground, and to keep the hands always ready to touch the ground in front when there was any danger of losing balance.

The whole of these heights had been previously occupied by Frossard's corps of French. Guns and mitrailleuses had been leisurely put in position along the brow. The Germans—at first under Von Kamecke, and latterly under Von Göben—deliberately marched across the plain from the banks of the Saar, receiving the French fire as they advanced; and after some ineffectual attempts to turn the position, addressed themselves to the heroic task of storming it. Without shelter of any kind, they simply climbed the steep at the barest place, meeting literally a torrent of bullets from the muzzles of the mitrailleuses, surmounted the brow, and drove the French army helter skelter from their position on the plateau. This was one of the sublimest feats of the war. Although the German commander was blamed for exposing his army in such an unequal encounter, and so losing many lives, it may be open to question whether, in view of the moral impression made on both armies by that daring exploit, the expenditure were not well laid out. The consciousness of the deed must have added to the confidence of one side, and detracted from that of the other side, in subsequent struggles.

Several monuments stand on the heights, commemorating the fall of brave men there. But the monument of that mighty strife that most interested me consisted of some living trees that grew on the slope. At this place the ascent has been cleared of forest, and planted with cherry-trees. They stand in rows up and down the hill, at a considerable distance from each other. The height of the straight, bare stem before the branches spring may be about seven or eight feet; and the girth from twelve to eighteen inches.

From my experience on the field of Gettysburg in America, where the breadth of an assault through a belt of forest may be measured by the trees that stood in the way of the onslaught being all dead, and throwing up bleached white arms like dead men's bones to the sky—I was surprised to observe that all these cherry-trees are living. None were killed, but all were wounded. Each tree had five or six bullet-holes in its body ;

and a touching, tender phenomenon appeared here. When a cherry-tree is wounded, a beautiful amber-coloured gum exudes from the sore. From the lip of every wound a congealed transparent drop depended. There they glittered in the morning sun—a bright vitrified tear, fixed as it was falling, and hanging from every eye. Mute Nature seemed to weep in silence over the carnage of Man.

R E S T .



NOT to the youthful dreamer,
With high ideal aim—
Not to the eager climber
Up giddy heights of fame—
Not to the young heart bounding
On to the golden west—
Not in the mystic future
Gleameth a hope of Rest.

But when the race is ended,
The hard-fought battle done,
Then is the soul a-weary—
Victory lost or won.
Oft when the goal is conquered,
The triumph loses zest ;
Victor as well as vanquished
Eagerly longs for Rest.

Fadeth the rose-hued future
Into the cold, gray past ;
And unattained ideals
Regretful shadows cast.
Many the broken idols
That stood not life's rough test ;
And worn and tempest-driven,
The heart seeks only Rest.

Then to the soul that acheth
With life's unceasing pain,
Soundeth a Voice of pity,
Sweet as a heavenly strain :
Softly in cadence tender
Echo His accents blest :—
"Come unto Me, ye weary,
And I will give you Rest."

HELEN K. WILSON.

Palestine.

BY THE REV. ANDREW THOMSON, D.D., F.R.S.E., EDINBURGH.

IX—OUR WALK TO BETHANY.



WE made various excursions from Jerusalem to sacred spots at a convenient distance, and one of the most memorable of these was to that Bethany, about fifteen furlongs, or two miles distant, which supplied a calm retreat and genial home to Jesus during his ministries in the guilty city. It was not Bethany alone, however, but the Mount of Olives—over which we must pass in going and returning—which stirred our interest to its highest

pitch ; for of all the mountains in the world, this green Olivet, rising immediately to the east of the city more than two hundred feet above the highest point on Mount Moriah, is the richest in hallowed associations. Every part of it is holy ground. It has been described as "an everlasting altar, with its equally everlasting memories both of words and deeds." Remembering that the scene of our Redeemer's agony was on one part of it, and the place of his ascension on another—

that on this mount he held some of his most valuable conversations with his disciples, and uttered his greatest prophecies; that it was the scene of his meek triumphal entry, and of "the Redeemer's tears wept over lost souls;" that his morning and evening walks were along those very paths; and that its ancient olive groves and heaths witnessed his solitary wrestlings and midnight prayers—for "in the evening he went out unto the Mount of Olives, and continued all night in prayer to God"—it was impossible, as we walked and wandered on it, not to feel a kind of sabbatic solemnity coming over our spirit, and our voice hushed as if we were treading the pavement of a temple. One cherished friend, a professor from one of our Scottish universities, accompanied us on our walk.

Passing on our right the thrice sacred Gethsemane, we ascended almost straight up the face of the mountain, through little corn-fields, over grassy plats and naked rocks, and past solitary olive-trees. We were struck with the amazing tenacity with which this tree vindicates its right to its paternal soil. We meet with distinct indications in more than one passage in the Old Testament, of its growth on this mountain, to which it has given its name, eleven hundred years before Christ; and though every tree within many miles around Jerusalem was hewn down by the soldiers of Titus, both for the purposes of siege and of fuel, here is this hardy evergreen, self-sown or springing fresh from its old roots, living through all changes, and refusing to yield to the common law of destruction. But in the days of Jerusalem's greatness, an inhabitant looking across the narrow gorge to Olivet would have seen mingling in the picture with the prevailing olive, the fragrant myrtle, the feathery palm, and the white-blossoming almond.

We were now ascending, it is likely, by the very road by which David went up when he fled, weeping and barefooted, from the conspiracy of that heartless Absalom, whom he had "loved not wisely but too well." It needed little effort of imagination to conceive the various movements of the royal exile with his chivalrous band of followers, so graphically described in 2 Samuel xiv., xv.:—his act of solemn worship when he had reached the mountain summit, and his sorrowful

look as he turned the ridge and bade farewell to his beloved Jerusalem, it might be for the last time; his interview, soon after he had begun to descend the further side of the hill, with the attached and faithful Hushai; the seasonable yet selfish presents brought by Mephibosheth's servant; the curses and insults of the base Shimei; and all the long and wearisome flight through the hot and sandy wilderness, until the deep and impetuous Jordan stretched between him and a people misguided and frenzied by the flatteries and false promises of "him who was his own blood."

On the highest point of the mountain there is a Turkish mosque, with its usual tall and lance-like minaret; and, quite at hand, there is a little chapel marking the traditional spot of our Lord's ascension to heaven. We did not enter, though we were tempted by the clumsy bait of showing us, on a rock within, the last footprints of the Saviour before he took his upward flight to the skies. We knew that the whole invention was in direct contradiction to the express words of the evangelist Luke, who tells us that Jesus "led out his disciples as far as to Bethany; and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven." Bethany was yet fully a mile distant. Yet this top of Olivet had its own associations of special interest to us, especially on two accounts. It was the point from which men in olden times sent forth from the temple, watched for the earliest appearance of the new moon; and as soon as they caught the first glimpse of its thin, silvery crescent, they signalled the fact to the priests in the temple and to the inhabitants of the city, probably either by the waving of torches or the sounding of trumpets. And it was interesting to realize from this point the objects that must often have met the gaze of Jesus, as he occasionally went back from Jerusalem by this way to Bethany. Immediately beneath where he stood and looked, there were probably at that time gardens and orchards sending up their fragrance from the valley in the evening breeze. Far beyond this there rose, like a black mailed giant, the famous Frank mountain, where was the fortress and afterwards the tomb of the brilliant, wicked, cruel Herod. The dark-brown hills of the Judean desert would be seen

stretching away to the line of the Jordan, whose course could be distinctly traced by a living strip of green; while, further south, his eye would fall on the sparkling waters of the Dead Sea; beyond which there rose, like a lofty wall adorned by the most exquisite purple tints, the mountains of Moab, among whose many peaks he would recognize that of Pisgah, from which Moses obtained his first and last glimpse of the Promised Land, type of that better Canaan, that kingdom of heaven, which He was to open to all believers.

We found the further side of Olivet, to which we had now come, almost without trees; but it was covered with a beautiful shrub, which reminded us of the heather of our own native hills. How silent and solitary was this part of the mountain! Was it in such spots as these that our Redeemer found a quiet retreat for prayer, away from Jerusalem's browbeatings and blasphemies, looking up into that star-lit firmament, and hearing no sounds but those of Nature ever loyal to her God? But where was Bethany? Looking around us, we could see neither village, nor house, nor human being of any kind. In our musings, we had gone somewhat out of our way, and it turned out that the object of our search, on a little off-shoot of the mountain, was now effectually concealed from us by a high intervening ridge. Being without a guide, we were quite at a loss on which side to turn. Listening, we at length heard the sound of a young female singing. We went in the direction of the voice, and found that it came from a little damsel who was busy gathering nuts from a solitary almond-tree, and putting them in her long white veil. Perhaps she might be our guide to Bethany. We held up a piece of money to her, and called out again and again the modern name of the village, "El-Lazarieh,"—the town of Lazarus. She evidently supposed at first that we wished to buy her nuts, and offered us the whole of her gatherings in exchange for our small coin. But, taking a few of them and giving her the piece of money, we continued repeating, "El-Lazarieh, El-Lazarieh." At last she caught our meaning, as we saw by her brightening countenance, and tripping before us up a steep ascent, and through the midst of gardens on either side of our path, she soon had us standing in the centre of Bethany.

Were we to confine our notice to the village itself, with its twenty or thirty gray stone houses, many of them half in ruins, we should be able to say nothing in its praise. But when we think of its situation in that quiet nook at the extremity of Olivet on the one side, and almost touching the moor-like wilderness on the other, with gardens stretching out in more than one direction, and a green mountain-crest rising up behind; and when we consider how different it must have looked in the days of its prosperity, we can scarcely imagine a more suitable retreat for Jesus than this mountain hamlet, after the oppositions and controversies and sorrows of a day in Jerusalem. There were specimens of ancient sculpture and bas-reliefs in marble shown us, as having belonged to the house of Lazarus. Whatever there may have been in this, these specimens proved, at all events, how very superior many of the houses of ancient Bethany must have been to anything we now meet with in the poor modern village. There are various hints in the evangelical narrative which make it certain that Lazarus and his two sisters, Martha and Mary, were in good worldly circumstances. We could therefore picture Lazarus in a garden, such as one of those which we had passed on entering Bethany, busily engaged in binding up his vines, watching the fig-tree sending forth its tender shoots, and pruning the branches of the luscious pomegranate, and then, when the sun had gone far down in the west, going out on the Jerusalem road to meet that Friend whose presence brought heaven with it into his home. The holy sisters were ready with their quiet ministries and respectful attentions, and, above all, with their listening wondering delight in his heavenly lessons; and in that element of devout love, gleams of sunshine began to fall on the grieved spirit of "the Man of sorrows."

Of course there were clamorous guides on the spot, ready to show us, in a tall ruined tower in the centre of the village, "the Castle of Lazarus," and also to take us, with lantern in hand, more than twenty slimy steps down to his supposed tomb. The house of Simon the leper was also pointed out; and we were even assured that they had waiting for our inspection—price so many piastres—if we would only go and see it, the barren

fig-tree which our Lord had cursed ! But as we showed a decided resistance to this kind of penance, and would rather pay a moderate bucksheesh without it, they became weary at length of their importunity. How thankful we often were that the Empress Helena, and the credulous or lying monks that followed her, had not been able to obliterate the rocks, and valleys, and everlasting hilla.

But we were rewarded a hundredfold for our walk to Bethany. First, we were able to trace with absolute certainty, for the distance at least of half a mile, the road from Jericho, along which the people must have recognized our Lord as coming with his apostolic band, after the death and burial of his friend Lazarus ; so that they had time to go and apprise Martha of his approach, while he was yet in the precincts of the village. Then, though it will never be possible to identify the actual locality of Lazarus' grave, yet surely it was enough to be certain that somewhere within the little circle on which we were now looking, our Lord had performed his greatest miracle, in raising Lazarus from the dead, when his humanity and his Godhead had shone out from the same fact in unsurpassed effulgence. Oh ! those blessed tears of Jesus, wept before that rocky tomb, consecrating sorrow for the dead, sanctifying sympathy with the living ! Oh ! the divine power of that voice, compelling death to yield up its prey, giving pledge to the Church of the great general awakening, and helping faith to hear every day at the mouth of his people's open graves, "I am the Resurrection and the Life." The guests of the grateful Simon must have looked out from some dwelling in this upland village on those grassy knolls where a few lambs were now playing, on that memorable afternoon when Jesus and the Bethany family were present at his feast, and when Mary's deep and silent love found expression in anointing her Saviour's feet with that precious spikenard, whose fragrance, like his own gospel, was to fill the world and to spread through all time. Then was that great principle of Christ's kingdom made immortal, that—

"Love delights to bring her best ;
And where love is, that offering evermore is blest."

Then, with our New Testament open in our

hands, we were quite certain that the scene of our Lord's ascension must have been somewhere very near to Bethany ; and we had ventured to whisper our impression that a round lofty eminence near the entrance to the village may have been the selected spot from which that triumphal flight took place up to the heavenly temple. And we were gratified to find that this was the conjecture of Dr. Barclay and many others who had long been resident in Jerusalem, and were familiar with every place in its neighbourhood. It is a beautiful eminence, green at its summit, "almond and apricot-trees in rich blossom spreading like the skirt of a beautiful robe in a half-circle round its base." Was this then the meeting-place between earth and heaven—the scene of the last benediction of Jesus as his blessed feet ceased to touch the greensward—the centre point in the old world, where his disciples and his Church received their great commission, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature" ?

We returned by the road which winds along the southern side of the Mount of Olives, and which is generally believed to have been the path of our Lord's triumphal entry into Jerusalem. With that memorable event fully before our mind, it was pleasing to mark how perfectly the scenery and the recorded incidents fitted in to each other. The narrative of John leads us to suppose that a considerable number of Jews who had come out to Bethany to see Jesus on account of the report of the great miracle of the resurrection of Lazarus, accompanied him and his disciples back to the city on the morning of that eventful day. Jesus had already purposed that on that occasion he should approach and enter Jerusalem with the ensigns of a meek royalty ; but as yet no animal had been provided on which he could ride in kingly state ; and we learn from the gospel that, at an early part of his journey, he pointed two of his disciples to a little village which was visible from the road, told them that, on going to it, they should find an ass bound with its colt, and that, on obtaining the ready consent of its owner, who was probably a secret disciple, they were to loose them and bring them to him. Now it is a curious circumstance that for a time the path, soon after leaving Bethany, skirts along a ravine, on the

opposite side of which, not far up the mountain, there are the ruins of a village; and supposing this to have been the place to which Jesus directed the two disciples, they would be able to cross the ravine by a short route, to carry out their Master's instructions, and be ready to meet him and his company by the time that they had wound their way to the same point by the regular path. It further appears that our Lord rode on the colt, which was mature and strong enough for the purpose, conforming in this arrangement to the custom of kings to ride in procession on animals on which never man before had sat, and also to the very letter of that beautiful ancient prophecy, "Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem; behold thy king cometh unto thee: he is just and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass." It was a curious coincidence that on our walk along this hill-side path—the identical path on which those prophetic words were verified—we met a man riding on a beautiful colt, the mother-ass coming up immediately behind him with a well-filled pannier on either side.

We were rewarded by another Biblical illustration, to which we attached some value, on this day's return from Bethany. Though, as we have seen, the olive is the prevailing tree on every part of the mountain that is wooded, yet on the sides of this road we met with an occasional hawthorn, promising soon to scent the air with its delicate perfume, and also here and there with a fig-tree. It was impossible not to be reminded of the barren fig-tree on this same road-side, on which our Lord, on another day in that last week of his humiliation-life, pronounced the withering curse which immediately leaped forth into effect; for "how soon," exclaimed the awe-struck apostle, "is the fig-tree withered away." But it was not the mere spectacle of the fig-tree growing, as of old, on the margin of this particular road, that so much impressed us. We were ruminating on the difficulty which has been occasioned by the explanation of the evangelist, "for the time of figs was not yet"—an explanation which, instead of accounting for our Lord's action, seems most of all to need to be explained; for if it was not yet the time of figs, why did our

Lord come up to the tree as if he had every reason to expect that he should find figs on it? We had met with no solution of the difficulty which seemed to us so entirely satisfactory as that suggested by the present Archbishop of Dublin in his "Notes on Miracles;" while his interpretation has the additional merit of greatly intensifying the lesson of the incident, which was designed to be a kind of enacted parable.

While adverting to the well-known fact in the natural history of the fig-tree, that its fruit appears before its foliage, and therefore that when such a tree was seen covered with leaves it was reasonable to look for fruit underneath them; and then to the statement of the evangelist, which seems so far at variance with this, that the time of the year for gathering the fig crop had not yet arrived,—he ingeniously suggests that while this was no doubt commonly the case at the season of the Passover when the miracle was performed, yet, perchance, on some nook on a mountain-side where a fig-tree was protected from violent winds, had a favourable exposure to the sun's rays, and enjoyed all the selectest influences of Nature, it might sometimes be a month in advance of the other fig-trees all around it—green and bushy with foliage, while those in less genial positions were only beginning to send forth their first tender buds; and that in the case of such a tree, with so much pretence and promise, a hungry wayfarer would certainly come up to it expecting to gather fruit in abundance. Such a tree, our Lord intended to indicate, had been the Jewish Church, with its distinguishing religious privileges, its temple, its priesthood, its typical observances, its separation from the surrounding heathenism, its special covenant, its written oracles of God. It was natural to come expecting much holy fruit from a Church so favoured, so pretentious, with so much of the foliage of profession about them. But it was all foliage and no fruit, barren as the shores of yonder Dead Sea. And now it was about to be given over to destruction, abandoned to perpetual unfruitfulness, withered up by the roots.

Such is the solution which has been given of the acknowledged difficulty, and it is remarkable that in walking along this same Bethany road we came upon just such a precocious fig-tree. It was, in all likelihood, the very road on which our Lord

had travelled ; it was the same week in the year, for it was the Passover week when we were on Olivet ; and while in general the few fig-trees that we saw were showing little more than the first signs of life, there was one more favourably placed, which was several weeks in advance of all the others, all green with foliage, and with ripe fruit underneath it. We plucked a branch and brought it home with us to Scotland. The large leaves had shrivelled, but the fruit was still sweet even to the smell.

Our thoughts, as we journeyed slowly onward, soon returned to Christ's triumphal entry. At a particular point in the ascending path, Jerusalem bursts upon you in a moment as if it had sprung like a vision from the earth,—Mount Zion, the ancient city of David, being the loftiest part of the picture. The sight stimulates the pent-up enthusiasm of the disciples, which is at once caught up by the multitude, and Olivet begins to ring with their responsive shouts, "Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest." Meanwhile, a larger multitude is coming up the mountain from Jerusalem, each bearing a palm-branch in his hand, to meet the King of Zion, and to swell his triumph. As the two streams meet, the joy is deepened and the hosannas are multiplied. In their holy transport, the people unloose their garments and spread them in his path; green boughs torn from the neighbouring trees bestrew his way as he rides on in his meek benignant majesty. And still they cleave the welkin with their jubilant notes, as they now descend towards the city, a mighty stream of joyful life. Jesus has freely yielded himself up to the joy of the moment, but as he draws nearer to Jerusalem, and beholds it, the current of his thoughts is changed, and gladness gives place to profoundest compassion. He has looked into its not far distant future, and his gait is slackened, and over that doomed murderess-city he sheds divine tears. "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes."

As we stood far up on the mountain-side, the path by which that rejoicing throng wound their way was all before us. We could imagine them

skirting round Gethsemane, passing over the Kedron brook, moving up the steep ascent on the other side, entering by the beautiful Golden Gate into the city, many of the pilgrims with their palm-branches dispersing themselves over the crowded streets; while Jesus, with his disciples and others of the multitude, passes into the temple and is welcomed by the hosannas of the children, which drown the querulous complaints of the Pharisees and the envious murmurings of the priests, while they accomplish ancient prophecy, and forecast in miniature his ultimate kingly triumphs, when "every knee shall bow to him," and "the whole earth shall be filled with his glory."

We still lingered on the Mount of Olives; and leaving the road and passing nearer to the centre of the mountain, sat down over against the city on a ledge of limestone rock that protruded from the soil and formed a natural seat for us. It must have been on such a spot that Jesus sat with his four selected disciples—Peter, and James, and John, and Andrew—when he told them of the signs of Jerusalem's coming destruction, and gave them such wise directions for the conduct of the Christians when those signs of the terrible catastrophe showed themselves, as effected their universal deliverance. Our friend read aloud our Lord's great prophecy, along with the prophetic words of his lament spoken on the previous day; and the impression of his words—read, perhaps, on the very spot on which he had spoken them—was singularly solemn. The city was distinctly mapped out before us in that clear, dry atmosphere; it almost seemed to lie at our feet. We could distinguish each house and dome and minaret; we could almost have counted the stones in its walls. We have somewhere seen its present appearance from Olivet described as like that of "a penitent standing clothed in sackcloth and ashes—so gray, so depressed, so insignificant its appearance." But when Jesus looked forth upon it from this mountain-side, it must still have retained very much of its olden magnificence. Its beautiful Temple, white and glittering in the sunlight; the castle of Antonia; the palaces of Herod and Pilate; its many public buildings and monuments; its line of triple walls, with their frowning fortresses; and, on that occa-

sion, its million of inhabitants seen on the roofs of its houses and crowding its streets ;—how difficult it was to associate with such a spectacle the picture of an early destruction such as the world had never before seen, or would again see ! But even as the natural eye of Jesus looked across the narrow chasm of Kedron upon the splendid city, so did his prophetic eye then look across the chasm of forty years and see it a heap of ruins, black with fire or red with carnage, while he described the whole with a minuteness of detail and a graphic distinctness surpassing every other prediction in the Word of God. That Mount Scopus was full in view by which Titus was to approach the city, and where the Roman eagles, the symbols alike of destruction and idolatry, “the abomination which maketh desolate,” would first be seen by the infatuated Jew looking forth from his walls. And still the refrain of his awful prophecy was, “Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled.” How heavily has the curse fallen ! Jerusalem is at this hour a Jewish poorhouse or prison, of which the Mohammedan holds the key.

“Trodden down

By all in turn—Pagan and Frank and Tartar ;
So runs the dread anathema : trodden down

Beneath the oppressor ; darkness shrouding thee
From every blessed influence of heaven ;—
Thus hast thou lain for ages, iron-bound
As with a curse. Thus art thou doomed to lie,
Yet not for ever.”

No ; there is a limit to this burden, even in the very bosom of the prophecy. It has been truly said that not Rome, but Jerusalem, is to be the Eternal City. Christianity shall yet come back to her birth-place, and she shall bring every other blessing in her hand when she brings herself, the first and best of all—good government, agriculture, commerce, science, art, order, wealth, peace. The dew shall yet descend on Hermon. Carmel shall yet laugh with abundance. The cedars of Lebanon shall yet clap their hands. Zion shall yet ring again with the psalms of her own king and bard, and Jerusalem shall become the praise of the whole earth. “The sons of them that afflicted thee shall come bending unto thee ; and all they that despised thee shall bow themselves down at the soles of thy feet ; and they shall call thee, The city of the Lord, The Zion of the Holy One of Israel. Whereas thou hast been forsaken and hated, so that no man went through thee, I will make thee an eternal excellency, a joy of many generations. I the Lord will hasten it in its time.”

THEORIES OF DEVELOPMENT.*

DARWIN.



HIS is the great life-work of the veteran and venerable Dr. Hodge. By common consent he has for some time been acknowledged as the best exponent of that theological system which is generally denominated Calvinism. We have been amazed at the depth, and comprehensiveness, and freshness of this book. Instead of solid yet antiquated definitions, as from a man of very advanced age, we find a fair, intelligent presentation, and vigorous discussion of all the theories bearing on his subject which have been broached by writers on physical and mental science in modern times, down even to the present year ; and these, not attached merely as a pendant to a completed work, but woven into the texture of the whole. This work, we feel assured, will be the authoritative text-book on the subjects of which it treats for the next generation.

We submit an extract from the second volume, on the Darwinian theory of development :—

The new theory on this subject proposed by Mr. Charles Darwin, has, for the time being, a stronger hold on the public mind. He stands in the first rank of naturalists, and is on all sides respected, not only for his knowledge and his skill in observation and description, but for his frankness and fairness. His theory, however, is substantially the same with those already mentioned, inasmuch as he also accounts for the origin of all the varieties of plants and animals by the gradual operation of natural causes. In his work on the “Origin of Species,” he says : “I believe that animals are descended from at most only four or five progenitors ; and plants from an equal or lesser number.” On the same page, however, he goes much further, and says, “Analogy would lead me one step further—namely, to the belief that all animals and plants are descended from some one prototype ;” and he adds “that all the organic beings which have ever lived on this earth may be de-

* From the forthcoming Second Volume of “SYSTEMATIC THEOLOGY,” by Charles Hodge, D.D., Princeton. VOLUME I. now ready, and to be had of all booksellers. T. Nelson and Sons, London and Edinburgh.

scended from some one primordial form." The point of most importance in which Darwin differs from his predecessors is, that he starts with life, they with dead matter. They undertake to account for the origin of life by physical causes; whereas he assumes the existence of living cells or germs. He does not go into the question of their origin. He assumes them to exist; which would seem of necessity to involve the assumption of a Creator. The second important point of difference between the theories in question is, that those before mentioned account for the diversity of species by the inward power of development, a *vis a tergo*, as it were—that is, a struggle after improvement; whereas Darwin refers the origin of species mainly to the laws of nature operating *ab extra*, killing off the weak or less perfect, and preserving the stronger or more perfect. The third point of difference, so far as the author of the "Vestiges of Creation" is concerned, is, that the latter supposes new species to be formed suddenly; whereas Darwin holds that they arise by a slow process of very minute changes. They all agree, however, in the main point, that all the infinite diversities and marvellous organisms of plants and animals, from the lowest to the highest, are due to the operation of unintelligent physical causes.

The Darwinian theory, therefore, includes the following principles:—

First, that like begets like; or the law of heredity, according to which, throughout the vegetable and animal world, the offspring is like the parent.

Second, the law of variation; that is, that while in all that is essential the offspring is like the parent, it always differs more or less from its progenitor. These variations are sometimes deteriorations, sometimes indifferent, sometimes improvements; that is, such as enable the plant or animal more advantageously to exercise its functions.

Third, that as plants and animals increase in a geometrical ratio, they tend to outrun enormously the means of support, and this of necessity gives rise to a continued and universal struggle for life.

Fourth, in this struggle the fittest survive; that is, those individuals which have an accidental variation of structure which renders them superior to their fellows in the struggle for existence, survive, and transmit that peculiarity to their offspring. This is "natural selection;" that is, nature, without intelligence or purpose, selects the individuals best adapted to continue and to improve the race. It is by the operation of these few principles that in the course of countless ages all the diversified forms of vegetables and animals have been produced.

"It is interesting," says Darwin, "to contemplate a tangled bank, clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and de-

pendent on each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us. These laws, taken in the largest sense, being Growth with Reproduction; Inheritance, which is almost implied by reproduction; Variability, from the indirect and direct action of the conditions of life, and from use and disuse; a Ratio of Increase so high as to lead to a Struggle for Life, and as a consequence to Natural Selection, entailing Divergence of Character and the Extinction of less improved forms. Thus, from the war of nature, from famine and death, the most exalted object which we are capable of conceiving—namely, the production of the higher animals—directly follows."

REMARKS ON THE DARWINIAN THEORY.

First, it shocks the common sense of unsophisticated men to be told that the whale and the humming-bird, man and the mosquito, are derived from the same source. Not that the whale was developed out of the humming-bird, or man out of the mosquito, but that both are derived by a slow process of variations continued through countless millions of years. Such is the theory with its scientific feathers plucked off. No wonder that at its first promulgation it was received by the scientific world, not only with surprise, but also with indignation. The theory has, indeed, survived this attack. Its essential harmony with the spirit of the age, the real learning of its author and advocates, have secured for it an influence which is wide-spread, and, for the time, imposing.

A second remark is, that the theory in question cannot be true, because it is founded on the assumption of an impossibility. It assumes that matter does the work of mind. This is an impossibility and an absurdity in the judgment of all men except materialists; and materialists are, ever have been, and ever must be, a mere handful among men, whether educated or uneducated. The doctrine of Darwin is, that a primordial germ, with no inherent intelligence, develops, under purely natural influences, into all the infinite variety of vegetable and animal organisms, with all their complicated relations to each other and to the world around them. He not only asserts that all this is due to natural causes, and, moreover, that the lower impulses of vegetable life pass, by insensible gradations, into the instinct of animals and the higher intelligence of man, but he argues against the intervention of mind anywhere in the process. God, says Lamarck, created matter; God, says Darwin, created the unintelligent living cell; both say that, after that first step, all else follows by natural law, without purpose and without design. No man can believe this, who cannot also believe that all the works of art, literature, and science in the world are the products of carbonic acid, water, and ammonia.

THE ATHEISTIC CHARACTER OF THE THEORY.

Thirdly, the system is thoroughly atheistic, and therefore cannot possibly stand. God has revealed his ex-

istence and his government of the world so clearly and so authoritatively, that any philosophical or scientific speculations inconsistent with those truths are like cobwebs in the track of a tornado. They offer no sensible resistance. The mere naturalist, the man devoted so exclusively to the study of nature as to believe in nothing but natural causes, is not able to understand the strength with which moral and religious convictions take hold of the minds of men. These convictions, however, are the strongest, the most ennobling, and the most dangerous for any class of men to disregard or ignore.

In saying that this system is atheistic, it is not said that Mr. Darwin is an atheist. He expressly acknowledges the existence of God; and seems to feel the necessity of his existence to account for the origin of life. Nor is it meant that every one who adopts the theory does it in an atheistic sense. It has already been remarked that there is a theistic and an atheistic form of the nebular hypothesis as to the origin of the universe; so there may be a theistic interpretation of the Darwinian theory. Men who, as the Duke of Argyle, carry the reign of law into everything, affirming that even creation is by law, may hold, as he does, that God uses everywhere and constantly physical laws, to produce not only the ordinary operations of nature, but to give rise to things specifically new, and therefore to new species in the vegetable and animal worlds. Such species would thus be as truly due to the purpose and power of God as though they had been created by a word. Natural laws are said to be to God what the chisel and the brush are to the artist. Then God is as much the author of species as the sculptor or painter is the author of the product of his skill. This is a theistic doctrine. That, however, is not Darwin's doctrine. His theory is, that hundreds or thousands of millions of years ago God called a living germ, or living germs, into existence, and that since that time God has no more to do with the universe than if he did not exist. This is atheism to all intents and purposes, because it leaves the soul as entirely without God, without a Father, Helper, or Ruler, as the doctrine of Epicurus or of Comte. Darwin, moreover, obliterates all the evidences of the being of God in the world. He refers to physical causes what all theists believe to be due to the operations of the Divine Mind. There is no more effectual way of getting rid of a truth than by rejecting the proofs on which it rests. Professor Huxley says that when he first read Darwin's book he regarded it as the death-blow of teleology—that is, of the doctrine of design and purpose in nature.* Büchner, to whom the atheistical character

of a book is a recommendation, says that Darwin's "theory is the most thoroughly naturalistic that can be imagined, and far more atheistic than that of his despised (*verrufenen*) predecessor Lamarck, who admitted at least a general law of progress and development; whereas, according to Darwin, the whole development is due to the gradual summation of innumerable minute and accidental natural operations."

Mr. Darwin argues against any divine intervention in the course of nature, and especially in the production of species. He says that the time is coming when the doctrine of special creation—that is, the doctrine that God made the plants and animals each after its kind—will be regarded as "a curious illustration of the blindness of preconceived opinion. These authors," he adds, "seem no more startled at a miraculous act of creation than at an ordinary birth. But do they really believe that at innumerable periods in the earth's history certain elemental atoms have been commanded suddenly to flash into living tissues?" [This is precisely what Darwin professes to believe happened at the beginning. If it happened once, it is not absurd that it should happen often.] "Do they believe that at each supposed act of creation one individual or many were produced? Were all the infinitely numerous kinds of animals and plants created as eggs or seed, or as full grown? And in the case of mammals, were they created bearing the false marks of nourishment from the mother's womb?"

Mr. Wallace devotes the eighth chapter of his work on "Natural Selection" to answering the objections urged by the Duke of Argyle to the Darwinian theory. He says: "The point on which the Duke lays most stress is, that proofs of mind everywhere meet us in nature, and are more especially manifest wherever we find 'contrivance' or 'beauty.' He maintains that this indicates the constant supervision and direct interference of the Creator, and cannot possibly be explained by the unassisted action of any combination of laws. Now Mr. Darwin's work has for its main object to show that all the phenomena of living things—all their wonderful organs and complicated structures; their infinite variety of form, size, and colour; their intricate and involved relations to each other—may have been produced by the action of a few general laws of the simplest kind—laws which are in most cases mere statements of admitted facts." In opposition to the doctrine that God "applies general laws to produce effects which those laws are not in themselves capable of producing,"

which shall keep time, is a contriving intelligence adapting the means directly to that end." Suppose, however, he goes on to say, it could be shown that the watch was the product of a structure which kept time poorly; and that of a structure which was no watch at all, and that of a mere revolving barrel, then "the force of Paley's argument would be gone;" and it would be demonstrated that an apparatus thoroughly well adapted to a particular purpose might be the result of a method of trial and error worked by unintelligent agents, as well as of the direct application of the means appropriate to that end, by an intelligent agent." This is precisely what he understands Darwin to have accomplished.

* Criticisms on "The Origin of Species;" in his *Lay Sermons and Addresses*, page 330. "The teleological argument," he says, "runs thus: An organ or organism is precisely fitted to perform a function or purpose; therefore it was specially constructed to perform that function. In Paley's famous illustration, the adaptation of all the parts of the watch to the function, or purpose, of showing the time, is held to be evidence that the watch was specially contrived to that end; on the ground that the only cause we know of, competent to produce such an effect as a watch

he says, "I believe, on the contrary, that the universe is so constituted as to be self-regulating; that as long as it contains life, the forms under which that life is manifested have an inherent power of adjustment to each other and to surrounding nature; and that this adjustment necessarily leads to the greatest amount of variety and beauty and enjoyment, because it does depend on general laws, and not on a continual supervision and rearrangement of details."

Dr. Gray endeavours to vindicate Darwin's theory from the charge of atheism. His arguments, however, only go to prove that the doctrine of development, or derivation of species, may be held in a form consistent with theism. This no one denies. They do not prove that Mr. Darwin presents it in that form. Dr. Gray himself admits all that those who regard the Darwinian theory as atheistic contend for. He says: "The proposition that things and events in nature were not designed to be so, if logically carried out, is doubtless tantamount to atheism." Again he says: "To us a fortuitous Cosmos is simply inconceivable. The alternative is a designed Cosmos.....If Mr. Darwin believes that the events which he supposes to have occurred and the results we behold were undirected and undesigned, or if the physicist believes that the natural forces to which he refers phenomena are uncaused and undirected, no argument is needed to show that such belief is atheistic." No argument, after what has been said above, can be needed to show that Mr. Darwin does teach that natural causes are "undirected," and that they act without design or reference to an end. This is not only explicitly and repeatedly asserted, but argued for, and the opposite view ridiculed and rejected. His book was hailed as the death-blow of teleology. Darwin, therefore does teach precisely what Dr. Gray pronounces atheism. A man, it seems, may believe in God, and yet teach atheism!

The anti-theistic and materialistic character of this theory is still further shown by what Mr. Darwin says of our mental powers. "In the distant future," he says, "I see open fields for far more important researches. Psychology will be based on a new foundation—that of the necessary acquirement of each mental power and capacity by gradation. Light will be thrown on the origin of man and his history." Of this prediction he has himself attempted the verification in his recent work on the "Descent of Man," in which he endeavours to prove that man is a developed ape. The Bible says: Man was created in the image of God.

IT IS A MERE HYPOTHESIS.

A fourth remark on this theory is, that it is a mere hypothesis, from its nature incapable of proof. It may take its place beside the nebular hypothesis as an ingenious method of explaining many of the phenomena of nature. We see around us, in the case of domestic animals, numerous varieties produced by the operations of natural causes. In the vegetable world this diversity

is still greater. Mr. Darwin's theory would account for all these facts. It accounts, moreover, for the unity of plan on which all animals of the same class or order are constructed—for the undeveloped organs found rudimentally in almost all classes of living creatures; for the different forms through which the embryo passes before it reaches maturity. These and many other phenomena may be accounted for on the assumption of the derivation of species. Admitting all this and much more, this does not amount to a proof of the hypothesis. These facts can be accounted for in other ways; while there are, as Darwin himself admits, many facts for which his theory will not account. Let it be borne in mind what the theory is. It is not that all the species of any extant genus of plants or animals have been derived from a common stock—that all genera and classes of organized beings now living have been thus derived; but that all organisms from the earliest geological periods have, by a process requiring some five hundred million years, been derived from one primordial germ.* Nor is this all. It is not only that material organisms have thus been derived by a process of gradation, but also that instincts, mental and moral powers, have been derived and attained by the same process. Nor is even this all. We are called upon to believe that all this has been brought about by the action of unintelligent physical causes. To our apprehension, there is nothing in the Hindu mythology and cosmology more incredible than this.

It is hazarding little to say that such a hypothesis as this cannot be proved. Indeed, its advocates do not pretend to give proof. Mr. Wallace, as we have seen, says: "Mr. Darwin's work has for its main object to show that all the phenomena of living things—all their wonderful organs and complicated structures, their infinite variety of form, size, and colour, their intricate and involved relations to each other—*may have been* produced by the action of a few general laws of the simplest kind." *May have been!* There is no pretence that this account of the origin of species can be demonstrated. All that is claimed is that it is a possible solution. Christians must be very timid to be frightened by a mere "*may have been.*"

* Sir William Thompson, of England, had objected to the theory that, according to his calculations, the sun cannot have existed in a solid state longer than five hundred millions of years. To this Mr. Wallace replies, that that period he thinks long enough to satisfy the demands of the hypothesis. Mr. J. J. Murphy, however, is of a contrary opinion. He says that it is probable that it required at least five hundred years to produce a grayhound—Mr. Darwin's ideal of symmetry—out of the original wolf-like dog, and that certainly it would require more than a million times longer period to produce an elephant out of a Protozoan, or even a tadpole. Besides, Sir William Thompson allows in fact only *one*, and not *five*, hundred millions of years for the existence of our earth. In the "Transactions of the Geological Society of Glasgow," vol. iii., he says: "When, finally, we consider underground temperature, we find ourselves driven to the conclusion that the existing state of things on the earth. Life on the earth, all geological history showing continuity of life, must be limited within some such period of past time as *one* hundred million years." See "Habit and Intelligence," by J. J. Murphy, London, 1869, vol. 1., page 349.

Mr. Huxley says: "After much consideration, and with assuredly no bias against Mr. Darwin's views, it is our clear conviction that, as the evidence stands, it is not absolutely proven that a group of animals, having all the characters exhibited by species in nature, has ever been originated by selection, whether artificial or natural." *

In *Fraser's Magazine* for June and July 1860, are two papers on the Darwinian theory, written by William Hopkins, F.R.S. In the number for July it is said: "If we allow full weight to all our author's arguments in his chapter on hybridism, we only arrive at the conclusion that natural selection *may* possibly have produced changes of organization, which *may* have superinduced the sterility of species; and that, therefore, the above proposition *may* be true, though not a single positive fact be adduced in proof of it. And it must be recollected that this is no proposition of secondary importance—a mere turret, as it were, in our author's theoretical fabric—but the chief corner-stone which supports it. We confess that all the respect which we entertain for the author of these views has inspired us with no corresponding feeling towards this *may* be philosophy, which is content to substitute the merely possible for the probable; and which, ignoring the responsibility of any approximation to rigorous demonstration in the establishment of its own theories, complacently assumes them to be right till they are rigorously proved to be wrong. When Newton, in former times, put forth his theory of gravitation, he did not call on philosophers to believe it, or else to show that it was wrong, but felt it incumbent on himself to prove that it was right."

Mr. Hopkins' review was written before Mr. Darwin had fully expressed his views as to the origin of man. He says, the great difficulty in any theory of develop-

ment is "the transition in passing up to man from the animals next beneath him; not to man considered merely as a physical organism, but to man as an intellectual and moral being. Lamarck and the author of the "Vestiges" have not hesitated to expose themselves to a charge of gross materialism in deriving mind from matter, and in making all its properties and operations depend on our physical organization..... We believe that man has an immortal soul, and that the beasts of the field have not. If any one deny this, we can have no common ground of argument with him. Now we would ask, at what point of his progressive improvement did man acquire this spiritual part of his being, endowed with the awful attribute of immortality? Was it an 'accidental variety,' seized upon by the power of 'natural selection,' and made permanent? Is the step from the finite to the infinite to be regarded as one of the indefinitely small steps in man's continuous progress of development, and effected by the operation of ordinary natural causes?"

The point now in hand, however, is, that Mr. Darwin's theory is incapable of proof. From the nature of the case, what concerns the origin of things cannot be known except by a supernatural revelation. All else must be speculation and conjecture. And no man under the guidance of reason will renounce the teachings of a well-authenticated revelation, in obedience to human speculation, however ingenious. The uncertainty attending all philosophical or scientific theories as to the origin of things, is sufficiently apparent from their number and inconsistencies. Science, as soon as she gets past the actual and the extant, is in the region of speculation, and is merged into philosophy, and is subject to all its hallucinations.

THE MEASURE OF CHRISTIAN PROGRESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SPANISH BROTHERS," "DARK YEAR OF DUNDEE," ETC.

"I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake. I write unto you, fathers, because ye have known him that is from the beginning. I write unto you, young men, because ye have overcome the wicked one. I write unto you, little children, because ye have known the Father. I have written unto you, fathers, because ye have known him that is from the beginning. I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one."—1 JOHN II. 12-14.



N the beautiful letter from which these words are taken, the beloved apostle seems to have two objects chiefly in view. He desires to separate between the wheat and the chaff; between the sincere believer, who is walking in the truth, and the empty professor, who, by walking

in darkness and not loving his brother, evidences that he is deceiving himself, and that there is no truth in him. But the grand aim of his letter is that which is simply and clearly announced by himself in almost its opening words,—“These things write we unto you, that your joy may be full.” He designs to lead true believers out of conflict, doubt, and darkness,—into light, into assurance, into liberty, and, consequently, into peace and joy. And where these are already possessed in some degree, he would point out the way to their

* "Lay Sermons and Reviews," page 323. It is admitted that varieties innumerable have been produced by natural causes, but Professor Huxley says it has not been proved that any one species has ever been thus formed. *A fortiori*, therefore, it has not been proved that all genera and species, with all their attributes of instinct and intelligence, have been thus formed.

increase,—the path on which the true light would shine, and in which joy would be full.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat, what has been so often said, that the exhortation addressed to the different gradations in the family of God, proves the existence of such gradations,—that there are, and are meant to be, spiritual children, spiritual young men, and spiritual fathers. As one star differs from another in glory, so does the exquisite grace of childhood from the noble strength of early manhood, and that from the dignity of the snow-crowned head. We find the same rich diversity and variety in God's spiritual as in his natural works.

Both, moreover, are alike subject to the great law of growth and progress. The child is intended to grow into the young man, the young man to mature into the father. And this law, like all God's laws, must be obeyed, under penalties. The child who does not grow out of childhood, must forfeit the grace of childhood, without gaining in its stead the strength of manhood; the young man who will not seek the wisdom of maturity, must find his early strength decay without acquiring that which would more than compensate for its loss. But, on the other hand, it is the law of the spiritual kingdom, that they who use childhood well, although they must lose its more superficial graces, are privileged to retain to the very last what constitutes its true charm,—its humility, its teachableness, its trustfulness; whilst the mature Christian, who has passed unscathed through the conflicts of early manhood, renews his youth, brings forth fruit even in his old age, and is fat and flourishing.

But let us dwell for a few moments on the characteristics of the spiritual children, young men, and fathers. Of the little children, two things are stated: their "sins are forgiven for his name's sake;" and they "have known the Father." From the first we learn that it is the prerogative even of the little child, of the youngest and weakest in the family, to have his sins forgiven, and that it is his privilege to *know it*. Our first beginnings are built upon Christ's finished work. The simplest believer's earliest lesson is to realize that stupendous fact, "Thy sins are forgiven thee." Whilst, however, it is true that all believers are forgiven, from the very first

moment they believe, it is not said here or elsewhere, nor is it true, that all believers know it. Nay, the apostle in this very letter intimates that there are some who believe in the name of the Son of God, and who yet do not know that they have eternal life, or, in other words, that they are forgiven; since he says he writes to them for that very purpose, that they may know it (1 John v. 13). It is well to note this, since some think there can be no saving faith without what is called Assurance; a view that has certainly a tendency to make hearts sad which God has not made sad, depressing and discouraging precisely those timid, self-questioning spirits, who need to be drawn near, and not driven away,—and to be tenderly urged to "look off unto Jesus."

But it is an equally great mistake to put the glorious privilege of assurance afar off, as something which it is not God's usual way to bestow, or the part of every Christian to obtain,—something not ordinarily given, except to eminent believers, and towards the close of life. Our verse shows that it is of right the portion, and ought to be in fact the possession, of the very babe, the little child in God's family. Then take it to thyself, timid, feeble believer, young in years or in grace, conscious of no more than an infant's strength or knowledge, perhaps scarcely that Thy sins *are forgiven*, for his name's sake. Live and walk in the joy of that thought, and let no man rob thee of it.

This, then, is the little child's first lesson: the second is the knowledge of the Father. And is it not so, practically, in the experience of the soul? We first come to trust in Christ for pardon and peace, and thus we learn to know his love. But we are not meant to stop there. Christ came into the world to reveal the Father. To as many as receive him, he gives "power to become the sons of God." If the earliest work of the Spirit in the heart is to convince of sin, and lead to Christ for forgiveness, this is speedily followed by his work as the Spirit of adoption, enabling the pardoned and reconciled one to cry, "Abba, Father."

The Greek word translated "little children" in verse 12, is not the same as that employed in verse 13. The former signifies infants, while the latter is applied to children somewhat older,

and capable of being taught, thus marking the gradations in Christian experience with the more exquisite accuracy.

Of the young men, we are told that they "have overcome the wicked one"—a glorious onward step to manhood in the course. The joy of the child in conscious forgiveness, and in the love of the Father, becomes the victorious, all-prevailing strength of the young man: "The joy of the Lord is your strength" (Neh. viii. 10). But to overcome, presupposes a battle fought; and every battle of the warrior is with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood. Those who fight are sometimes worsted—even laid low on the ground;—their garments rent and soiled, their bodies bearing the marks of many a grievous wound. Something similar is likely to happen to the Christian in his growth from childhood to spiritual manhood: of that growth conflict is a usual, if not a necessary accompaniment. In this stage of his progress, when beset with temptations from within or without, or both, he often writes bitter things against himself,—thinks he has forsaken his first love, and with all his heart wishes back the undoubting, unquestioning faith of his spiritual childhood. He imagines he is retrograding, losing those things that once he had gained, when all the while he is really going forward in the path God himself has appointed, and gaining better things far than at present he can understand. Well for him that God does not grant his wish, and suffer him to remain all his life a little child! There *are* Christians to whom this happens,—to whom doubt and conflict are nearly unknown terms. But who would turn to such for help in need, or for counsel in perplexity? Or who expects such to do great things for their Lord and his cause? They are safe in their way, they are even happy. But there are things well worth a lifetime of struggle and suffering, which they know not, and perhaps can never know. Such things as the touch of the Master's hand to Peter, when he was sinking beneath the waves; or the sight of the Master's face to Stephen, when he stood alone amidst his enemies.

The young men have "overcome the wicked one;" furthermore, they "are strong, and the word of God abideth" in them. Do they overcome because they are strong, and because the word of

God abideth in them; or are they strong, and does the word of God abide in them, because they have overcome? Both, assuredly. They fought and overcame in the strength given by the Spirit through the joy of forgiveness and Sonship, and with that great weapon of their warfare, the sword of the Spirit—the Word of God. As the seed in the "good" or prepared ground, that word abode in their hearts. "Thy word have I hid in my heart," says the Psalmist, "that I might not sin against thee." But besides all this, as the result of conflict, the strength which is tried therein (perhaps sorely) is, by means of that very trial, increased a hundredfold. In no hearts does the word of God abide so firmly as in those in which it has been rooted fast by storms.

We come, now, to the last and highest class addressed—the fathers. Why, we may ask, are they called "fathers," not simply elders? Is it not because the name expresses their relationship to the other members of God's family, and the duties they ought to perform towards them? The treasures of a life's experience are not given to the advanced Christian for himself alone. He is expected to act a father's part to the younger and weaker ones with whom, in God's providence, he is brought in contact.

At first it may strike us with some surprise that the characteristic of the fathers should resemble so nearly that of the little children: "I write unto you, little children, because ye have known the Father. I have written unto you, fathers, because ye have known Him that is from the beginning." But in this very resemblance a deep truth lies embedded. Part of this truth has been well expressed by a great thinker of the present day, writing on a different subject:—"There is a singular sense in which the child may peculiarly be said to be the father of the man. In many acts and attainments, the first and last stages of progress, the infancy and the consummation, have many features in common, while the intermediate stages are wholly unlike either, and are farthest from the right. Thus it is in the progress of a painter's handling. We see the perfect child, the absolute beginner, using, of necessity, a broken, imperfect, inadequate line; which, as he advances, becomes gradually firm,

severe, and decided. Just before he becomes a perfect artist, this severity and decision will again be exchanged for a light and careless stroke, which in many points will far more resemble that of his childhood than his middle age, differing from it only by the consummate effect brought out by the apparently inadequate means. So it is in matters of opinion. Our first and last coincide, though on different grounds; it is the middle stage that is farthest from the truth. Childhood often holds a truth with its feeble fingers which the grasp of manhood cannot retain, and which it is the pride of utmost age to recover." In experience, as well as in opinion, "the first and last coincide, though on different grounds;" or rather the last returns upon the first, but it is the first enlarged, deepened, perfected. The father becomes again a little child; at least, the child's possession becomes again the father's most precious treasure, only he holds it with a stronger grasp, and in a far deeper sense, than the child could ever do.

In a far deeper sense. It is the child's privilege to know "the Father;" the father's, to know "Him that is from the beginning." How significant the apparently slight variation! Just so it is in the earthly relationship. The little child knows his father as his father, and as such he loves him; but of the other aspects of his character he has no conception. His father may be known to the world as a man of intelligence and ability, or there may be many striking and attractive features in his moral character; but

the child thinks not of these things, he understands them not. Whatever he may be to others—king or peasant, philosopher or simple mechanic—to him he is only "My father." But as the child grows up to man's estate, he learns a deeper understanding and truer appreciation of his father. He learns, as it were, to see all round him; he observes him, studies him, holds communion with him, and thus gradually becomes acquainted with the qualities of his mind and heart. Thus it is with the Christian: the little child knows God and loves him in his *relationship*; the father knows and loves him in his *character*.

Using, then, this passage as a guide, it is not difficult to trace the principal steps of Christian experience. The child's first lesson is the forgiveness of sin, received and realized "through His name's sake." Next, the Spirit of adoption is bestowed, by which he is enabled to cry, "Abba, Father." Then come growth, progress, and conflict, resulting in victory, through the indwelling word of God, and in the strengthening of faith and grace in the soul. Lastly, the ripe treasures of experience are given. On the lips of the aged Christian trembles the same "My Father" that the child first learned to utter, and it is full of the same child-like love and confidence; but there is added an acquaintance, ever deepening, with the nature, character, and purposes of Him whose goings forth are from everlasting, and communion with whom is to be the occupation and the joy of a blessed eternity. D. A.

THE PARABLE OF THE NET.

MATT. XIII. 47-50.

BY THE REV. DR. CALDERWOOD, PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY, UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.



WE now come in sight of the border-land of the eternal world. The reference here, indicates that we have reached the closing group of parables.* Before our Lord cease to speak in parables, he will guide the thoughts of his people forward to the consummation of all things. The parable now to be considered presents the first scene in the great future toward which all the arrangements of

the kingdom are pointing. The Redeemer, allowing us to partake in some degree of the telescopic range of vision which belongs to himself, discovers to us, far in the distance, the line where the waters of Time find their boundary on the shores of Eternity. Here and there on the surface of the waters, and running far beyond the sphere where we "live, and move, and have our being," are sundry marks which indicate the vast sweep of a great net which has been set in the ocean; and yonder, on the shores of Eternity, are to be seen the cords running up out of the waters, and the stakes, fastened deep in the soil, to which these cords have been made sure. Such

* It was hoped that the whole circle of parables would be included in the present year's issue of the *Treasury*. From various causes, the hope has not been fulfilled. However, the whole will be published, with the necessary additions, in a separate volume.

is the view which our Lord has given of the relation between Time and Eternity. Enigmatical it is, as befits what is still future, making some things plain, but leaving many other things obscure and puzzling; vividly picturesque, presenting features very attractive to contemplate; and yet awe-inspiring in a very high degree, as we think of the hidden meshes which may entangle, and the strength of cord which no strain can break asunder, so as to terminate its control over the teaming life within. In outline, this is the representation:—Time is an ocean, Eternity is its shore: within the waters God has set a net, the result of whose setting shall appear on that day when he draws up on the shores of the eternal world all that has been enclosed.

That a reference to the future state affords the true point of view from which to contemplate this parable, seems plain from these two considerations: *first*, that the net is represented as being *full* before it is drawn; and *second*, that our Lord expressly begins his brief and partial interpretation of it with these words: "So shall it be at the end of the world."

What, then, is this Net? "*The kingdom of God is like unto a net.*" It is the kingdom of God; but that does not mean the visible Church, as so many have been willing to take for granted. Look at the interpretation—"The angels shall come forth and sever the wicked from among the just"—and it will at once appear that "the wicked" *as a class* are spoken of as included in the kingdom as well as the just, and that there is thus a universality of reference quite inconsistent with the supposition that the visible Church is here represented. It is not, merely some few wicked persons, nor even a considerable proportion of such, who are found at last among the justified ones, but *the wicked* are found present, just as the righteous are. "The kingdom of God" here described, is the kingdom of grace, in the plenitude of its range. It is that kingdom which God has in this sin-troubled world of ours, and which is maintained everywhere in the world, while judgment is withheld, vengeance is restrained, and divine forbearance and compassion are reaching to all men. It is a kingdom whose sovereignty is grace, and all whose administration is gracious, under which and within which are all men on earth. For the reign of grace is such, that all experience its reality, in the restraining influences which move around the souls of men, and the benefits thrown free to them, and towards which much agency is drawing them. True indeed it is, that only some, with spiritual natures renewed, appreciate and enjoy the choicest blessings of grace; but no less true is it that all the wicked, as well as all the just, are meanwhile within a kingdom of grace. The world-encircling influences of divine favour are too subtle to be readily recognized by all who experience their effects, too genial to arouse attention to their presence as a man is roused by what disturbs and irritates. From these spiritual influences men at times swerve, as fishes glance off from the slightest touch of the net; against them men often struggle, as

fishes entangled in the meshes from which they cannot escape. Not a man who breathes on earth passes from under the divine reign, and for every man under it the reign of God is a reign of grace. The kingdom of God, under a more restricted view, is a fold within which come only as many as know the voice of Jesus, and follow him for their defence and satisfaction; under a wider view, it is a net, embracing all alike, without distinction. If it be clear that the latter is the view here dealt with, we have only to glance forward in the application of the parable to see that completeness of separation between the wicked and just is here foretold, while this parable gives us specially what holds true universally on earth, and then guides us to the confines of the other world, discovering there the separation of classes, while it is left for other parables to illustrate more fully the account which God takes of individual characteristics of men, whether in the one class or in the other.

If the kingdom of God be a net, we are first concerned with its *setting*. When and how was this net set in these waters. To this the parable alludes, but with no definite reference to time and manner. "*The kingdom of heaven is like unto a net that was cast into the sea.*" The absence of any statement as to agency in setting the net is to be remarked. There is nothing here which points to an answer to our question. There is nothing after the manner of those other parables, where a woman is seen lighting a candle, or putting leaven among the meal. Beyond doubt, we discover in this *intentional silence*. For though the disciples, when first called, were spoken of as fishers of men, and the occupation of seeking to save souls may at all times be represented under this figure, what is here under our notice is something quite distinct from human efforts to save fellow-men. Consequently, the setting of the net is not represented as accomplished by human agency. Such instrumentality is out of sight here. As belonging to the very essence of divine sovereignty, we are left to think of it as the direct result of divine agency. The net *was* cast into the sea. That is enough to be said, for men were not there to see it done, and could not have done anything to help. Thus it happens to men as to the fishes of the sea: the evidence that the net has been cast into the waters is obtained only by contact with its restraining threads. God, who "divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament," and who appointed boundaries to the ocean, has set his net in these waters beneath, and waiteth the fulness of time when he shall draw it again on the shores of Eternity. Such a representation is suggestive of most solemn, far-reaching thoughts concerning the ways of God in dealing with man, telling us much of those cords, hid from our dull vision, which nevertheless connect the earth with heaven, encircling every individual in the universe, and gathering all under one sway.

We thus pass on to contemplate *the standing of the net in the midst of the waters*. Its presence there im-

plies *enclosure and restriction*. We have seen with what reason we conclude that this enclosure embraces all on earth. Within the net-work of grace men come into life, and within it they pass their whole existence here. The termination of individual life is kept out of view in a parable dealing with the history of the world as a whole. The outspreading influences of divine love and favour enclose all on earth within a fixed restraining boundary, guarding from greater evils than those which already beset life, and closing them in to advantages which had otherwise been utterly lost in the wide ocean where wider severance from God is possible. More terrible iniquity and consequent misery there would be in the world than anything known to us at present, but for the fact that the net of grace is set, and the enclosure is made sure. Within this enclosure there is, doubtless, great variety of ground, involving conditions of life more or less favourable; but there is a universal gain in the provisions by which infinite love has shut in our race to all the advantages belonging to a state of probation, where it is easier to escape destruction and possible to attain to a higher life.

Enclosure implies *restriction*, set up by divine sovereignty in such a manner as to give scope for human liberty. The enclosure of the net does not involve destruction of life for the fishes enclosed by it. There is death for them only if they rush against it, or exhaust themselves while they struggle in its meshes. There is in this respect a complete difference between the net and the fishing-line. The latter implies struggle and death; but the former, while it stands, necessitates none of these. Within the wide enclosure of the net there is natural, easy, and free movement. Still it is of necessity a restricted action by reason of the enclosure, which it is impossible to break through; but the restriction takes the form of irksome constraint only to those which struggle to get beyond it, while it is not even recognized as a restriction by those which find their chosen exercise and feeding-ground within it. These features in the figurative representation of the kingdom of grace, are rich in illustrative significance. By arrangement of divine sovereignty the plan of grace is established, without any power on our part to change it, or pass beyond its range on earth. Yet within its application there is wide scope for personal choice, and full provision for life in all its functions. No doubt, all restraint is apt to seem a hardship—a denial of what might otherwise be obtained. And in the heart of man there is so much that seeks to shun divine control, and so much that resents it, when its uniform continuance is seen to be inevitable, that there are some who rush against the divine restraints as fishes foolishly and vainly rush against the net. Others are so unmoved by signs of sovereign grace around them, or so unobservant, that they live in their own sphere as if divine grace were nothing to them. But to multitudes, restriction is not trial. Sovereignty of grace has fixed restraints, and these are joyfully accepted, while the grace which restricts

our action multiplies our blessings. And the spirit of obedience, though it places checks upon action, also gives direction and impulse to action, guiding life into the fields of richest experience. Everywhere there is freedom, yet chiefly for the highest type of life.

But here we come upon the difficulty,—How are some bad and others good? The net "*gathered of every kind*." The *gathering* is consequent upon the exercise of a power which is above the waters, and which comes into the waters. But the *kinds* are already within the waters, and are not determined by the net which encloses them. Such as they are, the net takes them, and their respective value is determined by the nature they have. The gathering of *every kind*, implies the presence of great varieties. There are not merely two classes, good and bad, but great diversity of kind in each class. Men of all shades of character are to be found within the present dispensation of grace. How, then, is their goodness or badness to be accounted for? The parable offers only a negative reply. As the net does not determine the quality of the fishes enclosed, so neither does merely restraining grace, which takes men as they are, and only hinders them from roaming to still wider latitudes in the possibilities of sin, explain the essential distinction between good and bad. Analogy here, as elsewhere, fails to meet all that is required to afford fulness of teaching. Each parabolic story is capable of telling only a part of the truth. How it happens that, where all are sinful, some are reckoned in one class as good, and some in another class as bad, the present parable contains nothing to explain. For answer to such inquiry, we are referred to what has been already told at an earlier period in parabolic instruction, as to seeking those who are lost, and bringing them to a reconciled Father, to serve in his house and fields. But such explanation having been already given, we are here, according to the requirement of the parable, restricted to a description of two classes of men, as good and bad.

Having now had our attention guided to the evidence, here and there on the surface of the waters, that a vast net is sunk beneath, and having received explanation as to the purpose of its setting, the finger of the Saviour points us forward to a period when, the net being full, there shall be commotion in the midst of the waters, while the net and all within are drawn up upon the shores of an eternal world: "*Which, when it was full, they drew to shore*." The *fulness* of the net is what is said to determine the time for its drawing. Its manner of use is not such that it is cast successively in different waters, taking at one point fewer, and at another point more. But it stands permanently in the same waters, and is not drawn until it is full. It is cast but once; and only once, at the end of time, is it drawn. This feature in the parable makes a wide distinction between what is here referred to, and the work of those who are themselves made fishers of men. Theirs is a toil-some work, of continued casting and drawing. But

with the majesty of divine sovereignty it is otherwise. Silently the net of grace is set, and unmoved it stands, until grace has had full exercise, according to God's sovereign pleasure, and then the whole design of its continuance is accomplished. In this there is no failure.

We must now consider *the drawing of the net*: "Which, when it was full, *they drew to shore*." The casting of the net supposes the work of fishermen, and so also the drawing of it. But as there were no references to the fishermen in the setting of the net, there is indefiniteness here as to the drawing of it. By a freedom of grammatical structure, it is said *they* drew it to shore, though there has been no previous reference to persons. Placed in this form, the expression is equivalent merely to the indefinite statement, it was drawn ashore. The question, How was it drawn? is really left unanswered. And if we glance to the interpretation supplied by our Lord, we shall see that the reference to the angels does not convey information on the point. It is to be observed that in the parable it is explicitly said, "They drew it to shore, and sat down, and gathered the good into vessels, and cast the bad away;" while in the explanatory addition, it is merely said, "The angels shall come forth, and *sever* the wicked from among the just." This latter statement contains nothing which applies to the drawing of the net—the *gathering together* of the righteous and wicked to the eternal world. It seems almost to suggest that the angels have nothing to do with this. It appears to convey the impression that the angels shall be seen coming forth at the command of their sovereign, just as all men are gathered together under the sovereign power which controls all. The angels do not bring men before God—do not take part in the work of judgment—but merely sever from each other the two classes whom God pronounces good and bad. It is thus implied that the constraining hand of God himself brings all men to his feet, as the unerring wisdom and justice of God pronounce the sentence; while the angels as his ministers separate the condemned from those who are divinely accepted. The sovereignty which first set up the restraining influence, in due time applies the constraining power, which brings all to his feet, discovering at once the nature they had in the earthly state.

But around the throne of God stand the ministers of justice who execute his bidding. There is instrumen-

talities employed in the *severance* of the evil from the good. The angels have a part to perform on the great day of adjudication. "He maketh his ministers a flame of fire." "His angels excel in strength that do his commandments, hearkening unto the voice of his word." The judgment is the Lord's; the execution of it is intrusted to his ministers "that do his pleasure."

But here there is something worthy of special attention. There is a divergence of the interpretation from the fulness of the parable, by dropping the reference to the good. The close points only to the wicked. Does this not imply in the mind of the Great Teacher a sympathetic affinity with the parabolic use of the fisher's work, which is essentially a destroying work? Whether the fish taken in the fisher's net be good or bad, there is death for both: for the good, which are gathered into vessels; and for the bad, which are cast away. When, therefore, in reading our Lord's explanation of the parable, we mark the absence of any allusion to the future of the righteous, it is not that he is uninterested in that future, or that he does not wish to dwell upon it; but that, recognizing the inadequacy of earthly imagery, he will not in this connection even suggest what that future shall be, but leaves for succeeding parables special and ample description of the blessed state of the righteous. Now he points, in language highly figurative, with imagery of fire, and doleful lamentation, and distressed gnashing of teeth, to the awful condemnation of those who are evil in heart. Severed from the good, and from their God, they shall be separated from blessedness; and, under the ban of the Judge, their bitterness of soul shall be aggravated by deep and lasting self-condemnation. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked."

If, even by a passing thought, we would wish to give completeness to the circle of illustration, and yet keep clear of detail, which, if hazarded, cannot fail to be awkward and irksome, we must do it by keeping up the figurative allusion. The God who "divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament," transfers vigorous, healthy life, from these lower waters, to the wider expanse of waters in a more genial sphere above, where development can be more rapid and more certain. The net in the waters of Time gathers for transference to the boundless ocean of Eternity.



France and its Reformation.

XII.—FIRST NATIONAL SYNOD OF THE FRENCH PROTESTANT CHURCH.

BY THE REV. J. A. WYLIE, LL.D.

France rejected—Yet a Frenchman chosen to lead the Reformation—Calvin ceases to be the Reformer of France, that he may become the Reformer of Christendom—Early Assemblies of French Protestants—Places of meeting—Contrivances to baffle their enemies—The faithful feel their need of organization—First National Synod—Meets in Paris in 1559—Eleven Deputies—Plan of Church government—The Consistory, the Colloquy, the Provincial Synod, the General Synod—Identity with Scotch plan—The New Testament and Programme of Church Government—Creed of French Church—Outline—Calvinism—Lessons—Equal Progression of French and Scotch Reformation—Marvellous growth of the Protestant Church in France from 1559 to 1572—A monument of brass and a pen of iron.

WE have brought down the history of the Reformation in France to a well-defined stage,—the meeting of the First National Synod of the Reformed Church, with an account of which we shall close this our first series of sketches of "France and its Reformation."

The gospel entered France through the teaching of Lefevre, the venerable doctor of Etaples. It progressed through the translation and diffusion of the Holy Scriptures. The heavenly seed, received into hearts which the Holy Spirit had opened, imparted a new life to men, and, forsaking "the Church," which had become a dead organism unable to convey life, they gathered round the Saviour. They found that where Christ is, there is the Holy Spirit, there is the true life, there is the Church. Some seek the Church in Apostolic Succession, some in the line of Councils, and some in the beauty of cathedrals; these first Christians of France sought it in the Bible, in pure doctrine, in Christ. Among the little communities of disciples which arose in France, having as their teacher the Spirit speaking in the Word, and as their basis of union the truth thus conveyed, one of the earliest and most flourishing of these was the congregation at Meaux. It was a burning and shining light, but for a brief space only. Soon the tempest came down upon it, and scattered its members; and then the light, quenched at Meaux, was kindled in other parts. Meanwhile the gospel was seeking to establish itself in Paris, and from Paris to spread light over all the plains and cities of France. But in the capital it had to encounter two powerful obstacles,—the throne of a voluptuous king, and the influence of the Sorbonne, proud of its learn-

ing and jealous of its fame for orthodoxy. Despite these obstacles, and favoured by the protection of an illustrious convert—Margaret of Valois, the sister of the king—the Reformation made such progress in Paris, that its ultimate triumph appeared not improbable. Stakes were planted, but the converts multiplied. France now seemed to stand on the threshold of the gospel-kingdom. Will it be able to enter? Will it place itself in the van, and lead the nations in this glorious march? Shall it choose that which will bring it a higher glory than all its victories, and a nobler wisdom than all its philosophy? We tremble with anxiety as we put the question. Alas! no: France hesitates, falls back; at length comes the terrible day of the placards. From that hour the fate of France was sealed. O unhappy France! "thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent of God unto thee, how often would I have gathered thee together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but ye would not; therefore your house is left unto you desolate." The choice France then made she has never since been able to reverse. The tears and blood of all the noble Reformers which have arisen within her have not been able to save her. They contended on the battle-field; they died on scaffolds and at stakes; they dwelt in the dens and caves of the mountains; they went forth to suffer the miseries of exile, all for her sake, if perchance their lives might atone for her fault, and bring back the gospel to her. A race of nobler heroes and loftier intellects never adorned any country; but, alas! all their efforts could not place their native land on the roll of Reformed countries. Her history dragged on through great disasters and great crimes, till at

length the 21st of January—fateful day in the annals of France—1793, arrived ; and then God numbered the days of a dominant Papacy in France, and began to call her to a reckoning for the blood of the martyrs of Jesus shed in her in former years.

But though it pleased not God to make choice of France as the leader in the Reformation, it seemed fit to him to bestow, as it were, a compensation for passing her over, by selecting one of her sons to be the great Apostle of the Reformation. We ought never to forget that the greatest of all the Reformers was a Frenchman, although, as we think with pleasure, of Norman lineage. It needed the Northern iron, in union with the subtilty, ideality, and refinement of the South to make an instrument fitted for the work. For undeniably of all the men whom Christ has employed in the service of his Church since the days of Paul, Calvin was by far the greatest. France, it is true, drove him out, not knowing what it did. But what mattered it ? Calvin was no more made for France only, than Paul was made for Judea only ; he was made for Christendom and the world ; and so God, who does all things in a wisdom that is infinite, sundered him from his native land, that he might weaken those home ties and home interests which, had Calvin lived in France, might have circumscribed his range of view, and given too exclusive direction to his labours ; and having called him away from "his father's house and his own people," God placed him where he could see the whole of Christendom and hear the cry of all its nations. In the little and, till Calvin made it his abode, the obscure town of Geneva, he could not but feel that he was a light, not to lighten the Swiss only, but all the peoples of Europe. A coast beacon can but show the way into a single harbour ; the lighthouse standing solitarily in the midst of the great ocean, guides by its blessed ray all voyagers on the deep, whatever the flag they sail under, or the country to which they are bound. Geneva became the lighthouse, not of a little canton only, but of the world.

Calvin has crossed the Alps. He has gone to "salute Italy," and to rest awhile at the court of Renée before taking up his post at Geneva, and beginning his life's work. Let us return to the

French Church. That young vine was sorely shaken by the tempests ; but the fiercer the blasts, the deeper it struck its roots in the soil, and the wider it spread out its branches in heaven. There were few cities or districts in France in which there was not now to be found a little community of disciples. These flocks were without a shepherd to care for them, nor had they church or temple in which to celebrate their worship. The violence of the times taught them to shun observation. Nevertheless they neglected no means of keeping alive the divine life in their souls, and of increasing their knowledge of the Word of God. They met together regularly to read the Bible, and to join in prayer ; and at these gatherings the more intelligent or the more courageous of their number expounded the Scriptures, or delivered a word of exhortation. These teachers, however, confined themselves to doctrine. The sacraments they did not dispense ; for Calvin, who was consulted on the point, gave it as his opinion, that, till they should obtain the services of a regularly ordained ministry, they should forego celebrating the sacrament. They were not careful touching the fashion of the place in which they assembled : it might be a garret, or a barn, or a cave, or a glen in the wilderness, or a glade in the depth of the forest ; enough that they were hidden from the eyes of their enemies. There was One, meet where they might, who was ever in the midst of them ; and their prayers, whether offered in the city-closet or in the desert-cave, were heard on high, and returned in blessings which evoked praises and thanksgivings to Him who seeth in secret. When they met in cities such as Paris they took care that the house had several doors, so that their assembling might attract no notice ; and on these occasions they usually came provided with dice and cards to throw upon the table in the room of their Bibles and psalm-books, should their meeting be broken in upon. Occasionally, at long intervals, they were favoured with the visit of a pastor, who told them how their brethren did in other places, exhorted them to steadfastness, dispensed to them the Supper, and after prolonged communion they took a most affectionate and solemn adieu of each other, as "men appointed unto death," who might never meet again on earth. The lives of these disciples were singularly lovely. Even their

enemies could not withhold the tribute of their admiration at the modest apparel of their women and the manly, upright bearing of the men, and the care with which they kept themselves unstained by the vices of the age. But all the while the flames of persecution were blazing in the great cities. Whether Francis I. ever read the noble appeal, expressing the cry of a suffering Church, which Calvin, as we have seen, had just made to him, we know not. It is probable that he did. But how could a monarch, sinking deeper every day in profligacy and bigotry, appreciate the beauty of its style, the force of its arguments, or the nobility of its sentiments? Certain it is that Francis went on persecuting as before. But if the "Bush" burned, a secret dew fell upon it from the skies, and as the consequence it continued to flourish even in the midst of the fires. For every disciple whose blood the soil of France opened its mouth to receive, there stood up quite a number of converts; so that the ranks of French Christians were recruited by conversion faster than the sword could thin them. We love to linger over these times. Though not the noblest, they were the fairest days of French Protestantism. We say the *fairest*, not the *noblest*; for there is one glory of the Christian who walks with God in private life, and seals his profession with his blood; and another glory of the Christian who, amid the strife of factions and senates, and amid the rude conflicts of the battle-field, walks with God and serves his church and country.

We come now to another important epoch in French Protestantism. It was thirty years after the Reformation entered France till it moulded for itself a regular Church organization. As we have just said, there were no congregations, in our sense of the term, all that while. Little companies of believers there were, scattered over the country, but they were cared for and fed only by the Great Shepherd, who made them lie down in the green pastures of his Word, and by the still waters of his Spirit. This was an incomplete and defective condition. Christ's kingdom possesses "order and government" as well as subjects, and the former has been ordained for the edification and defence of the latter.

In progress of time the want began to be felt; and in the year 1555 an attempt was made to

give to the French Church a stable authority and a recognized discipline. In that year, M. de la Ferrière, the gentleman in whose house the assemblies of the faithful in Paris were held, proposed that they should choose a pastor. There was some unwillingness at first, but it was soon overcome, and the assembly elected a minister, elders, and deacons. The example set in the capital was followed in other towns. All the communities of the Reformed, and especially the two which owed their evangelization to Calvin—Poitiers and Bourges—elected a consistory or staff of office-bearers, in whose hands the government was lodged. Thus the individual congregation came into existence. But the Church of God needs a wider union and a more centralized authority.

Scattered over the wide space that divides the Seine from the Rhone and the Garonne, the Reformed congregations were very much isolated and apart. But they had duties, interests, and dangers in common, and they felt that they needed a more comprehensive union than a mere congregational one. They did not wish to encroach upon the independent rights of individual congregations, or fetter their free action in the least, but they aimed at an organization which should yet bring into play the united wisdom and united strength of the whole body, and make it available for its government and defence. The nature of the Church of Christ, as well as the constitution of society, civil and religious, warranted, nay, demanded such an organization. Accordingly in 1558 came the resolution to invite deputies from all the congregations to meet in Paris and settle the autonomy of the French Church. Paris was selected as the place of meeting, not because any preëminence or dignity was supposed to belong, as Theodore Beza remarks, to the Church of the capital, but simply because in no other city of France could so many ministers and elders convene and attract so little attention. The deputy of the smallest congregation stood on a perfect equality with the deputy of the metropolitan church.

Only eleven congregations obeyed the summons. Not that they were indifferent to the object, but because the perils to be faced were great. The gibbet was standing in the public places; penal laws were suspended above the heads of the Reformed; and should their assembling be known, or

their place of meeting discovered, the whole body of deputies would, without fail, have been led to the scaffold. And so when the day came only eleven deputies appeared. The Synod met on the 25th May 1559; and it was presided over by Pastor Francois Morel, Sieur of Collonges.

There is a moral sublimity in this meeting which commands our homage. The enemy were on the track of these men. The stake stood ready for them. But they were called to lay the foundations of the House of God in their native land, and they felt that they must do the work although the first stones should be cemented with their blood. They had no guards save the shadow of the Almighty; but with a calm dignity and a serene power they proceeded to their task, deliberately arranging all matters appertaining to the doctrine, the constitution, and the government of the French Reformed Church. This work much concerned the welfare of France both then and in ages to come, and in settling the fashion and order of the house they were called to rear they had respect to the pattern shown them in the Mount of Revelation.

Let us sketch briefly the constitution of the French Reformed Church as settled at its first National Synod. First came the congregation, with its minister, elders, and deacons—the Consistory, as it was termed. This was the foundation of the whole. The elders and deacons were elected by the members of the congregation: the pastor was nominated by the Provincial Synod, but could not be ordained except the congregation expressed its consent, after opportunity being given of testing his gifts and special fitness for their edification.

Next came the second grade, the Colloquy or Presbytery. The Colloquy was made up of all the congregations of a certain district; each congregation being represented in it by one pastor and one elder. The Colloquy must meet not less than twice a year.

The third grade was the Provincial Synod. It comprehended all the colloquies of a certain district, and was composed of one pastor and one elder from each congregation of the province over which it exercised ecclesiastical rule. The Provincial Synods met at least once a year, and gave judgment in all cases of appeal from the court

below, and generally in all affairs deemed of too great weight to be determined by the Colloquy.

Finally, at the head of this organization was the National Synod. It was composed of two pastors and two elders from each of the Provincial Synods of France. It was the court of highest judicature: it determined all great causes and heard all appeals, and to its authority all were subject. It was presided over by a pastor chosen by the members. His preëminence was entirely official, and was at an end when the Synod rose.

Such was the constitution of the Reformed Church of France. It was out and out Presbyterian. It was, in fact, our own Scottish ecclesiastical platform, planned, however, before ours existed—the Consistory answering to our Kirk-Session, the Colloquy to our Presbytery, the Provincial Synod to our Synod, and the National Synod to our General Assembly. We trace the masterly hand of Calvin in this arrangement. Not that the first builders of the French Church were content to work simply as Calvin directed—their eyes were upon the Master-builder; they knew the plan was not Calvin's but Christ's; that its principles were contained in the Bible; and that in carrying it out they did well to avail themselves of the marvellous constructive genius with which God had endowed Calvin for the good of his Church.

There is a grand programme of Presbyterian Church government sketched in the New Testament. It is brief, but most comprehensive, and is as follows: "One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." This determines two grand principles: first, that the Church has a government—"One is your master, even Christ;" and, second, that a perfect liberty and equality ought to reign among all the members—"All ye are brethren." Between these two poles—the headship of Christ and the brotherhood of believers—must every sound scheme of church government lie. Let us see how many things this great fundamental principle determines. It shuts out absolutely all authority and rule except Christ's—"One is your master." It shuts out absolutely all law, statute, and decree but Christ's as contained in the Bible—"One is your master, even Christ." It shuts out all rulers and office-bearers but those whom Christ has appointed, and

it secures that the rule which they exercise is not their own but Christ's. They cannot make laws; they can only administer those Christ has made. It further determines that those called to office in the Church form no privileged caste and have no inherent superiority over others—"All ye are brethren." Their government is not lordly but ministerial. It determines, further, that the call of Christ and the consent of the people shall meet in the case of all who exercise ecclesiastical authority. Christ calls them by clothing them with gifts, and the people consent by choosing them to exercise those gifts among them. For while on the divine side the power they exercise is Christ's, on the human side it is the Church's, being simply the offices and powers with which Christ has endowed the Church for her good; and so it follows that no one man is entitled to perform any act of authority or government whatever in the Church; all such acts must be done by the constituted body of rulers to whom Christ on the one side and the people on the other have delegated the power. "One is your master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren."

These two grand elements, authority and equality, were finely developed in the organization of the French Church as settled by its first Synod. The broad basis on which the scheme rested was the Christian brotherhood; the apex in which it culminated was Christ the one king; and its outcome was liberty. It was a marvellous creation for the sixteenth century. In it we see the principle of universal representation—in other words, of constitutional government—realized, and set aworking in the Church, a full hundred years before it had been adopted by the State. Subsequent Synods have added nothing of moment to the constitution of the French Reformed Church.

If the government of the Protestant Church of France was Presbyterian, not less was the doctrine of its standards Calvinism. The articles agreed upon, forty in number, included, among other truths, the following:—The Bible the supreme and only rule; the Trinity; God's eternal ordination of all things; the fall, and original sin; the election of some to everlasting life; a free redemption by Christ, very God and very man; the call of sovereign and omnipotent grace; justification by faith alone; renewal by

the Spirit; the divine institution of the ministry; two sacraments only, baptism and the Lord's Supper; Christ's headship, and exclusive right to rule in his Church. Such is an outline of the Confession of Faith of the Reformed Church of France.

There are several things worthy of remark here. First, this was the doing of the Church herself. It was the spontaneous action of the divine life in the hearts of believing men, drawing them together, and moulding them into an organized Church under Christ their Head. The work was far enough from being either suggested or fostered by the State. As the temple rose of old, so did the Reformed Church of France, in silence. If the sound of State edicts was heard, it was not to protect her assemblies, or impart authority to her decisions, but to plant stakes for her members. Second, the harmony in point of doctrine between the Church of France and the other Churches of the Reformation is very remarkable. How came this? The answer is easy. All the Reformed Churches drew their Confession of Faith from the same source,—the Word of God. Verily, we need no infallible human authority to guard us against a diversity of doctrines, or a variety of interpretations. The honest study of the Bible, with prayer to the Spirit, always leads to unanimity of sentiment in divine things. Of this the harmony of the Reformed Confessions is an enduring monument. It is only when men begin to speculate, and leave the Word of God, that they stray into error and divide into sects.

It is interesting, further, to mark the equal progression of the Reformation in France and in Scotland. The first Synod of the French Church was held in Paris, 1559; the first General Assembly of the Scotch Church was held in Edinburgh the year after, 1560. The French National Synod consisted of eleven, the first Scotch Assembly of twelve, ministers, to which, however, are to be added a few lay deputies. The Confession framed by the French Synod consists of forty articles; that of the English Church of thirty-nine; and that of the Scotch Church of thirty-three. These coincidences between the two Churches, in time and in other matters, have their interest; but the more

interesting fact is their agreement, already pointed out, in the two grand substantials of Calvinistic doctrine and Presbyterian government. Would that the career of the Church in France had more nearly coincided with that of her sister in Scotland! Both have suffered persecution; but we may say, *comparatively*, that the one has trodden a path watered with her tears, the other, a path watered with her blood.

The times subsequent to the holding of this assembly were times of great prosperity to the Protestant Church of France. God's Spirit was largely shed down; the pastors were multiplied; the congregations waxed powerful, their knowledge and piety keeping pace with their numbers. The following picture of the French Church at this era is from QUICK: "The holy word of God is duly, truly and powerfully preached in churches and fields, in ships and houses, in vaults and cellars, in all places where the gospel ministers can have admission and conveniency, and with singular success. Multitudes are convinced and converted, established and edified. Christ rideth out upon the white horse of the ministry, with the sword and the bow of the gospel preached, conquering and to conquer. His enemies fall under him, and submit themselves unto him. Oh! the unparalleled success of the plain and zealous sermons of the first reformers! Multitudes flock in like doves into the windows of God's ark. As innumerable drops of dew fall from the womb of the morning, so hath the Lord Christ the dew of his youth. The Popish churches are drained, the Protestant temples are filled. The priests complain that their altars are neglected; their masses are now indeed solitary. Dagon cannot stand before God's ark. Children and persons of riper years are catechised in the rudiments and principles of Christian religion, and can give a comfortable account of their faith, a reason of the hope that is in them. By this ordinance do their pious pastors prepare them for communion with the Lord at his holy table."

The Church of France continued to flourish till 1571; in that year she attained her palmiest state. In 1571 was holden the Synod of Rochelle, over which the celebrated Theodore Beza presided as moderator. The sittings were attended by the Queen of Navarre, several princes

of the blood, and a great number of barons, gentlemen, and burgesses. Nearly half the population of France were now Protestant, and had Paris and the court gone over to the cause its triumph would have been complete. As it was, the growth of the French Church was wonderful. The number of congregations was now 2150. The membership of many of these congregations amounted to thousands. The church of Orleans was served by five pastors, and had 7000 on its communion-roll. In some there were not fewer than 10,000 members and a proportionate number of pastors. The court and the capital were still hostile. In 1572—the year succeeding the Rochelle Synod—came the St. Bartholomew massacre. That left little but ruins where the fair and flourishing Church of France had stood. It took a century to recover from the blow, if it has recovered to this day; and then came another stroke, almost as terrible as the former, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, under Louis XIV., when the dragoons, jailers, and executioners of a priest-ridden voluptuary were let loose to root out the Protestant Church of France. Again came scaffolds swimming in blood, and again came hundreds of thousands, fleeing from their homes, and in nakedness and hunger crowding the frontier. These scenes went on, with more or less intensity, till 1789, when the Revolution came, and took from court and priesthood the power of persecuting.

It can never be too frequently nor too emphatically proclaimed that the true explanation of the state of modern France is that persecution paved the way for revolution. By repeated massacres, executions, and banishments, the country was drained of its intelligence, its arts, its industry, its political order, and its morality. Thus the door was opened for the entrance, first, of the atheism of Voltaire, and, second, for the anarchy of the Revolution. "This truth," as the late Dr. Mc'Crie said, "on account of the important admonitions it conveys to the present and succeeding generations, deserves not merely to be recorded with pen and ink, but to be graven with a pen of iron, and the point of a diamond, on a monument more durable than brass." That monument is France herself, and the graving pen is the finger of Providence.

THE GOSPEL IN MADAGASCAR.

IN TWO PAPERS.

II.

PERSECUTION burst forth with increased violence in February 1849. Great numbers of all ranks were arrested. Fearless yet meek was the attitude of the Christians, when, before their judges, they refused the oath which recognized the idols and imprecated curses on all who violated it, and bore noble testimony to the one true God and to the only Saviour of men. From nobles and slaves, man and woman, came the same clear witness—"I shall not pray to stone and wood. Steps are made with stone, and houses are built with wood, and the idols are only cuttings of wood. Why should I worship them? I believe in God, who alone can do all things for me, and I wish to obey whatever he commands me; I put my trust in Jesus Christ, the Saviour and Redeemer of all that believe on him." A vast assembly gathered on the day following the trials, when, amid the booming of cannon, the preachers, teachers, Scripture-readers, and worshippers of the true God, were conducted by the soldiery down into the plain to hear sentence pronounced. Most impressive of all was that part of the procession which consisted of those doomed to death. They were wrapped in torn and soiled matting in token of their degradation, bound together to poles, and pieces of filthy rags were forced into their mouths to prevent them from speaking of Christ. Onward they marched in solemn silence—nobles, civilians, and slaves—a glorious company of martyrs. Gathered on the wide plain, sentence was delivered. About two thousand were condemned to lesser though severe punishments—fines, deprivation of rank and office, public flogging, and perpetual bondage. Prince Ramonja was a heavy sufferer in rank and substance. But a higher honour was reserved for those eighteen in chains. Four of them were nobles, and they were sentenced to be burned alive, and their wives and children reduced to slavery. They were at once carried from the plain to the highest part of the hill on which the city stands, and as they went they sang for joy of heart. Fastened to the stake, and with the flames rising around them, they still prayed and sang praise. Thrice did heavy rain quench the fire and prolong their agonies; but they fainted not. A triple rainbow, emblem of God's covenant faithfulness, spanned heaven's high arch as their triumphant spirits entered into rest. A spectator records: "They prayed as long as they had any life. Then they died; but softly, gently. Indeed, gentle was the going forth of their life, and astonished were all the people around that beheld the burning of them there." For the other fourteen another death was reserved. They were conducted to the top of a lofty precipice on the edge of the western

crest of the hill—the Tarpeian rock of Madagascar, now crowned with a noble memorial church. They were taken, one by one, and pushed, rolled, or kicked over the curving slope, whence they fell fifty or sixty feet to a projecting ledge, and, bounding from it, they fell one hundred feet down among the jagged rocks. One young woman was spared. The mangled bodies were then dragged to the place where the nobles were burned, and the whole consumed on one vast pile. Thus closed a day ever memorable and glorious in the annals of the Malagasy Church.

From about this period till 1857, the Christians, though still proscribed and subject to frequent annoyances, enjoyed a measure of repose. The queen's son still continued to manifest some interest in them; he sometimes had them in the palace to read and pray with him, and they were fain to indulge hopes regarding him which were never realized. Between 1853 and 1856, Mr. Ellis paid three visits to Madagascar; only on the last occasion was he able to reach the capital. Of these an interesting account was published soon after. He had a great deal of intercourse in secret with the native Christians, and learned much regarding their condition and wants. The simple organization maintained among them for the observance of the ordinances and reception of converts, and the touching narrative of long and patient suffering, he gathered from their own lips. With deep emotion he looked upon the scenes of the martyrs' deaths, especially that fatal rock from which so many of them were hurled. Little indeed could he do for them; but his presence, sympathy, and counsel were precious, and dear beyond all price were the few books which he managed to convey to them. Little did he anticipate that within a year after his departure this long-tried Church would again be in the fierce furnace. The occasion of this final outbreak was the discovery of a conspiracy for the dethronement of the queen and the accession of her son. It was fostered, if not originated, by some French residents, who had obtained an unhappy influence over the young prince. The charge of sedition had often been brought against the Christians, and it served on this occasion also, though they had no share in the plot. The French were summarily dismissed, and the helpless Christians doomed to bear the whole brunt of the royal anger. The soldiers were sent to scour the country and bring in the victims. More than two hundred suffered. Some, and these the highest in rank, the most distinguished for piety, devotedness, and usefulness, were stoned to death. Eight died from the effects of the poison-ordeal; about sixty were chained together by the neck and banished to a distant region, where one half died a lingering, cruel

death, and many were reduced to irredeemable slavery. In this terrible crisis the friendship of the princes was invaluable. They provided places of shelter and means of subsistence to some, and aided others to escape. Of all their persecutions that of 1867 was most keenly felt by this afflicted people; but in the goodness of God it was the last. In 1861, Queen Ranavalona, the devoted slave of superstition and relentless persecutor of the followers of Jesus, died, and was succeeded by her son, Radama II.; and with her decease closed the martyr-age, the second epoch in the history of the Madagascar mission.

Ere passing on, we may well cast a glance backward, and mark the condition of this Church at the beginning and the close of this period, that we may admire the wondrous doings of the Lord. When the English missionaries left the island, the Church was in the immaturity of early childhood. It was but recently gathered; knowledge and experience were imperfect. It seemed to the heathen power that it would be no difficult task to crush this feeble society, and extinguish the very name of Christian. Little did the adversary understand the firm conviction of the truth and the power of the love of Christ in the heart of his people. Little thought they of the source of the Christian's strength, or the unseen influence of the Holy Spirit. Directing against this infant Church all the forces which fanaticism and despotism could command, it was found to be in vain. Faster than they destroyed the servants of Jesus fresh witnesses arose. In crushing this plant of heaven they diffused its fragrance more widely. Their efforts to quench this heaven-kindled light only made it shine more brightly. Not only by the higher faith which they professed, but by a purer life, individual and social, were the Christians distinguished from the heathen; and this practical separation from iniquity impressed many with a sense of the superiority of the gospel. For twenty-six years this Church was exposed to persecution; it was cut off from human sympathy and help; no missionary went out and in among them: yet when its trials closed in 1861, what was its condition as compared with 1835? When the proclamation of the queen proscribed Christianity, its avowed adherents numbered between one and two thousand, and the communicants two hundred. But when the old queen died, so marvellous had been the progress of the gospel that its adherents numbered more than ten thousand, and the communicants twelve hundred. And during the interval, be it remembered, upwards of ten thousand had suffered for their faith in Christ in different forms—death, chains, slavery, fines, and degradation. This was the blessed fruit of persecution. Here was a remarkable proof of the enduring vitality and power of the simple Word of God, and a striking illustration of the well-known saying, whose truth some doubt because the springing of the seed may be delayed,—The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church. God was the stay and defence of his persecuted saints; his Word was their guide and comfort; and the Holy Spirit, as they

gladly attested, was their best Teacher. Wonderfully did God bring the counsel of the wicked to nought, and make the wrath of man to praise him. The feeble child of 1835 stood forth in 1861 in all the vigour and hopefulness of youth. .

The third period of the history of the Madagascar mission extends from 1861 to 1868, and includes the reigns of Radama II. and Rasoherina. During this time Christianity was a legally tolerated religion. The interest that gathers round it is different, both in kind and intensity, from that which invests the preceding period with its peculiar attractions. Among the first acts of the new king was the proclamation of religious freedom; every man was declared to be at liberty to profess Christianity and act according to its precepts, while no one would suffer for retaining his old beliefs. The sentences of banishment, slavery, and imprisonment against the adherents of the gospel were cancelled; and the return of the captives and exiles, worn and wasted as many of them were, so that their friends could scarcely recognize them, produced the deepest interest among the Christian population. Wives, children, and relatives rejoiced to receive back those whom they had given up for dead. Yet it was a joy not unmixed with sadness, as they recalled the bitter experience of the past, and the touching memories of those loved ones who would never return. Some, indeed, returned only to die in their new Christian homes; others to labour for him they loved so well. To the missionaries, who soon reëntered the country, it was unspeakable joy to mark how the cause had grown under persecution, and to see captives and exiles return, bringing with them the living evidences of their zeal, the first-fruits of distant tribes won to the Saviour. Realizing the change in their position, how deeply could the emancipated Church enter into the spirit of the old Hebrew hymn:—

"When Sion's bondage God turned back, as men that dreamed were we.
Then filled with laughter was our mouth, our tongue with melody:
They 'mong the heathen said, The Lord great things for them hath wrought.
The Lord hath done great things for us, whence joy to us is brought."

The arrival of additional labourers gave a fresh stimulus to the Christian cause; and now that all external hindrances were removed, it spread rapidly among the population of the capital. Large congregations were formed, and native agents carried the gospel message to surrounding villages. An abundant supply of the Scriptures was provided, and eagerly bought by the people. A lively interest in the history and position of the mission was awakened in England; and the proposal of Mr. Ellis, sanctioned by the London Missionary Society, to erect memorial churches on the spots where the martyrs suffered, was responded to by the contribution of the magnificent sum of £13,000. The king readily granted the sites, and the people heartily entered into the work—masters and servants, women and children,

took part therein. But what of the king himself? In his earlier years he had greatly befriended the Christians, he had manifested some interest in divine things, and hopes were awakened respecting him destined only to be blasted. When he became king he still showed the same abhorrence of cruelty and bloodshed; he had no faith in the idols, and refused to present offerings or to permit them to occupy their accustomed place at his coronation. But he was not a Christian. His conduct in the government was marked by great imprudence; his counsellors were too often men ready to encourage him in the sensual indulgence to which he became more and more addicted, and which gradually undermined his constitution. He became the victim of superstitious fears, awakened by pretended messages from his ancestors, bearing on the position and progress of Christianity. He had thrown open his ports to free-trade, and the country was speedily deluged with ardent spirits, to the grievous injury of the people. Discontent spread rapidly; a revolution broke out in the capital; the king was assassinated, and his queen was offered and accepted the vacant throne. Rasoherina was a wise and considerate sovereign. At her accession, the first elements of constitutional government were introduced into Madagascar, representatives of the nobles and of the people being associated with her in the weightier matters affecting life and property. She was not a Christian: on the contrary, she was reckoned the head of the heathen party; but she fully guaranteed all their privileges to the Christians. And when she declared that every one was at liberty to worship God according to his conscience, and to teach his religion to others with equal freedom and security, it was felt that the vital energy of heathenism was gone, that it was henceforth more a name than a power in the land. To the Christians, the queen showed much personal good-will; she placed her adopted children under their care, and restrained the more violent adherents of her party, who were impatient at the progress of the gospel. The chief cause of annoyance during her reign was that the diviners appointed many court pageants and amusements to take place on the Sabbath, and that public duties were often assigned to Christians on that day which greatly interfered with its due observance. All the queen's movements were regulated by the diviners; but wherever she went, arrangements were made that her Christian attendants should have opportunity to wait on their religious duties. Faithful at all times to the promise she had given, it was no wonder that her Christian subjects should be ready to tender the tokens of a hearty allegiance, which they did in a vast procession of seven or eight thousand on Christmas-day 1864.

Meantime the work of evangelization proceeded with astonishing rapidity. The mission staff was reinforced; the churches were more regularly organized under fixed pastors; steps were taken for training a native ministry; a medical mission was established, and proved eminently successful; and rapid progress was made in the erection

of the memorial churches, the first of which was opened for public worship in 1867. The utmost attention was given to the instruction of the young, and schools were opened wherever practicable. In 1866 there were about eighty city and village congregations, with four thousand five hundred communicants. From the capital, the word spread far and wide through the land. Young men trained in the mission schools were sent forth to evangelize the more distant villages. Slaves returning to the Sakalava country, after an absence of twenty years, carried to their native home the precious message of the gospel, and found ready listeners to the truth that maketh free. A new treaty, securing greater privileges, was ratified with Great Britain. Along with the treaty came a request from our noble Queen to the sovereign of Madagascar, that the Christians should no more be subjected to persecution for their religion; to which request Queen Rasoherina cheerfully and promptly responded. It was becoming more manifest to all that, despite the personal adherence of the queen, and frequent processions in honour of the national gods, the heathen party was gradually losing ground. In one place, the keepers of the idols were among the most attentive hearers of the gospel when proclaimed at the gates of one of the sacred cities from which Christians were quite excluded. Rasoherina died in 1868, and was succeeded by the present queen, under the title of Ranaivalona II.

With her accession begins the fourth period in the history of this most interesting mission. Ten years ago Christianity was a proscribed religion; five years ago it was tolerated under a heathen sovereign; now it is virtually triumphant under a Christian government. Nothing could show more distinctly the hold which the gospel had obtained than the fact that a queen, known to be favourable, if not an actual convert to, the long-persecuted religion of the cross, should be so peacefully installed in sovereign authority. Opposition was threatened, but it had no direct connection with either heathenism or Christianity, adherents of the latter being found among those unfavourable to the accession of the present ruler. The avowed followers of Christ were still a small minority of the people; but the influence of the gospel was felt where it was not acknowledged, and faith in the old national heathenism was undermined, even where the profession remained. The progress made during the brief period that has since elapsed is most remarkable. Four facts may be specified as showing the mighty change that has taken place in the position and influence of Christianity. The first was the entire neglect of the idols at the coronation of the new queen. No place was assigned to them or to their keepers; but instead thereof there was the Bible, and passages from it were written over the royal canopy. The next was the baptism of the queen and her prime-minister. In this service native pastors alone were employed, the whole matter having been arranged without consulting the English missionaries, thereby depriving the Popish priests of any pretext for seeking access to the palace;

for they insist on enjoying every privilege granted to the Protestant missionaries. Another fact, more recent still, is the public destruction of the old national idols. This event, which could not have been very long delayed, was hastened by the treasonable language of the keepers. Enraged at the contempt into which their charge had fallen, and especially at being overlooked on public occasions, some of them were imprudent enough to hint that the idols had medicine that killed. This being regarded as pointing to the use of poison, prompt measures were taken by the government. Officers were sent to the sacred cities, by whom the insignificant objects so long venerated by the people were publicly burned. Many trembled as they saw the once dreaded things crackling in the flames; but the spell was broken—the gods could not protect themselves from ignominy and destruction. So the people brought their charms and burned them; and chiefs of many towns and villages, following the example of the queen, destroyed their old objects of worship. And so the Malagasy government is no longer heathen either in name or fact. It has broken finally, as we hope, with the past, and entered on a career which, under a wise government and the benign influence of the gospel, shall issue in the rapid progress and true prosperity of the people. Another interesting fact is, the formation of a Home Missionary Society, under the patronage of the queen, and composed of all the congregations in the city and suburbs. Its object is to send forth and maintain well-qualified evangelists in those parts of the country that are yet in darkness. It is supported by money gifted by the queen, increased by the free contributions of the Christian community. This is certainly a mark of zeal and vitality. Nothing can show more clearly the deep interest which the queen takes in this enterprise than the letter she addressed to the preachers when entering on their work. She earnestly counsels them to preach the Word of God only, to seek the increase of the kingdom of Christ, warns them against leading the people astray, and affectionately commends them to God. As may easily be conceived, all this has given great prominence to Christianity. Towns and villages where the idols have been destroyed have sent to the missionaries, saying, "Now we have burned our idols, you must send men to teach us the truth." About one hundred and fifty such places were reported a year ago to be waiting for Christian instruction. The number of settled congregations grows rapidly, and large accessions are made to the communion of the Church. The professedly Christian population is believed to be over sixty thousand in number. The leading men in the government, the chief officers of the army, the most active and intelligent of the youth, are all Christians. The capital is rapidly approaching the position of being a Christian city, and that must exercise a powerful influence towards the evangelizing of the other portions of the island.

There is nothing in the whole history of modern missions to be compared with the astonishing progress

of the cause of Christ in Madagascar; on no other field has the blessing of the Most High so gloriously crowned the labours and sufferings of his faithful servants. Fifty years ago it was a land full of idols; now in hundreds of places idolatry is altogether renounced, the national idols have been destroyed, and a Christian queen reigns. Fifty years ago there was no written language, no schools, thick darkness overspread the land; now the language has been reduced to writing, schools established, education is eagerly sought after, and the sacred Scriptures scattered in thousands over the land. Fifty years ago there was not a Christian in the island, cruelty and tyranny reigned, slavery and sorcery combined to destroy the people; now the Christians are numbered by tens of thousands, the Sabbath is observed as a day of sacred rest, splendid churches adorn the capital, in scores of villages are sanctuaries for the worship of the true God, liberty civil and religious is guaranteed, sorcery is despised, and many of the diviners are earnest students of the sacred oracles. Fifty years ago the whole people were sunk in deepest impurity, flagrant vice brought no blush of shame; now an elevating process has begun, and society is being leavened with the principles of Christian morality. Within the Christian community the change in this respect is, of course, most manifest. Even there it is far from being perfect; for it takes a long time, and most careful, prudent, persevering effort, to destroy the influence of ancient customs, to throw off habits of speech, thought, and action which have become hereditary, to educate the heathen intellect, and train the blunted moral sense up to the standard of common Christian morality. Considering the former condition of the people, this has already been attained in no small measure; and the missionaries are giving faithful attention to the maintenance of discipline, and are earnestly labouring to elevate the standard of Church fellowship. And the effect is highly beneficial even on those who have not renounced their heathenism: unconsciously they are affected by the indirect influence of Christianity; and licentious customs, which not long ago were all but universal, and followed without compunction or shame, are given up even by the idolaters.

Without at all claiming, on the one hand, for the native Christians of Madagascar a higher position in respect of scriptural knowledge and consistent morality than is reasonably to be expected in a people just emerged out of heathen darkness; without concealing, on the other hand, the fact that their history discloses many instances of high moral and spiritual excellence, developed amid terrible trials,—there are features which characterize this mission Church which may well shame Christian communities more highly favoured. Of what Christian Church at home will it be found true, as is asserted regarding the Christian families in Antananarivo, that in all of them family-worship is regularly maintained? How rare is it to find such intense desire for scriptural instruction, such diligence in frequenting the house of God, and waiting on Bible

classes both for old and young, as appears at present among the Malagasy! Most encouraging is the spirit of self-help evoked among them, their willingness to do what they can for themselves in the way of erecting churches and sustaining a gospel ministry. The ardent missionary spirit by which they are animated is a most pleasing and hopeful feature—each true convert feels himself to be a missionary, bound to do all he can for the Master that has called him; and we have already seen that they are uniting their energies and means to send the glad tidings of salvation to the distant provinces still lying in heathen darkness. Would that we had more of family religion, more earnest thirsting for the word of life, more of this home-missionary spirit in the Churches at home! How soon might we expect then to see a blessed change in the cities and rural districts of our native land!

The prospects of this most interesting mission are in the meantime bright and hopeful. Still we can discern possible sources of danger and trial in the future. Now that the government is Christian, there is a danger lest the people should rush thoughtlessly into the Christian Church, without genuine conviction of the truth of the gospel or spiritual experience of its power. Accustomed, under the old state of things, to show great deference to their rulers in religious matters, they are naturally prone to do so still. Formalists there are, no doubt, already within the Church; but any such increase of these, as in the circumstances may be feared, would be a great calamity. To lessen this danger as much as possible will require the utmost firmness, vigilance, and prudence on the part of the missionaries. Related to this is another danger,—that of the interference of the government with the carrying on of Christian work. So far there has been nothing seriously to complain of in the official acts of the authorities; and it would be very much to be deplored if the traditions and practices of heathen rule should be carried out by a Christian government, or state authority trammel the free development of Christianity among the people. Again, emissaries of Popery are there; and hence arises no small danger. As yet, though permitted to live and work in their own way, they have very little influence, and have achieved no success. One of them has confessed that their chief obstacle is the knowledge of the Word possessed by the people—a singular testimony to the success of the Protestant mission, and implying that ignorance is a necessary condition of the success of Romish efforts. Yet knowing the variety of instrumentality which they employ, the wily, accommodating, and unscrupulous character of their system and their working, their procedure will require to be closely watched. Their aim, doubtless, will be to obtain influence with the authorities, and so achieve for themselves a better position with the people. Hitherto the government

has acted wisely in this matter. The risk of collision with other societies may also be regarded as a possible source of trouble. The work has been almost wholly carried on by the London Missionary Society; but its agents welcome the labourers sent by other societies, on the reasonable understanding that where there is abundance of room they select a field for themselves, and do not interfere with the agencies already in operation. In this way they coöperate peacefully with the agents of the Society of Friends, the Baptists, and the Norwegian Society. The chief source of anxiety has been the doings of the Church Missionary Society. strenuous efforts were made by this body to have an Anglican bishop stationed at the capital. Such a course, besides being at variance with the understanding among the different societies not to traverse each other's fields of labour, was certain to prove very injurious to the cause of Christ, to introduce rival sects, to provoke controversy, and distract the attention of both teachers and people from the great work of evangelization. Happily, this danger is in the meantime past: the bishop-elect has declined the appointment; and it is to be hoped that nothing of this nature will again be attempted. The field is large, and the labourers few; there is ample room to dwell apart and be more useful.

We look back over these fifty years of the Church history of Madagascar with emotions of deepest wonder and liveliest gratitude. Manifestly it has been God's work, bearing the stamp of his approval, carried forward by him in spite of great obstacles and amid heaviest trials. He has glorified his own great name; he has shown himself to be "wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working." He has given fresh illustration of the undiminished power and vitality of his own Word; he has anew confirmed what Scripture has taught us, that for the accomplishment of his declared purpose—the regeneration of the world, and its subjection to Messiah—no miraculous divine manifestation is needed—the Word and the Spirit of God will accomplish it. Like most others, the Christian Church of Madagascar has been cradled midst the raging storm; it has passed through fiery trials, and come forth strong and pure. Other trials may be in store for it in the future. May the same Divine Spirit, whose grace and power have so gloriously shone forth in the past, be still vouchsafed to guide in prosperous times, and sustain in days of darkness and trouble, and make this Church, now rising in its strength, an honoured instrument in advancing the cause of Christ! Let the Churches at home sustain it with ceaseless prayers and continued and enlarged aid: there is every encouragement. Let this island be wholly enlightened; and who can tell what influence it may then exert for good on the neighbouring continent of Africa, and on the kindred races inhabiting the great islands of the Indian Archipelago!

M. N.



CHRIST IS BORN TO DIE FOR US.*

"He [the Seed of the woman] shall bruise thy [the serpent's] head, and thou shalt bruise His heel."—GEN. III. 15.



HIS promise fastens the deadly bite of the serpent to the Saviour of sinners. His birth points to his death; his coming into the world points to his going out of the world. It was on Golgotha that the old serpent gave the Saviour the deadly bite in his heel, which went quite through his foot, fastening it to the cross with iron nails. The promise directs us from the manger to the cross, from Bethlehem to Golgotha.

The deadly serpent, with its deadly poison, was slain on Golgotha. The sufferings which Jesus endured from his birth until his death neither killed the serpent nor took from it its deadly venom. The serpent gave proofs of its existence after the birth of Jesus. It was able to put poisonous, treacherous thoughts into the heart of Judas Iscariot; it could so mislead the chief priests and scribes that they falsely accused the Saviour. The serpent killed Jesus; and nothing less than his sufferings and death on the cross could destroy the serpent.

The promise of our Saviour's birth directs us to Golgotha. We have at the manger a glance of the Lamb of God, who by his death on the cross should destroy hell, sin, the devil, and all the evil consequences of the fall of man. "A sword shall pierce through thy [Mary's] own soul also" (Luke ii. 35). Simeon beheld in the temple the fulfilled promise of the Saviour for sinners. He took Jesus into his arms; but in spite of the joy that he felt at the Saviour's birth, he could not be silent concerning the sword which should pierce the soul of Mary. The sword entered Mary's soul when the Saviour, having been numbered among transgressors, died a transgressor's death.

Forty days after the birth of Jesus, Simeon directs us to the spot to which the first promise points. He directs us to Golgotha. Joy at the birth of Christ, and the word of pain concerning his death, were for Simeon inseparably connected in Christ. Golgotha is the spot to which Bethlehem brings its offering. The accursed wood of the cross stands at the manger as a way-mark for the life of Jesus. Simeon says: Christ is born to die for us.

"When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them which were under the law" (Gal. iv. 4, 5). "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us" (Gal. iii. 13). Christ was made a curse for us on the accursed tree.

"The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many" (Matt. xx. 28). Our Lord's words confirm those both of St. Paul and of Simeon, and they confirm likewise the first promise. Jesus came into the world with the intention of giving his God-incarnate life as a ransom for us; and the constant aim of that life, which he willed to give unto death for our sake, was to serve us. Christ confirmed the word, that he was born to die for us.

What the Saviour taught his disciples concerning the purpose of his birth has been imparted by them to others.

Barnabas says in his epistle: "Since, therefore, he was about to be manifested and to suffer in the flesh, his suffering was revealed beforehand." Again: "The Son of God came in the flesh, therefore, with this view, that he might take on himself the sum of the sins of those who had persecuted his prophets to the death."

The holy Apostles' Creed places the sufferings and death of Jesus in immediate connection with his birth; for it says: I believe "in Jesus Christ, his only Son, our Lord, who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead, and buried."

The Nicene Creed, as the Apostles' Creed, declares that the purpose of Christ's birth was fulfilled in his death; and it therefore places the acknowledgment of his crucifixion immediately after that of his incarnation.

In like faith Jerome (according to a manual of devotions not well known) is supposed thus to address the child Jesus:—

"I must give thee something, sweet child. I will give thee all my gold."

"The child Jesus answers: 'Heaven and earth are mine; I have need of nothing. Give thy gold to the poor, and I will accept it as if it had been given to me.'

"Jerome.—'I will do this willingly, beloved Jesu; but I must also give thee something for thyself, or I shall die of sorrow.'

"Jesus.—'Since thou art so generous, I will tell thee what thou shalt bestow on me. Give me thy sins, thy evil conscience, and thy condemnation.'

"Jerome.—'What wilt thou do with them?'

"Jesus.—'I will take them on my shoulder. It shall be my glorious work to carry thy sins, to quiet thy conscience, and to blot out thy condemnation.'

"O may we all do as Jerome did! He began to weep, saying: 'Ah, child, sweet child, how hast thou touched my soul! I thought that thou wouldest have something from me that is good; but no, thou wilt have everything that is bad. Take, then, what is mine, and give me what is thine; so am I helped unto eternal life.'"

In this faith sang Ambrose in his hymn of praise:

* From "The Footsteps of Christ;" translated from the German of A. Caspers, by A. E. Rodham. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1871.

A very interesting and instructive book. Its style is quaint and antithetic: it abounds in bright thoughts, presents striking views of Scripture facts and doctrines, and is altogether eminently fitted to refresh and edify believers. We present the first chapter to our readers as a specimen.

"Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father. When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man, thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb."

Vainly Augustine searched in the writings of philosophers for the one great thought of salvation. He therefore thus expresses himself: "Neither read I there that the eternal Word abased himself, and took on him the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross;" "that he died for us godless ones, and that thou sparedst not thine only-begotten Son, but gavest him up for us all."

Anselm says, it is certain that the satisfaction and substitution necessary for the atonement of man can take place only through something which is greater than all save God; and also, that he who undertakes this satisfaction and substitution must be greater than all which is not God. This is even God himself, who became man in order to undertake this satisfaction and substitution for us.

Luther says, in a Christmas sermon, that Christ has become our brother, "that he may save us from sin and from eternal death."

The Augsburg Confession of Faith likewise teaches "that God the Son became man, that he might be a sacrifice, not only for original sin, but also for all other sins, and that he might appease the anger of God."

Therefore we, as children of our fathers, sing in faith:

"Moved was the great eternal God
To pity my distress;
He willed, in his deep, boundless love,
To help my wretchedness.
He spake to his beloved Son
'Sweet mercy's hour draws nigh;
Oh, sharer of my heavenly throne,
The sinner's need supply!
Help him from sin's distress and stain,
Destroy his death, the victory gain,
And let him live with thee.'—LUTHER.

We acknowledge with Hollar: "According to the unchangeable sentence of the law, all men should, as sinners, endure eternal death." But because man had fallen through the envy of Satan, therefore the Son of God interposed, in accordance with his pitying love. He became man; he bore our chastisement, and died. That was as if all sinners had died (2 Cor. v. 14), as if all had been punished, as if all had received their meet reward. Yes; we know by our own life—which, in the death of Jesus, is born again through the forgiveness of sins—that we are not born to anything else but to die. He died for us; we die for him. He died on account of our sins; we die for his sake. He died through sin; therefore we die to sin. As he is, so also are we in this world. He was born to die for us; we are born again to die to sin.

We can die to sin only by attaining unto life through the forgiveness of sins in the blood of Jesus. Thus life and death lie in the words, Be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee in the blood of Jesus. Thus life and death lay in the manger of Bethlehem. The eternal Life was there, who, in accordance with the Father's

counsel, should be delivered unto death for us. For "God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John iii. 16).

The day of our spiritual birth is the day of our spiritual death. These two days are inseparable; they make one day. They are as inseparable as the promise of the atoning death of Jesus for us is inseparable from the promise of his birth; as inseparable as the purpose of his birth is from his birth itself.

We were not born in Bethlehem; we were born on Golgotha, whither Bethlehem directs us. Bethlehem's manger fetches its light from the cross. The hour of our regeneration derives its strength from the same source. The manger of Bethlehem is the promise; the cross of Golgotha is the fulfilment. The promise does not produce regeneration, as the fulfilment does. Who, then, would remain standing by the promise, when he can have the fulfilment? Who would demand of the promise the effect which only the fulfilment can call into existence?

He who goes to the cross of Christ, honours the infant in the manger of Bethlehem. He who lives in the light of the fulfilment, honours the light of the promise. He who, through the death of Christ, dies to sin, understands the birth of the Redeemer. He who is regenerated in the merits of Christ, comprehends the birth of the child Jesus.

The life of Christ lies between his birth and his death. Let him who thinks that he can be born again through a mere contemplation of the infant at Bethlehem, know that he has still to pass through the death of his old Adam. Let no one deceive himself. Let each go towards Bethlehem by way of Golgotha. Mere contemplation of the Saviour born into the world does not give life; it is the Saviour offered for sin who does this. He who has this life contemplates aright the infant in the manger: he rejoices over the new-born Saviour, who through his death gives life and union with God to all repentant believers.

The footsteps of the life of Christ go straight towards the death for us. He could not die, for death is the wages of sin. But he never committed sin, neither was any deceit found in his mouth. In order that he might be enabled to suffer the death which we have deserved, he became man, and was made sin for us. Jesus appears in our flesh and blood with the intention of suffering death in our stead. The representative of the whole human race lies in the manger of Bethlehem. The life of humanity, devoted to death in the person of Christ, lies in the lap of Mary. Since the fall of man, all life is derived from his death. The life of Jesus lived from our death. He lived our death from the hour of his birth until he died our death on Golgotha. For our death moved him to enter upon human life; our death drove him to death.

Yes, my Jesu! thou didst give up heaven that thou mightest be able to enter into the hell of the torment of

my sin. Thou didst choose the manger instead of the heights of heaven, that thou mightest be able to humble thyself for me, even to the death of the cross. Thou didst choose, instead of the adoration of angels, that of despised shepherds, in order to win for thyself upon the cross a name before which every knee should bow. Yes! thou didst take human life, that thou mightest offer it up for us. Thou hast given me thyself; and I must say, thou hast given me all that I have. There is only one thing that I have not received from thee—namely, sin. Sin is the gift that I have given to myself. But thou dost take it from me on Golgotha, for thou dost forgive it. Because thou hast done this, I become God's child through thee, the only-begotten Son of God from eternity. Golgotha has introduced me to this life of a child of God, through the new birth.

As the manger was thy birth-place, O Lord, so is mine the cross. If I do not believe that Christ died for me, I shall not be born. Without Good Friday there is no Christmas.* All the Christmas festivals of my life cannot rescue me from death: one Good Friday can. What the manger cannot do is accomplished by the cross. Where there is no love to the Word on the cross, there is none to the infant in the manger. The child has become the Man, who has wrested the world from sin

and from the jaws of hell; and shall a Christian for ever treat the Man as the child? O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, thou hast fearful fellow-workers in those who take from Jesus the almighty power of his cross, and give him the powerlessness of a child; and who then, by the force of their notion concerning the restored union of man with God in the child Jesus, imagine that they beget themselves in the light of the new life!

O Lord, preserve the thoughts of my head from such a work. Give me a humble mind, that I may follow thee and thy footsteps towards Golgotha, and rejoice as a child over thee, my Deliverer. Thou didst lie in the manger that thou mightest bear my curse on the cross.

Yes, yes, Christmas includes in itself Good Friday. Good Friday is the treasure of the Christmas festival. The words "for us" should be the steel which strikes at the stony heart in order to draw out the words "for me." When the spark "for me" darts forth, then is the Saviour's birth-place bright, and through the night of life I can find the way to Bethlehem. The words "for me" are my guide. The words "for me" are the arm of Simeon which carries the infant Jesus. They are the Christmas song of a saved sinner. When one Christian says "for me," then all say "for us."

THE LILY OF TESTIMONY.

BY A GLASGOW MERCHANT; AUTHOR OF "HEAVENLY LOVE AND EARTHLY ECHOES."

IT was a cloudy and dark day in David's experience. His enemies—the foes of God's chosen people—were harassing his kingdom; and there seemed to be a frown on the face of the Almighty himself. With much thus discouraging and depressing him, where did he seek and find comfort? Only in the promise of him who is called Faithful and True. To Israel there had been given assurances of permanent settlement in the land of Canaan, in its fullest extent, and of victory over all surrounding nations who should wickedly disturb them in its possession. To David himself it had been promised that his rule should be established over all the tribes, and his son succeed him in the dominion. Therefore did the son of Jesse encourage himself in God in the midst of calamity and trouble. Vain was the help of man; but with the Lord on the side of Israel and Israel's king, success must at length crown their efforts. Grasping in his time of need all the promises suited to his case, his faith burst out in the triumphant words of the Sixtieth Psalm: "God hath spoken in his holiness; I will rejoice. I will divide Shechem, and mete out the valley of Succoth. Gilead is mine, and Man-

asseh is mine; Ephraim also is the strength of mine head; Judah is my lawgiver; Moab is my wash-pot; over Edom will I cast out my shoe."

According to the title, of the psalm, we believe the king directed this exultant melody to be taught to his people. Probably his soldiers went to the attack of the strong city of Edom singing the bold confiding words. The result was a great defeat of the descendants of Esau. "Throughout all Edom," as we are informed in 2 Sam. viii., "put he garrisons, and all they of Edom became David's servants." Faith won the day, because it glorified him who invited its exercise. Had Jehovah not promised, where had faith found firm footing? But with the sure word of him who is the Rock of Ages beneath its feet, was there not reason for its resolute and buoyant tread? "God hath spoken in his holiness; I will rejoice."

The title of this psalm also tells us that it was addressed to the chief musician, no doubt as a sacred song to be used in the temple-worship. It is called *Michtam*, which some critics say means *a mystery*, others *a golden psalm*. We are for the present, however, most concerned about its particular theme or subject, which is declared to be *Shushan-eduth*, or the *Lily of Testimony*. As to the writer's meaning in this epithet, we may perhaps get a hint in the Seventy-eighth Psalm. It is there said that the Lord "established a

* It is scarcely necessary to point out here that the author attributes no particular virtue to these days. The words serve merely as a variety of expression for the birth and the death of Christ.

testimony in Judah, and appointed a law in Israel, which he commanded our fathers, that they should make them known to their children.....*that they might set their hope in God.*" The *Testimony* I take then to be, in special, the record of those gracious promises which were uttered for the begetting and strengthening of faith; and in this aspect there is a peculiar force and beauty in designating it *the Lily*. More lovely and more fragrant indeed to the spiritual senses than the lily to the natural, is God's testimony of grace and goodness to sinners. Full oft had David found it so, as well as when he penned the Sixtieth Psalm. Condescending too, like the lily of the valley, to the very lowliest, is the mercy which bringeth forgiveness. Mungo Park was once greatly comforted by a tiny tuft of moss on which his eye fell, when weary, worn, and sad, in the African desert; but very life from the dead is the sight and sweet scent of the lily of God's testimony, when its beauty and its savour greet the spirit of a man despairing because of his sin and utter unworthiness.

The case of Colonel Gardiner, who died little more than a century ago, affords us an apt illustration. He was awakened in the midst of a wicked life by an extraordinary dream. He thought he beheld Christ on the cross dying in agony; and as he gazed on the amazing spectacle, a voice seemed to sound in his ear the words, "O sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these thy returns?" With conscience thus aroused, terrible convictions filled him with fear. "He was ready," under his anguish of mind, it is said, "to drop down in unutterable astonishment and agony of heart, appearing to himself the vilest monster in the creation of God, who had all his lifetime been crucifying Christ afresh by his sins." For months he walked in darkness and dread; but at length the day of salvation dawned in his heart. Hope awoke within him through the words of the Most High: "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time, his righteousness; that he might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus" (Rom.iii. 25, 26). From the hour when he realized their blessed import, his anxiety fled. The love that passeth knowledge constrained him to a life of loving devotion to his Father in Jesus. God had spoken in his holiness; and in God's promise Colonel Gardiner rejoiced.

Frequently does the Word of the Lord reveal the disease and the cure almost simultaneously; and the soul, grasping the truth, beholds its own lost condition, and the glorious freeness of the salvation of Christ, with scarce an interval between. God speaks in his holiness, and shows the heart itself and its Saviour; and at once it takes up the song of rejoicing.

On one occasion many people were observed crowding towards the door of a church in a little town in Scotland. A woman of the town, notorious for all manner

of wickedness, learning that a clergyman from England was to preach, turned her steps towards the house of prayer. The officiating minister was the celebrated Andrew Fuller. As he read out his text, the woman's attention was arrested. It was in Isaiah xlv. 22, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else." "Surely, then," thought she, "there must be hope even for me! Wretch that I am, I am not beyond the ends of the earth." Every word she drank in eagerly, while the preacher unfolded the way of salvation. God's call and God's promise awakened hope within her; and trusting in the Saviour with all her heart, she learned from that hour to live to him who died to save her.

As quickly as in this woman's soul did faith and hope spring to life in the case of a wicked young soldier. The tears and holy example of his widowed mother, and the warnings and teachings of his minister, had been all in vain. For a considerable period he had lived a dissolute life, and at length enlisted. His regiment was sent to a foreign land. After he had been some years there, spending himself in the service of Satan, he received a present from his mother. She had sent it, when on her dying bed, by a godly man who was going to the place where her son's regiment was stationed. It was a little pocket Bible, and the verbal request—the last she would ever make—accompanied it, that he would for her sake read one verse, at least, every day. "Well, that is not much," said the wild youth; "so here goes." He opened at the close of the eleventh of Matthew, and his eye fell on the words, "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well," said he, "this is very odd. I have opened at the only verse in the Bible that I could ever learn by heart when I was in the Sabbath school; I never could, for the life of me, commit another. It is very strange! But who is this '*Me*' that is mentioned in the verse?"

The friend that brought the Bible and the message from his mother, told the young man all about the God-man Redeemer; how he left the Father's bosom that he might die to save us; how he is now at the right hand of God, the Lamb as it had been slain; how he is able to save to the uttermost all that come to him, and to God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for us. The heart of the young man was touched. He yielded at once to the invitation of Jesus, when he understood who called him, and his walk and conversation were thenceforth such as became the gospel. Rejoicing in the same sweet invitation and promise, he met his death on the field of battle. When those intrusted with the burial of the dead found him, his head was pillowed on his Bible lying open at the words, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

There is no preparation of any kind required by any sinner before coming to the Saviour, and hoping in him. God's testimony that he is in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing unto men their tres-

passes, and his invitation to *whosoever will*, are surely a sufficient warrant. Many, however, are like the Jews, who, when directed by our Lord to believe on him whom the Father had sent to save, said, "What sign shewest thou then, that we may see, and believe thee?" I have known some who expected to behold a vision of Christ on the cross, in order to discover that the Lord was willing to receive and forgive them; and others have told me that their ground of confidence that they had been truly converted was, that, after days of darkness, they somehow felt suddenly lighter and happier while attending a prayer-meeting, or singing God's praise, though they could not condescend on a single Bible truth as the occasion of their comfort. Peace thus obtained is baseless, and soon vanishes. Even though we had signs from heaven, as real and magnificent as the transfiguration of the Saviour on the mount, they would not be at all comparable, as grounds of faith, to the "more sure word of prophecy" which the Bible affords. The effect of visions, or other manifestations from the spirit world, is often but transitory. We are apt to question afterwards what was said or what was meant, or even to doubt as to the reality of what we supposed we saw or heard; but God's testimony commending his love to us in Christ, we can recur to at all times. The promise, on which the Holy Spirit caused us to hope last week or last year, we can read again to-day. It is fresh and bright and fragrant as a full-blown lily. Whether for the begetting of faith, or its renewal when in decadence, there is nothing like a consideration of the Divine letter, revealing and repeating in so many touching forms the love of our Father in heaven, and pressing upon us so anxiously the acceptance of the unspeakable gift.

A young woman said once to her minister when on her dying-bed: "I have little to relate as to my experience. I have been much tried and tempted; but this has been my sheet-anchor,—*He has said*, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' I know I come to him, and I expect he will be as good as his word. Poor and unworthy as I am, he will not trifle with me; it would be as much beneath his greatness as his goodness."

Is there one reader of these pages who knows not yet what it is to have peace of conscience and joy in God? Let him try this young woman's way of resting simply on the testimony of the Almighty, and expecting therefore salvation from Jesus. It is the royal, the only road to ease of heart. "We which have believed do enter into rest."

Many real Christians give themselves much unhappiness by partially forgetting or shifting the ground of their confidence. They slide into the habit of looking to their frames and feelings, and through them to Christ. They become thus "like one who sees the sun on" rippling "water." The light "quivers and moves as the water moves; but he that looks upon Jesus in the mirror of the Word by faith, sees him ever the same. Whether we have sensible comfort or not, our faith

should be fixed nakedly on nothing but the Word of the living God," and on the Saviour of whom it tells. Not our feelings, not our doings, but free grace, reigning through righteousness and testified in the gospel, is the ground of confidence and the source of consolation. "God hath spoken in his holiness; I will rejoice."

To the Rev. John Brown of Haddington a clergyman once put a question, as to the best method to obtain relief when like to be overwhelmed in the pulpit with a sense of his great sinfulness. Mr. Brown gave a memorable reply. "Attempt then," said he, "to believe—just as a sinner—as the chief of sinners. *Those promises have been sweetest to me which extend to men if they are but out of hell.* 'It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' Once these words were sweet to my soul. I thought, bad as I was, I could not be worse than the chief of sinners. Conscience said that I was the most wicked wretch that ever breathed, and that I had shown myself to be such, especially by rebelling against convictions, and by trampling on Christ's alluring words; yet, since Christ came to save sinners, even the chief, why, thought I, should I except myself?"

In the fight against sin, nothing nerves the soul for doing stern battle like the presence of the Lily of Testimony,—a right understanding and simple acceptance of the truth as it is in Jesus. That word, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus; for he shall save his people from their sins:" or that other, "Sin shall not have dominion over you; for ye are not under the law, but under grace," will help us marvellously, when recalled to our remembrance in time of need. Luther tells of a German divine who acknowledged that he never could overcome a special heart-sin, though he had resolved a hundred times against it, till he came to understand the free grace of Christ. He had trusted to his own resolutions, but his strength was as tow before a flame. When, however, by faith he grasped his Saviour in the promises of the gospel, he obtained the victory. Whoever wishes, then, to overcome sin and Satan, let him display the banner which is offered to his hand, and which exhibits, in golden letters on an azure ground, the words, "God hath spoken in his holiness; I will rejoice." Marching underneath that flag of salvation, his foes will flee before him.

When beset with the heaviest cares of earth, it is the same blessed word—the Lily of Testimony—that cheers and sustains the believer's heart. What depths of comfort in the declaration, "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things"! and in the assurance, "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." Paul Gerhardt, the admirable German hymn-writer, was once driven from his parish and home by the Elector of Brandenburg, because he preached the doctrine of free grace. With his weeping wife and children he went forth, not knowing whither he went. In his wanderings he came

to a little country inn. Leaving his family there, he sought the recesses of a dark wood at a little distance, that he might bethink himself and pray. Engaged thus, the familiar text flashed into his mind, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass." His distress was gone at once. God had spoken in his holiness; and his trusting child was rejoicing. But a few hours had he to wait with glad expectancy for the coming deliverance. The Lord sent another German prince to offer him a better place than he had lost, with full liberty to proclaim the good tidings of great joy.

All the promises of God are absolutely sure and certain in Christ Jesus, who is freely offered to all in the gospel. Embracing Christ in the promises, or the promises in Christ, we hold the Almighty by an indissoluble bond. The two immutable things, *God's oath* confirming *God's promise*, are pledged to us; and if God has thus spoken, should not believers rejoice? How confidently men can rely on the word of each other! If a man, somewhat proved to be upright, has made a solemn promise to us, we cling to it, hoping often against hope. Though he and we should be separated far as the poles asunder, if we know he is in life, we keep expecting the performance of his engagement. And if sinful, dying worms can be thus trusted, oh, how much more should we firmly embrace, and hopefully expect the fulfilment of, the promises of God's loving-kindness!

"He has power, and can fulfil;
He is truth, and therefore will."

Grandly did the old Scottish believer, of whom Dr. Brown tells us in his *Horæ Subsecivæ*, respond to the challenge of her pastor, regarding the ground of her confidence. "Janet," said the minister, "what would you say if, after all he has done for you, God should

let you drop into hell?" "E'en's [even as] he likes," answered Janet: "if he does, he'll lose mair than I'll do."

At first sight Janet's reply looks irreverent, if not something worse. As we contemplate it, however, its sublimity bursts and grows upon us. Like the Psalmist, she could say, "I on thy word rely" (Ps. cxix. 114, *metrical version*). If his word were broken, if his faithfulness should fail, if *that* foundation could be destroyed, truly he would lose more than his trusting child. But that could never be. "For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven. Thy faithfulness is unto all generations." Well, then, might Janet encourage herself in the Lord her God, and say, "God hath spoken in his holiness; I will rejoice."

On my dying pillow, I crave for no other spiritual refreshment than this, the Lily of Testimony. While I live, I would like to fix it on my breast, as the livery of my Divine Master, and the minister of consolation and strength. As I inhale its sweet fragrance, my soul shall joy in God. In life and in death, I would cleave unto it, as the revealer of Him who is all my salvation, and all my desire.

"He that hath received his [Christ's] testimony hath set to his seal that God is true." On the other hand, "He that believeth not God hath made him a liar, because he believeth not the record that God gave of his Son. And this is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life; and this life is in his Son."

Will the reader say, at the bar of his own conscience, and as in the presence of the Judge of all, whether he is, or is not, making God a liar? If he has not yet taken God at his word, and accepted the gift of eternal life in Jesus, may he do so now; and henceforth he will be able rightly to sing with David, "God hath spoken in his holiness; I will rejoice."

THE OLD CATHOLIC MOVEMENT.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM BINNIE, D.D., STIRLING.

IN TWO PAPERS.

II.—THE PROBABLE ISSUES.

SOME years ago, having had occasion to look into Dr. Karl Hase's learned "Manual of the Romish Controversy," I was uncommonly struck with the confident tone and the precision of statement with which the author expressed himself respecting the future of the Roman Catholic Church in Germany, and particularly regarding a conflict which he deemed certain to break out ere long within its bosom. I made a careful note of the passage at the time, and have often

thought of it since. For Dr. Hase is a man whose judgment on such a subject is worth noting. He has spent a long life in historical studies and looks into contemporary movements with a fine fresh eye. He is especially conversant with matters touching the history of Protestantism and the Roman Catholic Church. When the late Dr. Möhler, the founder of the modern school of Roman Catholic theology, began his public life as a junior professor in the university of Tübingen, Hase was entering on the same

stage of his life, and the two young Professors were bosom companions. They used to spend their Saturday evenings together, and had many a long hour of friendly debate over the articles of their respective faiths. From that time, Dr. Hase has always been much conversant with leading men in the Roman Communion. He has resided much in the city of the Popes; and his great contribution to the Romish controversy—the *Handbuch der Protestantischen Polemik gegen die Römisch-Katholische Kirche*—is dated from “Rome, May 1862.”

I mention these facts that it may be seen how much deference is due to the deliberate judgment of Hase on any matter touching the state of mind and feeling within the Romish Church. In the Preface to his book, discussing the chances of wholesale secession from either of the rival communions into the other, he expresses the opinion that the relative position of the two bodies is not likely to be changed by extensive movements of that kind. He thinks, for instance, that the Protestant Churches need not expect to see more than perhaps a stray individual or two coming over to them now and then. “It is not so likely,” he writes, “that the existing Protestant Churches will be enlarged by many coming over to them from the other side—and bad Catholics do not readily make good Protestants—as that *from the bosom of the Catholic Church there will be worked out some new form of the Church, which, whatever name it may take to itself, will nevertheless be a REFORMED Church, and, in virtue of its protestation against the Infallibility of the Papal Church, a PROTESTING CHURCH.*” Referring to the Ronge affair—a movement which agitated the Romish portion of North Germany some five-and-twenty years ago, and awakened a good deal of expectation in this country, he thus writes: “The German Catholic movement, although the points brought up in it were trivial, and the leaders were (as we never doubted) utterly insignificant, was able nevertheless, in cities having a mixed population of Catholics and Protestants, to sweep away almost everything which the Catholic Church had painfully won for centuries past; and that movement was only an immature abortion and caricature of what awaits us in the future.” These words were written, let it be observed, in

the early summer of 1862; years before the project of a new council began to be mooted, and while the Church of Rome was still content to suffer the dogma of the Papal Infallibility to abide in the category of “pious opinions,”—opinions highly to be approved, but coming short of the absolute certainty of articles of faith. How exactly the anticipation has been verified all the world may judge.

Dr. Hase’s prediction is worth citing for several reasons. For one thing, it brings out the fact that the Old Catholic movement is more deeply rooted than has been generally imagined in this country. So far as I have been able to observe, the critics of the movement on this side of the Channel have, with few exceptions, treated it as a sudden outburst of antipapal feeling, in resentment against the recent tyrannical procedure of the Papal Court. I am not prepared to maintain that, even if this had been the whole explanation to be given of it, the movement would have been despicable. The legislation of 1870 was enough to drive all moderate Roman Catholics of the old Gallican school into revolt. But I am persuaded that it springs from a root going much deeper into the past. It is the final outcome of influences and tendencies which have been at work for many years. It would doubtless, indeed, be doing injustice to Dr. Döllinger and the other leaders were one to attribute to them a deep and long-cherished design to overthrow the Papal rule. Nothing was further from their thoughts. There may have been one or two Roman Catholic Professors in Germany of a romantic turn of mind, who fondly promised themselves that a day would come when the old distinction of men into Romanists and Protestants would pass away from the face of the dear Fatherland, and all Germans would be embraced in one national German Church, rejecting the Reformation, but rejecting also the foreign yoke of Rome. There *were* dreamers of that kind. But it may be regarded as certain that Döllinger, when he wrote his famous book on “The Church and the Churches,” dreamt of nothing but lifelong loyalty to the Roman see, and honestly hoped to confirm to it the allegiance of his countrymen. The party he represents have hitherto been sincere and earnest Romanists. If

they seem now to be breaking with Rome, the breach has not been of their seeking, but has been forced on them very much against their original intention. In contending as they used to do against what they felt to be clamant abuses in the Church, their desire was to conserve, not to destroy. Reform, not revolution, was their thought. But men are not always the best judges of the drift and inevitable tendency of their own line of action. Luther, as everybody knows, meant no such things as a revolt from the Papacy and a disruption of the Church when he raised the standard of the Reformation; yet we can now see that those portentous results were inevitable from the first. It is precisely so in the present instance. Dr. Döllinger, following in the steps of Dr. Möhler, may have imagined that his warfare against the ultramontane excesses of the Jesuits and the Papal Court, and still more his endeavours to work out a more refined and thoughtful theology, which might supplant the barren and unacceptable scholasticism so long dominant in the divinity schools of the Church,—Dr. Döllinger, I say, may have persuaded himself that the effect of his labours would be simply the reformation and consolidation of the Papal Church. But his friend Hase judged differently. He believed that the principles held and taught by the German professors—the principles which they were labouring successfully to instil into the educated portion of their fellow-countrymen—were principles which would certainly lead to a breach with Rome. The event has shown that his judgment was correct.

If this be so—if we are to regard the Old Catholic movement as the final translation into the form of accomplished fact of a new order of views and feelings which have been long growing towards maturity among thinking men in Germany—one point regarding the probable issues of the movement may be looked on as fixed and certain. It is not to be merely the coming over of some thousands or myriads of Roman Catholics to the old Protestant Churches. It is the birth of a new community—a community based on new principles, and exhibiting to the world a new type of Church organization and life. Had the Papal authorities suffered matters to move on quietly in

the old grooves, there is no saying how long the new community might have remained within the bosom of the Roman Church, and the world might have remained ignorant of the fundamental differences that had arisen within the one pale. But God had determined it should not be so. The procedure of the Vatican Council was overruled so as to force on a crisis, and constrain the Old Catholics to take up a separate position, where their principles would have free scope.

“A new form of the Church; a new type of Church life.” I can imagine that some who read these words—the words Dr. Hase applied by anticipation to the new movement—will make light of them, and insist that the Old Catholics are moving in a very old and familiar groove; that, so far from having launched themselves into perilous descent on “the ringing grooves of change,” they have simply cast off the Papal supremacy and taken up a position side by side with the old sacerdotal churches which cast it off before. This, I find, is the estimate of the movement that has been made by a good many well-informed and able men in this country. A divine of some note in the Scotch Episcopal Church, for example, seems on this account to find in it matter of much rejoicing. He is understood to be himself a sacerdotalist in his religious views, holding almost every article of the old Romish creed except the primacy of the Pope, and he evidently thinks that the modern school of German Catholicism occupies the same ground. Referring to the leading writers of the school—Klee, Möhler, Döllinger, Alzog, Hefele—he declares his persuasion that the study of their books “will do more for the Church of England than any other course of study.” He mentions that Mr. Keble had expressed to him the opinion that Möhler’s great work on Symbolism “was really the philosophic exponent of the principles of the English High Church party.” And this divine does not stand alone. The hope of the sacerdotal party in the Greek and Anglican Churches undoubtedly is, that the Munich reformers will stop short of evangelical Protestantism—that they will be content with simply breaking off from the Papacy and protesting against the new dogmas of Pius IX. In

other words, their hope is that the issue of the Old Catholic movement will be the formation in Germany of a new hierarchical body; a body which will be a sister church to the Greeks and Anglicans, and will unite with them in crying up apostolical succession and sacramental grace, and in condemning all such Protestant heresies as the doctrine of justification by faith and the right of private judgment.

It would be vain to make light of this view of the case. Should it turn out to be well-founded, the prospect will be sufficiently alarming. And it is impossible to deny that a good deal can be said in its support. Dr. Döllinger would seem to share it himself. It is notorious that his sympathies are with the party in this country which rejects justification by faith and preaches sacramental grace. And although the Old Catholic movement in Germany is of native growth, there can be little doubt that to some extent it has felt the influence of the Oxford Tractarianism. The English divines who have been busying themselves in the endeavour to mould the movement according to their High Church views may have deceived themselves as to the amount of the influence they have exerted; but that there is some foundation for their hopes cannot well be doubted. I am not surprised, therefore, to find that a good many well-informed Protestants are contemplating the rise of the new community with considerable alarm. If the Oxford party could bring about the long-desired union with the unreformed Greek Church, and a powerful body in Germany were to cast in their lot with them, the evangelical Churches would certainly have a long fight to enter upon. The old arms would have to be furnished up for a new conflict, and the battle of the Reformation would have to be fought over again under new conditions.

But even if this unfavourable estimate of the probable issues of the movement should turn out to be correct, (which may God forbid!) I for one would not cease to be thankful that such a movement had taken place. It would be a great thing to see the Papacy weakened by the revolt of Germany, even although the Germans should stop at Oxford and Moscow, instead of marching forward to Wittenberg and Geneva. The Papal tyranny is a dreadful evil. It is the

most potent enemy, by far, that the people of Christ and the truth of Christ have ever encountered, or are ever like to encounter. Deliverance from it opens many a channel by which gospel truth and evangelical life may enter in and counterwork the sacerdotal leaven.

But is it quite certain that the movement will stop at the point the sacerdotalists would like? Is it quite certain that the Munich Reformers will be willing to take up the position so kindly marked out for them, exactly in a line with the Greeks and the Anglicans? It seems to me that the Munich Programme furnishes the materials for an answer to these questions, and that the answer thus obtained will be far enough from warranting either the fears of timid Protestants or the hopes of the sacerdotalists. The publication of that Programme has cleared away many mists. It seems to me plain as day that the well-considered Articles embodied in it are about as hostile to the old-fashioned sacerdotal views as they are to the Papacy itself. This is a matter of such immense importance to the evangelical Churches, that I trust I shall be pardoned for calling special attention to it.

There are at least three topics in regard to which the articles of the Programme seem to point to issues irreconcilable with the hopes of the sacerdotalists:—

1. One of the essential doctrines of the sacerdotal system—a doctrine common to the Greek, the old Romish, and the Puseyite parties—teaches that the right authoritatively to define articles of faith belongs to the assembled hierarchy of the Church, and to them alone. According to this theory, it is the business of the high prelates alone to declare authoritatively what is the truth: as for the “lower clergy,” and the general body of the faithful, their business is to hold their peace and believe what their superiors met in Council declare to be the mind of God. In common, I suppose, with most people, I expected to find this fundamental principle of the hierarchists embodied in the Programme of the Old Catholics. I expected that, in rejecting the claim of the Pope to be the sole judge of what is true and false, they would have taken care to intimate, either expressly or by implication, that they bow to the authority of General Councils. They do

no such thing. On the contrary, they declare that the *dictum* of a Council has no power by itself to bind the conscience of any man. The definitions framed by General Councils must first be tried. They are to be tried by Scripture—they are to be tried by Tradition—they are to be tried by the living Witness of the Holy Spirit in the general mind of the Church. Not till they have justified themselves as consonant with these standards of appeal are they to be embraced as articles of the Christian faith. The passage in the Programme where this is brought out was cited, in part, in the former Paper; but it is worth citing in full, especially as the translations of the document which have appeared in this country (those of them, at least, which I have been able to see) fail to bring out the strength of the language used.

"Even an Œcumenical Council, though it were really such, and possessed those formal conditions of œcumenicity which the late Vatican Council lacked, if it should break with the fundamental principles and past history of the Church, would have no right whatsoever,—no, not by a unanimous vote,—to promulgate decrees binding on the consciences of the members of the Church. We declare emphatically (*betonen*) that the right of a Council to promulgate a doctrine must justify itself to the immediate Christian consciousness (*Glaubensbewusstsein*) of the Catholic people and to theological science, by the agreement of that doctrine with the original and traditional faith of the Church. We assert for the Catholic laity and clergy, and likewise for scientific theology, the right to discuss and attest (*das Recht des Zeugnisses und der Einsprache*) new rules of faith at the time they are being established."

If this had been the proper place, it would not be difficult to point out the quarter from which the Munich Reformers have derived this article of their Programme. Those who have dipped into the writings of Schleiermacher will recognize its parentage. Dr. Möhler was the founder of the modern German theology, of which the Programme before us is the latest expression; and students of his works, who are acquainted with the Protestant divines also, know that he was beholden to Schleiermacher for some of his most characteristic views. Of course, he did not care to say much about this indebtedness. It might have hindered the acceptableness of his views within his own communion, if they had been known to have come originally from a Protestant source. But the indebtedness is nevertheless quite certain. And here, at length, the views

thus derived come up in the solemn manifesto of the Old Catholics. It will be curious to observe what our High Church party will make of them.

For what is the position taken up? Since Popes may err, and General Councils may err, who is to decide what is truth? It will not do to answer, "The Church, the Church!" For that only raises the further question, "Where is the voice of the Church to be heard? Who is entitled to speak in the name of the Church?" The question is a very pertinent one. How is it to be met? If it be answered, "The Pope—*he* is the authoritative Voice of the Church;" that is precisely the Infallibility dogma of 1870, and is rejected by those with whom we have now to do. If it be answered, "A General Council,—in *its* Voice you are to recognize and worship the Voice of the Church and of Christ;" that is the old Gallican doctrine, dear to High Churchmen all the world over. But it also is rejected, as we see, by the Munich Reformers. They declare, with emphasis, that a Council may err, even in matters of faith. They maintain that it is lawful and necessary to appeal even from the sentence of an Œcumenical Council, really such, to a higher and less fallible authority. Moreover, they intimate where that higher authority is to be found. In the first place, they point to Scripture and Tradition; and, so far, they may be fairly claimed by High Churchmen as on their side. But their rule of faith does not consist of Scripture and Tradition alone. They add to these *the living Witness of the Holy Spirit in the Consciousness of the general body of the faithful throughout the earth*. It is in making this addition that they part company with the hierarchists of every name, and commit themselves to a position which, although by no means free from dangerous error, has vital affinities with evangelical Protestantism.

They name three parties, in particular, which are entitled to let their Voice be heard in framing Articles of Faith;—three parties, I mean, in addition to the bishops, whom they, as Episcopalians, regard as, of course, entitled to take the lead in all such matters. The bishops, they maintain, while taking the lead, are by no means to *dictate* Articles of Faith. All the bishops in the world cannot, by their united suffrage, impart authority to a new article. There are three

parties with whom the bishops must put themselves in communication, and whose concurrence they must secure, if their decrees are to be binding on consciences. The first of these consists of *the clergy*. The second consists of the *theologians*—professors and others who have devoted their lives to the study of theological science. How could a congress of Germans forget *their* claims? The mention of them is a shrewd hint to the authorities at Rome, that it is not quite so easy as they imagine to establish a doctrine, if it runs counter to known and ascertained facts. If a doctrine cannot stand the light of history and exact exegesis, it must go to the wall. The scientific theologians, therefore, must have a potential voice in defining doctrines. Lastly, "*the Catholic laity*" are likewise entitled to participate in this work. Let the sacerdotalists of Oxford mark it. These Munich men will not join them in making the bishops the sole judges of doctrine. They will not even restrict the privilege to the theologians and clergy. The whole body of the faithful must be invited to exercise their judgment and add their suffrage. It is difficult to see how men who scorn the Protestant doctrine of the right of private judgment will be able to reconcile themselves to these far-reaching declarations.

2. Nor is it only in connection with the formulating of doctrinal articles that the Munich Programme recognizes the rights of the people. With similar explicitness they are declared entitled to participate in *the government of the Church*. The third Article of the Programme begins with these words:—

"With the co-operation of theological and canonical science, we are seeking a Reform in the Church which, in the spirit of the ancient Church, would remove present faults and abuses, and which more especially would satisfy the just desires of the Catholic people to take part in ecclesiastical affairs."

Let this article be taken along with the earlier one on which we have just been commenting, and it will be difficult to see wherein the result comes short of the great Reformation doctrine of the *Universal Christian Priesthood*. If no human priest or body of priests may dictate to the faithful what they are to believe as the Word of God; and if no human priest or body of priests may exercise an irresponsible authority over the faith-

ful in the administration of Church affairs, the whole vast fabric of hierarchical and papal tyranny is undermined, and will soon be swept away from the face of the earth.

3. The Munich Reformers *hold out a friendly hand to the Protestant bodies*, in a way which distinguishes them at once from the High Churchmen in this country.

"We hope for a reunion with the Greco-Oriental and Russian Church, whose schism took place without sufficient cause, and is founded on no essential doctrinal difference. Presupposing the reforms for which we are striving, and in the progress of science and advancing Christian culture, we look forward to an understanding with the Protestant and Episcopal Churches."

What makes this article specially significant is the circumstance that, as originally drafted, it restricted the friendly greeting to "the Protestant and Episcopal Churches of England and America," and might have been construed to imply the notion of apostolical succession. Dr. Dollinger is reported to have strenuously insisted on the original form. He seems to cling to the old hierarchical theory about the necessity of "apostolical orders" (so-called) to the existence of a Christian Church. But his followers did not sympathize with his scruples, and the article was altered so as to wear the aspect of a friendly greeting to all the Protestant Churches.

Another remark must be made before parting from the Programme. It is not to be supposed that the Munich Reformers have in this document spoken their last word, or defined the utmost extent to which they are inclined to carry their project of reform. They have wisely confined themselves to the statement of broad general principles, leaving details to be considered after the movement shall have become somewhat consolidated. Bearing in mind the aspirations which have been always now and then making themselves heard among the Roman Catholics of Germany, and taking in connection with these the instructions with which many of the delegates who attended the Munich meeting were furnished by their constituents, it cannot be doubted that important measures of reform will be brought forward in due time—such, for example, as the substitution of the vernacular for the Latin language in the public services, the restoration of the cup to the laity in the Lord's

Supper, the permission of marriage to the clergy—probably also the abrogation of the law which makes auricular confession the indispensable condition of Church fellowship. Having these and such like reforms in their eye, the Old Catholics are well entitled to “look forward to an understanding” with the other bodies which protested before them against the papal tyranny. Should they succeed in carrying out their projects, the result will be exactly what Dr. Hase foretold—the origination of a new ecclesiastical body, which, whatever name it may please to take, will be both a Protestant and Reformed Communion.

Having said so much regarding the form which the Old Catholic movement is likely to assume, I have little room left to consider, as it deserves, the probable dimensions to which the movement may extend. Is it likely to take the shape of a national revolt from the Papacy—the completion of the movement commenced by Luther in the sixteenth century? Or is it destined to prove a feeble birth like the Jansenist movement, now represented only by the small and decaying Church of Utrecht?

On this subject it becomes foreigners to speak with diffidence. Much will depend on facts of which only those who are personally conversant with the Old Catholic leaders can form a reliable judgment. For reasons already given, it seems tolerably certain that the leaders have avoided the bog in which the Jansenists lost themselves. They have not so bound themselves to the past as to separate their party by an impassable barrier from the thoughts and movements of the nineteenth century. And they have taken care not to shut themselves up in the supercilious exclusiveness of Puseyite sacerdotalism. The danger seems to lie in the opposite direction. Some of the leading men are deeply tainted with Rationalism, and the same fatal leaven is largely prevalent in the communities throughout Germany which have been loudest in applauding the movement. Should the Rationalist element become predominant, the movement is certainly doomed to perish. Consciences will not find rest in the barren negations of infidelity. If the Old Catholic leaders have nothing better to give than these dry husks, the people will either fall back into Popery

or will pass over into the Protestant Churches, or will break loose from every form of Christianity. They will certainly not be at the trouble to sustain a religious organization of their own. Without a foundation in deep religious convictions, a national reformation is impossible. But if there is something to awaken apprehension on this head, there is not a little to suggest encouragement and hope. Dr. Döllinger is certainly not a Rationalist. The German school of Roman Catholic theology to which he belongs, although greatly hampered by the canons of the Council of Trent, embraces a very considerable number of eminent men who “hold the Head.” And it is gratifying to learn that the believing element is making itself heard and felt as the movement goes on. An intelligent writer in the *Neue Evangelische Kirchenzeitung*—a journal which will not be suspected either of High Church or Rationalist leanings—writes as follows in a recent number (October 28):—

“It is to be gladly acknowledged that many of these Old Catholics are preaching the truth of the gospel with new tongues and with lively earnestness. The pamphlets of the venerable Reinkens [Professor of Church History in Breslau] are models of reformation-writings; and the latest of them contains such an outspoken protest against submission to the papal claims, and at the same time such a precious testimony to faith in regard to spiritual things, that even we who are Protestants must say Amen to it.”

While I have no doubt that it is right, in estimating the probable issues of the Old Catholic movement, to lay stress principally on the measure of purity and fulness with which the truth of the gospel is taught, I apprehend that those who confine their attention to that one point leave out of view other considerations necessary to be taken into account, and are likely to form quite an inadequate estimate of the strength of the movement. It is in many ways implicated in the national and political history of the Fatherland, and one who fails to take these into account will certainly err in his calculations. In saying this, I do not refer only, or chiefly, to recent events, important as these are. I refer to the history of Germany ever since it had a history at all. From the first appearance of the German nation in the European commonwealth it has been in bad odour at Rome, and as a natural consequence the Papacy has been regarded with anything but unqualified

reverence in Germany. It was the old German emperors of the Middle Ages who made the stoutest fight against the popes of the proud Hildebrandine type; and those old-world princes are to this day enshrined in the national heart in consequence. The Councils of Constance and Basle—those terribly antipapal assemblies—were mainly composed of Germans. And it was by anything but an accident that the Reformation commenced in the heart of Germany. The principles of it had long been working in the minds of the people, and needed only a spark to kindle them into a blaze over the whole country. While it must never be forgotten that Luther's great strength lay in his clear view and firm hold of the gospel of God's grace, it is to be remembered also that he was a German of the Germans—a national hero as well as an evangelical divine. And despite of the efforts to load his name with infamy, it has always been a name of incomparable power throughout the whole Fatherland. Of all the monuments I ever saw, the one which left the deepest impression of broad *nationality* on my mind was the one erected at Worms three years ago to the memory of Luther. It was built by national subscription. Although not placed on Prussian territory, it was solemnly handed over to the King of Prussia and inaugurated by him as the head of the German nation: and the arms of all the cities of the empire which embraced the Reformation are proudly emblazoned on it. Yet national as it is, no one seems to have dreamed of toning down its Protestantism on that account. Some of Luther's most striking words are inscribed upon it; and the bas-reliefs which adorn its four sides exhibit with admirable force and beauty the most characteristic passages in his life,—the nailing up of the theses at Wittenberg, the appearance before the Diet at Worms, his ministration of the cup to the people in the Lord's Supper, his marriage, his preaching, and his translating of the Scriptures. As I stood and gazed on the beautiful piece of art, the thought fixed itself on my mind that a nation which could erect such a monument, or suffer the erection of such a monument in its name, must be at heart in sympathy with the Protestant cause.

It is to be observed that the old traditional

instinct of hostility to the Papacy, and of veneration for the men who did most to turn away the Fatherland from the Roman obedience, has never been, by any means, confined to the Protestant half of the nation. The mind of the other half has been much affected with the same feeling; and even the Romish priesthood has been no stranger to it. This, I think, is a very significant fact, and deserves attention in connection with recent events. It goes far to explain how the Old Catholic revolt should have attained at once such dimensions in Germany. Two instances of the participation of the priests in the common sentiment of the nation are worth quoting. For the first I am indebted to the biography of Frederick Perthes. When he visited Vienna in 1816, Perthes met with Father Hoffbauer of the Redemptorists, who, among other things, expressed the following judgment regarding the Reformation:—

"Since I have been enabled as Apostolic Nuncio to compare the religious position of the Catholics in Poland with that of the Protestants in Germany, I am convinced that the apostacy from the Church arose from the need which the Germans felt, and still feel, of genuine piety. The Reformation was propagated and upheld, not by heretics and philosophers, but by men who were seeking a religion for the heart. I have said this at Rome to the Pope and cardinals, but they would not believe me, and will have it that it was enmity to all religion of whatsoever kind that brought about the Reformation."—(Vol. i., p. 339, Engl. Transl.)

The other instance is found in Dr. Döllinger himself. His book, "The Church and the Churches," was meant to be a polemic against Protestantism. But even in it, the German, and (may we not add?) the Christian, occasionally overpower within him the Romish priest, and constrain him to make acknowledgments which sound strangely from such a quarter. Take the following example:—

"We must acknowledge that here also God has caused much good, as well as much evil, to proceed from the errors of men, from the contests and passions of the sixteenth century. We must also admit that the anxiety of the German nation to see the intolerable abuses and scandals in the Church removed was fully justified; and that it sprang from the better qualities of our people, and from their moral indignation at the desecration and corruption of holy things, which were degraded to selfish and hypocritical purposes. The great intellectual conflict has purified the European atmosphere, has impelled the human mind on to new courses, and has promoted a rich scientific and literary life. Protestant theology, with its restless spirit of inquiry, has gone

along by the side of the Catholic exciting and awakening, warming and vivifying; whilst every exalted Catholic theologian will readily admit that he owes much to the writings of Protestant scholars" (p. 17).

"Germany is the birth-place of the Reformation. Within the mind of a German man, and that man the greatest of his age, did the Protestant doctrine spring up. Before the superiority and creative energy of that one mind, did the aspiring, active portion of the nation humbly and trustingly bend the knee. In him—in that union of strength and intellect—they recognized their master. They lived in his thoughts; he appeared to them as the hero in whom the nation, with all its characteristics, was incorporated. They admired him; they gave themselves over to him; because they perceived in him their country's most powerful self; because it was their feeling that he expressed, more clearly, more eloquently, and with greater power than they could themselves have done. Thus has Luther's name become for Germany, not merely the name of a distinguished man—he is himself the very core of a period of national life—the centre of a new circle of ideas—the most condensed expression of that religious and ethical mode of thought peculiar to the German mind, and from whose mighty influence even those who resisted it could not themselves wholly withdraw" (p. 267—English Translation).

If it be demanded how, in such a state of mind as we have portrayed, the Papacy was able to maintain its hold so long over half the German nation, a fair explanation is furnished by the political circumstances of the country. Till the war of 1866, the influence of the Hapsburgs preponderated in Germany; they lent their power to sustain the papal dominations, and antipapal feeling was rigorously suppressed. The conversation Perthes had with the Redemptorist priest in Vienna in 1816 was private and confidential. The priest durst not have uttered those thoughts of his in public. The defeat of the Hapsburgs has for ever put an end to this systematic repression of antipapal views. The nation is free to speak its mind and give effect to its convictions. By a coincidence, in which God's finger ought surely to be acknowledged, the Papacy was so far left to itself as to force the Infallibility decree through the Council, in defiance of the almost unanimous resistance of the German episcopate, just at the time when the country was entering on the enjoyment of its new liberties. The nation saw itself insulted in the moment of its exulting hopes. In these circumstances, it would have been strange

indeed if the resistance to the obnoxious dogma had not spread extensively among the people.

To complete the confusion of the Papacy, the war with France broke out immediately after the Council had been induced to endorse the fatal decree. No one will maintain that the war was formally a religious war. It was the conflict of two nations, not of two faiths. Yet all parties felt that somehow it was a religious war in effect. It was, on the German side, a passionate expression of reawakened national feeling. As German nationality has always been antipapal, and the enemy in this instance was a nation which has identified itself in many ways with the maintenance of the papal dominion, the war could not fail to partake of a religious character—especially since the issue of it, in case of a German victory, was certain to be the elevation of a Protestant prince to the Imperial throne. There can be no doubt that the feelings called forth by the war are contributing powerfully to swell the ranks of the Old Catholics. The movement, as we have seen, springs from a root going far down into the past; and it would have taken place sooner or later without the stimulus of war or political revolution. But it is equally plain that the wars and political changes of these five years have worked mightily in its favour and given it a fair likelihood of attaining truly national dimensions.

And I believe that no intelligent reader of history will think the worse of it on this account. The Reformation of the sixteenth century was immensely indebted, under God, to the political and social circumstances of the age. It has ever been the custom of the Most High, when his time was come for bringing to pass great and fruitful reformations in the Church, to arrange matters so that wars and civil commotions have coöperated with the more quiet and secret workings of the gospel and Spirit of Christ, in the accomplishment of his beneficent purposes. It is our prayer and confident hope that the history of the Old Catholic movement will furnish to devout students of history a new example of this law of the divine government.



A PARABLE, AND ITS APPLICATION.

BY THE REV. JOHN GIBB.



WO summers ago I heard a parable from the lips of a German preacher which has often come back to my recollection. The place in which I listened to the sermon of which the parable formed a part was the Sophia Church in Dresden—the Court Church, as it is called, although the stranger who should go there with the expectation of seeing the King and the royal family would be disappointed. A few ladies and gentlemen belonging to the Court are to be seen in the two large pews, or rather galleries, opposite the pulpit, on the red velvet of which the royal arms are emblazoned, but no member of the royal family of Saxony listens to the exhortations of the Protestant ministers of the Sophia Church. It is in the large Roman Catholic church beside the old bridge that King John and his family worship. The Protestant visitor to Dresden experiences a feeling of disappointment when he discovers, as many do for the first time, that a Catholic king now rules over the land which was the cradle of the Reformation, and whose Electors ventured and suffered so much for the evangelical doctrine in the sixteenth century. The change took place so long ago as the seventeenth century, when Frederick Augustus I. of Saxony, better known as Augustus the Strong, returned to the communion which his ancestors had abandoned in order to obtain the crown of Poland. Augustus was a prince of considerable ability, to whom Saxony owes some useful measures, but he was utterly destitute of moral qualities. In a dissolute age his court was known as the most immoral court in Germany; and his lavish expenditure left to Saxony a legacy not only of gems and ornaments, but likewise of ruined finances. The prospect of gaining admission into the circle of European kings by election to the vacant crown of Poland possessed irresistible attraction for him; and in order to render himself eligible, he abandoned the faith of his ancestors. His queen refused to follow him in this desertion of Protestantism, so he was crowned alone as king of Poland in the Roman Catholic church of Cracow.

By the Saxon people the Elector's change of faith was regarded with universal indignation. So strong was this feeling, that Augustus found it necessary to issue a public declaration that he had "adopted the Roman Catholic faith not from any consideration of dignity or advantage, but with God before his eyes." At the same time he gave an assurance to the people that he would support the Protestant religion in Saxony as heretofore. Little advantage resulted to the Old Church in Saxony from the conversion of the court. A few persons connected with royalty embraced the royal faith, but Saxony remained what it is to this day, one of the most Protestant countries in Europe. Probably no court church in the world is so well attended as the Protestant court church of Dresden, notwithstanding the absence of royalty. On the morning to which I refer it was densely crowded, and there was no possibility of a seat for a stranger, but I found standing-room below the pulpit. The opening service consisted of hymns sung by the congregation and prayers read from the pulpit and chanted at the altar, on which stood, in Lutheran fashion, large candles and a crucifix. At the conclusion of the preliminary service Dr. Rüling, the preacher for the day, entered the pulpit. It is a custom in Germany for the preacher, before mentioning the text for the day, to preface his discourse by a short introduction. On this occasion this preface consisted of a parable. Many of his auditors, he said, had been hearing a good deal of a funeral which recently took place. It had certainly, from all accounts, been a very dignified and imposing spectacle. All classes of the community attended it, and vied with one another in showing respect to the illustrious dead. High officers of State had been seen in the *cortège*, city magistrates, and learned men in their academical robes. Nor had these alone followed the funeral car. The merchant left his counting-house and the artisan his workshop in order to join the procession. The orations which had been delivered at the grave would not be soon forgotten. One speaker after another had come forward and had spoken of the

dead, and many words of praise and of gratitude for high service had been spoken by that open grave. They had spoken of what the departed had been in his youth, and all had agreed that in his youthful days he had been eminently characterized by a loving and beautiful enthusiasm, which won admiration even from those who did not share his ideas. He had given light and warmth to many a dark and sorrowful heart by his burning words; and even at the present day men could scarcely repeat some of those words without shedding tears, and wishing for a moment, at least, that they could still be accepted as true. His manhood had also been noble and fruitful. In wild and difficult times he had laboured for the good of mankind, and it would be long ere men could forget what his wisdom and patience had accomplished. Memorials of the work of his manhood were still among them, and in many things they were reaping what he had sown. When the speakers ceased to speak of his youth and manhood, and came to his old age, there was, however, a manifest change in their tone. Hitherto they had spoken with admiration, if not always with perfect sympathy; but now one and all spoke with regret, not unmingled with contempt. It must be confessed, they said, that the old age of their departed friend could not in nobility and usefulness bear any comparison with the other periods of his life. He had been unable to understand the modern spirit, and had opposed himself to it in a manner which it was impossible not to regret. Indeed, while his past services could never be forgotten, it was impossible not to experience a feeling of relief that God had now in mercy taken him away from a world which he had ceased to understand, and had therefore become unable to help.

When the preacher had finished his parable, which was listened to with breathless attention, he gave the interpretation. The funeral procession of which he had been speaking was that of *Biblical Christianity*, which, although not really dead, was loudly proclaimed to be so in many quarters. Did they ask where any words could be found corresponding to the funeral orations which he had described? he replied, they might read them in the daily newspapers, which constantly spoke of the Church as an institution

which in past times had been beneficial to mankind, but had now become superannuated—a hindrance rather than a help to the onward progress of the race.

I have often thought of this parable of the Dresden preacher, which appeared to me to set forth very graphically the attitude of modern culture towards the Christian faith. The violent and abusive language formerly employed against the Christian religion by its adversaries is seldom heard now, at least among educated men. It is generally admitted, even by its opponents, that a tribute of admiration is due to a system which has so long commanded the assent of mankind, and that it has conferred substantial benefits upon the human race. One reason that the opponents of Christianity so universally admit the services of the Church of the past is, that in our age, more than during any previous period, the history of mankind is studied. Men read history; and the testimony of history is received as one of the surest sources of knowledge. It is scarcely possible to study the history of Europe, especially in some of its eras, without coming to the conclusion that the Christian Church, as regards doctrine and morals, contrasted favourably with contemporary society, and did by its influence shed some beams of light into the darkened atmosphere around. It is not possible, for instance, for any fair historian, who knows the moral and social condition of that great empire in which the Church arose, not to speak with admiration of the early Christians. Amid a society brilliant and cultivated, but eaten to the core by luxury, cruelty, and falsehood, the Church witnessed for purity and for truth. Nor is the case different in the Middle Ages. Amid feuds and savage passions, the Church appears as the preacher of righteousness, threatening the judgment of God against the unrighteous, and making the oppressor pause in the midst of his crime by proclaiming the truth, "After this the judgment." The historian may himself give no credit to those divine verities which made the early Christians patient and loving, and gave courage to the Churchmen of the Middle Ages, but he cannot but admit that it was well for mankind that in these ages they were believed. But how often do we find that those who are willing to

justify historically the Church of the past, are disposed to ignore the Church of the present, and even to deny that the Christianity of the Bible has any longer a mission among men.

One reason that the Christianity of the past is more justly judged than that of the present is that time is on the side of truth. Great and useful movements, as well as good men, are more justly judged by after generations than by their contemporaries. As the poet says truly,—

"I know that all acted time
By that which succeeds it, is ever received
As calmer, completer, and more sublime,
Only because it is finished."

With regard to Christianity, also, the practical demands which it makes upon men's homage and obedience, if recognized as the living truth, and its opposition to all the corrupt inclinations of men, render it more difficult to obtain a just judgment on its claims than with regard to scientific truth.

It is a question, however, worthy of the serious consideration of the Church, what the reasons are that have led recent opponents of Christianity to take up the ground that it is dead. Formerly they spoke of it angrily as a mischievous fanaticism; now they civilly speak of it as a lifeless tree, mischievous only in so far as it cumbers the ground. It must be confessed, we think, that there is not a little in the Christian society of the present day which gives plausibility to such a representation. A shrewd man, for instance, can scarcely mingle much in Christian society without observing that money and intellect are more respected than simple goodness. But that is certainly a departure from the spirit of Biblical Christianity, according to which the faith and love whereby God is apprehended are far more precious to an individual and to a Church than the gifts of fortune or of nature. Yet of how few Churches can it be said that a good man is more accounted of than a rich man or a clever man. Again, if the same observer watches the zeal, unquestionably great, with which Church questions are discussed and Church enterprises carried on, is it not often evident that the spirit of party and of human rivalry is more manifest than apostolic zeal for souls? We do not say that this is universal by any means; but there is

enough of the spirit of the world inside the sacred enclosure to give a show of truth to the assertion that, after all, it is just the old motives under new names by which Christians are animated. The Church of the present day is awakening to the duty of endeavouring to meet the rising tide of avowed unbelief with which we are at present threatened. It is well that it should be so; nor would we say a word against the well-meant endeavours to meet the arguments of sceptics by apologetic lectures and treatises. But a very small part of the work can be accomplished by such means. Sceptics seldom hear or read that which is written for them. But there is another way in which they can be reached. Christian believers are scattered abroad in every part of the world, and are to be found in every grade of society. In the learned professions, in the army and in the navy, in mercantile life as well as in the workshop and at the plough, Christ has his servants. Let them witness to his glory and to his love. Let them bear his cross, and live in his communion, and presently those around them will become aware of an unseen presence working miracles among men even in the nineteenth century. When the gay young officer or the reckless blaspheming sailor is laid hold upon by the love of Christ, how marvellous is the change. "Behold all things are become new." All the things before beloved are abandoned; new affections, new thoughts, and a new life, take the place of the old. Love to an unseen Master guides the whole life, and is strong enough to change everything. Men may scorn and dislike such a phenomenon, but they can scarcely deny, when brought face to face with it, that *Biblical Christianity* still lives. Nor is the evidence for the vitality of the faith less strong in the "patient continuance in well-doing," amid trial and sorrow, which some lives present, in which a hard lot is accepted and privation patiently borne for the sake of being better able to proclaim among men the glory of the divine Master.

Were there more of such bright and distinct witnessing, and were Christian men more manifestly under the influence of evangelical motives, the opponents of the faith would scarcely adopt the policy of asserting that Christianity lives no more. An hostility more active would in some cases, no

doubt, be developed; but not a few who at present stand afar off, scarcely thinking it worth their pains to leave the world for a Church which

so closely resembles it, would gladly go and sell all that they have in order to become possessed of the pearl of great price.

The Church in the House.

BY THE EDITOR.

XLIX.

PRIMITIVE CHRISTIANITY.

"Now they which were scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen travelled as far as Phenice, and Cyprus, and Antioch, preaching the word to none but unto the Jews only. And some of them were men of Cyprus and Cyrene, which, when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus. And the hand of the Lord was with them: and a great number believed, and turned unto the Lord."—Acts xi. 19-21.



HEY speak of primitive Christianity. The word is sweet. Wearied of manifold errors and corruptions, we listen gladly to its sound. We would fain possess the thing which the word signifies. But, alas! those who are most ready to adopt the name are the most ready to abuse it. They write Primitive Christianity on their banner, and boldly set out in search of it; but they halt before they reach the object. They lose their way in the Dark Ages, and never emerge into the scriptural light that shines beyond. It is here, in the Acts of the Apostles, that real primitive Christianity is to be found.

Three things appear at this point in the history—three things connected like links in a chain:—1. The ministry of men; 2. The hand of the Lord; 3. The fruit that followed.

1. The ministry of men. Some disciples belonging to Cyprus and Cyrene, scattered by the persecution, travelled as far as Antioch, and addressed themselves to the Gentiles of the Eastern capital, "preaching the Lord Jesus." The missionaries are not named. They kept back their own names, and put forward that of their Lord. They have left no record of themselves on earth; but they have as their record on high a great multitude brought by their ministry to the Saviour. The persecution that culminated in the martyrdom of Stephen was intended by the Adversary to crush the infant Church; but it became the blast which spread the living seed over all the regions of the East.

Being themselves Jews, though born in foreign countries, they in the first instance preached to the Jews only; but they were soon led over the barrier, and entered a wider field. By special interposition from heaven the first opening was made, when Peter preached to Cornelius at Cæsarea. The crevasse widened rapidly; and in a very short time the gospel, hitherto pent up within the limits of Israel, flowed out without impediment on the nations. True to its own nature, it refused to be confined. According to the Word of the Lord, it

began indeed in Jerusalem; but true also to another part of the same Word, it speedily spread to the ends of the earth.

There is great precision in the history here. There is a divine perspicuity in the statements, that presents a striking contrast with the crowd of dim inconsistencies that sprang up in succeeding ages. The theme of these primitive preachers was "the Lord Jesus." The Christianity of the apostolic age is distinguished by this, that it everywhere presents a personal Saviour to a disciple's faith. The wisdom of God is here. Man's Maker knows man's need. He only can devise, and provide, and apply the remedy for the ailment of humanity. Doctrines, however true and divine, cannot arrest and control a man. They are not suited to the case. They are like spirits not embodied. They do not get hold of us; we do not get hold of them. When the soul of doctrine is incarnate in a person, we can comprehend and apprehend it. When that person is recognized to be the Lord Jesus—God with us—faith looks to him and lives.

This is primitive preaching: it is to tell the story of Jesus, and tell it until hearts of stone give way and flow down like water. Tell of our fall by sin; tell that we have departed from the living God; that a great gulf is fixed between the prodigal and his Father. We have no power to pass over it, and no will to try. He came to seek and save. The Good Shepherd came out to seek the lost sheep. The Just gave himself for the unjust. The eternal Son of God gave himself for us—wrought a righteousness for us that we might not be naked at the judgment-seat, and shed his blood to blot out our sin. He rose from the dead, and intercedes for us now at the right hand of God. He waits, our way to the Father, and our righteousness when we approach. They preached to the Greeks in Antioch the Lord Jesus, and—

2. "The hand of the Lord was with them." The instrument is all human, but the power is all divine. We learn here with great simplicity and clearness these two things:—(1) that in conversion the hand of the Lord operates; but (2) that it operates through the ministry of men. In this work men can do nothing without God; but in this work God will do nothing without men. "How shall they hear without a preacher; and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

In 1 Cor. iii. 9 Paul explains of set purpose the union and relations of divine and human agency in the conver-

sion of men : " We are labourers together with God : ye are God's husbandry." Men are taken into partnership with God in the work ; but the terms and conditions of the union are clearly defined. It is not an indefinite announcement that some part of the work is confided to human skill. A case is given which determines the limits of the two departments with infallible precision. The union of the divine and human in conversion is the same as that which takes place in the cultivation of the fields. The people are the field to be cultivated ; God and man in concert carry on the work. We know what man's department is in common agriculture. Besides the main, central act, the sowing of the seed, he does many things before and after it. He breaks up the ground, and makes it small ; then he watches, weeds, and drains the field. The God of nature does not perform for man any of those operations which man can do for himself. For his part, he gives rain, and sun, and air. Without these human industry would not avail ; but without human industry these would fail to produce fruit, divine though they be.

Such in the spiritual field is the coöperation which took place at this point in the experience of the primitive Church. Men do all the cultivating ; and when they have done all, they must wait for " the hand of the Lord " to give effect to their labour—must look up for the Spirit to be poured out as floods upon the dry ground.

3. The result was, " a great number believed, and turned to the Lord." The two acts, " believing " and turning " to the Lord," stand here in an interesting relation to each other. In some cases these two expressions may have substantially the same meaning ; but here, where they occur in company, the " believing " must be the root, and the " turning " the fruit which it bears.

The root of the tree lies out of sight. The manner in which it lives and operates is in a great measure concealed. But the fruit can be both seen and tasted. By the fruits we know the tree. To believe, is the secret act of the soul ; to turn to the Lord, is the visible course of a disciple's life.

The fact that the first act of these disciples after they believed was a turning, shows clearly that before the gospel reached them they were walking in the way of sin and death. When through the blood of the cross a reconciliation takes place, the life-course is changed. The new creature in Christ now abandons all that he most fondly loved before. He casts away his idols, and worships the living God. The works of the flesh are abjured, and the works of the Spirit appear.

The converts were many. Like doves darkening the air by their multitude, they flocked to the name of the Lord as their refuge. In such a revival the Lord sees of the travail of his soul, and is satisfied.

It is a common and a true observation regarding that sort of gain which the Scriptures denominate " filthy lucre," that those who obtain much, instead of being satisfied, rather thirst more eagerly for more.

The gain obtained in winning souls is in this single aspect like its carnal namesake, as an angel of light may be in some sense like an angel of darkness. It is true of those who win souls—both of the Head and his members—that the more of this gain they get, the more they desire to obtain.

I.

THE GRACE THAT BARNABAS SAW.

" Who, when he came and had seen the grace of God."
 ACTS xii. 22.

Scattered abroad by the persecution, the disciples of Jesus preached him in Antioch, the great Eastern capital of the empire. Here a wide field lay before the labourers. They cultivated it diligently, and soon were cheered by a harvest waving like Lebanon. Great numbers were converted, both Jews and Greeks.

This thing was not done in a corner. The rumour quickly spread. Friends and foes alike published the tidings. The world, at one of its great central marts, was turned upside down by these Galilean preachers. In such a case those who love the change and those who loathe it spread the report with equal diligence. It soon reached the ears of the believers who still remained in Jerusalem. The Church there immediately dispatched a messenger to the spot, with instructions to examine and report. Barnabas was chosen for this important mission. " He was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost." He could discern between the chaff and the wheat. He was a man who might be trusted. He could observe with discrimination and report with faithfulness. It were greatly to be desired that modern Synods should adopt the same method in similar emergencies, and that they had equally judicious agents at their disposal. The plan was good, and it was well executed. Barnabas, sent by the assembled Church at Jerusalem as their commissioner, to examine and report upon the state of religion in Antioch, was the right man in the right place.

The result is briefly recorded under three heads :—

1. What he saw : " The grace of God."
2. What he felt : " He was glad."
3. What he did : " He exhorted them all."

I. What he saw. " When he came and had seen the grace of God." What a man sees in any place depends in a great measure on what he looks for. Different persons observe different objects on the same spot. The taste of the observer goes far to determine what kind of sights he shall see. An architect visiting Antioch in those days would have seen many gorgeous edifices in the city. He would have found much to attract his attention in the commingling of Greek and Roman styles with the indigenous Oriental tastes of the people. A merchant would have examined the wares that were exposed in the market, and speculated on new openings for trade. A soldier would have scanned the fortifications, and measured their capacity to withstand a besieging force. In such a case a Christian too has an

eye in his head, and a bias in his heart to turn it in a particular direction.

Barnabas had an eye to business as well as other people when he entered the Eastern metropolis. The edifice that arrested his regard was a holy temple built of "living stones." To "win souls" was the gain he coveted. From the soldier's view-point too he looked upon the city, and considered how its teeming multitudes might be made the subjects of Christ the King. Barnabas came to Antioch looking for the grace of God, and he found it in abundance there. He saw also other sights—sights that made him weep. The multitude of that heathen city was wicked, and the wicked are like the troubled sea when it cannot rest. The corruption that met his eye on every side grieved, but did not surprise him. Here and there in the desolation he observed portions of that "new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." These were the spots which he came to seek, and these accordingly arrested and absorbed his attention. When a navigator is sent out on a voyage of discovery, he observes wide tracts of sea; but he does not report that fact on his return. Green islands, great or small, protruding here and there above the level waters,—these are the objects for which he searched during the voyage, and of which he speaks when he comes home again. Such was the errand on which Barnabas was sent, and such the method that he followed. Of a sea of sin that was spread before his eyes at Antioch we read not a word. His report refers exclusively to the grace that rose above it. As the coral islands of the Pacific rise and bask in the light of heaven, flowery and fertile, while their base is surrounded by the barren, salt, angry waves of an unfathomable ocean, so the group of Christians that clustered together as a Church in Antioch were rich in all the graces of the Spirit, although they had sprung from a dreary heathenism, and were surrounded by it still. He reports not the sin of men, but the grace of God.

Barnabas had grace in himself, otherwise he would not have seen it in others. When the Christian doctrine first spread in the empire, certain Roman philosophers, intelligent and impartial as matters go among men, reported to the government that a vile superstition was inundating the land. It was the truth as it is in Jesus that was so characterized. It was the pure gospel, as it came from the lips of the apostles, transfused into the hearts and lives of believing men. Those who called it a vile superstition did not intend to give a false representation. The thing that was exhibited before them was the very thing that Barnabas saw at Antioch. It appeared before them, but they did not perceive it. They did not see grace, because they did not possess it. Some persons among ourselves, not deficient in understanding and the power of observation, perseveringly and energetically represent earnest Christians as a set of loathsome, selfish hypocrites. They think that they are telling the truth, and doing good service to God and man; but they are in the main

mistaken. Although they had entered Antioch in company with Barnabas, these men would not have seen the grace of God. They would have reported that they found the majority of the population living in undisguised vice, but that a knot of knaves might be observed in the crowd, who wore long faces, and spoke in snivelling tones, and were tenfold more detestable than other people, because they falsely professed to be holier. Grace—that is, God's favour bestowed through Christ, and accepted in faith—is a spiritual thing, and it is "spiritually discerned." It requires grace in one man to enable him to observe and own grace in another.

But this grace—this favour freely bestowed—is nothing less and nothing else than free pardon of all sin, given by God and accepted by men. He who has obtained it is forgiven through the blood of Christ, and renewed by the Spirit. He is reconciled and at peace. The quarrel between his conscience and the divine law is settled. He is in Christ Jesus, and therefore there is to him now no condemnation. The man no longer dreads God as an offended King, but trusts and loves him as a Father. Now this grace, as it comes in the covenant from God, is an unseen thing. It is a secret in the soul. How then can it be seen by Barnabas, or by any other man? Like other things, both good and bad, it is known by its fruits. Life is invisible; and yet you know well where life is: you know life by the actions of the living. It is thus that grace in human hearts becomes known: it is known by its fruits in human life. Grace in its germ is invisible to all; but those who, like Barnabas, have tasted it themselves, can detect its presence by the fruits which it bears.

The Christians in Antioch had abandoned idols. They bore the name of Christ, although it might expose them to persecution. They lived "soberly, righteously, and godly" in the world. They were patient in tribulation, and instant in prayer. The rich gladly helped the poor, and the poor industriously helped themselves. "Faith, hope, charity, these three," beamed in their eyes and moulded their actions. There was a great exhibition in the Eastern capital at this time, and Barnabas went down to see it. It was a noble palace, built of living stones, growing together into a holy temple. He scanned it from its foundation on the Rock of Ages up to the brotherly love that effloresced richly from its loftiest pinnacles; and while he acknowledged a beneficent change in the life of those saved men, he ascribed it all to the goodness of God their Saviour.

II.

THE GLADNESS THAT BARNABAS EXPERIENCED.

"Who, when he came, and had seen the grace of God, was glad."—ACTS XI. 23.

II. Barnabas "was glad" when he saw the blessed effects which the gospel had already wrought in Antioch. Incidentally this throws light upon the character of the commissioner himself. Tell me what gladdens or grieves a man, and I will tell you what sort of a man he is.

The prosperity that made him glad was moral and spiritual, rather than material. Men of such an eye and such a taste are greatly needed in our modern commonwealths. We are carried away in a mighty tide of material progress; and although moral worth is gracefully owned as indispensable, there is a tendency, strong and constant, to give it only a secondary place. The vastness of a nation's wealth and power will only make its fall more terrible, if it is rotten at the root. Physical resources, even when directed by cultivated intellect, do not insure the happiness or the safety of a people. Man has been made with a side for God and a side for the world: if the side that lies toward eternity loses its life, then, however actively the side toward time may perform its functions, the whole body is paralyzed. We have railways, and telegraphs, and ships; and these, in their present measure of perfection, are new acquisitions made by our own generation; but the gospel is a more precious treasure, and our ancestors possessed it in its fulness long ago. I rejoice in the recent attainments of my country, for they are good; but I rejoice more in "the grace of God" that reigns in the hearts of my fellow-Christians, for it is better.

The grace or virtue that made Barnabas glad was possessed and exercised by others. There is not a finer feature in any man's character than the capacity and tendency to rejoice in a neighbour's prosperity. This is the mark of a true Christian, for it is a mark that belonged to the Master. Christ's command is, "Love one another, as I have loved you." Another law of the spiritual commonwealth is, "Put off the old man,—put on the new man" (Eph. iv. 22-24). When the old man is put away, his essential and characteristic affections go with him. Selfishness and envy are cast off, and a generous self-forgetting love springs up in their room. "Charity envieth not."

But the fruit in which this evangelist rejoiced not only grew in other hearts; it was planted, too, by other hands. It is easy for a minister of the gospel, if he be a true man at all, to be glad when he sees his own work prospering. It is a lawful and a pure enjoyment. The Apostle John experienced it: "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth." It is pleasant employment for Paul or Apollos to come back to the garden which his own hands have planted or watered, and find the trees all laden with ripened fruit. But a deeper humility and a loftier faith are implied when an evangelist rejoices to see another man's garden prospering, while comparative barrenness broods over his own. Indeed, there is scarcely any weakness into which even sincere ministers of the gospel are more liable to fall than into that species of jealousy which consists in rejoicing less heartily over fruit which another hand has cultivated. In recent times a spirit of more enlarged charity has been poured upon the Church. True workers rejoice in each other's success. Of late, Christians have frequently been called to visit scenes of revival, and have learned to be glad, like Barnabas,

over a more vigorous and devoted spiritual life in some hitherto heathenish Antioch, than they had ever witnessed under their own inspection in a privileged Jerusalem. The Sovereign Lord is still teaching us that converting power does not reside in an arm of flesh. To him every knee must bow; to him every tongue confess. He may, for wise purposes in his administration, employ in his work a feeble instrument, and lay the stronger for awhile aside. Some unknown, ungifted refugees may successfully found a Church in Antioch, while the greatest apostles seem to be spending their strength in vain.

Although only the gladness of this evangelist is recorded, we know well that a great grief lay beside it in his heart, as he paced the streets of Antioch. He saw the evil as well as the good. The good shone more brightly in his eyes by contrast with continuous evil; and the evil seemed blacker because the good was beaming so near. This is a feature that adheres to all the delight of Christians in the present world. Such is our condition here that we cannot open our eyes to look on purity without perceiving impurity lying near. It is even by the dark shade of contiguous wickedness that we are able to trace the features of holiness among men. As a painter fills his background with darkness, deeper and deeper according as he desires to project his central figure more vividly into view, so, by the necessary conditions of our present state, the beauty of the new creature implanted by divine grace in true disciples is brought more brightly out by the surrounding of sin in which it is set. The sadness that sat silently on the heart of Barnabas while he was making his inspection did not destroy, but rather enhanced his joy. The heaving sea of wickedness that stretched on all sides as far as the eye could reach, made more lovely the green islands that were projected above its surface and seemed to lie upon its breast.

The gladness of this deputy from the Church at Jerusalem was not a sentimental emotion terminating in the person who enjoyed it. It was an active, outgoing, operative passion. It was a spark that lighted up a flame within the man; and that flame quickly spread over surrounding objects. A selfish joy is an ignoble thing. The gladness that goes no farther than the childish exclamation of the ancient idolaters, "Aha, I am warm!" as they sat round their fire, is a matter that belongs to man in common with the brutes. But the joy which thrills in a Christian's heart at the sight of "grace" in the life of men, makes its higher nature known by its instant, energetic action. When a true Christian is made glad by seeing some grace, he forthwith begins to labour with all his might for more. It is a well-known law, operating both in the temporal and the spiritual spheres, that while the heart is hopeless the hands also hang down. The depending cannot work any deliverance. Glad hope that makes a man happy, makes him also useful. Had Barnabas seen no good in Antioch, he would probably have done no good

there. There were many adversaries, but there was a door of hope. With the unerring instincts of a true disciple, when he gets encouragement, he both gave himself to the work and enlisted others. "Then departed Barnabas to Tarsus for to seek Saul: when he had found him, he brought him unto Antioch. And it came to pass that a whole year they assembled themselves with the church and taught much people."

There is no enjoyment stronger or sweeter within our reach in time than that which filled the hearts of these evangelists at Antioch; but those who do not share their zeal are strangers to their joy. Those who do not keenly desire to see Christ's kingdom coming, experience no delight when it comes. Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled. They who wait for the Lord, as lonely night-watchers wait for the morning, are sure of their reward; for to them that look for him he will appear, and his coming will be like the morning. If I long to see the likeness of Christ in the life of my neighbours, I shall certainly be made glad one day. This desire is a vital seed, which will bear its fruit of joy either in earth or in heaven.

The man who rejoiced in the grace of God as he saw it struggling through hard soil, beneath ungenial skies, in the young believers of Antioch, looks on brighter fields to-day. By this time he has asked in astonishment, with the beloved disciple, "Who are these that are arrayed in white clothing, and whence came they?" The man who has an eye to see and a heart to love true believers, marred by many imperfections on the earth, shall look, ere long, upon the saints made perfect. The eye that glistens now at the sight of grace, will be permitted soon to gaze on glory.

LII.

THE EXHORTATION THAT BARNABAS GAVE.

"And exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord.—ACTS XI. 23.

Barnabas was happy, but not satisfied. The taste which he obtained of God's goodness to the Christians of Antioch whetted, rather than satiated his appetite. When a miser, who is already rich, suddenly obtains a great accession to his wealth, the effect of the increase is to stimulate his desire for more. The evangelist did not let the Christians of Antioch alone because he saw they were truly converted. Perhaps if he had observed nothing but a grovelling earthliness, or a hollow hypocrisy in the infant Church there, he might have held his peace. His experience might have been like Ezekiel's: "Thou shalt be dumb, and shalt not be to them a reprover: for they are a rebellious house" (Ezek. iii. 26). It is comparatively easy to administer reproof to those who are willing to receive it. Hence "to him that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance."

This is a useful and needful example. There is much

fickleness even in true Christians: there is much deceitfulness even in a renewed heart. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." We should not assume, either for ourselves or others, that after conversion the time for warning and exhortation has passed.

God knows our weak points better than we ourselves. His promises of help may serve to show us where we are liable to fall. One of those rich and precious promises that were addressed to Israel through the prophets is, "I will heal their backslidings." We learn what disease is wasting us from the physician's offer to cure it. Alas, this malady is still epidemic in the Church! How difficult it is to hold fast even the attainments that we may have reached! That same Saul whom Barnabas brought from Tarsus to be his coadjutor in Antioch, at a later date, and after he had attained a larger experience, placed on record a very full and specific warning against backsliding: "Wherefore we ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip" (Heb. ii. 1). The allusion in the original points to leakage from a vessel. In such a case the water slips gradually and secretly away, and is all absorbed in the earth. Thus some who seemed charged to the full with grace, have gradually lost the spiritual mind. How shall a wooden vessel be kept water-tight, so that the precious supply of the household may not ooze through its joints into the ground? By keeping it always full of water. It is by a similar method that grace may be preserved in the heart of a Christian. Keep the vessel full, and the vessel will not leak. Comparatively few make shipwreck of the faith through a deliberate change of opinion in the direction of infidelity. Many more are ruined, ere they are well aware, by a secret backsliding in heart and life.

He "exhorted them all;" and therein he acted wisely. If the word of truth is rightly divided, every member of the Church will get his share of reproof as well as encouragement. In the Christian brotherhood there is no privileged class. If any one thinks that his age, or attainments, or office should exempt him from listening to a warning word, that very thing shows that he needs a warning more than his neighbours.

The substance of the exhortation was that they should cleave to the Lord. Those who ministered in the Church at that time went straight to the root of the matter. There is no dallying here about sacramental grace, and the true Church, and a rightly consecrated priesthood. One thing in those days possessed the preacher's heart and burst from his lips when he addressed the assembled Christians,—"*Cleave unto the Lord.*" In this "primitive Christianity," everything is made to depend on personal union to a personal Saviour. The exhortation in its nature refers not to the commencement, but to the continuance of faith. Those who have not yet returned, like the prodigal, to the Father's bosom, can neither understand nor comply with it. Only those who have embraced Christ can continue cleaving to him. If you bid a man hold fast who has not yet gotten hold,

your words will be unintelligible to him. It is as if you should advise a man to lean on the air: if he try to comply, his hands go through, and find no support. But a dove finds that same air a sufficient support for her body's weight. Faith is the wing that spreads, and leans on the Omnipresent Spirit. As a bird without wings, is a human soul that has never learned to trust in God. There is that around and underneath us which would sustain our weight, but the unbelieving feel nothing firm, and fall helpless. The exhortation to cleave unto the Lord is appropriate to disciples who have already come to him, and tasted his mercy.

There is mystery in this exhortation. This cleaving is an unseen thing. But it need not on that account seem strange. We meet with equal mysteries in nature. I have seen a heavy piece of solid iron hanging on another, not welded, not linked, not glued to the spot; and yet it cleaved with such tenacity as to bear not only its own weight, but mine, too, if I chose to seize it and hang upon it. A wire charged with an electric current is in contact with its mass, and hence its adhesion. Cut that wire through, or remove it by a hair's-breadth, and the piece of iron drops dead to the ground like any other unsupported weight. A stream of life from the Lord, in contact with a human spirit, keeps that spirit cleaving to the Lord so firmly that no power in earth or hell can wrench the two asunder. From Christ the mysterious life-stream flows; through the being of a disciple it spreads, and to the Lord it returns again. In that circle the feeblest Christian is held safely; but if the circle were broken, the dependent spirit would instantly drop off.

The phraseology of the evangelist designates the "heart" as the point of contact in this cleaving. Here

the Scripture coincides with the laws of nature. All moral attractions hold by the heart. The connecting link is love. We love Him because he first loved us. They who propose to keep a human being close to God in a conscientious obedience, by brandishing the terrors of the judgment in his face, misunderstand the essential principles of the case. They turn the wrong pole of the magnet to the steel, and thereby repel, instead of attracting it. You may as well expect a stone to rise from the ground spontaneously and float in the air, as expect that a human being will cleave to the Lord whom he dreads. I cannot keep close to Christ until I learn to love him, and I cannot learn to love him until I see that he offers his love to me. When he holds me by my heart, he holds me fast, and holds me for ever.

But there must be "purpose" or predetermination as well as love, in order to attain a trustworthy, permanent attachment. Random impulses will not suffice. There must be method even in the affections. It is not wise, it is not safe, to leave our highest interests at the mercy of varying mental states. Frame a plan, and execute it. Without forethought and plan and stern resolution, we do not expect to be successful in any effort. If half the skill and energy and perseverance expended in the community in the acquisition of wealth, were applied to the gain of godliness, we should soon have great treasures laid up at God's right hand.

Barnabas, commissioned by the Church, and full of the Holy Ghost, must have known what was a seasonable word for young Christians; and his exhortation to the believers in Antioch was, *Cleave to the Lord*. Bleeding heart of Christian to bleeding heart of Christ, both glued into one. The severed branch inserted into the wounded Vine for life—for life in the Lord.

The Children's Treasury.

THE CATERPILLAR AND THE CART.

BY THE EDITOR.

TWO or three years ago, I had occasion to wait an hour at a junction in the north of Ireland for a train to Londonderry. It was a bright and beautiful afternoon in July. There was nobody about the station; all was still. I had no company, and did not much care. I walked along a country road and sat down under the shade of a solitary tree. I looked alternately at the distant hills and at the wild flowers that sprang beneath my feet. I felt it pleasant to be left alone for a little. Life is busy and bustling; a few moments of complete repose are grateful to mind as well as to body. So I abandoned myself for a little to a dreamy indolence. No duty was pressing; and with a good conscience, I could enjoy a little rest.

As my eyes rested half-vacantly on the ground, I was

recalled to consciousness and observation by the hasty movement of a little creature at my feet. It was a species of caterpillar; not the common plain green sort that destroy the gooseberry-bushes in spring; but a larger and much more magnificent fellow. Indeed, I have seldom seen such a specimen of gaudiness and vanity. He was covered all over with an elegant fur. His coat was many-coloured, like Joseph's; and possibly may have caused the wearer as much trouble, by exciting the envy of less favoured brethren. Nor were the colours mixed in the ordinary way of ornament that obtains among human kind; they were arranged in lines from head to tail. The creature was like a rainbow or a ribbon; or, better still, like a ribbon border of flowers. Black, yellow, purple, and other tints alternated and shaded into each other in harmonious contrasts.

There was an air of manifest vanity in the creature's movements. In taking a step it drew its head and tail together, and arched up its back most proudly; then throwing its head forward, it gained almost its own entire length at a bound. I reflected with myself that it is good for the moral character of worms and men not to possess very extreme beauty of person, or to wear ornaments very striking or very loud.

This, however, was none of my business; and I may not be a good judge of what is comely in caterpillar society. I now began to interest myself in the journey of my gay and sprightly friend; whither is he bound, and what may his errand be? Some party, perhaps, is in the wind, and a gay one it will be. This gentleman bids fair to be the admired of all admirers when he reaches the festive scene; for I had never seen among caterpillars such an elegant gait or such a brilliant dress.

The ground was dry and loose; and the movements of the gentleman were somewhat impeded. Sometimes, indeed, when he had climbed a larger crumb, it toppled over with his weight, and threw him on his back in the dust. He was always able to rise quickly, and proceed again on his journey; but I thought I saw on these occasions some symptoms of a defective education. His temper did not appear to be at all good. He fretted terribly at his falls, and seemed to throw all the blame on the poor innocent crumb of dried earth, which had become the stumbling-block. His vanity on these occasions, too, broke out in a ridiculous fashion. He shook the dust out of his fine fur coat, evidently afraid lest it should not be fit to appear in when the company should arrive.

But now the traveller has crossed the portion of the road that is loose and hot in the sun, and has descended, not without an unintentional somersault, which again ruffled his temper, into the rut of the cart-wheel. Here he marches in greater comfort. The perpendicular edges of the rut shield him from the rays of the sun. The bottom of the track is smooth, and has a measure of dampness, which affords him a much firmer footing. Along this delightful path he bounds magnificently, well pleased with his circumstances and his progress. He thinks he has at last obtained what he deserves, and wonders what people were about that they did not sooner provide a proper path when they knew that he was coming.

At this stage I lifted up my eyes vacantly to change the scene, by gazing for a little in another direction; when, lo! at some distance, a cart appears coming along the road. It must pass this way. And, horror of horrors! the gay gentleman down there will be squeezed to a jelly under the wheel. The thought was too painful; I could not bear it. I had kept company so long with the caterpillar, that I had become interested in his character and progress. I must deliver him, now or never; for fate, in the shape of the country cart, is advancing apace.

I seized a twig, and gently touched him; but you should have seen the scene. He flew into a violent pas-

sion. He tumbled heels over head with rage. He would have put me and my twig out of existence if he had been able. My first thought on observing that display of ill-temper was to let him alone and leave him to his fate: as much as to say, "Well, sir, if you will not take help from me, I leave you to your own resources; see what you will make of it. Your gaudy fur coat against the iron rim of the cart-wheel! let the weaker go to the wall; it is no business of mine." But on second thoughts I determined not to treat him as he deserved. What would become of me, if that had been the rule in the government of the world? On these conditions, where would I have been? Crushed under a greater wheel (see Ezek. i.). So I renewed my effort, prepared to pass over any insult, and save the poor blind vain creature with or against his will. I placed my twig across his path in front of him, and held it still. When I saw him on it, I lifted him up, and held him high in the air. Then began a series of demonstrations so passionate and disrespectful, that they are not fit to be recorded. He wriggled and twisted, and even spat in his own way, through excess of blind anger. But he was helpless. He did not dare to leap from the twig; and so I carried him to the edge of the road, and laid him gently down on the short grass. The cart passed, and when I looked toward the spot where I had deposited the caterpillar, he had disappeared. He was hidden among the grass.

His life was saved; but I am quite sure he did not know that he was saved, or who was his saviour. I am certain that he reviled his unknown benefactor when he met with his boon companions that night. As my train was not yet due, and I had no longer a striped caterpillar to watch, I fell back into a state of mental indolence; a state in which the mind desires neither to work nor be still, but to play with some light theme, that it may be occupied but not strained.

So, in imagination, I returned to the gentleman in stripes. I followed him till he reached the end of his journey. There, to be sure, a number of his friends had assembled to receive him. The original plan, as I surmised, had been to keep a gay festival. But the purpose was frustrated by the accident in the cart track already narrated. My ornate friend, as it turned out, was the most important personage—was, indeed, the guest of the evening. By the delay in his arrival the feast was postponed, and by the plight in which he arrived, it was altogether frustrated. His coat was much ruffled. Some of the stripes ran into each other, and he was ashamed to appear in company. After a period devoted to rest and the toilet, it was agreed that, instead of festivities for that evening, the whole company should listen to the narrative of extraordinary misfortunes which had befallen the honourable gentleman on his way.

He began; but I have already narrated the facts in my own way, and I need not repeat them in caterpillar language. The main facts were given honestly enough; but their bearing was twisted according to his own view.

He said that when he had found a beautiful and safe path, and was making his way with ease and speed, a giant of great strength but of abominable cruelty, first overturned him with a tree, and then carried him away on its branches, and threw him down in a field, deranging the beautifully blended colours of his coat (here he glanced pensively along the ruffled rows of many-coloured fur), and casting him so far out of his way, that he had arrived too late, and kept the company waiting, for which he was very sorry.

Much more to the same effect was said, but this is the substance of the address. The admiring company, green, white, and black—smooth and hairy—listened with breathless attention to the tale; and expressed at its close the most heartfelt sympathy with the sufferer, and the hottest indignation against the unknown giant who had been the author of all his misfortunes.

It was now time to step towards the station. In due time I obtained my ticket, and took my seat. The train started, and I was under way on the iron track, as my gorgeous friend yonder had a little while ago been under weigh in the rut of the cart-wheel.

Aroused from my mental slumber by the shaking of the carriage, and launched into activity once more, I felt able for more serious thought.

From these observations and speculations about the gay caterpillar sprang up some very grave reflections. The things, as I handled them, in an indolent slumberous state of mind, seemed to be chaff and no more; but it appears by the result, that, mingled with the light chaff, some vital seeds were dropped into the ground; for on the spot afterwards some ears of real grain grew and ripened.

Here they are, as I gathered them then and there.

A youth is setting out in life. He has a bright countenance and a buoyant step. All the world is before him, and he will cast cares behind. He has great enjoyment to-day; and as he lies down he says to himself, To-morrow shall be as this day, and much more abundant. After some difficulties encountered and overcome, he gets upon a track that seems to suit him. He glides along comfortably and expectant, precisely as the caterpillar glided along in the smooth cart track. But suddenly his course is arrested. Trouble from an unexpected quarter comes. Some huge bar is thrown across his path, and he cannot overcome it. He frets impatiently. I was in a fair way, he says, but this sickness came and thwarted all my plans. I have had very bad luck. My prospects are spoiled; my life darkened. Here I am, thrown aside, a burden to my-

self and my friends. If that misfortune had not fallen upon me, I was in a fair way to success and renown.

Poor, blind caterpillar, that he is! he does not see the approaching wheel, and does not know the loving heart and the strong arm of his deliverer. The distance between this youth and God as to perception and power is greater than the distance between himself and a caterpillar. He cannot by sight find out the way of the Lord, but by faith he may. If he were reconciled to God, in Christ, he would trust—he would know that the bar which stopped his course was the rod in a loving Father's hand, extended to deliver him from impending ruin. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows" (Matt. x. 29-31).

I shall mention one case out of many that have come under my own observation that illustrates the ways of God to man, and bids him be still and hopeful under providential disappointments.

A poor labouring man in the city of Glasgow found it very difficult to make ends meet. He had a wife and several children; the eldest was a well-conducted girl, who had just begun to earn a little, and to ease the burden of the over-tasked bread-winner. This daughter was seized with some ailment in the knee-joint, which rendered her unfit for work. The doctor who was called in pronounced the ailment incurable except by amputation. His judgment was confirmed by others. Here was a bar thrown across the path of a burdened man, at the moment when it had begun to grow somewhat smoother. His hopes are blighted, and his heart is nearly broken.

Observe the result. The surgeon was skilful, benevolent, and possessed of means. He interested himself in the patient and her parents. He performed the amputation with his own hands, and attended assiduously till she recovered. Then, instead of sending in his bill, he sent the girl out to school; then sent her to learn a business; and I have repeatedly visited her, healthy and cheerful, with a wooden leg, but a bright beaming eye, managing a prosperous industry, her widowed mother sitting like a queen in a carpeted room, enjoying an ease in her old age, tenfold more sweet than it was the gift of her dutiful and pious child.

On the benevolent surgeon fell the blessing of those that were ready to perish; and up to a Father in heaven rose the incense of praise from glad and grateful hearts.

RATTLESNAKES.



HE *Lynchburg Republican* publishes the following "snake story," and says it can be substantiated by indisputable testimony.

"There are in the Blue Ridge two distinct species—the yellow and the black. The yellow was

formerly supposed to be the male, and the black the female; but the fallacy of that opinion is demonstrated by the fact that in many localities only one of these kinds is ever seen, and also by the great difference in size and form, the yellow being very thick and short,

and the black long and slender. But both of these species are beautifully ornamented with flowers, which in sunlight partake of all the colours of the rainbow. The yellow snake is much less liable to rattle than the black, and therefore most to be dreaded, though no dependence need be placed in either, as it depends altogether upon the caprice of the moment whether they retreat, advance, rattle, or 'play possum.' The partiality of this snake for the company of children has been frequently noticed among the mountaineers, one instance of which is familiar to some of our Bedford readers. A few years ago a farmer, whose cabin stood in one of the wildest localities about the mountains, on coming into the house one day, discovered his little daughter, two years old, sitting up in the bed, where she had been placed when asleep by her mother. The child was laughing immoderately, and showing by its every action and expression of countenance that it was greatly pleased. The father approached, when to his horror he discovered that an enormous yellow rattle-snake, the largest he had ever seen, was in bed with the child, and actually coiled around her body. His presence instantly wrought a change in the conduct of the snake, which dexterously uncoiled itself from around the child, and assumed an attitude of battle. The mountaineer's rifle hung upon a rack over the door; he

grasped it in his hand with feelings which cannot be described, and awaited an opportunity to shoot.

"He had no sooner done so than the snake commenced caressing the child by rubbing his head fondly against her cheek, and darting his forked tongue almost in her eyes. Then he would raise his tail, and rattle so rapidly as to make one continued sound, at which the child was greatly delighted. But upon the least movement on the part of the almost distracted parent, the snake would entirely change the tone of his rattling, and swell to almost twice his natural size. During all this time the child tightly grasped the snake with its chubby little hands, and jerked and twisted him about in a very rude and uncereemonious manner, laughing and talking to her horrid plaything in a perfect ecstasy of delight. This state of things was finally ended by a movement of the parent, which so enraged the snake that he drew himself up into a tight coil, leaped out of bed, and would have buried his fangs in the farmer's face had he not quickly dodged to one side. As it was, the serpent went over his shoulder, and out at the door, when he renewed the signal for battle, but was quickly stretched out stiff in death by a shot from the rifle. The child cried immoderately for her pretty plaything, and if set down in any part of the yard, would immediately toddle toward the dead reptile."

LIGHT IN THE DARK.



SIT and dream of sunset skies,
Of waves that wash the shore;
But most of woods in summer time,
That I can see no more.

I loved them when my sky was bright;
I love them more in darkest night.

The hyacinths—I seem to know
Each tiny hanging bell;
The birches and the rowan trees
That I remember well;
The little ferns along the wall,
The moss beside the waterfall;

The ivy on the dark old tree,
By which we used to pass;
The wood anemones like stars
Among the clouds of grass.
A longing comes, more sharp than pain,
To see them all but once again.

And yet, at last, I think I can
Look up to heaven and say,
"I thank thee, Father, Lord of all,
That I am blind to-day."
For till he darkened earth and sky,
I never felt that he was nigh.

He laid his hand upon my eyes
That I his heaven might see;
And in the dark to him I cried,
"Have mercy, Lord, on me!"
A voice I would not hear before
Said, "I will guide thee evermore."

And so it was—through darkest night
To me came brightest day,
A sunshine that will always last,
A brightness that will stay
Until he says, "Leave off the race;
Look up, and see thy Father's face."



